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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

VOL. 1. JANUARY, 1870. No. 1.

THE MASKS WE WEAR.

BY JOHN S. WELLMAN.

WHEN Avon's bard wrote the words,—

"All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,"

he gave utterance, not to a poetic fancy, but to an undeniable truth. Man as a spiritual, sentient being is to fellow man invisible; he cannot reveal himself; his thoughts, feelings, volitions—and these make the man—are ever behind the scenes. But the unseen man is not therefore doomed to solitude. When he finds himself shut up within the folds of the material; when he finds that he cannot rend the veil of the inner sanctuary, he makes use of the means which nature has placed in his reach. He represents himself by external signs and demonstrations. He plays his part. Every word and every action is the expression of an internal state, and he stops not at naked words and actions unexplained. He is an artist, a painter and a sculptor. In the depths of his own eyes he paints the loves or the hates which his words may fail to express. In the curves of his own lips he moulds the smiles or sneers which his deeds may fail to expose. But, act as he will, he is still "merely a player." The outer life is only a picture of the inner, and as pictures of earth's varied landscapes may give the lie to nature, so these self-painted soul pictures may, and too often do, give the lie to the character they profess to represent. Words are helpless slaves, who live at peace or at war with each other, at the caprice of their masters. Actions do not indicate the motives which give them birth. Eyes may express emotion which the soul feels not, and lips, wreathed in the sweetest of smiles, may "murder while they smile." And here lies the difference between character and reputation: The former is what the man is, and is known only to himself and his God; the latter is what he appears to be, or the mask he wears. The principle is, moreover, a universal one. Nature ever hides her bashful face from human eyes. The song-loved lily masks, with her delicately moulded form and snowy radiance, the lily life about which men may theorize, but none but God may see or understand.

Luna masks with her silvery face the laws which govern her dead materiality. Every animal that creeps the ground, flies the air, or swims the sea, wears its mask, effectually shielding the life principle from the inquisitive eye of the finite. Man, then, is not an exception. There is no exception, and yet a wide difference exists between dame Nature's masks and man's. When that lady says "tree," by making its mask of ragged bark and wind-bathed boughs, she means tree, and tree it is. When, however, the above-named gentleman says "honor," by mak-

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ing its mask of high-sounding professions and an incorruptible expression of countenance, he may mean honor, but people will talk, and let him look well to his resources ere he brings action for slander in that Supreme Court where the Ruler of Nations sits an impartial judge. We are not to blame for wearing masks, because we cannot help it; but we are to blame for wearing masks which are not true pictures of ourselves, because we can help it; and we have no right to appear to be what we are not. Every man advertises his qualities by the professions he makes, and others have a right to expect him to meet the obligations of the advertisement. There is an unwritten contract between bona fide Christian society and each of its members,—a contract which binds society to extend all its privileges to every person who pays for them by fulfilling the conditions of membership, and among the conditions is a regard for truth. So, when a man knocks at the door wearing the fair mask of a true man, if the mask fit well the character, then is he entitled to admittance; but, if it fit not,—if a pure, spotless surface hide burning blotches of vice beneath, then is society bound to say, "Depart from me!" for then is thy name the meanest in the language—it is Hypocrite! And, alas for the boasted progress of the century, it is a name far too common to-day. Men go backward through the fogs and mists of two hundred years, drag the sturdy Puritans from their moss-grown graves, and, looking at their honest, pious faces, and taking it for granted from some oft-repeated tale of witch persecution that their actions belied their looks, hail them with sneers and jeers, crying "Cant!" "Hypocrisy!" Now, that there was at that day an abundance, as there is now a superabundance, of hypocrites, no one will deny; but he must have read history blindly, indeed, who will not say that the mass of the early fathers were, in honesty and sincerity of purpose, in an unswerving adherence to what they believed to be right, and in a firm and constant faith in the providence of a righteous God, incomparably above their wise children of this wise age. No! Call them antiquated fanatics if you will, but call them not hypocrites. Disturb not America's purest poet while, enwrapt in the majesty of his theme, he sings:

"Praise and thanks for an honest man;
Glory to God for the Puritan!"

The truth is, Americans have been learning smartness faster than honesty; so to-day there is a much greater lack of sincerity than brains, and this lack is the result of false standards and false mottos. Many suppose that true Christian politeness consists in the possession of an inexhaustible supply of smiles for all persons. Their standard is false. They forget that He whose name is above every name has more enemies than the king of evil, because the former smiles only on those who love Him, while the latter grins on all.

"Put the best foot forward" is a motto born of deceit and nourished by hypocrisy, but it is a very convenient one to quiet the conscience with, and so it has come into general use. Another prominent cause of this lack is the utter disregard for principle, as evinced by the private lives of so many of our public men. When men high in office, but low in sin, talk piously through public documents only to hide the rottenness of their lives, is it a wonder that the popular standard of a man is no higher? When the pilot of the ship of state is masked with boasts of untainted patriotism and professions of rigid incorruptibility, and yet staggers from the convivial bowl to the wheel, is it a wonder—with an occasional traitor, too, in the rigging—that the good ship lurches fearfully in the heavy sea?

But the question "Who is to change all this?" rings out on the listening air, and solid walls of imperative necessity echo back the answer, "The youth of to-day!" It is our mission to make honesty

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popular, and if any shrink from the work, and yet love life, let them remember well that

"When faith is lost, when honor dies,
Then man is dead!"

HYMN TO THE SOUL.

I.

God said, let there be light!
Back fled the startled night,
In swift dismay;
Deep Chaos heard the sound,
To her remotest bound;
Effulgence beamed around,
A radiant day.

II.

Breath of Omnipotence,
Mysterious spirit, whence?
Deathless and fair!
Thou hast no mortal form,
No life-blood free and warm;
The sunshine and the storm!
Thy garments are.

III.

Thought is thine empire; vast
As time the antepast
Thy being hath:
Farther than planets roll,
Deep as creation's soul,
Wide as to either pole,
Thy trackless path!

IV.

To love—to feel the ties
Of human sympathies,
The dawn of Heaven;
Joy in its ardent gush,
And Passion's frenzied rush,
Hope, brighter than the flush
Of stars at even.

V.

Systems and suns shall fade,
And fairest flowers arrayed,
In robes of light:
But thou, oh! deathless part,
A scintillation art
Of the eternal heart—
The Infinite!

VI.

Thy never-parting breath,
Nor time may steal, nor death,
Nor cold decay;
Thine eagle-wing doth stray
To mountain crags away,
Where, 'mid wild ocean's spray,
The lightnings play.

VII.

Chained though thou art to earth,
Thou hast a nobler birth
And destiny:
Upward shall be thy flight,
Or where insatiate night,
Broods dismal o'er the sight,
Eternally!

VIII.

Spirit immortal, wake!
That boundless pathway take,
By seraphs trod:
Break thou the sensual reign,
Dispart the galling chain,
Arise to life again—
The smile of God!

MY FRIEND'S FAMILY.

BY REV. L. L. HAMLINE.

"Edward," said I to my much loved friend, who had been my classmate, and only roommate for many months, one day as we were about closing our scene of studious toil; "Edward, give me a sketch of some of the most important incidents of your past life; and if desired, I will return the favor."

Edward, in compliance with my request, proceeded nearly as follows (for I design to give his own language, as near as memory will enable me):

"My father, you know, was a man of wealth, and high standing in his profession. My sister and myself were the only children; and on us, from infancy, was lavished everything to gratify us that immense wealth and boundless paternal affection could supply. We were, indeed, the idols of our parents. Great

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expense was incurred to qualify us, early in life, to act well our parts in the highest circles of society. Our education, however, was entirely of a light character; calculated only for show. My father was a bitter opponent of all experimental religion, and we were consequently taught that to be the best dancer, painter, pianist, etc., should be the high bounds of ambition. Through my sister, who was two years older than myself, I was introduced much earlier than I otherwise should have been, to the gay and fashionable scenes of youthful vice. When a little more than sixteen years old, I was sent to school at H., some ten miles from home, my father having provided me with board in the family of Mr. M., an acquaintance of his. To his charge he committed me, with the peculiar injunction that I must be kept from all religious meetings or influences. During my stay in this family, which was nearly four months, I was frequently got into difficulty by being charged, by the children of Mr. M., with their own mischievous acts, and was often severely reprimanded by him. On stating my situation and desire for a new boarding-place to a student by the name of Frederick A., with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, he informed me that his parents, who resided in the village, had a spare room, and would take one or two boarders. I at once engaged the whole room to myself, together with board; of which I soon informed my parents, as also the reasons for leaving Mr. M.'s. Here commenced an entire new era in my life. In the family of Mr. A., all was entirely new and strange. The table was approached with invocation, and left with thanksgiving. Each day began and ended with prayer and praise. The entire family were living Christians, whose altar-fires, like that of holy Israel, never waned. I was informed that the ringing of a small bell would give notice of the hours of family worship, and that I could attend or not, as best pleased me. From respect to the order of the house, the summons of the little bell was always strictly attended to. Observation soon convinced me that this family had some source of bliss to which I was a stranger. What was it? Was it their religion? Perhaps it was. Observing 'Paley's Evidences of Christianity' in the breakfast-room one morning, I carried it to my room, supposing I should ascertain, from its perusal, what religion was. In this, however, I was disappointed, though the argument satisfied me of its truth. An increasing anxiety to know what religion was, induced me to get a Bible to gratify my curiosity. To this hour, I believe I was as ignorant of what Christianity was as the darkest heathen. Paley had convinced me of its truth as a system, but upon what it was based, or what its object, and of what its importance, I was entirely ignorant. I had probably never read a verse in the Old or New Testament in my life. I commenced reading, and the commandment emphatically came home. I saw what religion was; that it was based upon the relations which man sustains to his Maker, and his entire universe; that all its commands and requirements, being based upon these relations, were just and right; and in consequence of obedience and disobededience, I saw, in some measure, its great importance. I believe, too, I had tolerably just conceptions of man's lost condition as a transgressor, and his remedy in the death and mediation of the Saviour. I do not mean to convey the idea that this amount of light burst upon my moral vision all at once. On the contrary, it was the result of investigating the subject for several weeks.

"Here, however, I made a complete stand. I saw that in order for me to be saved by the atonement, and become an heir of eternal bliss, an entire new course of life was requisite—that I must wholly abandon all that I had been accustomed to prize. This I could not consent to. I concluded, therefore, to think no more of the subject; and, indeed, for three weeks, made every exertion to banish it from my mind. But my efforts were worse than useless. The more I labored to keep my thoughts from it, the more complete seemed its influence over me. Every passing day awakened and convinced me more fully of the importance and value of religion.

"At this time, a vacation of two weeks, spent at home, diminished greatly my religious anxiety. On being interrogated on the subject by my father, I told him that the folks where I boarded, *I believed*, were religious; but that I had a room to myself, and they said nothing to me about it (which, by the way, was false), for as I was highly pleased with my boarding-place, I wished to give such an account of it as would induce him to allow me to continue there; to which he assented. On my return to school, the

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subject of my own salvation forced itself upon my mind more powerfully than before I left. So strong was its influence that in three weeks I was entirely incapacitated for my studies, and made up my mind to return home, and get my father to help me out of the trouble.

"Having packed my books and clothes, with the view of returning home the following day, as I was sitting in my lonely room, the two following questions forced themselves powerfully upon my mind: What is religion? and what is its price! To the first of which I almost inadvertently replied, religion is that, upon the rejection or attainment of which, is suspended man's eternal interests—interests high as Heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity. It is an institution of a God of infinite goodness and wisdom; and must, therefore, be conducive to man's highest interests in time, as well as in eternity. But what is the price? It is the renunciation of sin. It requires the giving up of myself, and all my earthly interests. But as religion makes provision for our highest interests, even in time, it of course cannot require the renunciation or giving up of anything but what really conflicts with those interests. The price is certainly reasonable, and I will have religion. A little reflection, however, convinced me that I must sacrifice much more than I had for the moment realized. I felt that I should have to incur the sneers of my sister, and the scoffs of my associates; but this was trifling in comparison to the displeasure and violent opposition of my father, who would doubtless entirely disinherit and turn me from his door pennyless, if he could not induce me to renounce my religion.

"On the other hand, I saw that to reject religion now was in all prabability an eternal rejection—on that would involve, beyond hope, the ruin of the soul. I saw, too, that the wealth of my parents, two-thirds of which I expected to inherit, might soon be scattered by adverse winds; or, should I be permitted to possess it, very possibly it would be to me a curse, rather than a blessing. Added to this, who could assure me that I should live to mature years to receive, even should my father be pleased to bestow? Instead of living to see my parents, to receive from them the opposition I had supposed, the morrow's rising sun might behold me dead and damned, or (as hope for a moment lighted up the dark scene) some strange influence, like that which had operated on me, might awaken my parents and sister, and all of them, instead of opposing, might possibly accompany me home to Heaven. Again, I felt that I would pay the price; I would have religion. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees, and asked God to help me make the sacrifice—to dispel my darkness, and enable me that night so to repent of my sins, and believe in His Son, as to be saved. On rising, I felt strengthened to go forward. I immediately called Mr. A. to my room, and told him my feelings. After giving me suitable instruction, and telling me that it was my duty and privilege to experience saving grace, and the evidence of it that hour, he proposed to have the whole family to come to my room and have a family prayer-meeting for me, to which I readily assented. The exercises commenced by singing a few verses, which was followed by successive prayer by all present. While in prayer I believe I gave up myself, and all my interests, in solemn covenant to God. I asked the forgiveness of my sins, and acceptance through the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, which, I doubt not, was granted. The winds were hushed, and the tempest calmed. I felt a peace that had in it all the sweetness of Heaven itself. I then, too, saw the depth of the pit from which I had been taken—from the total ignorance of having lived more than sixteen years without so much as reading one verse in the blessed Bible—from the strongest irreligious influence which could possibly be thrown around me—from my own temple of wordly ambition—and from all this I had been rescued by the mercy of God, by means, it seemed to me, of special interpositions of Providence; and was now placed as a lamb in the very bosom of my Saviour. My flowing tears for hours could only give expression to the gratitude of my soul. I still saw before me the same opposition that I had before contemplated; but, oh! to meet it all, or a hundred fold more, for my blessed Jesus, who had done so much for me, I thought would afford me the highest pleasure.

"The following morning I wrote to my parents, informing them of my conversion as simply and frankly as possible; also, detailing, minutely, all the circumstances which had led to such a result. I expressed my fears that the step which I had taken would not meet their appro-

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bation, and solicited a candid investigation of the whole subject, before passing upon me a final sentence of condemnation.

"When my father received the letter, he was deeply indignant. The following day he came with his carriage, and took me and all my luggage home with him. He expressed much surprise and sorrow that I had been so foolish, and told me that I must give it up at once; if I did not, it would ruin all my prospects in life; that he could not think of assisting me in a course so directly opposed to his wishes. Soon after our return home, a ball was proposed (for the purpose of overcoming my religious feelings), and the following Tuesday evening appointed for it. I expressed my unwillingness to be present on such an occasion, and asked permission to spend the evening at class-meeting. In return I received, from both parents and sister, nothing but scoffs, sneers and reproaches. When the evening, however, arrived, I utterly declined being present, and did, in fact, go to class-meeting. This exasperated my father to the highest pitch, and he positively declared that if I attended another religious meeting of any kind, he would disinherit me; that his roof should no longer be my shelter. Though my grief was inexpressible, I still felt determined to serve God, whatever might be the sacrifice. The class-meetings of the village were held on Tuesday evenings; accordingly, on the afternoon of the next Tuesday, my father came to me with a large whalebone horse-whip. 'There,' said he, 'Ned, I think that will cure you of your religion, and keep you from class-meetings. Should you conclude to go to-night, as you did a week since, against my wishes, you may rely upon having it worn upon your naked back in the morning.' I had here a most severe trial, not in reference to the whipping, but as to what extent I ought to obey my parents in matters of religion. Should I obey them, I must disobey God. But could I not give up all my religious meetings and privileges, in obedience to my parents, and still enjoy religion? After much prayer, I concluded my only way was to claim the enjoyment of all the helps which God had provided me. Should I stay from class that night, it would be considered a victory of the whip, and I should at once be required to recommence my old course at the same peril. I came to the conclusion that it was not my duty to obey my parents when their requirements conflicted with those of God; and so, with a heavy heart, I again went to class. On my way, I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping without saying something more in justification of my course than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, a boy seventeen years old, to one accustomed to sit in judgment and listen to arguments from the finest talents! Of myself I could say nothing; but the promise of wisdom from on high led me to a grove just without the village, where the whole night was spent in prayer, for a preparation for the event. Thank God! as day dawned, light and peace, like a flood, broke into my soul. I was strong as a giant. I knew not a word that I should say, though I felt a blessed assurance that God would give me words and wisdom; and I would as soon have made my defence before an assembled universe, as any way. On my arrival at the house I found my father up, and walking his room. He had, in fact, fastened the doors, and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door.

"'Well,' said he, 'this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night, you disobedient rascal?' 'I have been up in the grove, praying, since class-meeting,' said I, very frankly. 'Praying, ha! a pretty story, that! I'll see if it can't be cured, after breakfast.' So saying, he left me, and I did not see him again till at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping. 'Father,' said I, is it customary for you to condemn, without giving a chance of defence? Of what have I been guilty, that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?' 'Defence!' said he, 'what defence can you make for wilful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that authority shall be maintained.' 'I expected opposition,' continued I, 'when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that, in the exercise of a

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father's authority, you have transcended the proper bounds of paternal control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me, as a son? Our duties grow out of our relations to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as your offspring, to honor and love you, to study your highest interests, and obey you in all things, when your commands do not conflict with the requirements of a higher authority—with those of my Maker. On the other hand, it is your duty, as a parent, to study my highest interests. You have been the instrument of bringing me into being; of giving me an existence coextensive with that of the Deity—eternal. That eternity of existence, after the passage of a few short years of this life, must be in woe or bliss; and is it not your duty, dear father, the author of that eternity of being, to aid me all in your power to escape the one and gain the other? Oh! let me ask you,' said I, clasping his hands to my bosom, 'has this been the course you have pursued with me? rather has not your whole life, and the administration of your government, tended to lead both myself and dear sister directly to ruin, with wealth to sink us down to hell? Oh, father! father!' Here my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and raised my eyes to proceed, but observed that the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me, motionless, and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. 'No,' said he, 'I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house.' I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent.

"He dropped the whip and left the stable, evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good, both to myself and father. In the course of the day but little was said by myself, mother or sister. They supposed I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and, as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject.

"During the forenoon, and also from our dinner-table, my father was absent. Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted after dinner, for another season of prayer. Soon after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father some distance from me, walking backward and forward, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed, I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influence of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour he had not returned, and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing that some accident had befallen him (as such an absence had never before occurred), requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of him, he was sitting with his head leaning against a tree; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, 'I am glad to see you, father. Mother feared some evil had happened to you, and sent me to see if I could find you.'

"He made no reply, but taking my hand in his, walked slowly towards the house. His heaving sighs bespoke the deep emotion of his soul. Perceiving that he had not yet settled the great question of life or death, I offered up my silent prayers that God would not leave him in this important hour, upon the decisions of which were suspended Heaven and hell.

"We had not reached the outer edge of the grove, when my father, stopping short, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed, in tears, 'Oh, Edward! Edward! forgive me; oh, forgive me, my dear son; oh, forgive me!' He never seemed so precious to me before. I clasped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his cheek, as my only method of giving expression to my feelings, or of the forgiveness he sought. On arriving at the house, we met my mother in the dining-room. My father, bathed in tears, clasped her to his breast. 'Will you go with me?' said he. 'I have determined to have religion, and accompany our dear Edward; and will you go with us, daughter?' addressing himself to my sister, who was just entering the room. 'Yes, I am sure you will both join me; and here is dear Edward, who has forgiven me; he will pray for us.'

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So saying, he drew myself and sister as near into his arms as he could, with our mother; and as though he had obtained the assent of all, immediately fell upon his knees. 'Oh, Edward,' said he, the tears still flowing down his cheeks; 'oh, Edward, do pray for a wicked father; pray for us all. God has heard your prayers, and He will still hear them.' We all bowed with him, but the deep emotions of my soul forbade me utterance, and nearly overcame my physical strength. In fact, I did not know when I commenced vocal prayer. I only knew I found myself (how long after I cannot tell) in the arms of my father, our voices both mingling in mighty prayer for his salvation. Our prayers, through the mediation of our great High Priest, were heard on high, and salvation's tide soon rolled over his soul. He sprang upon his feet, with shouts of praise for God's redeeming grace. My thoughts then became wholly absorbed in the case of my mother, the dear mother that bore me, on whose bosom I had been cherished, and who had constantly watched over me with all the affection of a mother's heart. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer for her immediate conversion. The chariot wheels, for a time, seemed stayed, but our supplications were incessant. My father, who had again knelt by her side, tried to encourage by conversing with her; or, rather, he prayed and talked together; praying a part of a sentence, and talking the balance. My mother and sister were both weeping, in bitter accents; part of the time praying for themselves, having taken courage from the speedy deliverance of my father. Their prayers and groans, and the prayers, exhortations and shouts, with which my father seemed over-burdened, together with my own prayers, all commingling together, produced what would generally be termed wild confusion. How long I continued in prayer for my mother I do not know, but catching the eye of my weeping sister, it occurred to me that I had entirely forgotten her: that I had not even prayed for her at all. Bitterly reproaching myself, and still upon my knees, I clasped her to my bosom, and bathed her with tears of sorrow that I had been so thoughtless. I besought God, with all my soul, for that dear, that only sister, that he would enable her to renounce the world and all its allurements, and cast her naked soul on Jesus for salvation. My parents, also, prayed with me; and while we wrestled, the symbol of the Divine presence was manifest. 'Ellen,' said I, 'God has blessed you.' 'Yes,' said she (as we bathed each other's cheeks in tears), 'I know I love the Saviour.' On rising from our knees, we found, to our surprise, that the morning had dawned.

"The following Sabbath we all received the solemn seal of our consecration; and for months our bliss seemed complete. But the destroyer came, and they have been carried, one after another, to the silent and lonely habitation of the dead. Over those countenances, once so fresh and lovely, have gathered the cold damps of death, and the unfeeling worm now feeds upon those I so fondly loved. But two short years had passed ere they had all left me; but they left in joyous hope—they rest in peace. Consumption first poised its fatal dart at my lovely sister, and like the early rose, nipped by the untimely blast, she soon fell—its withered victim. While the rose faded from her cheek, and her sparkling eye grew dim in death, joy and hope cheered her soul, and lighted up her passage through the dark and dreary waves of death's cold flood. A few moments before she left us, printing upon my cheek the last pledge of a sister's love, 'Dear brother,' said she, 'a few months since, your influence snatched me from the giddy paths that lead to death, and is now about to introduce me to the home of the blessed. A few minutes, and I shall strike my golden harp, and swell my voice to the anthems of the blood-washed, with my Saviour in glory. A few years, and I trust I shall be permitted to greet you and our parents, all home in triumph.'

"With her head pillowed on my bosom, her happy spirit took its flight to fairer climes, and brighter scenes. In less than twelve months, my dear parents both followed her. I need not detail their happy exit. They bore a similar testimony; and, like her, crossed the raging flood in rapturous triumph. Thus I have been left, like the lonely oak, that bends to the sweeping tempest of the mountain's top. The unbidden tear of lonely grief sometimes escapes my eye; but the cheering prospect of meeting all my 'kindred dear,'

> 'When a few more griefs I've tasted,
> When a few more Springs are o'er,'

dispels my gloom, and makes my sorrows light."

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My friend Edward is now on Zion's walls, a faithful and successful minister of the gospel. Not only his own kindred, but hundreds more of his spiritual children, will doubtless greet him home to rest.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MADDENED by earth's wrong and evil,
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of labor
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of pain;
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
Reaping men like grain.

"'Where is God, that we should fear Him?'
Thus the earth-born Titans say;
'God! if thou art living, hear us!'
Thus the weak ones pray.

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"
Spake a solemn Voice within;
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
Art thou free from sin?

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
Canst thou for his thunders call,
Knowing that to guilt's attraction
Evermore they fall?

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.

"Could'st thou boast, oh child of weakness!
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee
Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tent did the Tartar
Choose his wandering sire!

"He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil doers
Waken scorn, or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

When one comes under the conscious influence of the divine Spirit, the soul lifts itself up with unwonted clearness, faith, joy, trust, effluence and liberty. What a bird was when it lay in its little

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round nest, an egg, compared with what it is when it sings in the dewey morning, near Heaven's gate—that is the soul in the body compared with what it is in the joy and sweet and loving intercourse with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. It is a life which comes to some by flashes. It is a life which comes to some by blessed dreams. There is a kind of spiritual haze which seems to befall some men, as there is an Indian summer which befalls the year; but there is also a true life. It is possible for the human soul to live in abundance and freedom and blessedness, so that it shall be forever at rest and at peace. Does not it sing? Yes. Is it perfect? No, no. There is no perfection without full growth. Does it keep the law? It may, or it may not. I believe it does not keep the law perfectly. And yet, I believe that the grace of God is so abounding, I believe that the nature of divine love is such, that when once the whole of a man's life is directed upward toward the bosom of God, minor discords are not noted. I do not believe in the old, stiff, ledger-like account of a man's conduct, so that just so many sins are set down against him, and just so many virtues are set down to his credit. I believe the soul's life with God is like the child's life with the mother. Do you suppose, when a child has a great, true-hearted mother, that she keeps an account of all its imperfections? Do not you know that she pours over the child such a love that, though its life is not perfect, though its whole being is imperfect, yet through sympathy and kindness and forgiveness, she accepts it with complacency, as though it were perfect? And I believe the soul rises into such a communion with God that, though in its relations to time and space it may be subject to a thousand imperfections and discords, yet those imperfections and discords are overlooked and excused by God's great love.

When I walked one day on the top of Mount Washington (glorious day of memory! such another day I think I shall not experience till I stand on the battlements of the New Jerusalem) how I was discharged of all imperfection! The wide, far-spreading country which lay beneath me in beauteous light—how heavenly it looked! And I communed with God. I had sweet tokens that He loved me. My very being rose right up into His nature. I walked with Him. And the cities far and near—New York, and all the cities and villages that lay between it and me—with their thunder; the wrangling of human passions below me, were to me as if they were not. Standing, as I did, high above them, it seemed to me as though they did not exist. There were the attritions, and cruel grindings, and cries, and tears, and shocks of the human life below, but I was lifted up so high that they were nothing to me. The sounds died out, and I was lost with God. And the mountain-top was never so populous to me as when I was absolutely alone.

So it is with the soul that goes up into the bosom of Christ. There is a reach where the arrows of envy cannot strike you. There is a reach where not even your sins can annoy you. Your soul may so rise into the bosom of God that your personal self shall seem annihilated. What you are, you are by the grace of God. You may receive such an influx of the life of God that you shall seem to yourself perfect.

From this doctrine of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon one's self, we see what is the reason of certain phenomena which occur in our special lives. There have been times when the least cares and the least troubles oppressed you beyond endurance; when everything went wrong with you. There have been times when your sun has gone below the horizon. And no sooner is the Sun of Righteousness below the horizon than all mists, and distemperatures, and miasmas, and unwholesome things, seem to gather about the human soul. Those days on which you have been the most temptable, the most unhappy, the least hopeful and courageous, have been the days when by your circumstances you have sunk out of the sphere and light of the Holy Spirit. And then it was that you could not bear your burdens. Then it was that you were tempted either to break your sword, or, like Saul, to fall on it and slay yourself. Then it was that you said, "All my life past has been nothing, and all my life to come will be vanity."

But you have had other times. You have had times when it seemed to you that you could sing. There have been times when there were songs in your house in the night. There have been times when death had no terror to you, and when your feet seemed to walk on the mountain-tops, and you scorned the low places of the earth. There have been times when, under the influence of

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the divine Spirit, your soul was stimulated, and you walked in the higher ranges of Christian experience. There are days when you have no cares and burdens. There are days when you have eminent beatific visions. There are days when you feel that your soul is going on to greater and greater liberty all the time. There is no man that is more shackled and burdened than a man who attempts to live a Christian life by the natural use of his reason just below the inflammation of the Holy Ghost; just below the stimulating power of the Spirit of God. There is no life that is more fruitful, more bountiful of blessings every day, than a Christian life by which we live so near to God that we are perpetually shot through with the divine influence, lifted up step by step, and blessed in overmeasure.

It is in this point of view that the experiences which are portrayed in hymns cease to be mere fancy-pictures. They are a part of the realm of Christian experience which is scarcely recognised by natural philosophers. It is unknown in science, and cannot be known by it. You know, I know, hundreds that are here know, that the man of wisdom in this world ignores and scorns; for there is no other fact so certain as the fact of positive consciousness of experience. You cannot tell me that I have not had victories over fear and trouble. You cannot tell me that when my babe, that was dearer to me than my own life, lay trembling and gasping in the twilight of death, and I stood and was able to say, "Take it, Lord," I did not feel it. You cannot tell me that, strong as was my love for children, for my own children, I did not have some mysterious power given to me by which I gave them up and smiled when they died. I know that I did. You may say, "Oh, well, it was the fantasy of the mind." Yes, it was *fantasy*, if that is the language which you choose to apply to the higher phenomena of the mind when brought into the presence and under the stimulation of God. I believed in God, and I felt Him. I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I almost saw Him. I believed in immortality. As a bird sings, now in this tree in my garden, and then in that, so my child sang, now in my nursery, and then in God's. It was not dead. It had simply flown to the summer-land. And will any man tell me that these expectations were not real? What do I care for the distances of planets? A knowledge of them is well enough for the outside; but I tell you, the true life in this world is the life that is going on in the soul of man. No man knows what he is until he has risen beyond the height of literature and social pleasure. No man knows what the soul is capable of being or feeling, what vast circuits it can make, what voluminous experiences it can have, what strange triumphs belong to it, or what endurances and victories it can achieve, until he is brought under the influence of God. These things are to be experimentally learned. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit." No man can know them who has not experienced them.

But we, Christian brethren, have had touches of a knowledge of them. We have had days of knowing them. And why should we not have more than that?

We are told that the divine Spirit is not given by measure, a little now and then. The divine Spirit is not like some *aurora borealis* which comes for a night or two, and then skips weeks and months, and then comes again. The divine Spirit is like *light*, like *bread*, like *water*. These are the symbols which Jesus Christ has been pleased to give us, not simply on account of their use, but also on account of their endlessness and enduringness.

But, may every one rise into this high communion, and dwell with God's Spirit? Every one. Not every one alike in fruition, but every one according to his own nature. If you are a giant, you must drink like a giant; and if you are a pigmy, you must drink like a pigmy. And if a giant and a pigmy go down to a spring, if the little man's cup is large enough for him, it is nothing to him that the giant's cup is ten times as large. The giant drinks according to his size; and the little man drinks according to his size. And men rise according to their nature into this blessed effluence of God. Some there are, doubtless, who have larger conceptions and vaster experiences than others; and so it will be if every man is developed according to his own nature; but you are not stinted because other men are more comprehensive in their experience than you are. It is according to that universal provision which was made for all men.

Now, all Christians who are living in these lower states are living below citi-

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zenship. They are living below the life to which they are called. They are living below the distinctive characteristics of a Christian life. That which is to make you apparently and confidently a Christian is your daily experience. Do not go to your books to find out whether you are a Christian or not. Do not go to the syllabus to look up evidences and ascertain whether or not you are a Christian. I never in my life read in books to find out whether I loved my father or not. I never went to a journal to find out whether I was happy at home or not. And I do not have much respect for persons who are in doubt whether they are Christians or not. At the beginning they need some help; everybody needs some help to be born; but certainly, men that have lived years and years as Christians ought not to give themselves much anxious thought as to whether they are Christians or not. One thing is very certain, that if your wife should say to you, "My dear, I am exceedingly perplexed, and have been for weeks and months, in trying to find out whether I love you or not," you would say very quickly, "Well, I know!" There is such a victoriousness, there is such a fire, in love, that no man is ever in much doubt about it. And in regard to this matter, I do not mean to say that there are not babes in the Christian life. I do not mean to say that there are not bond-servants of the Lord. I believe there are many of you that are the Lord's hired men, and that work on wages; I believe that many of you are the Lord's stewards and agents; but how many of you are the Lord's children, living at home? How many of you can say the Lord's Prayer, and appropriate it to yourselves? You think you can; but you stumble, and lie in heaps, at the first word—"Our Father." There are but few men that say right out, spontaneously, "Our Father."

You are not living in the best parts of your nature. You are yet in the realm of care. I know it by the scowl and wrinkle on your face. I know it by your bent look. I know it by the melancholy tone of your voice. I know it by the minor key in which you make your confessions. I know it by the want of triumph which you exhibit.

Where are the blossoming men? Where are the clustering, full-hanging men? Where are those men who show that summer has broken out of Heaven and is resting on their heads? They are the men who are "the light of the world." They are God's dear children, risen out of the lower atmosphere and above the storm. They have left the thunder and the cloud beneath their feet, and are standing on the mountain-top in blessed transfiguration with the Lord.

May God give us grace to find this higher life, this inward life, this blessing of God on our spirit, by which we shall be lifted above the lower range of experience, and brought up into the communion of sons of God, and made heirs of immortality.

—PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

ON THE FACULTIES OF MAN.

BY HON. E. C. SEAMAN.

The mind, as well as the body, can be fully developed and strengthened by exercise, and exercise only, and neither of them can be fitted for any of the higher employments of civilized life; not even for any mechanical, manufacturing or commercial employments, or even farming, much less for a learned profession, without many years of training, and intense application. The muscles of the body, as well as the current of thought, and succession of ideas in the mind, must be adapted, by practice and discipline, to their respective ends, before any high degree of excellence can be attained in any useful employment of life. Everything must become habitual before it can be performed skillfully. How infinitely superior is civilized man over savages and barbarians, not only in the development and cultivation of his intellectual and moral powers and faculties, but also in physical developments, and the adaptation of the muscular system to some useful and productive industry or business, to which he may have been bred! He may not be superior in strength or agility for the chase, or for warlike operations to destroy his fellow beings, but superior in adaptation to useful labor, in any employment which will

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enable him to provide himself with the necessaries and comforts of life, and to fill the station for which he was apparently assigned by the Supreme Being.

It is a common adage, that there is no royal road to science; nor is there any short and easy path to attain it. It can only be acquired by many long years of patient and toilsome labor, diligence and attention. The remark has often been made that the sons of great and eminent men, who have raised themselves to distinction by patient industry and energy of character, do not generally possess the talents and abilities of their fathers. Being generally bred in luxury and comparative indolence, which serves to stimulate their pride, vanity and passion for amusement and pleasure, they seldom exert themselves sufficiently to acquire much vigor, either of body or mind; and they are often led on by the specious attractions of frivolous amusements and dissipations, until their passions for amusement become so strong that they cannot be resisted; and the mind becomes unfitted to enjoy the sober realities of life.

Luxury and indolence are the grave of talent. A person may be born with as much talent as Julius Cæsar, Cicero Napoleon Bonaparte, and, if cradled in luxury and bred in indolence, unless he makes a total change of his habits, which is almost impossible, he must necessarily remain through life comparatively feeble and inefficient. He may, by means of his native genius, elegance of manners and general information, acquired without reasoning much, be able to make a speech or address upon the mere surface of things that may tickle the fancy of a popular audience, and be effective for the moment; but to discuss great principles with ability, and point out their tendencies, trace them to their ultimate results, and warn the public of the dangers attending them; or to originate and mature great and important measures for the benefit of their country, requires an enlarged wisdom, acquired by attentively observing the current of human events for a long period, much learning, deep reflection and study, and a well-balanced and well-disciplined mind.

Nor is discipline of mind in one department of science or business of as much importance in other departments, which are very different in their character, as many of the schools and schoolmen pretend. To play chess, and many games of cards, and other amusements well, requires considerable science and discipline of mind, as well as experience; and yet, the science and discipline of mind thus acquired serve only to intoxicate the mind, and to divert it from, and unfit it for, any rational and useful employment. If these reflections are correct, they show the importance of "training up a child in the way he should go," and forming his habits of mind and body, and adapting them not only to the paths of virtue, but to the pursuits which he is to follow through life. They show, also, the reason of the great difficulty and hazard of a man's changing his pursuits after he has attained the middle age of life.

The same course of reasoning will apply to our moral, benevolent and social feelings. They are quickened, increased and strengthened, also, by frequent exercise, in the same manner as our phyisical and intellectual faculties. Frequent attention to the wants and sufferings of the poor and unfortunate, and relieving them, serves to awaken, increase and strengthen our benevolent feelings and sympathies for persons in distress, and to render them more quick and active. In order to cultivate the moral faculties, however, it is necessary to restrain our selfish as well as our malevolent passions. Moderation, and the restraint of violent passions and appetites, lie at the foundation of all virtue. A person of violent and unrestrained passions may have certain generous impulses, which may be called instincts or propensities, but cannot be properly dignified with the title of virtues. One of the noblest acquirements of man consists in the power, which may become a fixed habit, of restraining his own habits, and giving a proper direction to his moral and social feelings. Even conscience can be cultivated, and generally depends upon the education, habits and opinions of the person.

The frequent gratification of feelings and desires increases their force, and is accompanied by an impulse of nature, which is greatly strengthened and increased in violence by repetition, until it becomes an habitual attendant upon its associated feeling or desire, and soon becomes so powerful as not to be easily overcome or restrained. Though passion is essentially physical in its character, yet it is so dependant upon the will, and upon habit and the principle of associa-

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tion, that it may be disciplined and controlled by the mind. Passion may therefore be defined an impulse of nature, arising by the force of habit from any feeling or desire with which it is associated. The very source or origin from whence violent passions arise consists in the repeated and habitual indulgence of feelings and desires which were at first moderate and easily controlled. Indulgence is the source of passion and vice; and self-restraint, and a proper direction and exercise of our moral feelings and sympathies, lie at the foundation of virtue.

PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS

IN RELATION TO THE INWARD LIFE, COLLECTED AND RE-ARRANGED FROM THE WRITINGS OF MOLINOS.

Happy wilt thou be, if thou hast no thought but to die to thyself. Thou wilt then become victorious, not only over over thine enemies, but, what is more, victorious over thine own evil nature. A victory, in which thou canst not fail to find a great increase of spiritual wisdom, the experience of pure love and perfect peace.

And, to this end, be not afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send upon thee. It is with the wind and the storm of tribulation that God, in the garner of the soul, separates the true wheat from the chaff. Always remember, therefore, that God comes to thee in thy sorrows, as really as in thy joys. He lays low, and He builds up. Thou wilt find thyself far from perfection, if thou dost not find God in everything.

Seek not consolation, but God. Desire of God only one thing, that thou mayst spend thy life for His sake in true obedience and subjection. The way in which our blessed Saviour trod was not one of softness and sweetness. Nor did He invite us to any such, either by His words or His example, when He said, "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

Resign and deny thyself wholly; for, though true self-denial is harsh at the beginning, it is easy in the middle, and becomes most sweet in the end.

If thou wouldst arrive at the sublime region of internal peace, thou must pass through the rugged path, not only of outward trials, but of inward temptation. Temptation also is for thy good. In such an hour of trial, stand firm. When temptation assaults thee, put on the weighty armor of resignation, of constancy, and of quietness; and thus purge, renew, and purify thyself in this burning furnace.

Among other holy counsels which thou must observe, remember well this that follows: Look not so much on other men's faults as on thine own. Thou knowest thine own faults, but it is difficult to know the true nature and degree of the faults of others. A disposition to judge others turns the soul from its true centre in God, brings it outward, and takes away its repose. "Judge not, that ye be not jndged."

It is impossible for a man to be able to live a life of holiness,—a life which depends entirely upon the wisdom and support which are communicated from God,—if he does not first die to himself by a total denial of all wrong appetites and passions, and by the crucifixion of the pride of natural reason.

The soul which is thus purified is always quiet and serene, always possessed of evenness of mind, both in favors and sufferings. Tribulations never disturb it; nor do the interior, the continual and divine communications from God render it vain and conceited. It remains in wonderful serenity and peace, but still always full of holy and filial reverence.

It is in such purified and quiet souls that God hath His place of repose; souls in whom the waters of affliction have washed out the dark stains of inordinate appetite; souls in whom the fires of tribulation and of inward temptation have consumed the remains of earthly passion. In other words, God reposes himself nowhere but where self-love is banished and quietness reigns.

Be silent, and believe. Hold thy peace, and let thyself be guided by the hand of God. Suffer in patience, and walk on in strong faith; and though it seems to thee that thou doest nothing, and art idle, being so dumb and resigned, yet it is of infinite fruit. The blinded beast that turns the wheel of the mill,

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though it seeth not, neither knows what it does, yet it doeth a great work in grinding the corn.

Be nothing in thyself, that thou mayst be strong in the Lord. When thou art nothing, thou canst experience no harm that will trouble thee. How is it possible for him to experience a grievance or injury, who thinks nothing of himself, and has no interest of his own, but refers all things to God!

There are three kinds of silence. Silence from words is good, because inordinate speaking tends to evil. Silence or rest from desires and passions is still better, because it promotes quietness of spirit. But the best of all is silence from unnecessary and wandering thoughts, because that is essential to internal recollection, and because it lays a foundation for a proper regulation and silence in other respects.

Let nothing affright thee. All things will pass away. God only is He that is unchangeable. Patience will bring about all. He that hath God, hath all things; and he that hath Him not, hath nothing.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

Go listen to the whirlwind's roar,
As over all 'tis fiercely sweeping,
Hurling each severed trunk before
Its face, as o'er the mount it's leaping;
And see the beast before it fall,
Or spring affrighted from its lair,
And as the storm its limbs appal,
Thou see'st, O man, God's finger there.

Go! watch the sun's last glimmering ray,
As in the west he's slowly sinking,
His brightness fading fast away,
As dews that from his face are shrinking;
See the light clouds which there unfold
Their loveliness in evening air,
And gazing on their forms of gold,
Thou'lt see God's glorious finger there!

Go! seek in summer wood a flower,
So graceful from its foot-stalk bending,
And then reflect that in an hour
'Twill with the mother earth be blending.
Minutely trace its symmetry,
Each stamen and each petal fair,
And thou art blind, or thou wilt see,
In each faint line, God's finger there!

Go! look upon a penitent
Who long has been from Heaven straying,
And listen to his voice intent,
As on his bended knees he's praying;
That wretch who all his life has spent
In wickedness, without a prayer,
Yet now his heart is upward sent,
For God's own finger sure is there.

Go! lowly kneel before His shrine,
The gushings of your full heart pouring,
And pray that bright your lamp may shine,
'Till loosed from earth you're upward soaring!
Go! heavy laden, and find rest,
A soothing draught for all your care,
And peaceful as you feel your breast,
Reflect God's finger touch is there!

Churches Known by their Fruits.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher says:

"If one doctor always cures his patient while another fails to cure, the successful doctor may wisely say, 'Learn of me; my system is better than yours.' The school of medicine that succeeds in reducing all causes of death to one—old age—will be at once universally recognized as orthodox and deserving of authority. But, since people die about as often under one doctor as under another, and all people die sooner than they want to, it seems immodest for any one school of medicine to claim pre-eminence for itself over all other schools, because all doctors fail in saving life, no matter what school they belong to.

"For this reason the people at large do not have any great interest in doctors'

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quarrels. We all choose our family physician guided more by personal attractions than by scientific considerations. We choose an intelligent, gentlemanly man of fair reputation. We become attached to him. We trust him, not his theories. We believe in our doctor, not in his school. He will do as well by us as any doctor can. They all fail, and he will not fail any oftener than the rest do.

"If any one sect or church grapples with ignorance and sin, and uniformly overcomes them, the people will not be long in discovering it. Such a church, judged by its fruits, may rightfully claim to be the true church, authoritative. Such a church should insist upon her right to take charge of all the children and of all the race of man. But, since all churches and sects fail about alike in training up well-behaved people, it is immodest in any one to claim orthodoxy and authority over all the others

"We know of no sect or church that is not grievously disgraced by the sins of its members. We know of no church that by ITS WORKS can prove itself the true church. They all appeal to some authority, or precedent, or Scripture, and refuse to be judged by results. But the common people ask for results. That church is the best church which educates the best men. And, if there be no conspicuous difference between churches in this regard, then plain people will not have any very strong admiration for one church over another."

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

WHEN toiling on this troubled sea
Of pain, and tears, and agony,
Though wildly roar the waves around,
With restless and repeated sound,
'Tis sweet, to think that on our eyes
A lovelier clime shall yet arise;—
That we shall wake from sorrow's dream,
beside a pure and living stream.

Yet we must suffer here below,
Unnumbered pangs of grief and woe;
Nor must the trembling heart repine,
But all unto its God resign;
In weakness and in pain made known,
His powerful mercy shall be shown,
Until the fight of faith be o'er,
And earth shall vex the soul no more.

—A CREATURE, who spends its whole time in dressing, gaming, prating and gadding is a being originally, indeed, of the rational make; but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and it is to be considered at present as nearly on a level with the monkey-species.

B. CONSTANT.

☞THE MISCELLANY.—This number contains, as will be seen, 16 pages only, being just one-half the size we intend to make it. The other half will be published in January, 1870. We issue this half size in advance to give us a chance to get up a *good* circulation before the volume for the year is fully begun. We shall not make great and flattering promises. Our hope of success is based *mainly* (under God) on our long experience in works of this kind in New York and Detroit. Each had a very large circulation, and were very popular with the better class of readers.

We have been encouraged for a long time to undertake this work from the universally high expressions of praise from old subscribers of "Wellman's Literary Miscellany."

The old subscribers, *thus far seen*, have not only agreed to take *this* monthly, but some of them have volunteered to work for it.

We design this work to be one of *live thought*, and an *inspirer to a "higher life."*

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FEMALE EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, ESQ.

I HAVE read that the people of one of the interior nations of Africa elect their king by fastening a cord to the top of a tree, and requiring all the candidates for the regal office to pull at it; and that candidate who can draw it nearest to the ground, is by acclamation declared king; not because he is wiser or better, but because he unites in his person more of the properties of weight and power than any other man in the nation.

In savage and idolatrous countries, in all ages, the power to acquire dominion has been regarded as a sufficient guaranty for enslaving the feeble and defenceless. Hence it is that because her muscles are weak, and her frame tender, woman has become the slave and inferior of man, and has been doomed to drudgery and degradation to promote his pleasure or indulge his pride. But as degradation is the consequence of ignorance, and slavery the condition of the brute, he who would degrade and enslave even the feeble, must first degrade and enslave the mind, by keeping it locked up in ignorance, both of the dignity of its origin and the glory of its end. Hence tyranny in Pagan countries has denied woman the book of knowledge, and in Mahommedan countries the existence of a soul. But wherever civilization has dawned on the world, and the influence of Christianity been felt, her chains have fallen off—female character has progressively risen, and female education become of greater and greater importance. But much as she has advanced in both these respects, she is yet very far below her proper level and her ultimate destiny. Her education is yet very far from what it ought to be to make her the instructor of her offspring, the ornament of society, and the free, equal and happy companion of man; and even where its progress has been sufficiently great, it has been encumbered with so many wild and wanton growths as to make it almost fruitless of its great and important end.

Situated as we are in reference both to time and eternity, all education is valuable or valueless, as it tends to make the relations we shall hereafter occupy happy or miserable. How unwise, then, to spend the vigor of youth in the acquirement of that which youth only can enjoy, and which, if carried into the more advanced period of life, would only be adding the follies of youth to the follies of age! Life is a short drama at best, and the parts which women play are soonest over. It is the old age of the other sex only which is tormented by the plague of avarice and ambition. It is man only whose

"——pale withered hands are still stretched out
Trembling at once with eagerness and age.
With avarice and convulsions grasping hard."

Woman's chief ambition is gratified by a single conquest; the scope of her happiness and usefulness is circumscribed by the domestic and social circle. Beyond this her influence is only felt by its moral reflection on the hearts and lives of mankind. Nor is this the result of any system of education it is a distinguishing circumstance in her existence—one which God never intended to be otherwise.

What, then, is this highest object of woman's ambition—that in which she feels the deepest interest, and from whence she draws the greatest happiness? It is to be beloved—to call one gallant and faithful heart her own. Poverty, exile, slavery and death have no aspect to her so gloomy as the thought of being forgotten. She will smile like an angel over poverty's scantiest meal—she will follow a lover's footsteps to "distant and barbarous climes"—she will ply her hands to the spindle and the distaff with the constancy of a galley slave—she will meet death with the fortitude of a heroine—but ah! to be neglected—to be neither the object of joy nor grief, of hope nor fear, of love nor hate, but to wither unseen, like a neglected weed, is more than she can endure.

"The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are raptures to the dreary void—
The leafless desert of the mind—
The waste of feeling unemployed."

How then shall she attain and keep that which is thus the soul of her ambition and the well-spring of her life? If the rose on her cheek was perennial, and the fire in her eye unquenchable, then might she trust in the power of beauty; but when sickness tames the bounding pulse, when the rose fades from the

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cheek, and the fire from the eye, what then remains to be admired but the superior beauties of the immortal mind?

To our sex is given more of the muscular power possessed in common with the inferior animals; but the God of nature, as if he would form a connecting link between men and angels, has given to woman the tiny form, the fragile frame, and pictured in her countenance the personification of spiritual existence. How mortifying, then, to the ardent admirer of the fair, to find beneath the form of beauty, that index of intellect, a starved, meagre and dwarfish soul!

Flora was once a lovely laughing girl, possessed of all the external charms which this world calls beautiful. She danced like a fairy and sang like an angel; and when she entered the assembly room, each stranger with fluttering heart asked his acquaintance, "Who is that beautiful creature?" A beardless youth of lofty brow stepped down from the shades of Parnassus, burning with poetic ardor, and revolving in his mind a thousand plans of future greatness—she caught his eye, and his soul was wrapt with the vision—

"————he looked
Upon it till it could not pass away—
He had no breath or being but in hers
————she was his sight;
For his eyes followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects. He had ceased
To live within himself. She was his life—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
That terminated all."

He wooed, and won, and wedded her, and she (fond enthusiast) thought her happiness complete. For a while he doted fondly on her; but—he loves her not now. Why not? She is now his wife, and custom no longer requires that they should consume the time by talking over the little nothings with which the fashionable gallant ekes out an evening's conversation. The sweetmeats of the honeymoon pall upon the sense, and his taste requires something more substantial. He talks to her about the realities of life; but she has lived all her days in the world of imagination. He talks to her about science; but she knows not what he says. He talks to her about literature; but she knows not what it is. He talks to her about the world as it has been in past ages; but the light of history has never beamed on her mind. He finds in her no thought, no feeling in harmony with his own. She touches not the strings of his heart, and like the wires of an untuned instrument, they corrode with the rust of loneliness. He becomes solitary in the bosom of his own family, and seeks society elsewhere. Something (it may be jealousy) whispers in the ear of the once happy Flora, "Your husband despises you!" and her peace of mind is ruined forever. There may be something unkind in his conduct, but it may be the legitimate result of disappointment. It is the common fate of the disappointed, not only to be unhappy themselves, but to make those around them unhappy also. The disappointment is always in proportion to the interest felt in the object of pursuit, and the human heart cannot affect happiness where it is not felt. He saw the lovely jewel sparkling in the casket, and he sighed to possess it. For a day it sparkled on his finger; but the gilding wore away, and the baser metal showed itself; the cheat was out, and his mortification was greater than if he had never thought it a jewel. The fond and foolish creature had exhausted all her resources to attain her object—like a child enamored of a bird in the bush, she had strewn the last grain about her trap to catch the gilded rover; and when he was caught, he was doomed to starve on chaff, or rudely break his cage and fly away in search of better fare. The conditions of both are unfortunate, but hers is greatly worst. He may resort to books for consolation, or reason himself into the ridiculous opinion that woman is an inferior being, and that his fate is but the fate of all men; but she is without resource, without consolation.

But the *educated* woman forms the nucleus of society at home. Her husband loves her because she is good, and venerates her because she is wise. Her domicil becomes his library and his reading-room, and there is the repository of solid wisdom—not merely the gilded annuals spread out for show, but some of the perennials too—the Miltons, and Popes, and Addisons, and Johnsons. Not the mere butterfly-wing productions of the day, with gaudy covers and virgin pages, unsoiled and untouched, save where the pictured Medora droops her languid head, or my Uncle Toby peeps in the Widow Wadman's eye; but volumes of history, philosophy, poetry, elocution and divinity, whose merits have redeemed them from all-destroying time.

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But although the largest portion of woman's happiness is derived from her relation to the other sex, yet it is not the only source of her enjoyment, nor the exclusive object of her ambition. There is another point of view in which education and a literary cast of mind would greatly better her condition. It would open to her a source of excellence and elevation consistent with her nature, and within the reach of the poor as well as the rich —one which the reverses of fortune could not take away. Some stimulus like this is almost indispensable to her intellectual existence; for although her ambition is not towering, there is a kind of aristocracy of which she is more ambitious than man—she is fonder of distinction in the circle in which she moves. I have often been amused by the embarrassment of some clever fellow, whose very soul was embued with democracy, and who was so much in love with the people that he could hardly attend to his own affairs, to see his wife so aristocratic that she could hardly treat one of the "sovereigns" with common courtesy, when he called to shake hands with his humble servant, her husband. Is this ambition of eminence wrong? No, sir, not of itself:

"Ambition first sprang from the bright abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

But like the ambition of the rebel angels, it is wofully misdirected, and tends to ruin and downfall. There is no real distinction among mortals, but such as wisdom and goodness impart; and all distinction built on any other foundation must sooner or later tumble in ruin on the heads of those who aspire to it. One half of the poverty and misery in the world grow out of this misguided ambition to be great.

Mrs. Extravaganza is happily married to a young man in moderate circumstances, but of industrious habits, and sufficient income to support his family with comfort and credit; and thus begins the world with flattering prospects. But she is ambitious to become superior to her neighbor's wife. The world acknowledges no real distinction between them—her neighbor's wife is as polite, as learned, as wise, as good as she. From whence then shall her superiority come? From richer silks, costlier furniture, more splendid equipage, a statelier mansion, and a more numerous train of domestics, no one of which is essential to real comfort or convenience. The ship sails well while the sky is clear and the breeze blows fair; but when the storm of adversity comes she is overwhelmed. The expense is too great for the income, and by her misguided ambition she is doomed to perpetual poverty.

But extravagance is not the only way in which this misguided ambition develops itself. It seeks distinction in *affectation* of superiority, more ridiculous than extravagance or poverty. In the estimation of shallow observers, whatever is grotesque requires but little puffing to make it superior. In this way the veriest butterflies in the world seek and often find distinction, while real merit passes to the grave unnoticed. Whether our understanding or our education is at fault, I do not pretend to say; but one thing is certain—we are in this respect the most hoaxable people on earth.

Let some European scullion abjure her mistress' kitchen, put on an air of singularity, and appear among us bedecked with tawdry tissues, and in four and twenty hours a hundred gallant skulls are thumping together to do her homage. She converses with thrilling eloquence in some language which no one of them understands, and the lineaments of Thaddeus Pulaski or Americus Vespucius, brighten in her countenance; while the beautiful, the lovely, the learned, the simple-hearted buckeye blushes unseen, like the desert rose, because she is indigenous to the soil and unobtrusive in her manners.

Several years ago I conversed with a gentleman who had just returned from Europe, after performing the duties of minister to a foreign court. In speaking of the English nobility, he remarked that the ladies were plain and simple-hearted in comparison with ladies of wealth and fashion in our country. I asked him how he accounted for this, seeing that our institutions were based on the principle of human equality. "They rely, sir," said he, "upon their rank, and have no need of affectation to sustain them." In our country there is no rank on which they rely. It is not desirable that such rank should exist. But is there no rank in the republic of letters—is there no eminence in the field science—is there no elevation in the art of doing good on which the ambitious fair one might rely for distinction, without

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resorting to the miserable extremes of extravagance and affectation?

But woman should not be educated with reference to her individual happiness alone; she is a social being, and as such, is destined to have her influence on all around her; and you cannot educate one, without to a certain extent educating every other in the neighborhood. They act upon each other like the reeds in the fisherman's flambeau—the moment you light one it communicates the fire to another, and another, and another, until the whole unites in a flame.

The old adage, that "it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," has often been applied to ladies. Whether they deserve it or not, I do not pretend to decide; but it is certain they are more *curious*, more *communicative*, more *imitative* than men, and consequently more likely to be benefitted or injured by the influence of society. A city is too large and unwieldy for observation. In the country the population is too sparse. But go to a village where you can take in society at a single glance, and there make your practical observation. Let some intrigue exist, or some deed of darkness be committed, no matter with how much secrecy, and you might as well attempt "to hide the sun with a blanket, or put the moon in your pocket," as to conceal it from their scrutiny; and when it is found out, it rests like sin on the conscience of the discoverer, until she has communicated it to every friend she has in the village. But she is imitative. Let some new example of taste, elegance, or fashion make its appearance, and it runs round the circle with almost the speed of electricity, and the thought of being left behind is painful in the extreme.

Mrs. Brocade appears at church in a new-fangled dress, and instantly all the neighborhood follow suit. Mrs. M'Fiddle sends her little daughter to dancing school, and in four and twenty hours half the matrons in the village inquire of the parson whether it would be a sin to send their little daughters too. Miss Exquisite has been to the city, and meeting with an improvement in the straight-jacket, has compressed her beautiful form to the thickness of a spade-shaft, and "live or die, survive or perish," and in spite of Dr. Muzzy's lecture,* in one week every young lady in town is compressed to the same model. And think you, sir, that anxiety to know—this desire to communicate—this tendency to imitate, was implanted in the breast of woman to poison and make war on the nobler spirit of sympathy and benevolence! No, sir, no such thing. They are the wild luxuriant growths of a noble soul, fallen down from their native bower, and tangled and interwoven with briars and noxious weeds. Only let the hand of education lift them from the ground, disentangle them from the thorny maze, prune away the rubbish, fasten the tendrils to the bower, and teach them to aspire to the nobler objects; and trust me, sir, they will become the ornaments of the sex, and make society redolent of moral sweetness. These very qualities which have so long and so often been the topics of ridicule, are the evidences of mind admirably suited, if properly cultivated, to give and take the blessings of society.

But the influence of woman as a social being is not confined to her own sex. She wields a powerful influence over the other sex, and especially over her own husband; and very much of his success or disappointment in life depends upon her. Let a man of genius and enterprise be linked for life with an ignorant woman, whose thoughts aspire not with his thoughts—whose sentiments mingle not with his sentiments—whose heart beats not in unison with his heart; and all his energies, like a living victim chained to a body of death, will sicken, gangrene, and die. The man of genius requires both the sympathy and approbation of the other sex to aid him in his efforts, and without them his exertions, however great, will be misdirected. He may be ambitious, but his ambition will be for glory and not for good. His actions in themselves may be noble; but philanthropy will not be their moving spring. He may acquire knowledge, but it will not be devoted to the benefit of mankind. He may accumulate wealth, but it will not be used for the purpose of benevolence. A few examples to the contrary may be found; and those examples are striking, because they are singular; but frozen-hearted selfishness is the common motive of men alienated from the sympathy and influence of the softer sex.

In the age of chivalry, when a young and valorous knight clad in complete

*Dr. Muzzy, at the same session, delivered a lecture on the injurious effects of tight lacing.

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steel, entered the tournament, he knew that the eye of beauty marked his deeds, and that the hand of beauty would reward his success; and as if the fire of Minerva inspired his bosom, and the spirit of Minerva nerved his arm, he poised the weapon, warded the thrust, and dealt the blow. And when in quest of adventures, he went up and down, fearless of danger, and despising repose—as he slept beneath the spacious sky, it was not the star that beamed on his helmet, nor the dew-drop that glittered on his breast-plate, but the eye and the tear of his lady-love that inspired his dreams of glory, and steeled his heart for the day of battle. And in rigorous combat, when he covered his breast with his shield, and braced his lance in its rest, he invoked the spirit of his lady-love to aid him in the desperate conflict. Nor were his expectations blasted. When he returned in triumph from the field and laid the trophy of victory at her feet, as if the victory had been her own, she unbuckled his armor and acknowledged him the champion of her honor, and the lord of her heart.

The Song of the Heavenly Host.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK, BY ELIHU BURRITT.

O thou heavenly Muse! companion of angels: prophetess of God! thou who listenest to high and immortal strains! rehearse to me the song then sung by the angels.

Hail, thou sacred land of the revelation of God! Here we behold him, as he is, as he has been, as he shall be;—here see the Blessed without veil, without the intervening shadow of distant worlds. Thee we behold in the congregation of thy redeemed, on whom thou deignest to look with gracious eye. O thou art Infinite Perfection! Truly art thou, and shall be called in Heaven, the Unutterable Jehovah! Our songs, living by the power of inspiration, in vain attempt thy likeness; even directed by thy revelation, we can hardly express our conceptions of thy divinity. Eternal, thou art alone in thy perfect greatness! Every conception of thy glorious being is more sublime and holy than the contemplation of all created things. Yet thou didst resolve to see other beings than thee, and let thy ensouling breath descend on them. Heaven didst thou first create, then us, heaven's inhabitants. Far wert thou then from thy birth, thou young, terrestrial globe; thou sun, and thou moon, the blessed associates of the earth; First-born of the creation, what was thy appearance, when, after an inconceivable eternity, God descended, and prepared thee for the sacred mansion of glory? Thy immense circle, called into existence, assumed its form. The creating voice went forth with the first tumult of the crystal seas; their listening banks arose like worlds. Then, didst thou, Creator, sit solitary on thy throne in deep contemplation of thyself. O hail the reflecting Deity, with shouts of joy! Then, aye then, were ye created, ye seraphim, ye spiritual beings, full of intellect,—full of mighty powers, and perceptions of the Creator!—ye whom he created of himself for his worship. Hallelujah, a joyful hallelujah be by us unceasing sung to thee, O First of Blessings! To Solitude thou saidst: Be thou no more! and to the beings; Awake Hallelujah!

* * * * *

'Till now Jehovah had fixed his eye upon the earth; for thence, from the fullness of his soul, the Son was still holding with the Father discourse of fate-concealing import,—fearful, glorious and holy, full of the retributions of life and death, obscure to the mortals themselves a discourse of things, which the approaching redemption of God should publish to all created beings. But now the Eternal's eye filled heaven anew; all met in waiting silence the divine look. All now awaited the voice of the Lord. The celestial cedars no longer waved, the ocean kept silence within its lofty shores. God's breathing winds tarried motionless, between the brazen mountains, awaiting the descent of the Almighty voice, with outstretched wings. Thunders from the holy of holies rolled down upon the listening ears of the expectant beings. But God spoke not yet. The sacred thunders were only heralds of the approaching divine answer. When they ceased, the throne

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was unveiled at the gracious look of God revealing his sanctuary,—the long desired throne prepared for the lofty thoughts of the eternal. Then full of earnestness the cherub Urim, the trusty angel of the everlasting spirit, turned, full of divine contemplation, to high Eloa, and spoke: "What seest thou, Eloa?" The seraph Eloa arose, went slowly forward and said:

"There on these golden pillars, are labyrinthian tables full of prescience; there the Book of Life, opening by the breath of mighty winds, reveals the names of future Christians, new awarded names, of heaven's immortality. How the book of the universal judgment opens, dreadful, like the waving banners of the battling seraphs. A fatal sight for those degraded souls that rebel against God! O how the Almighty unveils himself! Ah, Urim, in holy stillness the candlesticks glimmer through a silver of churches reconciled to God! Count, Urim, the sacred number.

"The worlds, Eloa," replied he,—"the deeds of crowned angels, and their joys are numerable to us; but not the effects of the great redemption of God's compassion." Then spoke Eloa: "I see his judgment seat! Fearful art thou, O Messiah, Judge of the world! Fearful is the sight of the lofty throne. Glowing with ready vengeance, he thunders from afar! Almighty tempest bears him aloft into the thundering clouds! Soon, O Messiah, soon, Judge of the world, shalt thou appear armed with eternal death?"

Thus discoursed Eloa and Urim between themselves. Seven times the thunder had torn away the veil, when, soft stealing down, came the Eternal's voice:

"God is love. That was ere the existence of my creatures; when I formed the worlds, then, too was I love; and now, in the completion of my mysterious, most exalted work, am I the same. But, through the death of the Son, the Judge of the world, shall ye fully know me, and offer new worship to the Fearful One. Did not my extended arm sustain you, ye finite beings, ye would sink at the spectacle of great death."

The Eternal paused. In deep admiration they folded holy hands before him. Now beckoned he to Eloa, and the seraph, reading in Jehovah's countenance what he should say, turned to the celestial audience and said:

"Behold the Eternal, ye chosen righteous ones, ye holy children. Know his heart, for in his thoughts ye were the most beloved, when he contemplated the salvation by the Redeemer. Ye have ardently desired, God is your witness, to see at last the day of redemption, and his Messiah. Blessed be ye, children of the Deity, born of the spirit! Shout for joy, ye celestial sons, ye behold the Father, the Being of Beings. Lo, he is the First and Last,—the everlasting God of mercy! He, God,—Jehovah, who is from eternity, whom no creature can conceive—he condescends to call you children. This messenger of peace sent from his son, has come in your behalf to this high altar. Were ye not born to be spectators of this great redemption, O then would it have been in distant solitudes a mysterious, unsearchable theme. But now with us, shall ye, offspring of the earth, welcome that day with rapture, with eternal exultation. We too will explore the whole unrevealed extent of your redemption; with you will we complete this mystery with a more enlightened view than ye, ye devout and weeping friends of your Redeemer, who still wander in darkness. But his lost persecutors! Long already hath the Eternal blotted them from the holy book! but to his redeemed he sends a divine light. They shall view the blood of reconciliation no longer with weeping eyes. They shall see it, as, before them, its stream is lost in the ocean of eternal life. O then shall they here, solaced in the bosom of peace, spend the illustrious festival of eternal rest. Ye Seraphim, and ye souls, escaped from the snares of life, begin the jubilee, which shall last henceforward through eternity. The yet mortal children of the earth, generation after generation, shall all be gathered to you, until at last perfected, and clothed with new bodies, they shall enter into blessedness after the general judgment. Meanwhile, ye high angels of the throne, go forth from us, and instruct the guardians of God's creatures to prepare themselves against the festival of the chosen, mysterious day."

—THE PREJUDICE of dark ages, when a false aristocracy contemned labor in any form as dishonorable necessity, is passing away, and should have no place in a philosophical or republican mind.—BETHUNE.

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WOMAN'S HEART.

Alas! That man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,
As woman's heart.

I.

Say, what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought;
A bark, that skill will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

II.

What is its love?—a ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream;
A smiling flower, that will not die,
'A beauty—and a mystery!'
Its storms as light as April showers;
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair!

III.

What are its hopes?—rainbows, that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with syren words,
Beguiling it like summer birds;
That stay, while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

IV.

What is its hate?—a passing frown,
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lighted by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion, that scarce hath a part,
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

V.

What then is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Upon the touch, in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought;
A bark, that still would blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

DIGNITY.

Among the various characteristics of high toned humanity, that which most attracts attention and secures respect is true dignity of mind and action. It is to the possessor a direct passport to the heart, and renders him honorable among his fellow beings. It is constituted of a sense of man's high attributes and of his accountability to the divine author of his life, and is one of the natural feelings implanted in his breast by that Being who gave to him complete possession of every tangible entity which his wisdom brought into existence.

Man is truly "lord of creation," with everything at his command for his comfort and happiness, he stands a monument of the power of God and the glory of the universe.

His superior natural faculties and qualifications tend to give him an exalted idea of the perfection of the Deity, and to make him proud of his existence, while the consciousness of his entire accountability makes it apparent to him that his earthly career must be in accordance with the conceptions he himself is capable of forming, of what constitutes propriety and justice.

Such is man's position; and that his actions may be conformable to natural laws, his character must be deeply imbued with the principle of dignity. We are told that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." Now, reader, what is the definition of nobleness and of honesty? Can that man be considered noble, who has not the moral courage to assert his rights under any circumstances? Can that man be considered honest who dare not stand erect and meet his fellow beings face to face? The evident and only answer to these interrogatories, is in the

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negative. It follows, then, that honesty and dignity are inseparably connected, and that dignity is one of the noblest traits in man's mental formation.

But through a strange perversion, it has occurred that men are possessed of the opposite quality—that of meanness. That there is, aside from these two feelings (dignity and meanness), a wide difference in men, you are all well aware, nor need I enter into any argument to show how it arose. Indeed, it is not necessary for my present purpose, to attempt an explanation of the matter, but taking the obvious fact as a groundwork, I would simply remark, that as some have noble feelings, and others have not, and as those who have, succeed in gaining friendship and respect, they who have not must needs make some contrivance to be equal; and hence spring cunning and assurance, and forcing as it were their possessor into notice, they seek to wring our affections from us despite of ourselves. The natural superiority of pure motives over meanness cannot be borne by those envious spirits who throng society, and they resort to a counterfeit in order to maintain their ends. But a discerning eye and discriminating judgment may always detect the imposition, and in time will strip duplicity of its mask, and exhibit it in all its deformity, its baseness and corruption.

Dignity is a quality of the mind that cannot be successfully copied, for no one who has it not, has even an idea of its grandeur and the peculiar emotions it awakens and shadows forth. The effects are seen, the springs are hidden. Many seem to mistake haughtiness and arrogance for dignity, but they are as far removed from it as the semblance of purity from purity itself. The inordinate vanity of such men (perhaps I should say things) allows them to consider themselves as being of a nobler race and of brighter talents than those around them, and they continually take occasion to dictate in matters of which they in reality know nothing, and care less, only as tending to display their own opinions of their own dear person, to which point all their views concentrate and fix them.

We need not wander far to see such a being. We can all point to him; behold him as he deigns to look upon the humble man and says, at least in action and mein, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark!" Man is a strange creature, but an ass in lion's clothing is still more strange, although we have daily exemplification of this change of attire. The artifice may succeed for awhile, but when persevered in for any considerable length of time, it exposes itself, the bubble bursts, and the puffed-up demi-noble sinks into utter insignificance. Others fall into the opposite extreme, and have the opinion that a continual smile, and the treating of all with whom they come in contact with measured and extreme politeness, will insure to them that respect which their true merits, or rather demerits, would never entitle them to. Alas! even this will not do, and its falsity is as plainly perceptible as the conduct of the courtier, who, having a design upon the life of his patron, at the same instant in which he is endeavoring to gain his confidence, betrays himself by an over anxiety for his lordship's welfare, and a bow entirely too low. Other expedients than the one I have named, emanating from the same corrupted desire, are resorted to, but the thin gauze of mock nobleness is not sufficient to conceal the secret and actual motives of the heart.

But why need I rail against the vices and imperfections of man, when every one has within his own bosom faults, which, if known even to himself, would excite his indignation and abhorrence? Why? We are all imperfect, but some have the judgment to keep their foibles from being known, and of correcting their own conduct by experience and observation. The difficulty is that those who do not know their faults have no means of perceiving the effects of their conduct upon others.

But note the bearing of that man who understands his own heart and has the judgment to lead him aright in the ways of life; who, quitting the strife of petty minds, and allowing his thoughts to soar aloft and dwell upon higher objects than the grovelling herd can grasp at, yields himself up to that easy and unrestrained action, which always carries with it the conviction of spotless purity. As the majestic and powerful eagle fearlessly spreading his wings aloft in the mid-day, can look upon the glorious sun through the most piercing ray without cowering, so the possessor of true dignity, stretching forth his bold arm in asserting his

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rights and privileges, can stand before the searching glance of each and all "the choice and master spirits of the age," without fear, and free from any aspersions which may be levelled at his motives.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

Matt. v. 14—16.

Far away in the regions of the glowing east, there rises a steep and lofty mountain. Its sides are craggy and precipitous; at its feet a landscape of rich but uncultivated country stretches as far as the eye can see, interspersed with mountains, lakes, and the ruins of many once magnificent cities. Eighteen hundred years ago the scene presented a very different appearance. On the side of the mountain were a vast throng of people, all eagerly bending towards one individual who stood in the midst of them. He was not comely that they should look on him, neither was his rank distinguished, nor his commands invested with early authority. It was the calm, simple, heart-searching words which dropped from his lips that thus enchained the attention of the surrounding multitudes as by a spell; and the beaming look of godlike benevolence and love which stilled every tongue and won every heart to a willing and reverential submission. Let us try for a few moments to bring the scene before our eyes.

Immediately before us is the mountain with its hushed myriads, and Jesus standing in the midst. Above is spread the blue vault of heaven, bluer and purer and serener than we ever beheld it in our less favored latitude. In the far distance, on another lofty mountain, is situated the city of Saphet, a conspicuous object to all the country for miles around. Below lies the lake of Tiberias, surrounded by mountains, which are beautifully reflected in its clear waters. There are ships on its bosom, in which fishermen are plying their daily craft. There are palm trees too, and olive trees, rising up from its shores, and affording a home to the countless fowls of the air who lodge in their branches. There, too, embosomed amidst all that is lovely in nature, are the dwellings of man. The cities of Capernaum and Tiberias lie in the near vicinity of the mountain and within their precincts the stir of business, the intercourse of life, the incense of devotion, the rapture of joy, and the agony of sorrow, are constantly mingling in the confused hum which marks the places where men congregate. But no sound reaches the eminence above, where the multitude are gathered around Jesus.

Let us approach and listen to the words which are proceeding from the Saviour's lips and producing such a magical effect upon its hearers. He has just finished pronouncing a series of blessings which shall be the reward of those who leave worldly honors and pomps and follow the pure service of God, meekly enduring persecution and suffering for his sake. Then he goes on to counsel those who are in possession of such hopes, to draw others to the enjoyment of them, by the right use of influence. Raising his hand and pointing upwards to the sun which was throwing his golden beams over the whole expanse of country, and then turning to the distant prospect where lay conspicuously the city of Saphet, he turned to the multitude and thus appealed to them, saying, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

The disciples who were standing around him heard these words and obeyed. Their

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writings and example have been as shining lights to guide all succeeding ages and generations into the ways of truth. Jesus speaks to us also in them. He who readeth the hearts of men knows how powerfully every one of us is affected by the influence of others; and he desires, therefore, to turn this mighty agency into a means of good. Christian professor! Jesus appeals to you. He has passed away from the earth, and appointed you to remain as his witness there. In you are to shine forth the attributes of his holy character, so gracefully, so pleasingly, so attractively, that men when they see you shall be constrained to admire and to imitate. You are the living representatives of the Saviour on earth. You are earthen vessels into which he puts a little of his grace, that those around may taste how sweet it is, and seek to possess it also. It is a high and noble office to which you are called, and will you pollute in by inconsistent conduct? Or will you rather not strive as far as in you lies to fulfill his holy requirements?

"A city which is set on a hill cannot be hid." Mark that word "cannot." It is of striking and awful import. It signifies that whatever your character may be, it must have weight—that whatever may be your desire to annul your influence, you are without power to do so. It announces a decree from which there is no escape, no appeal. To the bad, it imparts to conscience a sharper sting. To the righteous, it is a blessed earnest that they have not lived in vain. No one is a completely isolated being. None of us liveth to himself. It is a fearful thought, and one which should impress the soul with a deep sense of its own responsibility that every word, every action, must have a certain influence, either beneficial or pernicious, in forming the characters of those around. One sentence prayerfully uttered may, with God's blessing, lead a soul to the foot of the cross. Oh, how watchful ought we to be of our words, and of the thoughts from which they proceed, since each one may be laden with so tremendous a train of consequences both for time and for eternity.

Reader, when you feel your temper failing, or your words becoming hasty, your conduct inconsistent, or your prayers few, and know that your example is thus being a curse rather than a blessing to those who are exposed to it—carry your thoughts back for a little space to that calm, quiet, lovely scene which we endeavored to bring vividly before you at the commencement of this paper. Dwell on the melancholy history of the individual who is there commissioning his disciples and the multitude to be his witnesses in the midst of a world of sin and misery. See his agony on the cross, endured for you—the scorn, the sorrow. Do you not feel your heart melt with love and gratitude to him? Hear then his own words: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." One of these commandments is that which we have been endeavoring to illustrate and enforce. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven." May the glorious Sun of Righteousness shine into each heart, so that his healing beams may be abundantly reflected back upon the world lying in darkness around.

F. F.

MARRIAGE.

BY REV. H. WINSLOW.

The matrimonial covenant is an ordinance from Heaven. Immediately after the creation of man, the Lord God said. "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make for him a help-mate." This domestic constitution is a distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, and is essential to the elevation and happiness of our race.

Every young man should, therefore, if possible, contemplate being married. It is a Christian duty, as well as a privilege, to have a companion to share with you the responsibilities, the interests and enjoyments of life. If a man is in circumstances to be married, he is usually less useful to society, and perhaps always less happy, for remaining in the single state. That he "may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing," he must have a wife.

When a man lives single beyond the

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proper time for being married, there is a prevalent suspicion among the other sex that he is addicted to vice. I do not know but this judgment is a little severe—for there are some bachelors of unquestionable virtue. But that there is a foundation for a general suspicion of this sort will hardly be questioned; and the vicious tendancy of celibacy in communities, is very generally known and acknowledged.

The time for marrying, after the period indicated by nature has arrived, must of course vary somewhat with circumstances. As a general rule, early marriages are desirable; but then they should be under one or two conditions—either that of property inherited, or already acquired, adequate to the usual expense, or that of simplicity and frugality in the style of living, sufficient to reduce the expense within the present earnings. The latter is always the best. It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means and to their future common interests.

Nothing delights me more than to enter a neat little tenement of the young people, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge and industry, have joined heart and hand, engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while perhaps the little darling sits prattling upon the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure, the "only bliss that survived the fall." Health, contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects are all there.

But it has become a prevailing sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years.

This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it mistakes the true economy and design of the domestic institution; and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part—and thus many a modern wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "help-mate," but a "help-eat."

There is another unpleasant evil attending this, especially as it bears pretty severely on the fair sex. When bachelors have made their fortunes, and become some forty or fifty years old, they do not usually take wives of their own age, but they then abandon those with whom they have hitherto associated—requite all the pleasures which their society has afforded them with utter neglect; they then select for their companions the young and blooming, and thus leave to their fate a numerous class of worthy maidens.

Great disparity in matrimony is an evil in many particulars; and what is more unnatural than to see a young miss wedded to a man old enough to be her father? He ought to have sense enough to know, that unless she is an eccentric character, she never married him for love; and she ought also to know that in consenting to marry him, she in all probability consented to make herself a wretched slave—to put herself in the power of a man who had already expended his first and warmest love upon others; and who by his superior age, his natural habits of pleasing himself and of having his own way, and the self-importance which property gives, was well qualified to act the part of the tyrant rather than that of the husband.

If a young man has property, he may of course marry at a suitable age, and adopt the style of living which is justified by his means. But if he be destitute of property, he has three alternatives, and he can take his choice between them. Selecting a prudent, industrious person for his wife, he may marry young, and live in a style of simplicity adapted to his

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income; or he can wait until he has acquired a property, so as to be able to support a family in the more modern and fashionable style; or he can marry at any rate, launch fearlessly out into all the expenses of a fashionable establishment, and run his chance of bringing his wife and children to want. The first is the best, the second is the next, and the third is bad enough.

SOUL-REST.

BY REV. CYRUS. D. FOSS.

When, after the soul's weary tossing on the sea of doubt, beaten by storms and well nigh wrecked, Jesus speaks peace into it, there is "a great calm." The long-sought bliss of that glad hour thrills and fills the spirit. But this is by no means God's best gift. It is only the alphabet of his matchless grace. There is a peace far higher and richer than that which the soul finds when the storm is hushed and the waves are laid. It is peace in the midst of storms—a blessedness that is fostered by tribulation; Christ's own peace bestowed according to his assurance, "*My peace* I give unto you." What *his* peace was is sufficiently evident to every attentive reader of the Gospels: it was the peace which consists in a grand mastery over the most trying circumstances, and keeps the soul self-poised and calmly jubilant just when it would seem as though there could be no peace at all.

These two postulates will command general assent; first, that the religious experience inculcated in the New Testament was meant by God to be the soul's satisfying portion; secondly, that Christians generally do not find their own experience habitually answering to this divine ideal. The conclusion is irresistible that Christians generally fall lamentably short of the experience inculcated in the New Testament.

This is a fact exceedingly to be regretted, for the experience of the church is the great power of the church. Never is the church at all equal to the mighty works she has to do and the heavy trials she has to bear, except when the God-given bliss of a rich experience glows in her heart, gleams in her eye, fires her tongue, and shines in her life. "The joy of the Lord" is her "strength." Let such an experience abide in a man's soul, and he will be mighty for God; he may be very calm, but his calmness will be, like that of a deep river, the calmness of power. Lyman Beecher, in an ordination charge to one of his sons, grandly said, "Take heed of *thy heart*; the power of the heart set on fire by love is the greatest created power in the universe." This power has been a thousand times demonstrated by the church on a small scale, in such a way as needs only to become general in order to bring about the speedy conquest of the world for Christ.

The low standard of Christian experience which prevails so widely is, however, scarcely so injurious in itself as the conviction which is wont to accompany it, that, after all, nothing much better is to be expected in this life; that, in spite of all the finer speculations of preachers, there is, on the whole, no such very great and radical difference between the internal states of the saved and the unsaved this side of the grave; that they are all sinners, and as such liable to many slips and to much darkness and doubt; and that the trembling hold on "a hope", is the practical maximum of Christian experience. Let us fling our Bibles to the winds, as repositories of misleading fables; and think of our soul's deepest yearnings, not as sublime impulses from and toward God, but as tantalizing inspirations from Satan; or else at once and forever renounce all such low standards of religious life. Our souls want rest. They yearn after it evermore with God-given intensity of longing, and with profoundest convictions that it may be had in Christ. He gives his answering pledge to bestow it on every weary spirit that comes to him. Many come, taste the first glorious draughts, and go away; and then, maintaining no ever-present *experiences*, they live in memory. Their favorite hyms are

> "Where is the blessedness I knew,
> When first I saw the Lord?"

and

> "What tongue can express
> The sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love?"

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Alas! that any who come to Jesus should fail to heed and hear his summons, "Abide in me."

I have spoken of the soul's felt want. For proof of its existence I appeal to the general Christian consciousness. We feel that there *must be*, we intuitively know that there *is*, something better for us than alternate making and vow-breaking, pardon and condemnation. With the young disciple this is more a matter of unaccountable and unquestioning conviction than of reasoning. Much prayer and Scripture-searching deepen the conviction, and reveal to the soul its paradoxical condition, as at peace with God through faith in Jesus, and yet as borne along sometimes by a kind of involuntary antagonism to God. The will may surrender while the heart rebels. This paradox Christ can right, or he is not a complete Saviour. This remaining corruption, which is matter of distinct and painful consciousness after the clearest conversion, His blood can wash away, or it is not the all-powerful remedy He says it is. And when the faith of an earnest, growing Christian, who is still distressed with the sense of remaining corruption, apprehends Jesus as a Saviour to the full extent of the need which has been thus revealed to him, he enters into a "second rest" more full, glorious and abiding than he had ever known.

Let metaphysical theologians dispute about the possibility of such a state; let them cavil at the terms used to describe it. The heart of the church all over the world groans after it; the Bible holds it out to the hand of faith in a host of brilliant promises. A multitude of Christ's heroes in all ages have found it their abiding and joyous inspiration; and a still larger number of the Lord's hidden ones have extracted from this experience that which has transformed their treadmill toil into a celestial luxury, and their rocky barriers into Hereb fountains.

Coming to this blessed state by various paths of Scripture study, of experimental acquaintance, or of theological teaching, men have described it by various epithets. It has been termed "the higher life," "the assurance of faith," "perfect love," "holiness," "Christian purity;" &c. What titles can better describe it than *abiding in Christ, and soul-rest*; the one the logical cause, the other the consequence? Under these two aspects, this experience, both in its want and in its realization, is admirably detailed in the personal history of one of the most gifted of writers, whose pen has greatly enriched the literature of America, and illuminated its experimental theology—Mrs. Stowe. She says: "For some three or four years past there has been in my mind a subdued under-current of perplexity and unhappiness in regard to myself in my religious experience. I have often thought when sitting myself, Why am I thus restless? Why not at peace? I love God and Jesus Christ with a deep and real devotion; nay, at times I am overwhelmed, pierced to the very soul with the perfect beauty and sweetness of the Divine One....Still, there is something wrong....I often saw than an entire identity of my will with God's would remove all disquiet....Christ's permanent abode is what I have not known....I prayed....I despaired of bending my will....I despaired of all former and of all present efforts; but at His word I resolved to begin, and go for the whole....What was the result! When self-despair was final, and I merely undertook at the word of Christ, then came the long-expected and wished help. All changed. Whereas once my heart ran with a strong current to the world, now it runs with a current the other way ....The will of Christ saems to me the steady pulse of my being; and I go because I cannot help it. Skeptical doubt cannot exist. I seem to see the full blaze of the Shekinah everywhere. I am calm, but full."

The great want of the church is not better creeds, but better experience; not a multiplication of religious agencies, but an increase of religious power; not a more complete apparatus for her work, but a more complete union with her Master.

—INDEPENDENT.

☞THE MISCELLANY.—We have been greatly encouraged since we issued the first half of the January number. The subscription is now increasing very fast. We invite *all* who like its character to extend its circulation wherever they can. The February number will be out about the 15th or 20th of the month.

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THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MISS MARGRET ROBINSON OF NEW YORK.

A Prize Composition in the Albany Female Academy for which a gold medal was awarded

Bow down, my spirit, and adore, while thus I gaze on thee,
Thou favored spot of all the earth, thrice hallowed Galilee;
Bow down, my spirit, and adore, as in the courts above;
Behold the place the Saviour trod, in sorrow and in love.

Throughout thy valleys rang his words, thy hill-tops heard his voice,
And Hermon from its dewy height called on them to rejoice!
Thy verdant banks his pillow formed, his footsteps pressed thy sod,
And oft thy waters mirrored back the image of a God.

There is no sound along thy shore, no murmur of thy wave,
But tells of him who left the skies, and life eternal gave;
Methinks among those stirring leaves his accents linger yet,
And fancy sees each glittering shrub with tears of pity wet.

While heartless man denied a home, thy trees a shelter made;
Thy smiles of beauty cheered his soul when faithless friends betrayed;
Forsaken, scorned, his mission spurned, no angry wish he knew,
But freely fell his love on all, as falls the gentle dew.

How great that love, thy silver waves the tale can well attest,
As from a simple seaman's boat, that floated on thy breast,
The God who reared those lofty hills, and gave the seas their birth,
There deigned to teach the outcast poor, the ignorant of earth.

Or when oppressed by multitudes, he turned him from his way,
And standing on the mountain top, he taught them how to pray;
When streams of truth and mercy flowed among the listening crowd,
And the stout heart with holy fear, like oaks of Bashan bowed.

That listening crowd have passed away, their very names forgot,
While the heavenly world is echoing yet from earth's remotest spot;
And, like thy waves, that gospel true shall still keep flowing on,
Unchanged by time, unspent by age, till all the earth be won.

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"Thy conscious waters know their God," and yielded to his will,
As moved along the troubled deep, the gentle words, "Be still;"
Or when beneath the starless sky, upon the stormy wave,
He went in mercy's fairest guise, to succor and to save.

When faithless Peter asked a sign, and not a sign was given,
He learned that faith should ever trust, though clouds obscure the heaven;
For faith is like the summer flower, that opens its portals wide,
If the warm sunshine be bestowed, or if it be denied.

Lonely and sad, throughout thy midst, the holy Jordan flows,
Nor ripples with thy curling breeze, nor mingling current knows;
So passed the Saviour through the world, mingling, but yet apart,
With human passions in his frame, the Godhead at his heart.

And meeting with thy western sky, Mount Tabor rears its head,
At whose broad base the Saviour once his famished followers fed,
And on whose summit as he stood, his face with glory shone,
While from the cloud the Father spoke, and hailed him as his own.

Capernaum, where the Chosen One his purest lessons taught;
Chorazin and Bethsaida too, where healing oft was wrought;
Low in the dust their fallen towers in shapeless ruin lie,
Who in the fullness of their pride a Saviour dared deny.

Yes, tower and ruin, hill and plain, but most, thou beauteous sea,
Does every varying look of thine some image bring to me;
For though it is with spirit eyes I've looked along thy shore,
With spirit step have trod the path the Saviour trod before.

I feel the impress on my soul the holy shepherds felt,
When first before the manger rude, adoringly they knelt;
And fain I'd passed away in peace, as though mine eyes had seen
The Saviour in his glory bright, nor worldly mist between.

What though thy shores no sightless bard with classic beauty sang,
Nor clang of spear, nor battle shout, along thy margin rang;
A deeper charm is resting there than mortal lyre can sound,
For there the star of Bethlehem shone, and lo! 'tis holy ground.

Thou art the holy spot of earth, by prophets long foretold,
Where the righteous of the world should come, as to a shepherd's fold
Thou art the "Mecca of the mind," where man his homage turns,
Thy shores the altar where the heart its purest incense burns.

Thou shalt remain when battling spear to ploughshare shall be turned,
And peace and goodness fill the heart where fearful passions burned;
Thou shalt remain in all thy pride, till nature sinks to rest,
And unborn millions pass away, like foam from off thy breast.

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POETRY.

BY DR. CHANNING.

POETRY, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressed cares, and awakens the consciousness of its efficacy with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feeling, expands our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when a choir is put to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly converted opera airs, which last week were brought over by fresh troupes of foreign singers! And those sweet melodies that stilted propriety has long ago driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, and rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the ascending shouts of a mighty people; or, which, more gently, have filled rural school-houses, and humble lecture-rooms and village churches, not yet corrupted by the false pretences of 'classical music,'—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear, and not feel his heart beating within his bosom all the faster for the sound—are become the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our own land."

THE MISCELLANY.

Since we issued the first half of this number (some six weeks ago), we have been visiting, and partially canvassing, several places, and have been *very much* encouraged in our work. We find *good* people, everywhere, saying: "This is what we want." With the present prospects, within six months we shall publish from three to five thousand copies. Will the good friends, each and all, take a part in giving the MISCELLANY a very large circulation? We have been much pleased, when meeting old subscribers to former Magazines, in finding them so very prompt to subscribe for this.

☞We send this number to quite a number of old and dear friends, with the hope that they will subscribe for it, and, as far as possible, introduce it to their neighbors.

☞Agents wanted for the MISCELLANY, to whom a good percentage will be given.

THE LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.—This road now connects Chicago with Buffalo. It has branches from Detroit to Toledo; from Adrian to Jackson; from White Pigeon to Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids. It has a good, smooth track. It is connected with all the great routes East, West, North and South. It is now the most extensive road east of the Mississippi. CHAS. F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland, O.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

VOL. I. ADRIAN, FEBRUARY, 1870. No. 2.

ON THE FACULTIES OF MAN.

BY HON. E. C. SEAMAN.

NO. II.

EXERCISE and discipline being necessary to develop, strengthen, and bring to perfection all the moral, as well as the intellectual and physical faculties of man, industry, in which I would include both mental and physical labor, may be regarded as one of the first and greatest of virtues. Indeed, it would seem from the very nature and constitution of man, as well as from the original command to him, that he should eat bread in the sweat of his face, to have been imposed upon every well person, as a duty, to attend to some business or employment, either of utility to himself or his fellow beings, which may serve to exercise, develope and discipline his organs and faculties. The necessity of industry in this view of the subject seems to have been imposed upon man by the Deity for a two-fold object: first, to develope and discipline his intellectual organs and faculties, to enable him to provide himself with the necessaries and comforts of life, and to maintain his offspring, and to people, replenish and subdue the earth; secondly, to develope his intellectual and moral faculties, to fit him for living in a state of society in this world, and for a higher state of existence in the world to come. That this life is but a state of probation, to develope the faculties of man, and fit him for another and better world, is believed not only by Christians, but by a large proportion of the Pagan nations of the earth.

That exercise increases in size, as well as strengthens, all the organs of the human system, is verified in the case of the blacksmith, whose right arm, by the daily use of heavy hammers, in forging and working iron, becomes much larger and stronger than the arms of any other class of men. It is a general rule, applying to all classes of persons, that the limbs and organs, or parts of the system most exercised, becomes the strongest. The mind, as has been previously remarked, depends entirely upon physical organs —that is, upon the brain and nervous system, as instruments, in, through, and by means of which it acts, and it cannot do without them, except within a very limited sphere. The physical organs are not only the medium through which the mind receives impressions from, and ideas of, external objects, by means of sensation, and by which it conveys its influence by volition to the muscular system, but the brain is also the vehicle in and by the aid of which the mind thinks, wills, recalls previous impressions and ideas, compares, judges, deduces conclusions, and goes through with any complicated process of reasoning. This being the case, the capacity, power and fertility of the intellect; its quickness of perception and of action, retentiveness of memory,

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and power of comparing, judging and reasoning with accuracy, depend much, if not mostly, upon the physical organs, and instruments by means of which it acts. Though ideas, principles, sensations and truths are not innate, or inherent in the mind, yet the faculties and capacities by means of which the mind acts, becomes conscious of sensations, conceives ideas, and deduces principles and truths by a process of reasoning, are innate; that is, inherent in the mind itself, in connection with the physical organs; and cannot be developed without organs of some kind; as instruments of action. Hence the necessity of a spiritual body at the resurrection, as represented by St. Paul; and hence the power and peculiar characteristics of every man's intellect depends very much, if not entirely, upon the organization, and the greater or less degree of perfection of the physical organs of the mind, by means of which it acts.

The atheists, and many physiologists and physicians, will insist that the mind and all its faculties not only depend upon organization, but are the direct result and effect of organization, and cannot have any existence without it; or, in other words, that we have no mind, and that the faculties usually called mental faculties are the result and effect of a compound of the material substances composing the body. Now the whole comprises all its parts, and a compound comprises all the properties of each and all of the simple elements of which it is composed. All the substances composing the body, and all matter with which we are acquainted, except light, caloric, electricity and magnetism, which are called imponderable substances, possess the property of gravitation, and also the properties of the chemical affinities, and these properties are uniformly the same under all circumstances, whether in a simple or compound state. The gravitating principle of matter is neither increased nor diminished by compounding or combining it in any mode or manner whatever. Man, however, and all animals, possess not only the power of resisting the action of gravitation, but also the power, by means of the mind, by the faculty of volition acting upon the muscular system, of raising from the ground and carrying great weights, in opposition to the principle of gravitation, and the laws of the material world. This is equivalent to demonstrative proof, that mind cannot be composed of matter of the material world, nor the result or effect of the organization of such matter, for all nature's laws are uniform, and cannot act inconsistent with themselves; but man acts inconsistent with the laws of matter, and therefore he must have a principle, spirit or power within him, not derived from this matter, with which his acts are inconsistent. But another class of reasoners start up and say, that mind is the same as caloric, light, electricity, magnetism or a compound of two or more of these imponderable substances, and thus attempt to evade my argument, that mind acts inconsistent with such matter, and therefore cannot be composed of it. Let us examine this argument. Caloric, light, electricity, &c., though not possessed of the principle of gravitation, are governed by fixed laws, and operated upon by external substances; by the laws of affinity, or attraction, and the more general law of a tendency to establish an equilibrium. It is impossible for any of these substances to act in and of itself, without being excited to action by some affinity, or attraction external to itself; and when it acts, it always acts in comformity with laws fixed and certain in themselves, and in a uniform manner, under the same circumstances. Mind, on the contrary, is endowed by the Creator with self-acting power, or power to originate action in and of itself, and to act without being put in motion by any cause or motive external to itself; and it can act arbitrarily and according to its own whims or caprice, and is not subject in its acts and movements to fixed laws, like ca-

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loric, electricity and other imponderable substances. God has made it after His own image, and made it a cause in and of itself, and thus it has the power of originating action, and acting according to its own free will. In this consists its freedom of will, and in fact its entire will, including the self-determining power of the will. There is in chemistry a principle called elective affinity, and double elective affinity; and in each case, a simple substance is attracted towards two other substances at the same time, and is uniformly governed by the strongest affinity, and never by the weakest; but I presume no man ever thought of calling this elective affinity, freedom of action or freedom of will, and being governed by the strongest motive; and yet, if the mind is governed by a physical necessity from which it cannot escape, and which makes all its acts certain, because subject to fixed laws and external causes operating upon it, its freedom of action and of will is no greater than that of two substances which are attracted to each other by the chemical laws of elective affinity. The mind also compares, judges, reasons and deduces conclusions, but two minds rarely reason precisely alike. Some reason with great accuracy, and are seldom led into error, while others are constantly led astray by their passions and prejudices, as well as by their own inherent weakness, and can scarcely deduce the the most trifling conclusion without danger of falling into error. Can electricity or magnetism judge, compare or reason? and does it not uniformly act by the same laws, and always with the same accuracy, and if it could reason with accuracy in one case, would it not do so in every case? These views seem conclusive to my mind, that the intellect or mind of man is of a higher origin, and possesses more inherent powers and capacities than that of any of the matter or elements of matter of this material universe; and yet it may be a mere centre of action, or an organ builder by means of its own powers of attraction, and unable to act to any extent without organs as its instrument of action.

It seems to be a law of the animal as well as the vegetable economy, that like shall produce its like, subject to slight modifications of climate, and other circumstances having an indirect influence. Hence, if we plant maize, usually called Indian corn, we do not expect to reap wheat, nor *vice versa*. Grains and vegetables do, however, partially change their character by being cultivated for several years in a different climate and different soil. So with man; he not only reproduces his kind, but hands down to his posterity his peculiar physical organization, his form, strength, and even his weaknesses and diseases; and also the form and organization of his brain and nervous system, and his peculiar characteristics of mind, and traits of character depending upon them. Many of man's weaknesses are brought upon himself by misconduct, licentiousness, intemperance, luxury and indolence, or violating the natural laws of God in some other mode; and the physical evils resulting therefrom, are handed down to his posterity. Hence we read in Scripture that the sins of the father are visited upon his children even unto the third and fourth generation.

The climate, mode of life, and habits and customs of any people have an effect upon their physical constitution and formation, upon the organs of sense, and the brain and nervous system or organs of the mind, as well as upon the shape of the head and features of the face, and formation of the limbs and body. The more active the minds of a people, the greater and more perfect will be the development of the brain, and it will be adapted to the character of their pursuits, and the kind of mental exercise they usually have. All these physical peculiarities are more or less handed down to posterity from generation to generation, and affect the national mind and constitute the national character. Hence we

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observe that the leading characteristics of the people of almost every nation, in the progress of time, no matter what or whence their origin, have become assimilated to each other, and constitute what is called national character. Some, like the Arabs and Tartars, have been entirely stationary, and suffered scarcely any change in their national character and condition for many centuries; others, like the Turks, have degenerated, and been actually sinking in the scale of civilization; whilst many other nations have been developing their mental and moral capacities as well as the resources of their country, and making rapid strides in the high career of civilization, towards that state of perfection of our constitution designed by the Deity.

Mankind were designed by an all-wise and benevolent Creator for as much happiness in this world as is consistent with their constitution and nature, being made subject to physical as well as moral evil, pain and death, and placed here in a state of probation, trial and discipline for another state of existence. God could have created man otherwise, but, as maintained by the great and learned Burlamaqui, in his natural and political law, the Deity being all-wise, could not do—that is, there was a moral, if not a physical impossibility, in his doing what was inconsistent with itself; He could not desire to effect an object without using the most fit means to attain it; and could not use means inconsistent with the object in view; nor inconsistent with other parts of his works, and the framework of his moral government, which is carried into effect mostly by means of the general operation of physical laws. He might have created man a spiritual being, and not subject to death, but He could not make him a free agent, a rational being, partly spiritual and partly corporeal, subject to the physical laws of the earth, to the reproduction of his kind, and to the dissolution or separation of the soul and body, and give him the necessary senses and sensibility to effect the end in view, without at the same time subjecting him to pain and suffering, both physical and mental, and to both physical and moral evil. The evils, however, to which the nature and constitution of man are incident in this life are generally aggravated more than ten fold, by reason of his faculties, and the capacities of the earth to maintain him, not being completely developed, and in consequence of his ignorance, indolence, vicious habits and passions, and failure to act in all cases in accordance with the constitution of his nature and the laws of the material world.

It was evidently intended by the Creator that man should be an industrious being; that he should subdue and cultivate the earth, and develope its resources, in order to supply himself with all that is necessary to preserve life, promote health, strength, activity and longevity, and to multiply and people the earth; and as an incentive to do so, he was created with physical appetites, and mental passions. It is universally admitted that he was designed as a rational being, but of what use would reason be to him, if he were so far governed by natural causes, that he could not be influenced in the least by his own reason? It is also evident that he was designed as a social being, a moral being and a religious being; that is, that he should fulfill all the requirements of the law of nature, as heretofore explained. The natural propensity of man to seek the society of his fellow-man, and to sympathize with and participate in the pleasures of his associates, is conclusive evidence that he is by nature a social being; his propensity to sympathize with and participate in the sufferings and misfortunes of his fellow-man, even though strangers to him, and his instinctive inclination to relieve them, is evidence that he is a moral being: the whole history of the human family, in all ages, and almost all countries, shows that next to avarice, religious feeling has influenced a larger proportion of mankind, than any other

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mental passion; this proves that he is a religious being.

All these capacities and propensities of his nature are given him to be employed and exercised and gratified, partly as a means to develope his faculties and fit him for a higher state of existence, as the final end of his being; and partly as an incentive to action, to exercise, and industry, as the principal means of attaining the great final end and object of his existence. Avarice is a mental passion, associated with, and co-existing with the desire of gratifying hunger, thirst, and other physical wants, as well as the desire of show and display; and when it exists in a moderate degree, it is consistent with the nature and end of man, and becomes a vice, only when in excess, and borders on, or leads to covetousness and oppression. The same may be said of ambition; it is laudable as long as its end and objects are good; and vicious when its ends and objects are evil. So of dislike, abhorrence, indignation, anger and hatred; they are virtues, when excited by vice, misconduct and crime, and become vicious only when excited by conduct which is correct and innocent. All the natural propensities, instincts, appetites and passions of man, were given him by the Creator for good and wise purposes, and are to be gratified within reasonable and moderate limits; and such gratification is not vicious but virtuous, except under such circumstances, and carried to such excess, as leads to evil consequences.

The true mode of testing human acts, as well as human laws, is to trace them to their remote and natural consequences, and if they are calculated to promote the happiness of man in general, or any individuals in particular, without prejudicing the rights of others, they should be deemed conformable to the laws of nature and to the will of God, and therefore virtuous; but if their usual and natural consequences are prejudicial to the good of the society, community, family or person principally affected by them, they are vicious, unless they are just punishments for a violation of a law of God, or for a violation of some reasonable and just law of man. Man being a free agent and liable to do wrong, and commit crime, a system of government is rendered necessary by the nature and constitution of things, and forms part of the law of nature; and to promote the general good of the community, and protect them from wrong and violence, it becomes necessary to vindicate the majesty of the law, by inflicting punishment, pain and suffering, upon those who violate it.

All human acts, habits, customs, passions, amusements, and conduct, as well as human laws, should, therefore, be tested by their general and natural tendency to produce good or evil consequences; to promote the general happiness, or misery of the community, affected by them.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

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THE PALACE OF BEAUTY.

A FAIRY TALE. BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"When the graces of form to the features impart
The sweetness that lives with an innocent heart."

THE following tale, by Mrs. Child, is most exquisitely told, and the moral is of the highest and best character. Such a sketch cannot fail to make a salutary impression upon the heart of every reader:

In ancient times, two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and the other dwarfish, dark-colored, and deformed. One was named Rose and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose, because she was handsome, and everybody praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black, when anybody asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once, she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it on the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it; but she did not scold or strike her sister; for she was an aimable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and the neighbors disliked Marion; and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scotch used to be a very superstitious people; and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty, and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princess resided, was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty; where the queen of the fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there, one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.* Marion had often asked questions about this story; but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim: "Oh, how much that looks like Fairy Land!" But when asked what she knew about Fairy Land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may not I bathe in the Immortal Fountain!"

One summer's noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and, with the sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where open pillars supported a rainbow roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All round, between the open pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rain-bow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure, of rare loveliness, stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught upon one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star, composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point; and thus she sung:

The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair;
Quick thy purposes declare!

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated, by a multitude of soft voices, in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined in the chorus—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and, ever and anon, between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said:

"Will it please your Majesty to make me as handsome as my little sister Rose?"

*There was a superstition, that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

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The queen smiled. "I will grant your request," said she, "if you will promise to fill all the conditions I propose."

Marion eagerly promised that she would.

"The Immortal Fountain," replied the queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places, fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands. None can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home, now; for one week, speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden, watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed, was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry; and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression, when she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence.

The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honeycomb, and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the curculio and the lantern-fly stood at her side, to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and, in a few moments, all the queen's attendants vanished, singing, as they went:

The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creatures of earthly mould
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.

"Mortal, hast thou fulfilled thy promises?" asked the queen.

"I have," replied the maiden.

"Then follow me."

Marion did as she was directed, and away they went over beds of violets and mignionette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with refreshing sound. Presently, they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies, clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings, and flew away. The hill was steep; and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant; and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies, clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

"Here," said the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month, do by your sister, in all respects, as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marion."

Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could not help speaking; but, when Rose asked her for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along. When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and, when a pocket-mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose; "she is so good and aimable."

"So do I," said a dozen voices.

Marion blushed deeply, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

At the end of the month, she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands, and flew away. They travelled on—the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled; and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. The course was stayed by a troupe of fairies in rainbow robes, and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen.

"Here we must pause," said the queen; "the boundary you cannot yet pass."

"Why not?" asked the impatient Marion.

"Because those must be very pure, who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the queen.

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"Am I not very pure?" said the maiden; "all the folks in the castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home—for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of three months, she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when she saw her; but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away, as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim; and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the queen," that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from her bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. Be not discouraged: you have been several years indulging in wrong feelings, and you must not wonder that it takes many months to drive them away."

Marion was very sad, as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my Bible, and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart, she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled, and touched her playfully with the wand, then led her away to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright, as she approached them, and they lowered their wands, and sung, as they flew away:

Mortal, pass on
Till the goal is won,—
For such I ween
Is the will of the queen—
Pass on! pass on!

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid, came the sound of the waters, as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks. A rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain. Its amber-colored waves flow over a golden bed; and, as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds on their hair glance like sun-beams on the waters.

"Oh, let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies, with golden wands, that guard its brink!" Marion looked, and saw beings lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You can not pass them yet," said the queen. "Go home—for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable, for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all; for she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time, she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing,

Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go bathe in the Fountain,
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light;
Go bathe in the Fountain!

Marion was about to plunge in; but the queen touched her, saying, "Look to the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and saw that her eye sparkled with new luster, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning, in surprise, to the queen. "True," replied

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the queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she; "though I have not asked you a question, I have been in Fairy Land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto, I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that, the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown. The ugly scowl has departed from her face; and the light of her eye is mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that, to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

The Empire of God.

BY O. M. MITCHEL.

We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We have reached beyond the limits of this mighty solar cluster with which we are allied. We have found other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains: Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling round the sun for ceaseless ages! Whence came this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction! Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No! It is not the work of chance! Who shall reveal to us the true cosmography of the universe by which we are surrounded? It is the work of an Omnipotent Architect.

Around us and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun, and from system to system,—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity.

(Feb. 2.)

Death of the Emigrant Leader.

In the fog the sails are dripping,
Mist lies thickly o'er the bay;
On the masts suspend the lanterns—
Sea and sky are leaden gray.
Deadly weather! sickness breathing—
Come to prayers with covered head,
Women, come and bring your children:
In the cabin see the dead.

And the German peasant people,
With the Boston seamen, go
Down the ladder, bow their heads
In the cabin small and low:
There the pilgrims, new homes seeking,
Sailing o'er the western sea,
Find, in burial garments lying,
The leader of their company.

He had built of German firs
The raft which all their chattels bore
Along the Neckar to the Rhine,
And down the Rhine to the seashore.
The old man, with a heavy heart,
Torn loose from his paternal ground,
He said to them, "We must depart—
Another country must be found:

"In the west our day is breaking—
Westward lies our morning red;
Let us raise our log huts yonder
Where freedom lives within a shed.
Let us sow our sweat-drops yonder
Where they will not idly sleep—
Yonder let us turn the clods
Where he who ploughs may dare to reap.

"To the old, unbroken forest,
Let us all our households bear,
Plant them mid the wide savannas—
I will be your patriarch there.
From our land, like those old shepherds,
Famed in Bible-story going,
Let our guiding, fiery pillar,
Be the light forever glowing.

"In that constant light confiding,
I will lead you to your rest:

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Happy, for my children seeing
New homes rising in the west.
Children, 'tis for you I travel—
(Home would give these limbs a grave)
'Tis for you I bind my girdle,
And nerve my heart to cross the wave.

"Up! away! your Goshen leaving,
Like the men of olden day."
Ah! he only saw, like Moses,
Canaan's pastures far away!
On the sea the old man died—
He and all his wishes rest:
Nor success nor disappointment
More shall move his quiet breast!

Now the men without a leader
Come to give him to the deep:
Children hide themselves in terror,
While their mothers come to weep.
And the men, with earnest faces,
Gaze upon the foreign shore,
Where the patriarch, old and saintly,
Guides their pilgrimage no more.

In the fog the sails are dripping,
Sleeps the bay in misty gloom.
Breathe a prayer—the ropes are slipping—
Give him to his watery tomb.
Tears are flowing, waves are plashing,
Sea-birds scream above the dead.
For fifty years he ploughed the ground;
But 'neath the billows rests his head!

LOVE IS POWER.

When one person expresses hatred to another, or attempts to injure him, the first feeling of the person so hated, or liable to be injured, is usually of an angry kind. He hates in turn, or he stands indignantly up for his rights. This is natural, just as it is natural for a child to creep before he can walk, or lisp before he can speak. But as creeping and lisping at first do not form any objection to walking and speaking afterwards, so are these angry feelings which so readily occur to us, no argument why we should not come to treat those who hate or injure us in a different manner. If we always find that kindling up in anger, and returning evil for evil, prolongs mischief to ourselves as well as to the other party, but that we stop mischief, and make ourselves happy, by a kind and forgiving behavior, there is no reason why we should not prefer the latter mode. The one plan is, in fact, as natural as the other, although with most persons it is not the one first thought of.

But is it really best to treat our enemies kindly? This is the great question. We shall endeavor to prove that such is the case.

It is a matter of common observation that, when unloving words or looks are resented by the like, a complete division takes place between the parties. The hatred of the first person is deepened: he becomes a more unpleasant neighbor than he was before. And, because bad words have been used to him, his pride is touched, and he determines to show no symptom of relenting. But if, on the contrary, the object of his antipathy had refrained from angry words or looks, and addressed him in a friendly manner, his first feelings, which were probably of a slight kind, would have given way, and he would have been at once reconciled. Thus the evil would have been cut short at the very first, and those would have been friends who otherwise would be sure to become enemies, perhaps for the remainder of their lives. Now, if we consider how many disadvantages attend our having the ill-will of our neighbors, we shall be at no loss to see how important it is for us to prevent them by all proper means from becoming our enemies. And not only this, but let us also reflect on the sad fact, that our neighbor is unhappy in being our enemy; we are concerned to see that we do not become, however innocently, as we may think, the cause of his being haunted by unpleasant feelings. We are therefore bound, out of kindness to him, to act in such a way as to save him from the wretchedness of becoming our enemy. People will say it is difficult to be kind to one who has looked, or spoken, or acted hardly towards us. But a moment's reflection on what are *his* interests in the case, will go a great way to enable us to check angry feeling, and to call up the kind forgiveness which is so sure to win him to our friendship. It is not, in reality, difficult to act in this way

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when the other party has no just cause for being angry with us. The serenity of a mind at peace with itself rather disposes us to be forgiving. Should the case be otherwise, and we feel any cause for reproaching ourselves, then we are doubly called upon, by due expressions of contrition, to do all that in us lies to restore the broken peace. Though the anger of the offended person should appear unreasonably great, still it is our duty to seek to appease it, so that permanent enmity should be prevented.

It is equally evident that little or no good is ever got by using force, or even threatening to use it, for the assertion of rights. Questions about right usually arise without any ill design on either side. The circumstances are usually such as to make it difficult to say how the right lies. At first there is mere difference of opinion on the subject. It would, then, be easy to come to a friendly agreement about it, or to find a friend to decide between the parties, to the satisfaction of both. But if one shows undue eagerness about the matter, the other is apt to become keenly interested also. The selfish feelings are then called into play. If the love of property does not take the lead, pride will do so; and each thinks it would be disgraceful to give in to the other. Thus arise fights among children and savages, wars among the so-called civilized nations, and lawsuits among individuals who think themselves Christians. Immense damage is the consequence to all, happiness is put to flight for the time, and often the object of dispute is lost to both parties. Now, if any one were to make a point of always trusting to reason and good feeling alone, if it became understood regarding him that he would take no other means of prosecuting his own interests, would it be for his hurt or his advantage? The just answer to this question, in our opinion, is, that a few very bad people would now and then take advantage of his gentleness to injure him, but the most would act quite differently. Their benevolence, their sense of justice, their very pride would be engaged to make them treat the rights of that person tenderly. In the long-run he would find himself a gainer, if not in actual property, at least in the comparative peace of his life; for he would have avoided many troublesome contentions, and enjoyed a more than usual share of the esteem of the good, besides possessing, what is more precious than all, the consciousness of having done his best to promote sweetness, instead of sourness, in society.

LOVE IS POWER—BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.

An affecting and beautiful example occurs in the history of David. Pursued by Saul in the wilderness of Engedi, he was lying concealed with his few followers in a cave, when the king and his party entered. David might have killed the king, if he had chosen, and his friends advised him to do it. But he resolved upon a better course. He only cut off the skirt of Saul's robe. When the king had departed, David followed and called after him. The rest may be told in the language of Scripture. "And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself. And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how the Lord had delivered thee to-day into my hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee, and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see; yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand; for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee: yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between thee and me, and the Lord avenge me of thee; but mine hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea? The Lord, therefore, be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand. And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. And thou hast showed this day how that thou hast dealt well with me: forasmuch as, when the Lord had delivered me into thine hand, thou killedst me not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go

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well away? Wherefore the Lord reward the good for that thou hast done unto me this day."

What took place on this occasion is accordant with what we know of human nature in all ages and nations. Seneca relates an anecdote of the Roman emperor Augustus; which comes to precisely the same purpose. After many plots had been formed against him, and suppressed by the usual forcible means, the emperor was informed of one planned by Cinna, for putting him to death when engaged at a sacrifice in the temple. He was greatly disquieted; and the more so, as a young nobleman, for whom he had a regard, was engaged in the conspiracy. It distressed Augustus to find that the taking of his life should be thought good service by however small a portion of the Roman people. He also thought it would be better for him to die at once, than retain a life which only could be preserved by continually visiting others with death. Finding him so much troubled, his wife Livia entreated that he would for once hear a woman's counsel. "Do," said she, "like a physician who, when common remedies fail, try the contrary. You have got nothing hitherto by severity. Try now what mercy will do. Forgive Cinna, who, being discovered, can now do you no harm. The act will reward itself in reputation." (It is a pity she thought not of superior motives.)

Augustus resolved to follow his wife's advice. He called Cinna before him, and dismissing all attendants, told him that the plot was discovered. He then reminded him of former clemency, and lectured him on the folly as well as wickedness of his design. "Well, Cinna," said he at last, "the life I gave you once as an enemy, I will now give you as a traitor and parricide, and this shall be the last reproach I shall ever address to you. For the time to come, there shall be no other contention betwixt you and me, than which shall outdo the other in point of friendship."

The intending parricide was confounded by this generosity. Promoted by Augustus to the consulship, he became faithfully attached to him, and in the end made the emperor his heir. *And this was the last conspiracy ever formed against Augustus.*

During the early years of the reign of Louis-Philippe in France, similar conspiracies were of continual occurrence, and the intending assassin was invariably punished with death. At length a more merciful plan was adopted; the criminal was only condemned to imprisonment. From that time, as in the case of Augustus, *attempts to cut off the king's life totally ceased.*

To show the same principle in a totally different sphere of life, we quote from the *Manchester Times*, of the late William Grant, of the firm of Grant Brothers, a man remarkable for the great liberality of his nature. "Many years ago, a warehouseman published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored, but very unsuccessfully, to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to public ridicule. William remarked that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, 'Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that.' It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been endorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt. The wantonly-libeled men had thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of 'the brothers' would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at last at the counting-house of the wronged. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, 'Shut the door, sir!'—sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. 'You wrote a pamphlet against us once!' exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt.

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He, poor wretch, expected to see 'rogue, scoundrel, libeler,' inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm. 'We make it a rule,' said Mr. Grant, 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else.' The tears started in the poor man's eyes. 'Ah,' said Mr. Grant, 'my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.' 'I do, I do!' said the grateful man; 'I bitterly repent it.' 'Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?' The poor man stated that he had friends who would assist him when his certificate was obtained. 'But how are you off in the meantime?' And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. 'My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There there, my dear fellow. Nay, don't cry, it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child."

At a common school convention Dr. Cooley stated that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep a school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn whenever he should escape, and when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him; he could not divine its meaning; but when the persevering kindness of the teacher begat a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died, and a new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient and successful pupil. *Now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the chief justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier who had saved the life of a fellow-comrade in battle, what honors are too great for a teacher who has thus rescued a child from ruin.

Mrs. Child has related an instance of the benefits of the law of kindness in an affair approaching to the character of public. She tells us that, some years ago, she met a hard-working, uneducated mechanic of the State of Illinois, who pleased her greatly by what he told her of his past life. He was one of the thirty or forty New Englanders who had, about twelve years before, associated themselves as friends of a Christian peacefulness, and gone forth to make a settlement of their own in the western wilderness. In their new home "they were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, 'You may do us what evil you choose; we will return nothing but good.' Lawyers came into the neighborhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, 'We have no need of you. As neighbors we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist.' 'What will you do if rascals burn your barns and steal your harvests?' '*We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expedience.*' When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvelous good joke, and said and did many provoking things which to them seemed witty. Barns were taken down in the night, and cows let into the corn-fields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, 'Neighbor, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day; but I would not keep them all night, least the

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children should suffer for want of their milk.'

"If this were fun, those who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off the horses' tails and break the legs of the poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, 'Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to my mother, because they thought that chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens.' Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

"Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance beyond their neighbors, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologized when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied, 'Tis a bad trade, friend, examine it in the light of conscience, and see if it be not so.' But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes. At the end of ten years, the public lands which they had chosen for their farms were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price, which at that time was one dollar twenty-five cents per acre. But the fever of land speculation chanced then to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction, and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equity would be regarded. The first day's sales showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five, and forty dollars an acre.

"The Christian colony had small hopes of retaining their farms. As first settlers they had chosen the best lands; and persevering industry had brought them into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But on the morning that their lot was offered for sale, they observed with grateful surprise that their neighbors were everywhere busy among the crowd begging and expostulating—'Don't bid on *these* lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on *their* lands. Let them go at the government price.' The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered one dollar twenty-five cents, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, *not one bid over them.* Without one opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not remember a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxim of Christ.

"With delighted reverence," says Mrs. Child, "I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman as he explained his philosophy of universal love. 'What would you do,' said I, 'if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?' 'We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother.' 'Would not this process attract such characters! How would you avoid being overrun with them. 'Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We would never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we would invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them.' I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an eastern merchant laden with pearls."

LET the name of Jesus obtain a place, and dwell in thy heart. Thy fears will then vanish, as the early dew before the sun. Thou shalt find peace.

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THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

BY F. W. FABER,

Oh it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part,
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their up-hill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's hight, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion, of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dare to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to love with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As he can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In his own world he is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul,
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

SIMPLICITY IS BEAUTY.—The late Fitz Greene Halleck said: "A letter fell into my hands which a Scotch servant girl had written to her love. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable. I wondered how, in her circumstances in life, she could have acquired so elegant a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in the city of New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve the mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked her how it was, that in her humble circumstances in life, she had acquired a style so beautiful, that the most

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cultivated minds could not but admire it. 'Sir,' says she, 'I came to this country four years ago. Then I could not read or write. But since then I have learned to read and write, but I have not yet learned to spell; so always when I sit down to write a letter, I select those words which are so short and simple that I am sure to know how to spell them.' There was the whole secret. The reply of that simple-minded Scotch girl condensed a world of rhetoric into a nutshell. Simplicity is beauty."

TO MRS. W——.

BY MR. J. B. SHINGLEY.

Pleasant memories crowd upon me,
Golden memories, bright and fair,
Of the hours we've spent together,
Few and brief, although they were.

Time has passed, as time e'er passes,
And the summer months have hied.
With their flowers, and scarlet berries,
Which we gathered side by side.

Winter chill, is now upon us,
But it hath its beauties too;
It is nature sweetly sleeping,
But to wake to life anew.

Smiling spring again will bring us
All those things for which we sigh;
Birds, and flowers, and fruit in plenty,
When the winter has gone by.

And our hearts will sing with gladness,
While all nature seems to smile;
We but prize those gifts the higher,
That we lose them for a while.

And I would that spring might bring me
Thy companionship again;
For I feel that I am happier,
That our meeting e'er has been.

Friendship is a gem too precious
To be lightly won and worn;
But I fain would ask it of thee,
Offering only mine in turn.

—Tuscola.

Maxims on the Inward Christian Life.

FROM FENELON. TRANSLATED BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

Of the love of God, there are various kinds. At least, there are various feelings which go under that name.

There is what may be called mercenary or selfish love; that is to say, that love of God which originates in an exclusive and sole regard to our own happiness. Those, who love God with no other love than this, love him just as the miser loves his money, and just as the voluptuous man loves his pleasures; attaching no value to God, except as a means to an end; and that end is the gratification of themselves. Such love, if it can be called by that name, is unworthy of God. He does not ask it; he will not receive it. It is a love of one's self rather than of God. In the language of St. Francis de Sales, "it is sacrilegious and impious."

There is another kind of love, which does not exclude a regard to our own happiness as a motive of love, but which at the same time requires this motive to be subordinate to a much higher one, namely, *that of a regard to God's glory.* It is a species of mixed state, in which we regard ourselves and regard God at the same time. This love is not necessarily selfish and wrong. On the contrary, when the two objects of it, God and ourselves, are relatively in the right position, that is, to say, when we love God as he ought to be loved, and love ourselves no more than we ought to be loved, it is a love which, in being properly subordinate, is unselfish and is right.

Such love is approved by the Council of Trent; which declares that mixed love, involving on the one hand a regard for our own happiness, and on the other a regard for God's glory, as the leading and principal element, is not a

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sin, but on the contrary is right and desirable.

Of those persons who are subjects of the mixed love described in the latter part of the last article, all are not equally advanced. There are some whose desire or love for their own happiness is out of proportion to what is or should be their love to God. They love themselves; that is to say, they seek their own happiness, which is right; but the love of themselves is not kept in proper subordination to the love of God. And this want of subordination varies, being in some persons greater and in others less. So that there are different degrees of advancement.

MIXED LOVE, which includes as the objects of our regard both God and ourselves, becomes PURE LOVE, when the love of self is relatively, though not absolutely, lost in a regard to the will of God. This is always the case, when the two objects are loved in their due proportion. So that pure love is mixed love *when it is combined rightly.*

Pure love is not inconsistent with mixed love, but is mixed love carried to its true result. When this result is attained, the motive of God's glory so expands itself, and so fills the mind, that the other motive, that of our own happiness, becomes so small, and so recedes from our inward notice, as to be *practically* annihilated. It is then that God becomes what he ever ought to be, —the center of the soul, to which all its affections tend; the great moral sun of the soul, from which all its light and all its warmth proceed. It is then that a man thinks no more of himself. He has become the man of a "*single eye.*" His own happiness, and all that regards himself, is entirely lost sight of, in his simple and fixed look to God's will and God's glory.

So that we may make three distinctions or degrees of love. The first is mercenary love, in which we propose to love God simply and exclusively as a means or instrument to our own happiness. Such love, considered in a religious respect, has no real value. It is illusive, injurious, and destructive.

The second is mixed love, in which we love God without ceasing to have a regard to ourselves. Our motives of action have not reached the true "simplicity,"—have not become *one.* When we would do good, "evil is present with us." Holy and selfish motives are mingled together in various degrees.

The third is pure love, in which the motive of our happiness, without being absolutely lost, is merged in that of love to God. We lay ourselves at his feet. Self is known no more; not because it is wrong to regard and to desire our own good, but because the object of desire is withdrawn from our notice. When the sun shines, the stars disappear. When God is in the soul, who can think of himself? So that we love God, and God alone; and all other things IN and FOR God.

In the early periods of religious experience, motives, which have a regard to our personal happiness, are more prominent and effective than at later periods; *nor are they to be condemed.* It is proper, in addressing even religious men, to appeal to the fear of death, to the impending judgments of God, to the terrors of hell and the joys of heaven. Such appeals are recognized in the Holy Scriptures, and are in accordance with the views and feelings of good men in all ages of the world. The motives involved in them are powerful aids to beginners in religion; assisting, as they do, very much in repressing the passions, and in strengthening the practical virtues.

We should not think lightly, therefore, of the grace of God, as manifested in that inferior form of religion which stops short of the more glorious and perfected form of pure love. We are to follow God's grace, and not to go before it. To the higher state of PURE LOVE we are to advance, step by step; watching carefully God's inward and outward providence; and receiving increased grace by improving the grace we have, till the dawning light becomes the perfect day.

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Holy indifference is not inactivity. It is the furthest possible from it. It is indifference to any thing and every thing out of God's will; but it is the highest life and activity to any thing and every thing in that will.

In that portion of the history of the church which relates to inward experience, we not unfrequently find accounts of individuals whose inward life may properly be characterized as *extraordinary*. They represent themselves as having extraordinary communications; —dreams, visions, revelations. Without stopping to inquire, whether these inward results arise from an excited and disordered state of the physical system or from God, the important remark to be made here is, that these things, to whatever extent they may exist, *do not constitute holiness*.

The principle, which is the life of common Christians in their common mixed state, is the principle which originates and sustains the life of those who are truly "*the pure in heart*," namely, the principle of *faith working by love*,—existing, however, in the case last mentioned, in a greatly increased degree. This is obviously the doctrine of John of the Cross, who teaches us, that we must walk in the *night of faith*; that is to say, with night around us, which exists in consequence of our entire ignorances of what is before us, and with faith alone, faith in God, in his Word, and in his Providences, for the soul's guide.

Again, the persons who have, or are supposed to have, the visions and other remarkable states to which we have referred, and which are never to be confounded with the state of holy love, are sometimes disposed to make their own experience, imperfect as it obviously is, the guide of their life, considered as separate from and as above the written law. Great care should be taken against such an error as this. God's Word is our true rule.

Nevertheless, it is an important principle in the doctrines of holiness, that there is no interpreter of the Divine Word like that of a holy heart; or, what is the same thing, of the Holy Ghost dwelling in the heart. If we give ourselves wholly to God, the Comforter will certainly come, and take up his abode with us, and will guide us into all that truth which will be necessary for us. Truly holy souls, therefore, continually looking to God for a proper understanding of his Word, may confidently trust, that he will guide them aright. A holy soul, in the exercise of its legitimate powers of interpretation, may deduce important views from the Word of God, which would not otherwise be known; but it cannot add anything to it. When the truth is thus made known, it is the business of the soul to co-operate with God with all its affections and all its strength of will, in the fulfillment of whatever he requires.

Writers on the higher forms of inward experience often speak of *abandonment*. The term has a meaning which is somewhat specific. The soul in this state does not renounce everything, and thus become brutish in its indifference; but renounces everything *except God's will*.

Souls who are in the state of abandonment (a state which is essentially the same with that which Protestant writers variously express by the terms *self-renunciation and inward crucifixion*) not only forsake outward things, but, what is still more important, *forsake themselves*.

Abandonment or self-renunciation is not the renunciation of faith, or of love, or of anything else, except *selfishness*. He who abandons himself, by abandoning that in himself which ought not to be in himself, exists in God. He has gone through that trying and often terrible process, which smites and destroys the life of nature, and which is necessarily followed by a better, purer, and higher life.

The state of abandonment, or entire self-renunciation, is generally attended and perhaps we may say, is generally carried out and perfected, by tempta-

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tions more or less severe. We cannot well know, whether we have renounced ourselves, except by being tried on those very points to which our self-renunciation, either real or supposed, relates. One of the severest inward trials which we are called to experience is that by which we are taken off from all inward sensible supports, and are made to live and walk by faith alone. Pious and holy men who have been the subjects of inward crucifixion, often refer to the trials which have been experienced by them. They sometimes speak of them as a sort of inward and terrible purgatory. "Only mad and wicked men," says Cardinal Bona, "will deny the existence of these remarkable experiences, attested as they are by men of the most venerable virtue, who speak only of what they have known in themselves."

The trials, which complete and which attest our abandonment to God, are not always of the same duration. The more cheerfully and faithfully we give ourselves to God, to be smitten in any and all of our idols, whenever and wherever he chooses, the shorter will be the work. God makes us to suffer no longer than he sees to be necessary for us.

The trials which purify the soul in the higher stages of its progress are different in some degree, as would naturally be expected, from those which are incident to the life of beginners. They are more inward: they relate to things, which, in our earlier experience, would hardly have attracted notice. They subject even our virtues to the test, and place our purity itself in the crucible.

One of the principles in the doctrines of holy living is, that we should not be premature in drawing the conclusion, that the process of inward crucifixion is complete, and that our abandonment to God is without any reservation whatever. The act of consecration, which is a sort of incipient step, may be sincere; but the reality of the consecration in the full extent to which we suppose it to exist, and which may properly be described as abandonment or entire self-renunciation, can be known only when God has applied the appropriate tests. The trial will show whether we are wholly the Lord's. Those who prematurely draw the conclusion, that they are so, expose themselves to great illusion and injury.

JOHN AND I.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., OF ADRIAN.

O! what a merry set were we
When ruddy boys, long years ago.
How wild we romped in thoughtless glee,
And how we loved the fleecy snow;
Our skates shone bright in winter light,
Our limbs were strong, and spirits light.

Ah! John, we've had some gleesome times
At th' old brown school-house in the dell.
I still recall the ringing chimes
That echoed from the brazen bell;
E'en now each well-remembered note
Seems on the morning air to float.

Twas there, too, John! we chose our girls;
Your own with eyes of azure light,
Who wore her golden hair in curls;
I one with hazel eyes as bright,
With face to me so sweet and fair;
They both are gone, I know not where.

How changed is all the world since then!
The passing years have whirled us on,
And now we're tall and bearded men,
Struggling with fitful fortune, John!
And though the vict'ry seems afar,
Hope is still our guiding star.

How sadly now our band is broken!
Far o'er the land it's scattered wide;
The sculptured stone, affection's token,
White gleaming on some green hillside,
Tells where some well-remember'd face
Hath found a quiet resting place.

The war hath claimed its victims, too;
Poor Charlie's laughing eyes grew dim
While bravely clad in Union blue;
Dead! dead! he died mid battle's din—

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Died where the old flag rose and fell,
Died where the cannon boomed his knell!

Bright Harry, too, so sad his fate!
With lost Sultana's crew he died,
Borne from the prison's open gate
To sink where ever rolls the tide
Of mighty Mississippi's waves,
Over its dark, unfathomed caves.

Yes, John! our band is broken now;
And many a silv'ry voice is hushed,
And grief hath saddened many a brow,
And many a youthful hope is crushed,
And many an airy castle bright
Hath faded from our anxious sight.

A few years more, how short they seem?
When, wrinkled; gray and old, the last
Of our bright band shall sleep to dream
No more of joys and sorrows past;
But sleep to wake perchance where youth
Is coeternal with the truth.

And now, dear John, we'll ever pray
Whatever fortune may betide,
That in the future's glorious day,
With radiant soul's all purified,
We'll meet once more, a joyful band
In happy realms of spirit land!

The Sacredness of Marriage.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[We are very glad to publish the following *true* sentiments from the man who made such a shocking mistake in the Richardson case.—Editor.]

Men must overcome the causes of unhappiness within the household, or else endure them. To open an easy and wide door out of wedlock, is to take the misery off from two and put it upon society at large. The remedy must be applied at the door of entrance into wedlock, and not at the point of exit. If there were no command in Christianity, if men were left to frame statutes solely by the light derived from experience, it would be wise to make the wedding compact indissoluble except for dissolving vice and crime. As it is, in the growing laxity of the public conscience, marriage is becoming like a mountain pool between two cascades. Men plunge into it headlong, whirl around the sparkling circle, and go on their boisterous and troubled way. This is the wild way of animal life. The Lord's way is the way of self-sacrifice. The household is God's school, where two hearts are to be shut up and forbidden to go out until they have adjusted all their differences—and then they will not wish to go out.

A Beautiful Illustration.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON.

Some of you may have seen what I conceive to be an illustration of the gradual progress of sanctification in the soul, as I have, in nature's bounteous kingdom. I stood, some years ago, on a bright summer's day, at the meeting of the waters near the city of Geneva, where two rivers meet, but do not mingle—the Aar and the Rhone. One with its beautiful waters of heavenly blue, which it is almost worth a pilgrimage to see, and the other muddy, partly from the glaciers, of which it is largely composed, and from the clay soil which it upheaves, come meeting together from two several points. For miles and miles they go, with no barrier between them except their own innate repulsions; they meet, but do not mingle. Now and then one makes a slight encroachment into the province of the other, but is speedily beaten back again. Like mighty rival forces of good and evil do they seem, and for a long time the struggle is doubtful; but if you will look far down the valley into a quiet little nook, you find the Rhone has mastered, and covered the whole surface of the river with its own emblematic and beautiful blue. I thought, as I stood there and gazed, that there was a grand illustration of the ultimate triumph of truth over error; and in meditating upon this vision of Ezekiel, and reading that those healing waters shall flow into the sea and heal it, the scene rose up before me fresh and vivid, as if I had seen it yesterday, and as my own faith was confirmed, and my own apprehension quickened by the memory, I have sought in these few words to impart some of the vividness of the apprehension to you. "Everything!"—oh! it is a beautiful thought, and I can rest in it because God has spoken it, otherwise

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the plague of my own heart would weigh me down; otherwise, the great, the giant temptations that impart to my soul a struggling bitterness which no stranger may know, might well cause me to despond, "everything shall live whither the river cometh." No impurity, no leprosy, no death which cannot be healed by the flowing of this life-giving river.

How to Write.

William Cullen Bryant, the poet and editor, gave to a young man, who sent him an article, the following excellent advice, which we would commend to all who would learn to write:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known, oblong instrument of manual industry; let home be home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning, and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time we will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or of pronunciation. The truly wise man will speak so that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sydney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it will be."

THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art, implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

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Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as, in that old day,
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

JOSEPHINE.

THE island of Martinique emerges in tropical luxuriance from the bosom of the Caribbean Sea. A meridian sun causes the whole land to smile in perennial verdure, and all the gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits of the torrid zone adorn upland and prairie in boundless profusion. Mountains, densely wooded, rear their summits sublimely to the skies, and valleys charm the eye with pictures more beautiful than imagination can create. Ocean breezes ever sweep these hills and vales, and temper the heat of a vertical sun. Slaves, whose dusky limbs are scarcely veiled by the lightest clothing, till the soil, while the white inhabitants, supported by the indolent labor of these unpaid menials, loiter away life in listless leisure and in rustic luxury. Far removed from the dissipating influences of European and American opulence, they dwell in their secluded island in a state of almost patriarchal simplicity.

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About the year 1760, a young French officer, Captain Joseph Gaspard Tascher, accompanied his regiment of horse to this island. While here on professional duty, he became attached to a young lady from France, whose parents, formerly opulent, in consequence of loss of property, had moved to the West Indies to retrieve their fortunes. But little is known respecting Mademoiselle de Sanois, this young lady, who was soon married to M. Tascher. Josephine was the only child born of this union. In consequence of the early death of her mother, she was, while an infant, intrusted to the care of her aunt. Her father soon after died, and the little orphan appears never to have known a father's or a mother's love.

Madame Renaudin, the kind aunt, who now, with maternal affection, took charge of the helpless infant, was a lady of wealth, and of great benevolence of character. Her husband was the owner of several estates, and lived surrounded by all that plain and rustic profusion which characterizes the abode of the wealthy planter. His large possessions, and his energy of character, gave him a wide influence over the island. He was remarkable for his humane treatment of his slaves, and for the successful manner with which he conducted the affairs of his plantations.

The general condition of the slaves of Martinique at this time was very deplorable; but on the plantations of M. Renaudin there was as perfect a state of contentment and happiness as is consistent with the deplorable institution of slavery. The slaves, many of them but recently torn from their homes in Africa, were necessarily ignorant, degraded and superstitious. They knew nothing of those more elevated and refined enjoyments which the cultivated mind so highly appreciates, but which are so often also connected with the most exquisite suffering. Josephine, in subsequent life, gave a very vivid description of the wretchedness of the slaves in general, and also of the peace and harmony which, in striking contrast, cheered the estates of her uncle. When the day's tasks were done, the negroes, constitutionally light-hearted and merry, gathered around their cabins with songs and dances, often prolonged late into the hours of night. They had never known anything better than their present lot. They compared their condition with that of the slaves on the adjoining plantations, and exulted in view of their own enjoyments. M. and Madame Renaudin often visited their cabins, spoke words of kindness to them in their hours of sickness and sorrow, encouraged the formation of pure attachments and honorable marriage among the young, and took a lively interest in their sports. The slaves loved their kind master and mistress most sincerely, and manifested their affection in a thousand simple ways which touched the heart.

Josephine imbibed from infancy the spirit of her uncle and aunt. She always spoke to the slaves in tones of kindness, and became a universal favorite with all upon the plantations. She had no playmates but the little negroes, and she united with them freely in all their sports. Still, these little ebon children of bondage evidently looked up to Josephine as to a superior being. She was the queen around whom they circled in affectionate homage. The instinctive faculty, which Josephine displayed through life, of winning the most ardent love of all who met her, while, at the same time, she was protected from any undue familiarity, she seems to have possessed even at that early day. The children, who were her companions in all the sports of childhood, were also dutiful subjects ever ready to be obedient to her will.

The social position of M. Renaudin, as one of the most opulent and influential gentlemen of Martinique, necessarily attracted to his hospitable residence much refined and cultivated society. Strangers from Europe visiting the island, planters of intellectual tastes, and ladies of polished manners, met a cordial welcome beneath the spacious

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roof of this abode, where all abundance was to be found. Madame Renaudin had passed her early years in Paris, and her manners were embellished with that elegance and refinement which have given to Parisian society such a world-wide celebrity. There was, at that period, much more intercourse between the mother country and the colonies than at the present day. Thus Josephine, though reared in a provincial home, was accustomed, from infancy, to associate with ladies and gentlemen who were familiar with the etiquette of the highest rank in society, and whose conversation was intellectual and improving.

It at first view seems difficult to account for the high degree of mental culture which Josephine displayed, when, seated by the side of Napoleon, she was the Empress of France. Her remarks, her letters, her conversational elegance, gave indication of a mind thoroughly furnished with information and trained by severe discipline. And yet, from all the glimpses we can catch of her early education, it would seem that, with the exception of the accomplishments of music, dancing, and drawing, she was left very much to the guidance of her own instinctive tastes. But, like Madame Roland, she was blessed with that peculiar mental constitution, which led her, of her own accord, to treasure up all knowledge which books or conversation brought within her reach. From childhood until the hour of her death, she was ever improving her mind by careful observation and studious reading. She played upon the harp with great skill, and sang with a voice of exquisite melody. She also read with a correctness of elocution and a fervor of feeling which ever attracted admiration. The morning of her childhood was indeed bright and sunny, and her gladdened heart became so habituated to joyousness, that her cheerful spirit seldom failed her even in the darkest days of her calamity. Her passionate love for flowers had interested her deeply in the study of botany, and she also became very skillful in embroidery, that accomplishment which was once deemed an essential part of the education of every lady.

Under such influences Josephine became a child of such grace, beauty, and loveliness of character as to attract the attention and the admiration of all who saw her. There was an affectionateness, simplicity, and frankness in her manners which won all hearts. Her most intimate companion in these early years was a young mulatto girl, the daughter of a slave, and report said, with how much truth it is impossible to know, that she was also the daughter of Captain Tascher before his marriage. Her name was Euphemie. She was a year or two older than Josephine, but she attached herself with deathless affection to her patroness; and though Josephine made her a companion and a confidante, she gradually passed, even in these early years, into the position of a maid of honor, and clung devotedly to her mistress through all the changes of subsequent life. Josephine, at this time secluded from all companionship with young ladies of her own rank and age, made this humble but active-minded and intelligent girl her bosom companion. They rambled together, the youthful mistress and her maid, in perfect harmony. From Josephine's more highly cultivated mind the lowly-born child derived intellectual stimulus, and thus each day became a more worthy and congenial associate. As years passed on, and Josephine ascended into higher regions of splendor, her humble attendant gradually retired into more obscure positions, though she was ever regarded by her true-hearted mistress with great kindness.

Josephine was a universal favorite with all the little negro girls of the plantation. They looked up to her as a protectress whom they loved, and to whom they owed entire homage. She would frequently collect a group of them under the shade of the luxuriant trees of that tropical island, and teach them the dances which she had learned,

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and also join with them as a partner. She loved to assemble them around her, and listen to those simple negro melodies which penetrate every heart which can feel the power of music. Again, all their voices, in sweet harmony, blended with hers as she taught them the more scientific songs of Europe. She would listen with unaffected interest to their tales of sorrow, and weep with them. Often she interposed in their behalf that their tasks might be lightened, or that a play-day might be allowed them. She was as much beloved and admired in the cabin of the poor negro as she was in her uncle's parlor, where intelligence and refinement were assembled. This same character she displayed through the whole of her career. Josephine upon the plantation and Josephine upon the throne—Josephine surrounded by the sable maidens of Martinique, and Josephene moving in queenly splendor in the palace of Versailles, with all the courtiers of Europe revolving around her, displayed the same traits of character, and by her unaffected kindness won the hearts alike of the lowly and of the exalted.

About this time an occurrence took place which has attracted far more attention than it deserves. Josephine was one day walking under the shade of the trees of the plantation, when she saw a number of negro children gathered around an aged and withered negress, who had great reputation among the slaves as a fortune-teller. Curiosity induced Josephine to draw near the group to hear what the sorceress had to say. The old sibyl, with the cunning which is characteristic of her class, as soon as she saw Josephine approach, whom she knew perfectly, assumed an air of great agitation, and, seizing her hand violently, gazed with most earnest attention upon the lines traced upon the palm. The little negresses were perfectly awe-stricken by this oracular display. Josephine, however, was only amused, and smiling, said:

"So you discover something very extraordinary in my future destiny?"

"Yes?" replied the negress, with an air of great solemnity.

"Is happiness or misfortune to be my lot?" Josephine inquired.

The negress again gazed upon her hand, and then replied, "Misfortune;" but, after a moment's pause, she added, "and happiness too."

"You must be careful, my good woman," Josephine rejoined, "not to commit yourself. Your predictions are not very intelligible."

The negress, raising her eyes with an expression of deep mystery to heaven, rejoined, "I am not permitted to render my revelations more clear."

In every human heart there is a vein of credulity. The pretended prophetess had now succeeded in fairly arousing the curiosity of Josephine, who eagerly enquired, "What do you read respecting me in futurity? Tell me exactly."

Again the negress, assuming an air of profound solemnity, said, "You will not believe me if I reveal to you your strange destiny."

"Yes, indeed, I assure you that I will," Josephine thoughtlessly replied. "Come, good mother, do tell me what I have to hope and what to fear."

"On your own head be it, then. Listen. You will soon be married. The union will not be happy. You will become a widow, and then you will be Queen of France. Some happy years will be yours, but afterward you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotions."

The old woman then hurried away. Josephine talked a few moments with the young negroes upon the folly of this pretended fortune-telling, and leaving them, the affair passed from her mind. In subsequent years, when toiling through the vicissitudes of her most eventful life, she recalled the singular coincidence between her destiny and the prediction, and seemed to consider that the negress, with prophetic vision, had traced out her wonderful career.

But what is there so extraordinary in this narrative? What maiden ever

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consulted a fortune-teller without receiving the agreeable announcement that she was to wed beauty, and wealth, and rank? It was known universally and it was a constant subject of plantation gossip, that the guardians of Josephine were contemplating a match for her with the son of a neighboring planter. The negroes did not think him half worthy of their adored and queenly Josephine. They supposed, however, that the match was settled. The artful woman was therefore compelled to allow Josephine to marry *at first* the undistinguished son of the planter, with whom she could not be happy. She, however, very considerately lets the unworthy husband in a short time die, and then Josephine becomes a queen. This is the old story, which has been repeated to half the maidens in Christendom. It is not very surprising that in this one case it should have happened to prove true.

But, unfortunately, our prophetess went a little farther, and predicted that Josephine would die in a hospital—implying poverty and abandonment. This part of the prediction proved to be utterly untrue. Josephine, instead of dying in a hospital, died in the beautiful palace of Malmaison. Instead of dying in poverty, she was one of the richest ladies in Europe, receiving an income of some six hundred thousand dollars a year. The grounds around her palace were embellished with all the attractions, and her apartments furnished with every luxury which opulence could provide. Instead of dying in friendlessness and neglect, the Emperor Alexander of Russia stood at her bedside; the most illustrious kings and nobles of Europe crowded her courts and did her homage. And though she was separated from her husband, she still retained the title of Empress, and was the object of his most sincere affection and esteem.

Thus this prediction, upon which so much stress has been laid, seems to vanish in the air. It surely is not a supernatural event that a young lady, who was told by an aged negress that she would be a queen, happened actually to become one.

We have alluded to a contemplated match between Josephine and the son of a neighboring planter. An English family, who had lost property and rank in the convulsions of those times, had sought a retreat in the island of Martinique, and were cultivating an adjoining plantation. In this family there was a very pleasant lad, a son, of nearly the same age with Josephine. The plantations being near to each other, they were often companions and playmates. A strong attachment grew up between them. The parents of William, and the uncle and aunt of Josephine, approved cordially of this attachment, and were desirious that these youthful hearts should be united, as soon as the parties arrived at mature age. Josephine, in the ingenuous artlessness of her nature, disguised not in the least her strong affection for William. And his attachment to her was deep and enduring. The solitude of their lives peculiarly tended to promote fervor of character.

Matters were in this state, when the father of William received an intimation from England that, by returning to his own country, he might, perhaps, regain his lost estates. He immediately prepared to leave the island with his family. The separation was a severe blow to these youthful lovers. They wept, and vowed eternal fidelity.

It is not surprising that Josephine should have been in some degree superstitious. The peculiarity of her life upon the plantation—her constant converse with the negroes, whose minds were imbued with all the superstitious notions which they had brought from Africa, united with those which they had found upon the island, tended to foster those feelings. Rosseau, the most popular and universally-read French writer of that day, in his celebrated "Confessions," records with perfect composure that he was one day sitting in a grove, meditating whether

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his soul would probably be saved or lost. He felt that the question was of the utmost importance. How could he escape from the uncertainty! A supernatural voice seemed to suggest an appeal to a singular kind of augury. "I will," said he, "throw this stone at that tree. If I hit the tree, it shall be a sign that my soul is to be saved. If I miss it, it shall indicate that I am to be lost." He selected a large tree, took the precaution of getting very near to it, and threw his stone plump against the trunk. "After that," says the philosopher, "I never again had a doubt respecting my salvation."

Josephine resorted to the same kind of augury to ascertain if William, who had become a student in the University at Oxford, still remained faithful to her. She not unfrequently attempted to beguile a weary hour in throwing pebbles at the trees, that she might divine whether William were then thinking of her. Months, however, passed away, and she received no tidings from him. Though she had often written, her letters remained unanswered. Her feelings were the more deeply wounded, since there were other friends upon the island with whom he kept up a correspondence; but Josephine never received even a message through them.

One day, as she was pensively rambling in a grove, where she had often walked with her absent lover, she found carved upon a tree the names of William and Josephine. She knew well by whose hand they had been cut, and, entirely overcome with emotion, she sat down and wept bitterly. With the point of a knife, and with a trembling hand, she inscribed in the bark these words, peculiarly characteristic of her depth of feeling, and of the gentleness of her spirit: "Unhappy William! thou hast forgotten me!"

William, however, had not forgotten her. Again and again he had written in terms of the most ardent affection. But the friends of Josephine, meeting with an opportunity for a match for her which they deemed far more advantageous, had destroyed these communications, and also had prevented any of her letters from reaching the hand of William. Thus each, while cherishing the truest affection, deemed the other faithless,

[*To be continued.*]

GOD AS AN ORGANIC POWER.

BY EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.

God only is in and of himself infinitely and unconquerably healthy and vital—infinitely above all moral disease, all moral corruption. His emotions and affections, though infinitely powerful, are yet infinitely incorruptible, infinitely vital. His views of truth are infinitely perfect and well proportioned. There is in them nothing one-sided, nothing defective. His will is always in perfect accordance with truth, honor, right and love.

Now, the mind of man, as well as of angels, has been so made that by his will and affections he can take root in God, and by sympathetic communion with Him come under the invigorating and health-giving influence of His mind, and its intellectual and moral power, as a constant spring and source of healthy, normal, and beautiful development. Thus the mind is rooted and grounded in divine love and life. Nor does it glory in its own solitary or separate power, wisdom, or beauty, in anything that it does. There is a joyful consciousness of a pervadiug influence of God as the animating and developing life of all. His life, his thoughts, his health, and his beauty, are seen in all. All things turn the mind back to him with new intensity of admiration and love, as the exhaustless fountain of pure thought, of glorious conceptions, of unconquerable and incorruptible love. This is as truly

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the original, normal and necessary law of life and perfection to the mind, as growth in the soil is to the plant or the tree.

The deadly influence of pride consists in the fact that it uproots the mind from its native soil in God; creates in it a conceit that it has an independent power of self-development from its own roots and stock, that it can bear good fruits solely from itself, and that it can deserve independent admiration for its deeds, for no part of which it is to account to any other mind.

This deep and deceitful root of falsehood—for it is false as hell—often produces much which has the aspect of religion. It leads to an outward choice of God and his cause, and to intense and zealous action for him in name, but for self in fact. For still it inwardly admires itself, and still thirsts for the outward admiration of others, for what it has done and can do. It never forgets itself in a joyful contemplation of the glory of God; it does not see the divine glory in its own acts; it has not an intense and all-absorbing desire that it should glorify God, and him alone, as the only true life, light, and perfection, of the universe; it has not a holy recoil from all man-worship, as much when directed towards itself as towards another; it is not content with an inward and secret consciousness of the favor of God, which makes reproach for his sake light and unimportant, and human favor of little moment except as a means of doing good.

Nothing can be more delusive, nothing more fatal, than this idea of intellectual and moral power aside from God. The mind was made to live in the atmosphere of some mind or minds, as truly as the body was made to live by breathing the outward air. If it is not primarily rooted in God, it will take root in some circle of minds whose admiration and favor it desires, and, with all its conceit, will be in bondage to them. And, as minds detached from God are of necessity involved in much and fatal error, so, instead of being a sun to them, it is in fact darkened and eclipsed by their darkness.

1. So long, then, as men feel and act in accordance with these principles, nothing can be perfected, whether individual or social. The primary, the fundamental condition of perfect human society, then, is, that the individual mind be rooted in God, and that society is a result of the action of God, through individual minds, so that he shall organize society, and act through it by his all-pervading intellectual and moral influences. Then will all men act with an intellectual and moral power, freedom, and organic perfection, unknown before; and yet the mainspring, the impulse, the regulating power of their action, shall be not in themselves, nor in human society, but in God.

2. In the second place, since human society is thus to be primarily developed and perfected through the intellectual and moral power of God, it is essential that the real character of God, and the nature and laws of communion with him, be truly and perfectly understood, so as to purge the world of the spurious religion of pride, the natural passions, and imagination, which has done more to dishonor God, corrupt the church, and injure the world, than all other causes combined. For when men are deluded, and satisfied with a counterfeit, the spirng of action and progress is broken.

That eminent servant of God, President Edwards, has well said that "it is by the mixture of counterfeit religion with true, not discerned and distinguished, that the devil has had his greatest advantage against the cause and kingdom of Christ. It is plainly by this means, principally, that he has prevailed against all revivals of religion, since the first founding of the Christian church. By this he hurt the cause of Christianity, in and after the apostolic age, much more than by all the persecutions of both Jews and heathens. The apostles, in all their epistles, show

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themselves much more concerned at the former mischief than the latter." (Preface to Treatise on the Affections.) He applies the same remarks to the revivals at and after the Reformation, and to those in this country. The whole of that preface is worthy of repeated and prayerful perusal.

But it will be found, on careful inquiry, that the deepest root of spurious religion, in all ages, has been false views of the character of God, and of the real nature and extent of legitimate communion with him.

Nor need we wonder at this. God has a real character. To this the mind of man in its normal state is correlated, as perfectly as the bodily senses to the outer world. Now, it is only this true character of God which can thoroughly reveal a man to himself, and show the extent to which sin has deranged and disordered his powers. This only can give him a true idea what he ought to be, and what is the extent of his sins and corruption. Multitudes are living a false life, of sincere but deluded religion, because they are deeply and fatally ignorant of the true God, and of the true law of life in him.

With a defective and one-sided view of the character of God, moreover, there can be no full and mature development of a normal Christian experience. In order to exert its full power, the character of God ought to be fully seen, and in due harmony and proportion.

The various parts of a true and mature religious experience should be analyzed and exhibited in their proportions and relations, so that the Christian character shall be not only powerful, but fully and symmetrically developed in all its parts.

Never was this of more importance than at the present day. Romanism, Pantheism, Neo-Platonism, and infidel naturalism, are making delusive pretenses of visions of God, and an eminent religious experience. Never, therefore, was it more necessary, never more *indispensable*, than now, to know who and what God is, and what is a genuine and fully-developed Christian experience.

PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD.

BY MADAME GUYON.

STRONG are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day;
But they who thus have bound me,
Cannot keep God away:
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

They know, who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone;
But know not, One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone:
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright
And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God! restores me
From sighs and tears to praise;
And deep my soul adores thee,
Nor thinks of time or place:
I ask no more, in good or ill,
But union with thy holy will.

'Tis that which makes my treasure,
'Tis that which brings my gain;
Converting woe to pleasure,
And reaping joy from pain.
Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,
To know, that God is All in All.

A TALK WITH PARENTS.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

I KNOW thousands of parents who have received from God a child, and then they turn the young immortal into a dressmaker's doll! As if God had not made the little creature beautiful enough, they must overload it with upholsterings of silk and laces, and then torture its graceful freedom into the tongs and screws of arbitrary fashion. On a certain Sabbath

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these parents brought their children to church, and formally devoted them to the Lord in baptism. But all the rest of the time they are consecrating their offspring to that *other* trinity—fashion, finery and folly! I tell you that this overdressing of the body *strikes through* into the heart. It poisons the mind with affectations and unchildlike greed of admiration and vainglory. How can a stop ever be put to the crop of fops and fashions, if children are to be trained into foppery and coxcombery from their cradles? How can our children be taught self-denial, frugality, humility and spiritual-mindedness while their graceful forms are smothered under the artificial trappings of pride and extravagance? I am quite sure that when the sensible Hebrew mother "made a little coat" for her lovely boy, she remembered that he was "lent unto the Lord," and not to the "lust of the eye and the pride of life."

But there is another meaning which I wish to give this "little coat." In the Bible, dress is an emblem of character. Christianity is spoken of as a raiment; we are exhorted to "*put on Christ*," to be "clothed with humility," and to keep our garments unspotted from the world. Nor is it a mere pun—a playing with sacred words to remind you that *habit* both signifies dress and signifies the disposition of the mind and its tendency to evil or good. The *habit* of doing right is the essence of godliness.

Now we parents not only clothe our little ones; we also provide, in no small degree, the habits of their souls. We help to clothe them in garments of light and loveliness, or else in garments of sin and sorrow and shame. We make for them coats which no moth can consume—coats which they shall be wearing after we have mouldered into dust! Our children put on the example we set, and wear it. Not only what we say, but what we do, will be repeated in their opinions and their conduct. Our character streams into our children. It enters into their eyes and through their ears every moment. How quick they are to copy us! No photographic plate is more sensitive to the images which lodge there. Our dissimulations make them tricky and deceitful. If a boy is handled harshly, and *jerked into obedience*, he will likely turn out a sulky, obstinate creature; he will be just what our impatient rudeness makes him. If malicious tattle sour our conversation at the table, our children's "teeth will be set on edge." If we talk only "money, money, money," they will be greedy for sharp bargains. If we talk "horses," and "base-ball," and race-courses, etc., they will be on fire with a rage for sporting. If we give our boys a dollar for the toy-shop or places of amusement, and only a *dime* for the contribution-box, we shall teach them that self-indulgence is of ten times more importance than charity. If we live for the world, they will *die for the world*, and be lost forever! The mind-garments which we weave they will wear. Long after we are dead, our children will be clothed in habits we helped to fashion.

My fellow-parents, we are weaving our children's habits every hour. We do it as clothes are made, *stitch by stitch*. We do it by little things and through unconscious influences. We are making the "little coats" which shall be worn not only in this world, but in the world to come! Oh, how much depends on us whether they should "walk in white" among the glorified in Heaven! The property we can leave our children may be small indeed. We may not afford them an expensive education. But day by day we *can* be prayerfully, patiently weaving for them that garment of goodness which shall grow brighter and brighter until they put on the shining raiment like unto those before the Throne.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

In a Christmas article, Rev. T. K. Beecher remarks:

He came. He will come again. Past, future! How about to-day? Is Jesus a person historic and prophetic only! Shall we celebrate a grand event long ago, his birth? Shall we pray for a grander event to come, his glorious appearing the second time unto salvation? Is all between these two events to be a long monotony, during which the church can make music of two tones only—he came, he will come?

Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them—said he. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you;—said he again. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;

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said he still again. And from heaven he has spoken: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him and sup with him, and he with me. These, and similar sayings of Jesus, are trite with much quoting. But who and where are the Christian believers that find Jesus Christ to-day, personally and recognizably present.

A very large church asserts and insists that Jesus is personally present in her, at every sacrament of the eucharist. The true *substance* of his body and blood, (though not the accidents or phenomena of it) is really present, and virtue proceeds from it, justifying anew every true believer. Here is a present Lord. A Savior perpetually with his church.

But it is not a "*real presence.*" It is a devout fancy—a pious illusion. If in the very thrill of their silent adoration of the host, the word should pass through the house that "Jesus *himself is in the street walking and talking like folks!*" at once priest and people would leave their adorable "host and *real presence,*" and rush out to see his more real face, enjoy his smile and touch his garment. There is a presence of the Lord which would satisfy the Pope himself better than what he now calls the "real presence."

He who in good faith denies himself and takes up his cross daily and follows Jesus; and continues in this course until it becomes an actual and habitual laying down of his own life;—such an one will attain an experience of Jesus Christ such as will satisfy all the sayings and promises contained in the New Testament. There is a literal coming of the Lord to each and every literal believer; a dreamy coming to a dreaming believer; a sacramental coming to every church believer; and no coming at all to a non-believer, until he comes with shouts of angels and trump of God to judgment.

If any man fail to find an intelligible fulfillment of our Lord's promises, the cause of the failure is in the man, not in the Lord nor in the promises. They are Yea and Amen always. Better than the coming of God in the child Jesus at that first Christmas! Better than the coming of God by his Christ son in the day appointed—mayhap to-morrow, mayhap a thousand years hence! Better than any and all the great Advents, is the coming of Jesus the Redeemer to abide with the faithful soul, who, hearing his voice, opens the door and admits him. A positive, personal, consciousness,—*now I am cared for, companied and kept by the great Shepherd, who is gathering his chosen ones out of all the world;*—is worth more than all memories of Bethlehem, more than all expectations of his glorious appearing. "He came, he will come again," every Bible-reader can see and say so much. He has come and is abiding with me; is a voice of contentment which none can utter save the Christian who has sought and found the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

I in them, said Jesus; and he meant precisely what he said.

Excellent Advice Given by Friends to their Members.

Be in the frequent practice of waiting upon God in retirement, with prayer and supplication, honestly examining yourselves as to your growth in grace, and your preparation for the life to come. Live in love as Christian brethren, ready to be helpful one to the other, and to sympathize with each other in the trials and afflictions of life. Follow peace with all men, desiring the true happiness of all; and be liberal to the poor, endeavoring to promote their temporal, moral and religious well-being. Maintain strict integrity in all your transactions in trade, and in your other outward concerns, remembering that you will have to answer for the mode of acquiring and the manner of using your possessions. Watch, with Christian tenderness, over the opening minds of your offspring; inure them to the habit of self-restraint and filial obedience; carefully instruct them in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and seek for the ability to imbue their minds with the love of their Heavenly Father, their Redeemer, and Sanctifier. The best recreation of a Christian is the relief of distress. Warn those that are rich in this world that they apply not the blessings of God to the indulging of their appetites in pleasure and vanity; but that they be ready to do good, and to communicate to those who are in necessity.

CHARITY.—A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles, Alexander

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had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar.

The best men are not without their failings, their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger of love be placed upon the scar.

A WAY TO DO GOOD.

ALREADY quite a number of benevolent friends have donated money to send the MISCELLANY to the Sabbath Schools of the freedmen of the South. They are now learning to read very rapidly. The MISCELLANY we think just the work to lead them to a thirst for knowledge and an elevated life. It is published in a style to be extensively read. For every five dollars, down to one dollar, we will furnish the MISCELLANY to these schools according to the amount donated. Let any one, who will, get up a subscription for this purpose.

☞ SINCE the issue of the last number, the subscription for the MISCELLANY has run up very fast. Let every friend work for it, with a little perseverence, and by next January we shall have at least 5,000 subscribers. We now publish 2,000, and shall probably be able to furnish back numbers until May or June.

☞ FROM the many favorable notices, we publish the following from the *Courier*, Elmore, Ohio:

"We have received from the publisher, the first number of WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY, a monthly magazine, devoted to pure Christianity, sound and elevating literature; national in its character and patronage. Published by J. K. Wellman, Adrian, Mich.

"It is a very neatly printed magazine, and is full of "Live thoughts from the best thinkers." All Christians, without regard to sects or belief, and all men of culture and refinement, who love a high standard of literature, will find in this magazine what they have long sought for."

ALL seem very much pleased with the beautifully printed pages of the MISCELLANY. The type is new, and the printing executed in the best manner. We were never able to get printing done in a style equal to this in Michigan before. Messrs. Applegate & Fee, the editors and proprietors of the Adrian *Times and Expositor*, are the proprietors of this very perfect printing concern. See their card on the 4th page of MISCELLANY cover.

THE MISCELLANY for a few months to come, will be mailed the last part of the month. In order to obtain a good paying circulation the first year, the editor, personally, is spending the most of his time in visiting different parts of the country, obtaining subscribers and agents. By his efforts alone he is running up the subscription at the rate of 3,000, or more, a year. This, all will see, means hard work. Now, kind reader, will you not share with us in this work and glorious reward? Some have done nobly already. We thank them. The cause of spreading that which elevates the world, is good enough for men or angels.

ALL will be pleased with the poem, "John and I," by C. T Bateman. Mr. Bateman is the Superintendent of the Schools of this county. He is, as far as we can learn, very popular in his place. He is a thorough scholar, a good writer and a true poet. He will, we are happy to say, become a regular contributor to the MISCELLANY.

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(See Vol II, No. 1, p 47)

WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

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INDIVIDUAL CIVILIZATION.

BY PROF. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

THE great law of the human mind is expansion. Expansion, growth, advancement, is the characteristic fact of the human race. Both philosophy and history establish the truth of these assertions. Reason teaches us to anticipate, and experience confirms the conviction, that man is destined to unlimited and endless improvement; that, as an individual, he is incessantly, perhaps insensibly, progressing; and that, as a race, he is gradually approaching that ultimate goal of perfection—for there is a sense in which this term is applicable to the mass—which marks the anterior boundary of that ideal life, to which humanity looks forward with buoyant hope, and which sheds its light upon the dull or painful realities of each passing hour.

We have reason to trust that the doctrine of individual perfectibility commends itself to the most judicious and intelligent readers. We certainly have a personal interest in it. How bright, how glorious, if the world is continually and for ever progressing! In the estimation of many of the strongest minds of age, the sentiment is stamped with the impression of reason; nor can it be denied, that it is the most constant topic of prophetic inspiration. Indeed, it is the key, the nucleus, the radiating point, of Scripture. It is the burthen of the old dispensation, and the glory of the new. It is by revelation, in fact, that we have acquired a knowledge of this principle; and, therefore, it is worthy of the utmost confidence. It is a doctrine of great practical influence. It possesses, and should exercise, unlimited power on the employment of our mental and physical faculties. It is the object of our hopes, the image of our destiny. Faith should lend us the magic of its sway, and push us onward to the prize. Let this destiny, reader, stand fresh before you in every situation of life. It should visit you in the night season. It should follow you into the secular occupations of the world. It should meet you in your retirements, and form the subject of your profoundest and holiest meditations. It is the inviting angel that precedes you in your course; that incites you to the best and noblest of your undertakings; that will continually point you to the object of your purest and highest aspirations.

How satisfactory, how captivating is

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the fact, that, amidst all the changes and turmoil of the world, society has never suffered a retrogression! Onward, upward, onward! In the darkest periods, when truth and virtue did appear to sleep, when science had dropped its telescope and philosophy her torch, when the world would seem to have been standing still, the inscrutable wisdom of divine Providence was preparing new agents, and evolving more powerful principles, to co-operate in the work of individual and social improvement. It would appear as if the world, like the year, had its seasons; and that the seed disseminated in spring, must first die, before it can vegetate and produce the rich harvests of autumn. History has marked out such cycles; and we are disheartened by the necessary and successive periods of darkness, because the revolution is so vast, or our own position so humble, that we cannot look beyond the shade that surrounds us, and behold the distant and gradual approaches of another day.

The great agents in the work of individual civilization are science, philosophy and religion; and the constant and wonderful growth of these agents is a clear indication of the intellectual and moral progress of the world.

The function of science, properly defined, is to acquaint us with the distinct objects and existences, material and immaterial, by which we are surrounded. Its theatre is the universe. Its objects are innumerable, if not infinite. Mind and matter, substance and quality, things visible and invisible, temporal and eternal, are embraced within the compass of its mighty attempts.

Philosophy, on the other hand, transcends the region of isolated facts, and abstract existences, and essays to demonstrate the multiplied relations, connections and dependencies which this infinite variety of objects mutually sustains. It places man in the center of the natural world, and exhibits the manner in which all beings bear a necessary relation to him. To all purposes of simple philosophy, he is regarded as the chief existence. His mind is the focus to which all the properties of spirit and matter, and all the truths of reason and revelation, converge. It is the radiating center, from which their blended light is subsequently diffused. It is from the human mind that all truths receive their peculiar character and complexions. It is the relations of man to all other existences, material, animal and spiritual, from which are deduced those unalterable and eternal principles, which constitute the groundwork of all philosophy, natural, political and moral.

Religion covers a broader field than is occupied by either of the other agents in civilization. It is both science and philosophy. It teaches us facts inaccessible to reason, whose magnitude and importance are quite inconceivable, —facts, the influence of which extend "*from* everlasting *to* everlasting." It discovers the origin, the history, and the conclusion of all things. It rolls up the curtain of individual and social life, and displays the infinite drama of existence in all the variety of its acts and scenes, with all the perfection of coincident characters and parts, attended by the powerful influence which can be exerted by the respective merits of truth and nature, reason and revelation, combined. It institutes relations

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the most sublime in their nature, and draws comparisons the most overwhelming in their tendency. The sanction it extends to duty is as broad as eternity. The motives it imparts to the noble and untiring exertion, in the acquisition of truth and the practice of the highest virtues, are as mighty as reason, as enduring as immortality, as inviting as heaven, as sublime, as terrible, as the wages of crime, or as the shadows of the grave!

The history of science is a continual record of intellectual triumphs. Yet, there are sober and otherwise judicious men, who are supposed to doubt the correctness of its annals, and still more the justness of what they denominate its flattering conclusions. They point you to Egypt, intersected by canals, heightened to superior beauty by the charms of agriculture, and crowned with the most magnificent temples and monuments. They conduct you to the pages of classical history, or to the scenes of the modern panorama, and exhibit the splendor of former cities; or to the studio of the ancient artist, and surround you with the speaking canvass and the breathing marble. The Roman empire, in the days of its highest splendor, is portrayed before you. The antiquity of Indian inventions, or the discoveries of subtle Arabia, are discoursed upon in your presence with apparent triumph. You are told, that all that now astonishes is but the revival of former experiences; and that the world is living over again its ancient greatness. The philosophers of Greece are summoned from their graves to testify to the unrivaled glory of a former civilization. Whence came our knowledge, it is asked, of the natural sciences, but from Abou-Ryan-al-Byrouny, who spent forty years in the study of mineralogy, and from another hard name in the Arabic dialect, who traversed the plains and forests of all Europe to furnish Linnæus with a complete, though undigested system of sexual botany. The gardens, groves, vineyards, and delightful rural villages of Grenada, under the plastic civilization of its Moorish conquerors, are instantly cited to rival the highest specimens of English cultivation. Paper, gun-powder, the compass, and numerals, with many other inventions and discoveries, are all industriously traced to an early age. Science, it is said, like the sun, rises in the east and travels westward, shedding its light upon the successive nations which lie under its course, and is probably destined to set out again from the same point, again and again to pursue the same journey.

This is without doubt a delightful picture of the past, and is admirably adapted to please the fanciful notions of the antiquary; but it will not satisfy the demands of fact and of history. To demonstrate the remarkable progress which science has made since the ages to which we have alluded, we have only to study the authors who were contemporaneous with those civilizations which form the boast of this antiquarian spirit, and then go into the modern world and make the comparison. Let the agriculturist peruse the poetic description which the Roman Georgic contains of the implements of husbandry, and testify if he does not go to his steel spade and patent plough with an improved relish. Let the mechanic take up the poems of Homer (and there are many who can read

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them in the original), and follow the immortal father of the epic muse through his labored panegyrics of Trojan art; and, after he has caught all the enthusiasm he can from viewing Andromache plying a hand-loom, or Diomed riding into battle on a clumsy though classical vehicle, let him enter one of our modern factories, and hear the hum of a million spindles, and the crash of a thousand shuttles; or into a modern depot, and behold a train set out with the velocity of the wind, and vanish in the distance before he has time to express his astonishment! Let the seaman look back, through the pages of Livy or Virgil, to those times, when a few perilous yachts, or lumbering, heavy-oared galleys, creeping dastardly along the shore, were the only navy of the most famous people of all antiquity; and with what pride he will set his foot upon the deck of one of our majestic ships of the line, or enrol his name among the bold adventurers of our thundering steam vessels—

"Whose path is on the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep."

How heartily does the geographer laugh at the discoveries of Æneas and the periplus of Hanno! What astonishment would a Roman circus or a Grecian ampitheatre express, to witness an American philosopher disarming the tempest of its power, and weaving a peaceful garland with wreaths of lightning when the heavens are on fire! In a word, that science has undergone many revolutions, and been lost in one country to appear in another, is no less true, than that, at each successive development, it has possessed some new element, and shone forth with unprecedented splendor.

The same observation is true of philosophy and religion. Who can doubt that the philosophy of Greece was an improvement on the *symbolism* of Egypt, the *sabeism* of Chaldea, and the *demiurgic* system of the Persian magi? Can it be controverted that philosophy, in the hands of Bacon and Locke, was more real, more pure and rational, than with the philosophers of Athens and Rome? Nor can it be a question, that the path of experiment which these renowned thinkers have contributed to open, is conducting us to greater, clearer, nobler results than any former people or age has achieved. Facts are not the basis of philosophy. The imagination, which so long took the lead in this department of human investigation, has at length found her true place in giving laws to the fictions of romance and in tempering the inspirations of fancy. Analysis and synthesis, for ages separated, have at last formed a happy and promising alliance; induction is taking the place of speculation; and reason is occupying the throne which fancy has at length vacated to her rival.

It is impossible to affirm whether it will be so readily conceded, that religion has also shared in this general improvement. But if we will divest ourselves of the vulgar prejudices respecting the primeval purity of religion which history does not sanction, we shall unanimously acknowledge, that though Christianity is intrinsically the same in all ages, the notions which mankind have entertained of it, and the character and degree of its influence upon the world, have been widely various in different periods of its existence. Its light has certainly been becoming more clear, its sublime doctrines more justly appreciated, and consequently, its tendencies more rational and irresistible. The visible church was the reservoir into which poured, through a series of ages, the abject soofeeism of the East, the guady gnosticism of the South, the splendid but perplexed theistical theories of the West, and ten thousand nameless rivulets of bold and barbaric speculation from the mighty North. This corruption commenced at an early age; nay, in the very days of the apostles. In several of the canonical epistles, and more emphatically in the apocalypse, we are furnished with abundant evidence, that a spirit of innova-

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tion had, at that early period, diffused barrenness over vast portions of the Christian world. But the Bible remained; and from that rock there still issued a stream, though at first choked and obstructed in its passage, which was continually increasing in magnitude and power. The names of Vigilantius, Huss, Wickliffe and Luther, are like the graduated columns placed at wide intervals along the bed of the Nile; they mark the progressive elevations of this swelling river of truth, which has at length overflowed its banks, and spread its waters over all lands!

In the progress of these agents of civilization we witness the advancement of civilization itself. The individual is now more intelligent, more wise, more virtuous, than in any previous age. But civilization is yet in its infancy. It is less than three centuries since the true method of human improvement was discovered. Most of the sciences have not passed the season of youth; some of them have just arrived at a conscious existence; others are springing into being. Correct philosophy is perhaps not older than Bacon; it is certainly younger than the dawn of European civilization, which must be dated from the fall of Constantinople. Religion, as a pure and separate agent, subsequent to the apostolic age, cannot be traced to a much earlier period than that of Vigilantius; nor did it produce anything worthy of special record, aside from the heroic devotion of its principal patrons, until the voice of the sixteenth century shook the columns of the papal throne, and gave intellectual and moral liberty to the world. The work is now going on. The present age is the result of all previous ages. Science, philosophy, religion, are exerting both a separate and a combined influence upon man, which is rapidly realizing the fondest anticipations of the mind; which is undermining the influence of error, diminishing the power of corporations and communities when exercised contrary to the rights and necessities of their component members, and enfranchising, ennobling and perfecting the character of the individual. Democracy is the characteristic tendency of the age. It is the doctrine of all parties, political, social and religious. In Europe, as well as in America, the people begin to realize their power. Every man begins to feel conscious that he is an individual. *Individuality* will continue to mark the onward progress of the world, until, in some future age, the blessings of knowledge, liberty and happiness, will be enjoyed, in nearly equal degrees, by all classes of men. Perhaps the child is soon to live that shall witness the dawn of this glorious period. Who will not invoke, with the Mantuan bard, the speedy presence of that event:

"Incipe, parve puer!"

or with the rapt poet of Twickenham, exclaim:

"Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn,
O, spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!"

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., OF ADRIAN.

Hark! hark! the winds go sighing by,
And oh! what thoughts to me they bring,
As through the ever-changing sky
I hear their airy voices sing!

How many songs they seem to chant,
How many words they whisp'ring speak!
How oft they snarl with angry rant,
Or wrathful round our chambers creak!

They come alike to all mankind,
What e'er their fortunes here may be;
But ah! what says the lisping wind?
Ask your own heart, and tell it me.

What they may whisper in your ear,
What songs they bring, I cannot tell;
But when I hear the winds come near,
I read their breezy voices well.

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When over flow'ry plains they fly,
And rustle through the fragrant trees,
They seem to sing of a brighter sky,
Of happy hearts and careless ease.

When soughing through the lonely pines,
Or sighing over dreary plains,
Where dim the slanting sunlight shines,
My soul in sadness then complains.

They seem to tell of fading flow'rs,
Of Autumn's sere and falling leaves;
And of those melancholy hours
When dying Nature gently grieves.

When dull and slow they murmur on,
Like dirges from some distant shore,
I think of faces pale and wan
Whom I shall here behold no more.

'Tis then I think of lonely graves
Where loved ones sleep the sleep of death,
And bless the wind that gently waves
Their willows, with its passing breath.

But when they come with angry sweep,
High-tossing storm-clouds thro' the sky,
They tell how sea-born surges leap
Where shipwrecked sailors sink and die.

'Tis then their wrathful howlings fill
The air with dread portentous wails,
And hearts, with fear of coming ill,
Grow faint and chill, and courage fails.

Ah! then, how weak is puny man,
When whirlwinds grasp with direst rage
The ocean flood, the solid land,
And fierce tempestous battles wage!

When biting blasts of winter come,
And round our cheerful mansions roar,
They seem to tell what they have done
When bursting thro' the poor man's door.

But when they come with snowflakes light,
And fill the air with feath'ry clouds,
Wide mantling earth in silv'ry white,
They whisper joy to merry crowds.

They come to tell you of the mirth
When tinkling bells and bounding sleighs
Go dancing o'er the snow-white earth,
Among the merry Christmas days.

But best I love the gentle breeze
Young Spring brings o'er the sunny plains,
To kiss the freshly budding trees,
And echo far the thrush's strains.

It seems to speak in joyous rhyme
Of new-born life on ev'ry shore,
And of some glorious coming time
When Death and Storm shall fright no more.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY J. YOUNG.

"Go to thy darling, false one, go!
And gaze enraptured on her charms;
Sink on her breast of melting snow,
And court her fond, luxuriant arms.

Murmur again the ardent vow
That mingles hope with fond desire;
Now paint the lover's wish—and now
Behold a woe-worn wife expire.

Who, when her dearest hopes were flown,
And thou wert guilty passion's slave,
Mourned o'er thy errors as her own,
And sought to hide them in the grave."

ANON.

EVERY country has its views peculiar to itself, and every county in our own country has picturesque embellishments exclusively its own; nor are the diversified charms which nature exhibits in her different scenes of awful grandeur, subduing simplicity, or towering sublimity, more various, or greater in number, than the taste of her admirers. There is an evident association, although no rules can be laid down by which to explain it, between the scenery presented, and the temperament of the enamored beholder. The mild and gentle are not fascinated by the wild uproar of the dashing cataract, the bellowing crater, or the fearful ravine; nor are the bold and impetuous transported by the soft and easy landscape, the neat retired villa, or the unvarying summer skies of luscious Italy, and yet in each there are indescribable emotions, blending with their childhood scenes, and the places of their birth, which never can be erased by the views of any other country.

Allowing these desultory observations

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to pass for axioms, yet the admission must be made, that there are circumstances which not unfrequently throw a halo of beauty around the most unlovely spots, in our imagination, or which give to beauty itself an impressing power, such as causes its identity ever to stand before the mind's eye.

I feel the correctness of this admission while I write it. Years have not been able to wear out the impression, nor have scenes, of every grade and form, weakened the sensations which cause my mind to turn mechanically to the period and the spot to which I refer. A gentle draw upon memory suffices to bring the minutiæ of my "tale's particulars" into being, or to cause, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, a kind of mental resuscitation of the buried feelings of departed years,

My tale may, indeed, be denominated *trite*, and much do I wish that such a charge were less correct than it is; I should then have the advantage of affording more pleasure, although of a painful kind, and of enjoying, myself, more gratification, in the conviction that fewer incidents of the same painful character were in being, than are known to exist—

——"But what avails mere wishes,
Good though they be, kindly expressed,
And felt as powerfully? Like a shadow
To a starving man, or painted fire
To one who freezes, or a limpid stream
On canvass gliding, to one parched with thirst—
They seem to mock, and add to misery."

In consequence of a degree of indisposition under which I was laboring, during my visit at a friend's, I was induced to accept the pressing invitation of the gentleman and his charming family, to prolong my stay at his hospitable mansion beyond the period I had intended. In order to afford me an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country, and, at the same time, advantage my health, he proposed, after we had taken breakfast one morning, a ride on horseback to the parsonage house of a neat village a few miles distant. I had before heard of the venerable person who resided there, and felt glad that an opportunity was now offered me to be introduced to his acquaintance. I accordingly expressed my readiness to join my friend in his ride.

It was, perhaps, as cheerful a morning as ever visited our world, since man's "first disobedience" infected universal nature with its moral evil, when

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost."

The fairy hand of spring had thrown her many-colored mantle over creation. The time of the "singing of birds" had fully come, and in many a happy note, from the monotonous chirp of the sparrow to the lofty song of the mountain sky bird, were the praises of the glorious Being who "maketh the outgoings of the morning, and evening to rejoice," poured forth.

A rich diversity of scenery and variety of conversation, gave to our animal spirits a buoyancy which extended its influence to every part of the system, and produced a frame of mind of the most happy and tranquilized order. My friend's acquaintance with the venerable person we were about to visit had been of long standing, and his estimation, founded on a knowledge of his character, was of the most exalted kind; hence he found a pleasure, by which I was happy to profit, in furnishing an interesting and detailed account of him. At every reference made to his views and exhibition of truth, his zeal, humility, his regard and attention to the interests of his flock, and the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him, my anxiety increased to meet him, and, unconsciously, I put my horse into quicker motion, and then, again, reined him in, to keep even with my friend.

The interesting and happy description of a country clergyman, which Goldsmith has given in his "Deserted Village," naturally entered my mind; and in almost all its characteristic traits, it seemed to find its counterpart, or fac-simile, in the person to whose brief history I was listening.

"A man he was to all the country dear"—

beautifully applied, but happily the following lines did not—

"And passing rich with *forty* pounds a year."

Yet even this scanty stipend, little as it was, exceeds, by four times ten pounds, what too many of those who fill the same office should possess—those play-going, fox-hunting, card-playing race of patronized incumbents, or *incumberers*, and palmer-worms to our country.

His stipend, of whom I write, did not reach the exorbitant sum of tens of thousands, nor tens of hundreds, a year; and yet it was sufficient, not only to place him (as all who fill the ministerial office should be placed) above anxiety of mind concerning the things of this world, but

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enabled him to exhibit, practically, the spirit applied to such by the apostle—"given to hospitality." Presently the tower of the village church appeared to rise out from a thick cluster of majestic trees, by which it was surrounded. Soon as we gained the entrance into the village, and as we rode along, I imagined I could discover the influence of the pious pastor even in the appearance of the people and things which I noticed; and, mentally, I exclaimed, "O, that all the ministers of the sanctuary in our land were of the same description! them would murmuring and dissatisfaction cease: the sacred office would no longer be the butt of ridicule or the theme of profane execration; then 'God, even our own God, would bless us,' and all the people would turn unto him."

The soliloquy would, perhaps, have been extended, had not a quick turn in the road changed our view; for suddenly to our sight

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It was a neat, thatched building, of antibabel elevation, its loftiest apartments being its airy chambers. Upon every part of it, comfort and contentment seemed visibly impressed. It stood back about thirty yards from the roadside. A graveled pathway ran along the whole width of the building, to a distance of somewhat more than four feet from the windows. From the centre of this pathway, and leading directly from the doorway to the little palisade formed gate, was another of similar dimensions; while the intermediate space on either side was laid out tastefully in flower beds. On the south side of the dwelling were a few acres of pasture land, in which the suppliers of his dairy fed and fattened; and in the corner of it were accommodations for his cow and a little galloway.

Having dismounted and secured our horses, we walked up to the house, and received a courteous salutation from Mrs. Goodall, the worthy lady of the vicar.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, Mr. Goodall himself appeared, and never shall I forget his form. It now stands before my imagination with only a little less vividness than that which actual vision could create. Years seemed to have produced a slight change in his manly form from an erect posture, and had silvered over his head with thinly scattered hairs, white as the blossoms of the hawthorn. His eye, that index of the soul, still retained its powers of silent eloquence, and threw over a countenance of uncommon urbanity, a lustre of intelligence, such as that organ, when good, seldom falls to impart.

We were received by him with the courtesy of a gentleman and the openness of a friend. A variety of interesting conversation concerning the signs of the times, the Providence of God, and the glory and extent of his kingdom in the world, engaged us for a while, in all which matters Mrs. Goodall took a sensible and modest part. After partaking of some refreshments, Mr Goodall very politely conducted me to his study. Here again I was indulged with a survey of a choice and well-selected library, principally made up of the works of some of our most celebrated theologians, both of ancient and modern date.

Shakspeare, in his pithy description of the movements of time, declares that with some it "gallops withal." At the period in question, I found that with others, besides those the great bard has mentioned, time sometimes "gallops." With regret I perceived the hour had ully come when it became necessary I should say farewell to one whose fellow I shall not often meet again on earth. The good old man walked with us, through an angle of his paddock, to our horses, and then, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a kind invitation to visit him again, he commended us to the blessing of his Master, and left us to pursue our ride homewards.

There is a species of curiosity indulged in by some, which is execrable. It leads its possessors, in restless, prying scrutiny, to seek to dive into all the connections and particulars of every family, with no better motive, forsooth, than the pleasure of knowing the affairs of others better than they know their own. Such littleness of conduct evinces great puerility of mind, and merits every degree of reprehension which can be directed against it; and yet, while I hold and publish this doctrine, I confess that I felt an irrepressible desire to know more of the amiable person I had just visited.

Every indulger in any particular vice has his own particular method of excuse or apology for what he does. So, too, have I, in reference to my present curiosity; it was not a desire to know, for the idle sake of knowing, but from a conviction that additional knowledge would give strength to my regards for the worthy

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object of them. But how to obtain that information was difficult to determine, or, rather, I could not conceive. All I could learn of Mr. Goodall from my friend I had already learned, and that, as I have intimated, was of such a nature as to lead to a desire of more, rather than to satisfy.

A few months after my visit to the parsonage, I was spending a cheerful hour with a gentleman of my acquaintance, when the estimable Mr. Goodall became the leading subject of our conversation. Now the object of my solicitude appeared likely to be gained, my hopes were afresh excited, and, after I had proposed a few general questions on the subject, I found that my expectations were not more flattering than solid. I soon obtained all the information I wished, which not only interested my mind very deeply, but furnished me with the means through which I now give the sequel of my tale.

Upwards of eighteen years had passed away, prior to my visit to Mr. Goodall's happy residence, since, in accordance with the convictions of his conscience, he had given up a cure which he held in another part of the country, and came to reside on the spot where the claims upon his service appeared the strongest. At this period his family consisted of one son and three lovely daughters. Death had, however, a few months before, entered his domestic circle, and torn away from his arms the wife of his youth—the amiable mother of his beloved children. The management of so important a charge he felt would exceed his ability, and distract his attention from the weighty obligations connected with his ministerial duties; and hence, at a proper time, he entered a second time into the marriage state, with the excellent lady I had once the pleasure to meet.

Years had passed away since Mr. Goodall's second union, and manhood began to brace the limbs of his son, while his daughters advanced fast toward womanhood, with every advantage which personal attractions and a liberal education could give.

As in the family of the "Vicar of Wakefield" there was an Olivia, so was there also in this. She was the youngest of the three, and, perhaps, the most lovely. But many a casket of pre-eminent beauty exists, whose furniture is of the most homely character. Here it was not so. Fair as was the person of Olivia Goodall, the adorning of her mind was equally fair. She either was not aware of her external attractions, or she thought with Solomon—"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Her affectionate disposition and pious simplicity endeared her to an extensive circle.

Twenty summer suns had passed over her head, and her heart had never known a more tender emotion than friendship could inspire, excepting what she had felt towards God and her family connexions; but her reign of peace and freedom expired nearly with her teens. A pressing invitation from one of her sisters, who had already been some time married, and was settled respectably in London, drew her from the sylvan scenes of a quiet country life, to the glare and bustle of one of the most captivating cities in the world. To state what were her feelings during the hurry of preparation, or at the period of her departure, would be mere speculation; these things, and others, connected with her journey to town, are easily supplied by the most morbid imagination. It will, therefore, be sufficient to my purpose to state that counsel, such as piety, experience and affection might be supposed to offer, was given by her venerable sire, and received by the amiable Olivia with devout attention; and that, after four-and-twenty hours' traveling, she reached the busy and gay metropolis of her country, and shortly after felt herself pressed to the bosom of her beloved sister.

Sincere in all her professions, and artless as innocence could make her, Olivia judged of others by her own guileless nature; and hence, too soon fell a victim to craft, deception and villainy, of a rank, but too common a kind.

Among a number of respectable families, whom she visited in company with her sister, was a Mr. Freeport's, a gentleman whose character and connections rendered such acquaintance desirable. But in every earthly advantage there is something to mar and deteriorate. It was here. The wife of Mr. Freeport was as opposite to himself as contrariety of character could make her. If the decided piety of her husband was not a matter of open dislike and ridicule, it was merely tolerated by her. Her public profession, indeed, resembled his; but her private conduct too plainly demonstrated, that her's was profession without principle.

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Boisterous in her temper, vain in her pursuits, and dressy in her person, she was the bane of her husband's peace, and the destroyer of her own and her family's happiness. Two sons were all the children they had, who, under proper training, might have become ornaments to society, and blessings to their connections. But who does not know the influence of a mother's conduct? Who is not aware of the awful capabilities of which she is possessed, and the consequent responsibility attaching to such a character? The ruin or preservation of her offspring, principally, as an instrument, rests with herself.

It was fashionable for Addison, Johnson, Steele, Knox, and others of their day, who were distinguished as essayists, to hold up, by satire, to reproof, the unnatural conduct of mothers who deserted their children in infancy, by turning them over to a nurse, and, in after life consigning them to the care of tutors and governesses. But a worse, if possible, course of conduct has led me thus to diverge a little from my tale. Who can but tremble for those whose cruelty is not sufficiently exercised by leaving their children to pursue the course their own depraved nature may point out, but who, abetting them in their practices, furnish them with the means yet more effectually to carry out into daring acts their enmity towards God? Such is, in too many instances, the case with mothers now; and such was the case with Mrs. Freeport in reference to her two sons. Unknown to her husband and friends, she furnished them with sums as their wishes desired, to plunge into every kind of gaiety and excess, at the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. As, however, this line of conduct was pursued in secret, an external profession was still maintained by the youths, to the deception of the father and others.

Such had long been and such continued to be the state of affairs at Mr. Freeport's when Olivia and her sister visited. However much the feelings of Marcus, the eldest son of Mr. Freeport, might have been deadened by his pursuits of folly, he was not insensible to the charms of the lovely Olivia; and yet they were too vitiated to feel the pure and holy passion, to which only, with propriety, the epithet *love* is applied. Every interview increased what was considered his affection towards her. The artless Olivia saw, and judging by what she saw, approved, and approving, loved—yes, she returned an almost idolizing passion for a base and worthless counterfeit. The proposals of young Freeport were listened to, the character of the worthy father was forwarded to Mr. Goodall, his consent was obtained, and in about nine months from leaving the parsonage, the happy Olivia Goodall returned from it again to London, expecting to be the happy Mrs. Freeport.

Everything furnished presumptive evidence to her, that she should realize at least as much of happiness as usually is known by the happy in the married state. She was united to the man of her affections, for her heart was wholly his; their circumstances in life were more than merely easy, and her husband was kind and attentive. But the sunny brow of her joys was evanescent, as is frequently the pageant which adorns the heavens after the falling of a summer shower. Unkindness succeeded to inattention, and that was followed by partial desertion; home, for him, appeared to have no charms, and religion, no attractions; still the affectionate Olivia neither felt nor expressed any diminution in her regards. She loved him with all the ardor of a woman's love—than which nothing is more lasting, nothing more strong. She even displayed increased affection, as her husband's declined; and sought, by devoted kindness, to make his home the most delightful spot which earth could present, and to bind it and herself to him. But her efforts were vain, and she wept, unreprovingly, over what she could not remedy.

Four years ago she had been a wife, and now two lovely children claimed and enjoyed her diligent and affectionate care. These became her chief earthly comfort; to train their infant minds to knowledge and piety, engaged all the spare time from other concerns which now pressed heavily upon her, and which, from their nature, should have been attended to by her husband. Still no murmur escaped her, no upbraiding word fell on the ear of him she still loved; much less did any intimation to her friends furnish materials for conjecture even that she was not happy. No! her own bosom, and the ear of God, were the repository of the secret of her sufferings, which to her were sacred.

"She never told her woe,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought

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And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

It was no unfrequent thing, now, for Olivia to be left alone, with all the weight of business on her hands, for a week or two together. He who had played the hypocrite already to such perfection, had not lost the ability to support that character still; in fact, he played it not—it was his own. Olivia, as unsuspecting as ever, for still she loved him with the strength of first love, and hence the glaring inconsistencies in his conduct passed off unnoticed by her—gave full credence to every tale he told. Sometimes an unexpected circumstance connected with business was feigned, to call him to the country, in one direction, sometimes in another, on such occasions, she displayed all the tender affections of a wife, by hastening, with an assiduity which few could have surpassed, to prepare for his departure; and then, with her own hands packed his portmanteau, least any comfort should be forgotten—with all the devotion of a young lover, she bade him adieu, while he hastened to the scenes which he loved, and such as I forbear to mention.

Once already had the profligacy of Marcus Freeport involved him in embarrassment. The marriage portion of Olivia was expended, and additional help was indispensable; for, without it, publicity would be given to the state of his affairs. In this dilemma, the confiding, devoted wife, believing that misfortune, as stated by her husband, was the cause, so represented the case to her pious father, and he, relying on the statement of his beloved child, promptly remitted the sum required. This affair had passed away, when, one fine evening, Olivia was sitting with her beloved Marcus, as she fondly called her husband; the children were gamboling around them, and happiness once again seemed entering their habitation. Indeed, the kind-hearted Olivia always felt happy when Marcus was with her. She was now gazing on him in a rapture of affection, when a gentleman was announced, inquiring for Mr. Freeport; the servant was desired to introduce him; he entered, and, after a brief apology for his intrusion, exhibited a writ, by virtue of which he claimed Mr. Marcus Freeport for his prisoner. Olivia shrieked, sprang with a convulsive bound to the side of her husband, as if to protect him, and fainted at his feet. Returning consciousness presented her affrightened children weeping over her, who, with the servant, alone remained. Her husband was immured within the strong walls of a prison.

During one of the days which her husband had devoted to pleasure, he journeyed with a female of fascinating appearance. The appearance of Mr. Freeport was perfectly gentlemanly. Struck with the beauty and accomplishments of his fair companion, he resolved to carry off the prize which was thus presented; and hence, assuming an air and consequence perfectly *nautique*, he appeared before her *la courageux et illustre* Captain George Frederick Stanley.

The beautiful Miss Maria Louisa Nevell, after a courtship of a few weeks, was led to the altar, and became the deceived bride of an accomplished villain. In two weeks he abandoned her.

A few days only passed, and the public papers told a tale which Olivia would never have told. Her pious and venerable father read the heart-sickening statement, and instantly sent such condolence as the child's circumstances required, accompanied by a request that she would retire with her family to his parental abode, and make his house her home. She declined. Her heart still was his who had basely spurned the purest, strongest affection. Her determination was fixed, and she awaited the issue of his trial.

The morning of the day arrived—the case was opened—his marriage with Olivia was proved. It only remained to substantiate his second marriage to make out a case of bigamy. To the "glorious uncertainty of the law," however, he was indebted for a verdict, which, although in his favor in reference to his freedom, removed not from his character the blot with which it was stained. The marriage, indeed, was clearly proved, as far as the ceremony went; but that was rendered invalid by the omission of one of the lady's given names, and he was discharged. Even yet, with the fondness of a wife who deserved a better husband, Olivia loved him; and, on the day of his acquittal, waited for him at the door of his prison, and receiving him to her bosom, conveyed him in a carriage she had prepared for the purpose, to their habitation.

The wound, however, which such infamy had inflicted upon the peace of the aged Mr. Goodall, bowed him down to

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the earth. "I have," he replied to a friend who paid him a visit shortly after, "I have been poorly some time, and this last affair has been the breaking up of my constitution." He continued for a while to perform the duties of his office; but, at length the village bell, which had for so long a period called his flock to receive the word at his lips, summoned the weeping villagers to follow to the grave the remains of their faithful and beloved minister. Olivia, too, like some scathed flower beat down beneath a desolating storm before its beauty had declined, sunk under the loss of her venerable parent, and the continued unkindness of her husband, whom she still loved with the unabated ardor of strong affection, and whose crimes she still sought to hide from popular observation.

As the heavy hand of death pressed upon her heart, and the feeble pulse of life beat slower and yet more slow, she prayed for him; and while her redeemed spirit passed gently away, and the whispered "*farewell*" issued from her lips, her closing eyes gazed fondly on him; and even in death, the placid smile which sat upon her countenance, seemed to express what she had during life so powerfully displayed—ENDURING AFFECTION.

MY SOUL AND I.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
"Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in his holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night:
"To do his will!"

What hast thou done, oh soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought his task, and kept the line
He bade thee go!

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?
Art fearful now?
When God seemed far and men were near
How brave wert thou?

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see
Thou'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back
Oh, wretched sprite!
Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and Man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I;
To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well:
Were they Wrought for Truth's sake or for thine?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?
My sad soul say.
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell:
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as hell,
Across my track.

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"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before.
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God!
To thee in prayer. [they kneel,
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before
To the Known and Gone;
For while gazing behind them evermore
Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces
A light begin.
To tremble, as if from holy places
And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips
With hymn and prayer, [move
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love
And hope were there

"I call on the souls who have left the light
To reveal their lot;
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear, [of rain,
And a sound like the slow sad dropping
Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day,
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way—
God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
Is alone before him;
Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind:
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from
That phantom wan? [Death,
There is nothing in Heaven or earth be-
Save God and man. [neath

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
And from one another;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there!

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never;
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul forever.

Leaning on him, make with reverent meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfill;

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And that cloud itself, which now before
Lies dark in view, [thee
Shall with beams of light from the inner
Be stricken through. [glory

And like meadow mist through Autumn's
Uprolling thin, [dawn
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
Why queriest thou?—
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW!

JOSEPHINE.

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

JOSEPHINE was about fourteen years of age when she was separated from William. A year passed away, during which she received not a line from her absent friend. About this time a gentleman from France visited her uncle upon business of great importance. Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais was a fashionable and gallant young man, about thirty years of age, possessing much conversational ease and grace of manner, and accustomed to the most polished society of the French metropolis. He held a commission in the army, and had already signalized himself by several acts of bravery. His sympathies had been strongly aroused by the struggle of the American colonists with the mother country, and he had already aided the colonists both with his sword and his purse.

Several large and valuable estates in Martinique, adjoining the plantation of M. Renaudin, had fallen by inheritance to this young officer and his brother, the Marquis of Beauharnais. He visited Martinique to secure the proof of his title to these estates. M. Renaudin held some of these plantations on lease. In the transaction of this business, Beauharnais spent much time at the mansion of M. Renaudin. He, of course, saw much of the beautiful Josephine, and was fascinated with her grace, and her mental and physical loveliness.

The uncle and aunt of Josephine were delighted to perceive the interest which their niece had awakened in the bosom of the interesting stranger. His graceful figure, his accomplished person, his military celebrity, his social rank, and his large fortune, all conspired to dazzle their eyes, and to lead them to do everything in their power to promote a match apparently so eligible. The ambition of M. Renaudin was moved at the thought of conferring upon his niece, the prospective heiress of his own fortune, an estate so magnificent as the united inheritance. Josephine, however, had not yet forgotten William, and, though interested in her uncle's guest, for some time allowed no emotion of love to flow out toward him.

One morning Josephine was sitting in the library in pensive musings, when her uncle came into the room to open to her the subject of her contemplated marriage with M. Beauharnais. Josephine was thunderstruck at the communication, for, according to the invariable custom of the times, she knew that she could have but little voice in the choice of a partner for life. For a short time she listened in silence to his proposals, and then said, with tears in her eyes:

"Dear uncle, I implore you to remember that my affections are fixed upon William. I have been solemnly promised to him."

"That is utterly impossible, my child," her uncle replied. "Circumstances are changed. All our hopes

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are centered in you. You must obey our wishes."

"And why," said she, "have you changed your intentions in reference to William?"

Her uncle replied: "You will receive by inheritance all my estate. M. Beauharnais possesses the rich estates adjoining. Your union unites the property. M. Beauharnais is everything which can be desired in a husband. Besides, William appears to have forgotten you."

To this last remark Josephine could make no reply. She looked sadly upon the floor and was silent. It is said that her uncle had then in his possession several letters which William had written her, replete with the most earnest spirit of consistency and affection.

Josephine, but fifteen years of age, could not, under these circumstances, resist the influences now brought to bear upon her. M. Beauharnais was a gentleman of fascinating accomplishments. The reluctance of Josephine to become his bride but stimulated his zeal to obtain her. In the seclusion of the plantation, and far removed from other society, she was necessarily with him nearly at all hours. They read together, rode on horseback side by side, rambled in the groves in pleasant companionship. They floated by moonlight upon the water, breathing the balmy air of that delicious clime, and uniting their voices in song, the measure being timed with the dipping of the oars by the negroes. The friends of Josephine were importunate for the match. At last, reluctantly, she gave her consent. Having done this, she allowed her affections, unrestrained, to repose upon her betrothed. Though her heart still clung to William, she thought that he had found other friends in England, in whose pleasant companionship he had lost all remembrance of the island maiden who had won his early love.

Alexander Beauharnais, soon after his engagement to Josephine, embarked for France. Arrangements had been made for Josephine, in the course of a few months, to follow him, upon a visit to a relative in Paris, and there the nuptials were to be consummated. Josephine was now fifteen years of age. She was attached to Beauharnais, but not with that fervor of feeling which had previously agitated her heart. She often thought of William and spoke of him, and at times had misgivings lest there might be some explanation of his silence. But months had passed on, and she had received no letter or message from him.

At length the hour for her departure from the island arrived. With tearful eyes and a saddened heart she left the land of her birth, and the scenes endeared to her by all the recollections of childhood. Groups of negroes, from the tottering infant to the aged man of gray hairs, surrounded her with weeping and loud lamentation. Josephine hastened on board, the ship got under way, and soon the island of Martinique disappeared beneath the watery horizon. Josephine sat upon the deck in perfect silence, watching the dim outline of her beloved home till it was lost to sight. Her young heart was full of anxiety, of tenderness, and of regrets. Little, however, could she imagine the career of strange vicissitudes upon which she was about to enter.

The voyage was long and tempestuous. Storms pursued them all the way. At one time the ship was dismasted, and came near foundering. At length the welcome cry of "Land" was heard, and Josephine, an unknown orphan child of fifteen, placed her feet upon the shores of France, that country over which she was soon to reign the most renowned empress. She hastened to Fontainebleau, and there was met by Alexander Beauharnais. He received her with great fondness, and was assiduous in bestowing upon her the most flattering attentions. But Josephine had hardly arrived at Fontainebleau before she heard that William and his father were also residing at

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that place. Her whole frame trembled like an aspen leaf, and her heart sunk within her as she received the intelligence. All her long-cherished affection for the companion of her childhood was revived, and still she knew not but that William was faithless. He, however, immediately called, with his father, to see her. The interview was most embarrassing, for each loved the other intensely, and each had reason to believe that the other had proved untrue. The next day William called alone; Josephine, the bethrothed bride of Beauharnais, prudently declined seeing him. He then wrote her a letter, which he bribed a servant to place in her hands, full of protestations of love, stating how he had written to her, and passionately inquiring why she turned so coldly from him.

Josephine read the letter with a bursting heart. She now saw how she had been deceived. She now was convinced that William had proved faithful to her, notwithstanding he had so much reason to believe that she had been untrue to him. But what could she do? She was but fifteen years of age. She was surrounded only by those who were determined that she should marry Alexander Beauharnais. She was told that the friends of William had decided unalterably that he should marry an English heiress, and that the fortunes of his father's family were dependent upon that alliance. The servant who had been the bearer of William's epistle was dismissed, and the other servants were commanded not to allow him to enter the house.

The agitation of Josephine's heart was such that for some time she was unable to leave her bed. She entreated her friends to allow her for a few months to retire to a convent, that she might, in solitary thought and prayer, regain composure. He friends consented to this arrangement, and she took refuge in the convent at Panthemont. Here she spent a few months in inexpressible gloom. William made many unavailing efforts to obtain an interview, and at last, in despair, reluctantly received the wealthy bride, through whom he secured an immense inheritance, and with whom he passed an unloving life.

The Viscount Beauharnais called often to see her, and was permitted to converse with her at the gate of her window. In the simplicity of her heart, she told her friends at the convent of her attachment for William; how they had been reared together, and how they had loved from childhood. She felt that it was a cruel fate which separated them, but a fate before which each must inevitably bow. At last she calmly made up her mind to comply with the wishes of her friends, and to surrender herself to the Viscount Beauharnais. There was much in the person and character of Beauharnais to render him very attractive, and she soon became sincerely, though never passionately, attached to him.

Josephine was sixteen years of age when she was married. Her social position was in the midst of the most expensive and fashionable society of Paris. She was immediately involved in all the excitements of parties, and balls, and gorgeous entertainments. Her beauty, her grace, her amiability, and her peculiar musical voice, which fell like a charm upon every ear, excited great admiration and not a little envy. It was a dangerous scene into which to introduce the artless and inexperienced Creole girl, and she was not a little dazzled by the splendor with which she was surrounded. Every thing that could minister to convenience, or that could gratify taste, was lavished profusely around her. For a time she was bewildered by the novelty of her situation. But soon she became weary of the heartless pageantry of fashionable life, and sighed for the tranquil enjoyments of her island home.

Her husband, proud of her beauty and accomplishments, introduced her at court. Maria Antoinette, who had

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then just ascended the throne, and was in the brilliance of her youth, and beauty, and early popularity, was charmed with the West Indian bride, and received her without the formality of a public presentation. When these two young brides met in the regal palace of Versailles—the one a daughter of Maria Theresa and a descendant of the Cæsars, who had come from the court of Austria to be not only the queen, but the brightest ornament of the court of France—the other the child of a planter, born upon an obscure island, reared in the midst of negresses, as almost her only companions—little did they imagine that Maria Antoinette was to go down, down, down to the lowest state of ignominy and woe, while Josephine was to ascend to more and more exalted stations, until she sat upon a throne more glorious than the Cæsars ever knew.

French philosophy had at this time undermined the religion of Jesus Christ. All that is sacred in the domestic relations was withering beneath the blight of infidelity. Beauharnais, a man of fashion and of the world, had imbibed, to the full, the sentiments which disgraced the age. Marriage was deemed a partnership, to be formed or dissolved at pleasure. Fidelity to the nuptial tie was the jest of philosophers and witlings. Josephine had soon the mortification of seeing a proud, beautiful, and artful woman taking her place, and openly and triumphantly claiming the attentions and the affections of her husband. This woman, high in rank, loved to torture her poor victim. "Your dear Alexander," she said to Josephine, "daily lavishes upon others the tribute of attachment which you think he reserves solely for you." She could not bear to see the beautiful and virtuous Josephine happy, as the honored wife of her guilty lover, and she resolved, if possible, to sow the seeds of jealousy so effectually between them as to secure a separation.

In the year 1780 Josephine gave birth to her daughter Hortense. This event seemed for a time to draw back the wandering affections of Beauharnais. He was really proud of his wife. He admired her beauty and her grace. He doted upon his infant daughter. But he was an infidel. He recognized no law of God, commanding purity of heart and life, and he contended that Josephine had no right to complain, as long as he treated her kindly, if he did indulge in the waywardness of passion.

The path of Josephine was now, indeed, shrouded in gloom, and each day seemed to grow darker and darker. Hortense became her idol and her only comfort. Her husband lavished upon her those luxuries which his wealth enabled him to grant. He was kind to her in words and in all the ordinary courtesies of intercourse. But Josephine's heart was well-nigh broken. A few years of conflict passed slowly away, when she gave birth, in the year 1783, to her son Eugene. In the society of her children the unhappy mother found now her only solace.

While the Viscount Beauharnais was ready to defend his own conduct, he was by no means willing that his wife should govern herself by the same principles of fashionable philosophy. The code infidel is got up for the especial benefit of dissolute *men*; their *wives* must be governed by another code. The artful woman, who was the prime agent in these difficulties, affected great sympathy with Josephine in her sorrows, protested her own entire innocence, but assured her that M. Beauharnais was an ingrate, entirely unworthy of her affections. She deceived Josephine, hoarded up the confidence of her stricken heart, and conversed with her about *William*, the memory of whose faithful love now came with new freshness to the disconsolate wife.

Josephine, lured by her, wrote a letter to her friends in Martinique, in which she imprudently said, "Were it not for my children, I should, without a pang, renounce France forever. My

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duty requires me to forget William; and yet, if *we* had been united together, I should not to-day have been troubling you with my griefs."

The woman who instigated her to write this letter was infamous enough to obtain it by stealth and show it to Beauharnais. His jealousy and indignation was immediately aroused to the highest pitch. He was led by this malicious deceiver to believe that Josephine had obtained secret interviews with William, and the notoriously unfaithful husband was exasperated to the highest degree at the very suspicion of the want of fidelity in his wife. He reproached her in language of the utmost severity, took Eugene from her, and resolved to endeavor, by legal process, to obtain an entire divorce. She implored him, for the sake of her children, not to proclaim their difficulties to the world. He, however, reckless of consequences, made application to the courts for the annulment of the matrimonial bond. Josephine was now compelled to defend her own character. She again retired with Hortense to the convent, and there, through dreary months of solitude, and silence, and dejection, awaited the result of the trial upon which her reputation as a virtuous woman was staked. The decree of the court was triumphantly in her favor, and Josephine returned to her friends to receive their congratulations, but impressed with the conviction that earth had no longer a joy in store for her. Her friends did all in their power to cheer her desponding spirit; but the wound she had received was too deep to be speedily healed. One day her friends, to divert her mind from brooding over irreparable sorrows, took her, almost by violence, to Versailles. They passed over the enchanting grounds, and through the gorgeously-furnished apartments of the Great and Little Trianon, the favorite haunts of Maria Antoinette. Here the beautiful Queen of France was accustomed to lay aside the pageantry of royalty, and to enjoy, without restraint, the society of those who were dear to her. Days of darkness and trouble had already begun to darken around her path. As Josephine was looking at some of the works of art, she was greatly surprised at the entrance of the queen, surrounded by several ladies of her court. Maria Antoinette immediately recognized Josephine, and with that air of affability and kindness which ever characterized her conduct, she approached her, and, with one of her winning smiles, said, "Madame Beauharnais, I am very happy to see you at the two Trianons. You will know how to appreciate their beauties. I should be much pleased to learn what objects you consider most interesting. I shall always receive you with pleasure."

These words from the queen were an unspeakable solace to Josephine. Her afflicted heart needed the consolation. The queen was acquainted with her trials, and thus nobly assured her of her sympathy and her confidence. In a few days Maria Antoinette invited Josephine to a private interview. She addressed her in words of the utmost kindness, promised to watch over the interests of her son, and at the same time, as a mark of her especial regard, she took from her neck an antique ornament of precious stones, and passed it over the neck of Josephine. The king also himself came in at the interview, for his heart had been softened by sorrow, and addressed words of consolation to the injured and discarded wife.

Josephine now received letters from Martinique earnestly entreating her to return, with her children, to the home of her childhood. World-weary, she immediately resolved to accept the invitation. But the thought of crossing the wide ocean, and leaving her son Eugene behind, was a severe pang to a mother's heart. Eugene had been taken from her and sent to a boarding-school. Josephine felt so deeply the pang of separation from her beloved child, that she obtained an interview with M.

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Beauharnais, and implored him to allow her to take Eugene with her. He gave a cold and positive refusal.

A few days after this, Josephine, cruelly separated from her husband and bereaved of her son, embarked with Hortense for Martinique. She strove to sustain that aspect of cheerfulness and of dignity which an injured but innocent woman is entitled to exhibit. When dark hours of despondency overshadowed her, she tried to console herself with the beautiful thought of Plautus: "If we support adversity with courage, we shall have a keener relish for returned prosperity." It does not appear that she had any refuge in the consolations of religion. She had a vague and general idea of the goodness of a superintending Providence, but she was apparently a stranger to those warm and glowing revelations of Christianity which introduce us to a sympathising Savior, a guiding and consoling Spirit, a loving and forgiving Father. Could she then, by faith, have reposed her aching head upon the bosom of her heavenly father, she might have found a solace such as nothing else could confer. But at this time nearly every mind in France was more or less darkened by the glooms of infidelity.

The winds soon drove her frail bark across the Atlantic, and Josephine, pale and sorrow-stricken, was clasped in the arms and folded to the hearts of those who truly loved her. The affectionate negroes gathered around her, with loud demonstrations of their sympathy and their joy in again meeting their mistress. Here, amid the quiet scenes endeared to her by the recollections of childhood, she found a temporary respite from those storms by which she had been so severely tossed upon life's wild and tempestuous ocean.

[*To be continued.*]

—A FALSE friend is worse than an open enemy. A painted harlot is less dangerous than a painted hypocrite. A treacherous Judas is more abhorred of God than a bloody Pilate.—*Wm. Sucker.*

GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.

BY MADAME GUYON.

'Tis not the skill of human art,
Which gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above:
No other master knows so well;—
'Tis love alone can tell of LOVE.

Oh! then, of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory see;
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray;
To thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

Thoughts of God in the Night.

BY MADAME GUYON.

O NIGHT! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse!
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul
That darts her fires beyond the pole;—

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,
That shine, indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred love.

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Thou moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To Him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers,
Who blots or brightens all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whisper in his listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears;
Tell him, I seek him far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers;
Friends of the pensive! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The love that wastes my strength away.

How calm, amid the night, my mind!
How perfect is the peace I find!
Oh! hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
That love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause:

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reigns,
Compassionate the numerous woes
I dare to thee alone disclose;
Oh! save me from the cruel hands
Of men who fear not thy commands!

Love, all subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine;
Reign in a heart disposed to own
No sovereign but thyself alone;
Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner love.

—None but a patient Christ can make us patient Christians. As our passions were the cause of his, so his passion is the cure of ours. Reader, if you cannot forgive others, God will not forgive you. You have his authority for this: "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." In vain do we ask God to be pacified to us while we live at variance with others. How can we expect to have pounds remitted to us if pence are not remitted by us?—*Wm. Sucker.*

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL.

The analogy of the soul is so close to that of the body, that it speaks of its hunger, its food, its fullness, and growth, and fatness, under the images it derives from the body.

Hence you will observe that our blessed Lord appears to have always the feeling, that he has come down into the realm of hungry, famishing souls. You see this in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the feast or supper. Hence also that very remarkable discourse in the 6th chapter of John, where he declares himself as the living bread that came down from heaven—that a man may eat thereof and not die. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

Many, I believe, are not able to read this language, without a kind of revolting feeling. What can it mean that they are to live by eating Christ? There is no difficulty, I answer, in the language, save in getting at the rational and true sense of the figure employed, and, when this is done, it becomes language strikingly significant. Suppose it were said that a tree can live, only as it eats the air and the light; the meaning, of course, would not be that it takes these elements by mastication, but that it has such a nature that it takes them into itself and gets a nutriment of growth out of them, and that without them, so appropriated, it would die. So, when Christ says,—I will manifest myself unto him,—we will come and make our abode with him,—he means that he will be so received and appropri-

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ated by the soul as to be its light, the breathing of its life, that which feeds it internally. He assumes, in all that he says, that as the tree has a nature requiring to be fed by air and light, so the soul has a nature inherently related to God, the Infinite Spirit. Hence the deep hunger of the world in sin; because the sin is its attempt to live without God and apart from God.

Accordingly, it is the grand endeavor of the gospel to communicate God to men. They have undertaken to live without him, and do not see that they are starving in the bitterness of their experiment. It is not, as with bodily hunger, where they have a sure instinct compelling them to seek their food, but they go after the husks, and would fain be filled with these, not even so much as conceiving what is their real want, or how it comes. For it is a remarkable fact that so few men, living in the flesh, have any conception that God is the necessary supply and nutriment of their spiritual nature, without which they famish and die. It has an extravagant sound, when they hear it. They do not believe it. How can it be that they have any such high relation to the Eternal God, or he to them? It is as if the tree were to say,—what can I, a mere trunk of wood, all dark and solid within, standing fast in my rod of ground,—what can I have to do with the free moving air, and the boundless sea of light that fills the world? And yet it has a nature made to feed on these, taking them into its body to supply, and vitalize, and color every fibre of its substance. Just so it is that every finite spirit is inherently related to the infinite, in him we live, and move, and have our being. It wants the knowledge of God, the society of God, the approbation of God, the internal manifestation of God, a consciousness lighted up by his presence, to receive of his fulness, to be strong in his might, to rest in his love, and be centered everlastingly in his glory. Apart from him, it is an incomplete creature, a poor blank fragment of existence, hungry, dry and cold. And still, alas! it cannot think so. Therefore Christ comes into the world to incarnate the divine nature, otherwise unrecognized, before it; so to reveal God to its knowledge, enter him into its faith and feeling, make him its living bread, the food of its eternity. Therefore of his fulness we are called to feed, receiving of him freely grace for grace. When he is received, he restores the consciousness of God, fills the soul with the divine light, and sets it in that connection with God which is life,—eternal life.

Holding this view of the inherent relation between created souls and God as their nourishing principle, we pass to a consideration of the necessary hunger of a state of sin, and the tokens by which it is indicated. A hungry herd of animals, waiting for the time of their feeding, do not show their hunger more convincingly, by their impatient cries and eager looks and motions, than the human race do theirs, in the works, and ways, and tempers of their selfish life.

I can only point you to a few of these demonstrations. And a very impressive and remarkable one you have in this, viz.: The common endeavor to make the body receive double, so as to satisfy both itself and the soul too with its pleasures. The effort is, how continually, to stimulate the body by delicacies, and condiments, and sparkling bowls, and licentious pleasures of all kinds, and so to make the body do double service. Hence, too, the drunkenness, and high feasting, and other vices of excess. The animals have no such vices; because they have no hunger save simply that of the body; but man has a hunger also of the mind or soul, when separated from God by his sin, and therefore he must somehow try to pacify that. And he does it by a work of double feeding put upon the body. We call it sensuality. But

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the body asks not for it. The body is satisfied by simply that which allows it to grow and maintain its vigor. It is the unsatisfied, hungry mind that flies to the body for some stimulus or sensation, compelling it to devour so many more of the husks, or carobs, as will feed the hungry prodigal within. Thus it is that so many dissipated youth are seen plunging into pleasures of excess,—midnight feastings and surfeitings, debaucheries of lust and impiety; it is because they are hungry, because their soul, separated from God and the true bread of life in Him, aches for the hunger it suffers. And so it is the world over; men are hungry everywhere, and they compel the body to make a swine's heaven for the comfort of the godlike soul.

Again we see the hunger of sin, by the immense number of drudges there are in the world. It makes little difference, generally, whether men are poor or rich. Some terrible hunger is upon them, and it drives them madly forward, through burdens, and sacrifices, and toils, that would be rank oppression put upon a slave. It is not simply that they are industrious—industry is a virtue—that they are drudges, instigated by such a passion of want that they are wholly unable to moderate their plans by any terms of reason.

You see too what indicates the uneasiness of this hunger, in the constant shifting of their plans and arrangements. Even the more constant, stable characters, such as hold most firmly to their pursuits, are yet seen to be uneasy in them; comforting their uneasiness by one change or another; a new kind of crop, a new partner, a new stand, a wheeling about of counters, or a change of shelves, or a change of transportation, or another place of banking,—nothing is ever quite right, because they are too uneasy in their hunger to be quiet long in anything.

Others show their hunger by their closeness; the very look of their face is hungry, the gripe of their hand is hungry, the answer of their charity is the answer of hunger, the prices they pay for service are the grudged allowance of a heart that is pinched by its own stringent destitution.

Observe again the quarrels of debt and credit, the false weights, the fraudulent charges, the habitual lies of false recommendation, the arts, stratagems, oppressions, of trade,—how hungry do they look.

Notice again how men contrive, in one way or another, to get, if possible, some food of content for the soul that has a finer and more fit quality than the swine's food with which they so often overtask the body:—honor, power, admiration, flattery, society, literary accomplishments. Works of genius are stimulated, how often, by a kind of superlative hunger. And the same is true even of the virtues that connect a repute of moderation; such as temperance, frugality, plainness, stoical superiority to suffering; a kind of subtle hunger for some consciousness of good is the secret root on which they grow.

There is no end to the diverse arts men practice, to get some food for the soul, and to whatever course they turn themselves, you will see, as plainly as possible, that they are hungry. Nay, they say it themselves. What sad bewailings do you hear from them, calling the world ashes, wondering at the poverty of existance, fretting at the courses of Providence and blaming their harshness, raging profanely against God's appointments, and venting their impatience with life, with curses on its emptiness. All this, you understand, is the hunger they are in. Feeding on carobs only, as they do, what shall we expect but to see them feed impatiently?

This also you will notice as a striking evidence that, however well they succeed

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in the providing of earthly things, they are never satisfied. They say they are not, have it for a proverb that no man is, or can be. How can they be satisfied with lands, or money, or honor, or any finite good, when their hunger is infinite, reaching after God and the fulness of his infinite life,—God, who is the object of their intelligence, their love, their hope, their worship; the complement of their weakness, the crown of their glory, the sublimity of their rest forever. Such kind of hunger manifestly could not be satisfied with any finite good, and therefore it never is. Look also at some of the more internal and experimental evidences supplied by consciousness.

Consider, for example, the vice of envy, and the general propenseness of men to be in it. There are very few persons, however generous in their dispositions, who are not sometimes bitten by this very subtile and bitter sin. And the root of this misery is hunger of soul. Envy is only a malignant, selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation or supposed happiness of others. The bitterness of it is not simply that it really wants what others have, but that the soul, gnawed by a deep spiritual hunger which it thinks not of, is so profoundly embittered that every kind of good it looks upon rasps it with a feeling of torment, and rouses a degree of impatience and ill nature, out of all terms of reason. It is the feeling of a prodigal, or spendthrift who, after he has spent all, vents his ill nature on everybody but himself, and hates the good possessed by others, because it is not his own. O, how many human souls are gnawed through and through, all their lives long, by this devilish hunger, envy.

Remorse differs from envy only in the fact that the soul here turns upon itself, just as they say it is the principal distress of extreme bodily hunger, that the organs of digestion begin themselves to be gnawed and digested, in place of the food on which the digestive power is accustomed to spend its energy. Remorse, in the same way, is a moral hunger of the soul. It is the bitter wail of a famished immortality. It is your conscience lashing your perverse will; your defrauded, hungry love weeping its dry, pitch tears on the desert your evil life has made for it. It is your whole spiritual nature famished by sin, muttering wrathfully, and growling like a caged lion at the bars which shut him up to himself. And as bodily hunger sometimes causes the starving man to see devils in his ravings, so this hunger of remorse fills the soul with angry demons and ministers of vengeance, waiting to execute judgment. Sleep vanishes not seldom, or comes only in dreams that scare the sleeper. The day lags heavily. The look is on the ground. The walk is apart and silent, and the man carries a load under which he stoops, a load of selfish regret and worldly sorrow, that worketh death.

Or, if we speak of care, the corroding, weary, ever multiplying care, of which you are every day complaining, what again is this but your hunger. We like to speak, however, not of care, but, in the plural, of cares; for these, we imagine, are outside of us, in things, not in ourselves. But these cares are all in ourselves, and of ourselves, and not in things at all,—things are not cares; cares are only cravings of that immortal hunger which the swine's food of earthly things cannot satisfy. You say in them all, what shall I do, for I perish with hunger? You look up for the bitter husks or carobs, and say, I must have more and better; and these more and better things are your cares. The very word *care* meant, originally, *want;* and these cares are nothing but the wants of a hungry soul misnamed.

Sometimes, again, your feelings take the turn of disgust. You are disgusted with yourself and life, and all the employments and objects of your pursuit, disgusted even with your pleasures. How insipid, and dry, and foolish they appear. An air of distaste settles on all objects. They are all husks, acorns, food for swine and not for men. Just so it is in the starvation of the body. It creates a fever, and, in that fever appetite dies. And this, accordingly, is the rankest proof of hunger in the soul, that it has run itself down to the starvation point of universal disgust. Life is cheap. It seems a very dull and mean thing to live, —so to live a prodigal and swine-herd's life, it certainly is. Sometimes, too, your disgust turns upon your own character and feeling; your ambition, your pride, your very thoughts, and you ache for the mortification that comes upon you. My ambition—how low it creeps. My pride—what have I, or am I to be

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proud of. My very thoughts are all trailing in the dust, and the dust is dry —O God, is it this to be a man!

I might speak also of your perpetual irritations, your fits of anger, your animosities, your jealousies, your gloomy hypochondriac fears. These all, at bottom, are the disturbances of hunger in the soul. How certainly is the child irritable when it is hungry. Even the placidity of infancy vanishes, when the body is ravening for food. So it is with man. He is irritable, flies to fits of passions, loses self-government, simply because the placid state of satisfaction is wanting in the higher nature. He is out of rest, because of his immortal hunger. Three-quarters of the ill nature of the world is caused by the fact, that the soul, without God, is empty, and so out of rest. We charge it, more often than justice requires, to some fault of temperament; but there is no temperament that would not be quieted and evened by the fullness of God.

Now the Spirit of God will sometimes show you, in an unwonted manner, the secret of these troubles; for he is the interpreter of the soul's hunger. He comes to it whispering inwardly the awful secret of its pains,—"without God and without hope in the world." He reminds the prodigal of his bad history. He bids the swine-herd look up from his sensual objects, and works, and remember his home and his Father; tells him of a great supper prepared, and that all things are now ready, and bids him come. Conscious of the deep poverty he is in, conscious of that immortal being whose deep wants have been so long denied, wants that can be satisfied only by the essential, eternal participation of the fullness of God, he hears a gentle voice of love saying,—I am the bread of life, I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live. Are there none of you to whom this voice is calling now?

I will not pursue these illustrations further. Would that all my hearers could but open their minds to the lesson they teach. I know almost no subject, or truth, that will explain so many things in the uneasy demonstrations of mankind; or that, to any thoughtful person, living without God, will resolve so many mysteries concerning himself. Granting simply the fact that God is the want of the soul, or created intelligence, what can it be, separated from God, but an element of uneasiness and bitter disturbance? If the soul, as a vital and organic nature, requires this divine food, or nutriment to sustain it, and in this highest, vastest want, gets no supply; what else can you need to account for the unrest and the otherwise inexplicable frustration of your experience? And yet how many of you, goaded by this torment all your lives, do not understand it? You go after this or that objective, circumstantial good, thrust on, as in some kind of madness, by the terrible impulsion of your hungry immortality; confessing, all the time, that you fail, even when, in form, you succeed, and showing by your demonstrations that your objects, whether gained or lost, have no relation to your want; but your understandings are holden from any true discovery of your sin. It is as if you were under some dispossession, even as the Saviour intimates in his parable. He looks upon the prodigal described, as one that has lost his reckoning, or his reason; and when he discovers the secret of his misery, speaks of him as just then having come to himself. Could you come to yourselves, how quickly would you cease from your husks and return to your Father! How absurd the folly, then, of any attempt to satisfy, or quiet your hunger, by any inferior, merely external good!

O, ye prodigals, young and old, prodigals of all names and degrees; ye that have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away; ye that have always lived in the minding of earthly things; how clear is it here that no swine's food, no husks of money, pleasure, show, ambition, can feed you; that you have a divine part which none, or all of these dry carobs of sin can feed, which nothing can supply but God himself.

—CONSIDER, Christian, that an unholy conversation strips off the rich ornamental jewels from the neck of the bride, the Lamb's wife. Sin indulged in a believer is like a rent in a rich embroidered garment, or like a crack in a silver bell. A foul spot is soonest discerned in the fairest cloth. The world will sooner make an excuse for its own enormities than for your infirmities.

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CHARITY.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
It will turn to thee again,
After days perhaps of waiting,
After years perhaps of pain.
But be patient; thou shalt find it,
After many days have passed:
All the blessings thou hast given
Will return to thee at last.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
As they swiftly, onward flow; [ing,
Thou may'st save some heart from break-
Thou may'st save some soul from woe.
Kindly words and kindly actions,
Strewn along life's rugged way,
Makes the road seem brighter, shorter,
As we journey day by day.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
And with bounteous hand bestow;
Thus thou'l't find thy blessings double,
When the tide doth backward flow.
Freely giving of thy substance,
Freely giving of thy store,
Thou wilt find thy heart grow richer,
And thy basket running o'er.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Give the houseless one a home,
Cheer the sad and broken-hearted,—
Thy reward shall surely come.
Peace shall fill thy heart with gladness,
Joy within thy soul shall burn;
Blest thyself, in blessing others,—
Rich indeed is the return.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Not with doubt, and fear, and pain,
But with hope and faith, believing
Thou shalt find it all again,
For God loves the cheerful giver,
It is written in His Word,
He who gives unto the needy
Doth but lend unto the Lord.

Tuscola, March, 1870.

[Mar—4]

The Women of Ancient Germany.

THE ancient Germans were a barbarous and savage people, ignorant of many useful arts, and of the refinements of civilized society. They led a wild and roving life, placing their habitations here and there, wherever necessity might call, or caprice direct. The mass of the people were entirely illiterate; learning was confined to the nobles and the princes, and, indeed, it appears to have been very inconsiderable, and very unusual, even among them. Their knowledge of the past was limited to tradition; and beyond the scenes in which they were actually engaged, they knew little of what was passing in the world around. The camp was their home, the field of battle their place of meeting. From earliest youth they were trained to arms, and the vigor of their manhood was established by the grateful labors of the chase; hence they were universally athletic, and, though they fought without art, the energy of their assault, and the irresistible impulse of their charge—a rushing torrent as it were—struck even Roman troops with dismay. To them we may look for the prototype of the manners and customs, the government and laws, which obtained favor in the feudal ages. Such were the men; but this essay will be more particularly devoted to the consideration of the women of Germany.

We can find but little in the treatment of the German females, in the years of their infancy, worthy of notice. Like the males, they were nourished solely by their mothers, and never intrusted to the care of nurses or slaves. Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, they were accustomed to remain for several years of their lives, almost, if not entirely, in a state of nudity. They were not confined to the house, but, on the contrary, were to be seen, almost as soon as they were able to walk, strolling promiscuously, whether they were the children of

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princes or of slaves, about the villages, and among the cattle. To these causes we may attribute the masculine vigor of their bodies, and that strength of the nervous system which enabled them to undergo the toilsome labor to which their lives were devoted. The education of a people must always be adapted to their prospects and probable condition in life; to their national custom and intended occupation. In accordance with this principle, an obvious course was pursued in the education of the Germen women; as the duties of life were simple, and evidently demanded more physical than mental exertion, so the lessons required to inculcate them were few and insignificant. Too feeble to labor, and having but little knowledge to acquire, the first years of their childhood were passed in slothful indolence, and passive obedience to the will of their parents. But at a comparatively early age, as soon as they were capable of even moderate endurance, they assisted their mothers in the prosecution of their domestic duties. By degrees they learned all the arts of housewifery; by degrees they fitted themselves to superintend and direct. They gradually acquired all the knowledge of agriculture which their rude people possessed, and prepared themselves for the labors of husbandry.

The treatment of the female race has differed much among different nations, but almost all seemed to have accorded them a very considerable degree of regard and respect. In many, and, indeed, in most countries, this tribute has been yielded from a sense of their physical weakness, from a proper regard to their natural taste for the elegancies of life, and from a rational conviction that they ought, of natural right, to be the equal companions, and not the slaves of mankind. It is impossible, however, that all, or any of these motives could have influenced the inhabitants of Germany. The women were as daring by education, as hardy by practice, and almost as robust by nature, as the men of that nation; and there was nothing among them that wore even the appearance of luxury or elegance. While the spirit of chivalry is often attributed to the feelings of love and devotion, to the soft and fascinating graces of female character, it in fact had its origin among a barbarous and unenlightened people, comparatively unsusceptible of the one, and careless and ignorant of the other. What could have induced the Germans to pay that devotion to the female sex, which gave rise to the enthusiasm of the middle ages, would form an interesting subject of inquiry; but the limits of this essay will permit nothing more than a brief exposition of the most obvious causes. They considered females the interpreters of divine will, and therefore treated them with all the scrupulous attention and deference which the supreme gods seemed to demand from their deputies. At home and abroad, in peace and in war, their opinion was consulted and ever respected. If they directed the time and the order of the battle, if they foretold the issue of the combat and the fate of the combatants, they held a station no less important, and commanded obedience no less explicit, in their domestic concerns. The husband spending his hours of peace in sloth and drunkenness, yielding the whole management of his affairs to his wife; her will was supreme. It was natural, that a people having a vague and false conception of the real, should look with admiration upon the apparent authors of their existence; that they should esteem in manhood those who had inculcated the lessons of their youth, who had carefully supplied their wants, who had watched their welfare with anxious solicitude. We may therefore attribute the reverence shown the women of Germany to their influence as the prophets of gods, to the important part they bore in all the private and public affairs of their nation, and to their unlimited control over the other sex in the years of their infancy.

Than the thought of a woman led

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into slavery, none could be more horrid or revolting to the Germans. This idea was impressed upon them in their infancy, and grew with their growth. It inspired them with veneration for the sex, and formed the strongest incentive to exertion in battle. Hence, when the Romans demanded and received from them the wives and female relations of their princes as hostages, they secured the surest pledges of obedience, the strongest bonds of alliance.

Marriage was considered incumbent as a duty, and celibacy was repudiated by either sex. The mode of courtship was simple, and its course never protracted. "The bride brings no portion; she receives a dowry from her husband. In the presence of her parents and relations he makes a tender of part of his wealth; if accepted, the match is approved." He presents her with no useless trinkets, no gaudy toys: his gifts were such as it became a warrior to make and a warrior's wife to receive. The marriage ceremony consisted only in the exchange of property, and it was therefore easily consummated. Polygamy obtained no favor among them, and second marriage was seldom or never known. Hence, the wife, secure in the affection of her husband, and confident that they would never be enjoyed by another, even after herself had ceased to exist, had abundant reason for constancy and devotion. Upon entering the matrimonial state she was informed of the responsibilities she incurred, and impressed with the duties of her station. Her domestic cares were her greatest source of enjoyment, and she sought little pleasure beyond that which a conscious performance of duty imparted. Among some of the tribes, women were inconsolable at the death of their husbands; they threw themselves upon the funeral piles; the same fire consumed the living and the dead, and the same urn received their mingled ashes.

However variously females may have been esteemed by modern nations, they seem always to have been considered the weaker sex. Hence, although they may have been doomed to lead a life of toil, the labor alloted them has seldom been of a very severe kind. If among many nations they are often engaged in the tillage of the earth, and in the execution of those tasks which are generally deemed arduous with us, their condition is yet incomparably easier than that of the males. The Germans, however, do not appear to have looked upon women as less capable of labor than man; and they appointed her a part equally difficult, and surely more comprehensive and more tedious. The wife often accompanied her husband in war; and she did not confine herself to the camp, nor did she remain inactive. In the heat of battle, when the darts of the enemy were flying in every direction, and the groans of the wounded and dying were rising continually upon the ear, she was to be found in the thickest of the fight, administering refreshment and relief, and stimulating her friends and relations to deeds of glory. She staunched and bound up their wounds, supplied their wants while sick, and anxiously awaited their recovery. When a son or a brother fell upon the field of battle, or died from injuries received in war, his death, if it was attended with circumstances of ordinary bravery, was a matter rather of joy than grief. His female relatives pointed with delight to his scars, and awarded him an honorable place in the world of spirits. But if he evinced any fear of danger in the course of the action, if his death was accompanied with any evidence of a dastardly spirit, the ties of consanguinity were forgotten or laid aside, the memory of the ignoble victim of timidity was repudiated, and he sank to the grave unhonored and unpitied. Nor did the treatment of those who survived the battle materially differ from this; the brave received due honor for their exploits, while contempt, and often bodily punishment, awaited the pusillanimous. As the females conferred rewards upon the brave, it was

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proper they should inflict punishment upon the ignominious; they were the warrior's judges, and to their decisions he bowed submissive.

History presents many instances in which they have decided the fate of battle; their friends being put to flight, they have rushed among them, and by shrieks and lamentations, by bewailing their slavery, have inflamed their minds with desperate courage, and urged them on to contest and victory. The Cimbri, when Caius Marius went in arms against them, resolved to conquer or die. With heroic determination, they bound themselves together as they stood in the ranks with cords, and used every other precaution to prevent defeat, or at least an ignominious flight. Despite every exertion, they were overthrown, and pursued in confusion to their camp. Wives, sisters, and even mothers, who had in the meantime taken their stations upon the wagons, armed with such weapons as the occasion afforded, endeavored by every means to rally them to the conflict. The common feelings of humanity pleaded in vain to palliate the offence of their kindred, and, with their own hands, they inflicted upon them the death which they had sought to evade. They maintained, too, the struggle against the enemy with desperate valor, and rendered the victory of Marius little better than defeat. When, at last, they were obliged to yield to the superior discipline of the Roman arms, they preferred self-destruction to miserable vassalage, and, suspending themselves and their children from the boughs of trees, and the tops of wagons, ended a life which had lost every charm and every attraction.

Such were the German women in war; if the part they bore in peace was less bold and heroic, it was because such a period did not call for the display of those traits. They discharged, at all times, the duties of the household, and those other labors, to the performance of which the life of the female sex is at this day particularly devoted. Destitute, however, of the luxuries and elegances of life, and ignorant of the arts of tinsel decoration and splendid pomp, these employments, had their attention been confined to them, could have afforded but little occupation, and they would have led a life of comparative inertness. But agriculture offered another field, ample for the greatest exertions; it was for them to till the soil, to sow the seed, and to reap and husband the harvest; or at least, in these several labors, to direct the industry, and watch the every movement of slaves, a race little inclined to fidelity. The care and education of their children likewise demanded their attention. But as if even all this were unequal to their ability, they often engaged in the chase of wild beasts; nor would it seem that in this last pursuit they were much less active or successful than the other sex; indeed, they often excelled, and merited and demanded their share of the prey.

They acted too in another capacity, most important and most honorable in the estimate of their nation. The agents of the gods, they announced their mandate and signified their will. Implicit confidence was placed in their prophecies, and the result was awaited with all the assurance and conviction of actual knowledge. Among a credulous and highly superstitious people, unwilling to enter upon the performance of the most insignificant national or individual undertaking, without having first secured divine favor, the duties of this office were onerous in the extreme. Men could explain the attributes of the deities and the forms of the hierarchical government; he could even venture to solicit the favor and propitiate the will of the gods; but woman was often believed to partake of divinity itself. Historians have sought the origin of their predominant power in matters of religion, but with apparently little success; for after all, though it may have been more decided and obvious at one time than another, we are only certain that it existed.

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The observation of a curious people has, however, acquainted us with many particulars, interesting if not important.

It would seem that their opinion was ever venerated in war, and ever respected in peace. A single word from them could stay the ardor of a ferocious people on the eve of battle, or create war in the midst of tranquility; could crush every feeling of humanity, or awaken the kindliest emotions. In the camp, they decided by lot, the moment of onset, and stimulated their friends by the hope of success, or dissuaded them by the fear of defeat. In battle they advanced unawed to the midst of the contending forces, and clothed in the garments indicative of religious purity, they announced the decree of Heaven. By their mad cries, which rose above the clash of arms, and by their strange antics, which nothing but female fanatic frenzy could have suggested, they wrought the minds of their people to the highest pitch of desperate fury. The past, the future, life itself, was swallowed up in the excitement of the present moment; and it was almost impossible that men who had forgotten every minor consideration, and even every motive for existence, should be otherwise than invincible. It does not appear that the prophetess had recourse to any intermediate agents: the altars of Mercury, and of Mars, smoked at stated intervals with the blood of human beings, but she did not immolate the victim; the sacred chariot was driven upon emergency through the consecrated groves, but she did not guide its course. Such aid was unworthy of one inspired with divine truth, and oracular in herself.

Although the German women were all esteemed of this sacred character, some were considered more gifted and godlike than others. The fame of Veleda has descended to us after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, and, recorded by the pen of Tacitus, it may exist to the most distant futurity. The influence of such was almost unlimited; and their sway was more universal than that of the military chieftains, or even the king himself. E. R. G.

—NATURE teaches us that those trees bend the most freely which bear the most fully. As a proud heart loves none but itself, so it is beloved by none but itself. Who would attempt to gain those pinnacles that none have ascended without fears or descended without falls? It is recorded of Timotheus the Athenian, that when he was giving an account of his government and successes to the State, he frequently asserted, with a vaunting air, "In this, fortune had no hand." After this he never prospered, was quickly after disgraced, and died in exile. When men, through daring pride, cast off all allegiance to God, he in just derision casts them out from the inheritance of God. If we refuse to acknowledge him, he will refuse to acknowledge us.

It is reported of Philip of Macedon, that after having obtained the honor of an unexpected victory he was observed to look very much dejected; on being asked the reason, he replied "that the honors which were obtained by the sword might also be lost by the sword." Was he pensive when Providence crowned him with victory; and shall we be vainly elated when Providence makes us wealthy? The Supreme Majesty cannot suffer us to glory in any but himself; therefore, when we glory in our pride, he stains the pride of our glory. It is a difficult matter to be grand in the estimation of others and base in our own. The face of no mere man ever shone so illustriously as that of the ancient Jewish lawgiver's, and yet it is affirmed that no man's heart was ever so meek; but most men resemble chameleons, which no sooner take in the air than they begin to swell.—*W. S.*

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California Wonders.

In his "Sunset Land," Dr. Todd thus mentions some of the contrasts which California presents to New England:

How different in all respects to our New England! Here the winds hurry and scurry, and change, often many times a day; there they unchangingly blow in one direction for six months, and then the opposite for six months. Here the earth rests in winter; there they have no winter, and her rest is in the summer. Here we have storm and heat, and cold; there they have no storms or rain in summer; and only rain in winter. Here our trees shed their leaves; there they wear their varnished covering the year round, while some of them, like the bronzed madrona, shed their *bark* annually, and keep on their bright, green, waxen leaves. Here the woodpecker goes to the old tree and knocks and wakes up the worm, and then pecks in and gets him; and there the woodpecker bores a thousand holes in the great pine tree, into each of which he thrusts an acorn, into which the miller deposits an egg, and which the woodpecker calls and takes, after it has become a good-sized worm. The bluejay is arrayed in a strange dress, and chatters in notes equally strange. The lark sings in sweeter notes, but they are all new. Here the owl lives in a hollow tree; there he burrows in the ground with the strange gray, ground squirrel, or in the hole of the rattlesnake, or in that of the prairie dog.

Here the elder is a bush; there I have seen it a tree whose trunk is a foot in diameter. Here the lemon-verbena is a flower-pot plant; there it is a bush nine feet high. Here the mustard seed yields a small plant; there it is a tree often 17 feet high. Here we have a few grape vines in a grapery; there we will find 5,000 acres in a single vineyard. Here you will see a single oleander beautifying a single parlor; there you will find a hundred clumps in full blossom in a single yard, amid what looks like showers of roses. Here we make the Ethiopian calla bloom in the conservatory; there it blossoms in every graveyard, and at the head of almost every grave. Here we have the thick green turf on our soil; there they have no turf, and not a dandelion, daughter of the turf, grows in all California. Here the sun paints the grass green; there it turns it brown. Here you see the farmer carefully housing his hay, and little patch of wheat; there he cuts no hay except to supply the cities, and reaps and threshes his wheat in the field, and throws the bags down to lie all summer, sure that neither rain nor dew will hurt it. Here you have scores of trees from which to make your tools; there you have no tree out of which you can make a wagon hub or spoke, a plow, a harrow, an axe-helve, or a hoe-handle. Here everything is small; there the trees and all the vegetable world are so large that you are tempted to doubt your own eyes.

It is with much sorrow that we record the death of the *beloved* Bishop Edward Thomson, D. D., LL. D. He died at Wheeling, Va., on the 22d. He was born at Portsea, England, in 1810, and in 1819 came to this country. He attended medical lectures at Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and in 1829 entered upon the practice of the medical profession. In 1832 he entered upon the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was stationed at Detroit, Cincinnati and other principal places. In 1838 he was elected President of Norwalk, O., Seminary, which place he occupied five years; after which he was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan, and edited the *Ladies' Repository* until called to the Presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1860 he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*, N. Y., and in 1864 he was elected Bishop in the M. E. Church. We were personally acquainted with Dr. Thomson over twenty years ago. When we published the Miscellany, at Detroit, he was one of its principal contributors. His articles were all *first-class*, and did *very* much to give the Miscellany that unequaled popularity which it had with the solid and *truly refined*. We

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shall never forget the *great* kindness of Dr. Thomson to us. He was really a very rare man. He was naturally very refined. He was a splendid scholar and elegant writer. Above all, he was a very devoted Christian and true reformer. We had just arranged an article furnished us from him, when we read the sad report of his death. The article will be published in the April number of the MISCELLANY.

Bishop Thomson was one of the most Catholic and liberal-minded men we ever knew. He was very deeply spiritual, chaste and philosophical. He has gone to a glorious reward; but his memory will be ever precious to all the good who knew him.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY H. J. LEWIS.

THIS article is part of a speech delivered on the 2d of August,—anniversary—and furnished to us for publication by the author:

Fellow Citizens:—We have looked at the past, let us look at the future of our nation and our people. We have made unparalleled progress in the last fifty years. The world of science has but just begun to divulge its wealth and wonders. Wealth and genius offer their richest gifts on the shrine of humanity. The railway, the steamboat, the electric telegraph; these are but the inventions and creations of yesterday. The heart of the world sends out its throbs and pulsations throughout every land. The icebergs of Russia relax beneath the warm pulsations of the tropics. The magnetic tongue of England whispers its secrets through the Atlantic into the ear of America. The Pacific railroad, like a mighty artery, warms the feet of the Pacific with the life of the Atlantic. These veins and sinews are clasping more firmly together every member and part of our country. We are daily becoming more closely interwoven by the ties of commerce and social intercourse; ties which, as Burke says, "though light as air, are strong as links of steel."

Our country, what is its future? It is impossible for one not divinely inspired to divine the mysterious and wonderful transformations that are to take place. The world of invention has just begun to reveal the riches, the wonders and beauties it conceals. Yet all these shall become known to us. As a people, we shall be unequaled for power, wealth and intelligence Philosophy will unlock to us her richest treasures—its structure will be one of massive intellect, and its halls lighted with the purest flames of genius. Our people, who of all people are richest indowed with imagination, shall add untold beauties to the lyric song of the bard, and give to eloquence new pinions for higher flights. The people who constitute the nation will be peculiar, unlike any known to history—an interfusion, a blending and an expression of the various idiosyncracies and characters of all the nations. The Englishman, the African, the Frenchman, the German and the Asiatic shall contribute to it their physical strength and power, enrich it with their tradition and legendary lore, and out of this fermentation which shall occupy centuries, there will spring a people of uncommon energy of mind and body, of unbounded freedom of thought and action, and possessing an erudition and a literature which shall be to those who have preceded and now rival us, as the learning of Greece and Rome were to the barbarous nations of antiquity.

You may think this a too highly-colored picture, you may think it comes from an imagination intoxicated with the grateful love of country and dazzled with the splendid visions dawning from the future; but this destiny, or one akin or superior to it, is as inevitable as the logic of events, or the decrees of fate. I have no fear for the future. The same God who has brought us safely through the Red Sea of bondage, who has kept us from harm and cared for us, as tenderly as the father for the infant child, let us trust to Him in the future as in the past, and, offering our love and our lives upon the altar of our country, let the fragrant incense of our sacrifices ever ascend to the gates of heaven, and let our prayers ever echo through its streets of burning gold, May God save the Republic!

☞ We are glad to say that the MISCELLANY for the last month has grown in circulation more than ever.

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Notices of the Miscellany.

[From the Adrian Daily and Weekly Times, the leading paper of Southern Michigan.]

"WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY."—This is the title of a monthly magazine issued by J. K Wellman, of this city, and printed for him in the *Times* job room. The publication commenced with the year. The February number is now before us. The literary contents are excellent. We notice a pretty little poem, "John and I," from the pen of County Superintendent Bateman. All the articles are excellent, the selections being made with great good taste. It is furnished at the exceedingly low price of $1 per year. Each number contains thirty-two closely printed pages, and we are pleased to know it is rapidly gaining a large and profitable circulation. Address J. K. Wellman, Adrian.

[From the Weekly Courier, Elmore, O.]

It is a very neatly printed magazine, and is full of "Live thoughts from the best thinkers." All Christians, without regard to sects or belief, and all men of culture and refinement, who love a high standard of literature, will find in this magazine what they have long sought for."

[From Rev. O. H. White, Pastor of a leading Congregational Church at New Haven. Conn., under the shadow of Old Yale.]

REV. J. K. WELLMAN:

My Dear Brother—The two volumes of your new MISCELLANY came duly to hand. I like the looks of them. It is a magazine worth reading carefully. It is cheap, too cheap, in price, but valuable in contents. It ought to have a wide circulation. It will meet a demand of the times in all sections of the country.

March 22d, 1870.

☞ Let every one who likes the MISCELLANY work hard for it, and by next January its circulation will be ten thousand. We feel more and more that this is the cause of God and humanity.

☞ The MISCELLANY will be mailed the last of the month, until July.

☞ Agents wanted in all parts of the country.

FORT WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW RAILROAD.

Change of time. Great North and South route. Now open to Angola, 53 miles south of Jackson, and running in close connection at Jackson with the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, and with the Grand River Valley Railroad. Now open to Grand Rapids. North, Northeast and Northwest to all portions of Northern Michigan, and with the Michigan Central and its connections between Detroit and Chicago; also connecting closely with L. S. & M. S. R. R., at Jonesville, east and west. Now opened and running two trains daily between Jackson and Reading, and one train daily each way between Jackson and Angola. The only great central route connecting Northern and Central with Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana. Principal office at Jackson, Mich. H. H. SMITH, President. A. H. REESE, Assistant Superintendent.

The above road is destined to do a large business. The design is to run the cars to Fort Wayne by July. The whole passes through a rich and beautiful farming country. Its cars are fine, and the officers and conductors are prompt in their efforts to accommodate the public.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY RAILROAD.

New route opened. Grand Rapids to Detroit via. Jackson in less than seven hours. Three express trains daily. No change of cars between Grand Rapids and Detroit. Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains. Trains connect at Jackson with Michigan Central Co.'s, and west with Lansing & Saginaw, going north, and with Michigan Southern going southeast, and with Jackson & Fort Wayne going southwest. At Grand Rapids it connects with the Detroit & Milwaukee, and other roads going north and south. This line is over 50 miles shorter than any other from Grand Rapids to Toledo. Principal office at Jackson. R. H. G. MINTY, Gen'l Sup't. March 25th, 1870.

This road is a wonder for a new road. But few of the old roads have as smooth a track as this. The cars are splendid, hardly equalled on any other road. This road runs through a fine farming country. We shall publish a card of this and other railroads on the cover of the MISCELLANY for April.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

VOL. II. ADRIAN, MICHIGAN, 1870. (July) No. 1.

THE PATH TO SUCCESS.

AN ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

By Edward Thomson, LL.D., ex-President.

THERE are three great commencement days of human existence, the day of birth, when we begin to be children—the day of graduation, when we begin to be men—and the day of death, when we begin to be devils or angels. Each gives rise in the breasts of our relatives to conflicting emotions; but on the first joy generally predominates—on the second anxiety—on the third hope. The period you have just reached is decidedly the most critical of life's eras. Although we know nothing of you that is unfavorable, we cannot divest ourselves of solicitude for your welfare. We know men who though they set out in life learned, talented virtuous as you, are outcasts and vagabonds. Your knowledge, your wisdom, your virtue, abide a fiery trial—may they pass it unscathed.

That your KNOWLEDGE may endure the test, it should be reviewed and extended. Reviews are necessary to *preserve* knowledge. Impressions made upon memory, unless frequently repeated, must be deep indeed if they be not soon effaced. But mere knowledge as it does not warm the soul, by inflaming the passions, rarely makes deep impressions.

Reviews are necessary to *perfect* your knowledge. It is but an outline—like the first sketch of the artist—which has but little charm, but which warms into life-like beauty under the magic retouching of the pencil. It is not only an outline, but a rude one. Exceptions must you be among students, if you have not slurred over many important propositions whilst you have given to none an attention too earnest to allow a profitable reconsideration. Reviews are necessary to render knowledge available. Imperfect science, like broken instruments, does but encumber and confuse. Knowledge affords more pleasure as well as profit, in the review than in the original survey. The first examination fixes upon the obvious and anticipated truths; the subsequent disclose those occult connection, correspondences and dependences, which, because unsuspected possesses in a high degree the charm of novelty. As nature broadens before the footsteps of advancing knowledge, until every bush becomes a universe burning with the living God; so language opens new mysteries to the improving mind, until the very alphabet

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suggests the wisdom of the Eternal, and the music of the spheres. Moreover, as nature has counteracted the propensity to indolence, by planting in our breast a strong desire of completing our undertakings, the perfecting of our knowledge must afford relief, as well as gratification. The path of the student, therefore, if he would be happy, must, like that of the just, shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day. But a review of sciences already acquired is not sufficient, your field of knowledge must be *extended*. You have been brought to the *gates* only of learning, the paths to its glorious *summits* are yet before you; through the avenues of classics and metaphysics you may push on to the recesses of the human heart; through mathematics to profound philosophy, through the rudiments of natural science to an acquaintance with nature; through ethics to a knowledge of God. Up! up! then, and onward *ever* to the hights. Indeed you must, if you would not lose ground; the highway of science has no inns, and bears up no footsteps but those of ascending and descending travelers.

The propriety of preserving, perfecting, and extending our knowledge may not be questioned—perhaps the feasibility of it may. When you turn your attention to the study of a profession, you will doubtless find the time allotted you to prepare for the discharge of its duties sufficiently short, and when you shall have commenced your practice you will find business and company to claim all your time—nevertheless you may continue your literary pursuits. Take no more time for any object than is necessary for its accomplishment. Let the time for a given labor be fully consumed therein, while the full energies of your souls are brought to bear upon it with all the requisite advantages, such as silence, books, physical comfort. Do everything by system; divide the day, and assign to each duty its metes and bounds. In a life thus regulated the whole community of sciences may dwell in harmony, and derive mutual advantages from their very neighborhood. As, however, the customs of society will not allow you to make such a division with exactness, it is necessary that you acquire the habit of using fragments of time. Fortunes have been made from the shavings of horn. Time is money, and who shall duly estimate the value of its clippings? Cultivate the habit of gathering and coining them, and carry about with you the facilities for so doing.

Your WISDOM too will pass an ordeal. Wisdom is that attribute which directs to right words and actions. Our *expressions* afford us an excellent opportunity for exhibiting its negative part, prudence.

As a general rule, he who can bridle his tongue, can as easily govern his whole body, as the helmsman can turn the ship driven by the wind. I would not be thought to recommend an unsocial exclusiveness, a uniform gravity, or a forbidding taciturnity, nor, were I capable, without the aid of a false religion, of leading you into extremes so unnatural. I would merely guard against the opposites, from which we cannot be preserved but by positive and persevering effort. Under that sportive play of fancy and genial excitement of generous feeling called forth by the social circle, and designed at once, to recruit the energies of exhausted intellect, and strengthen the ties which bind men to each other, the *wisest* are apt to relax too much the reins of the tongue; and it is remarkable how small a dead fly of folly will defile the precious ointment of a reputation for wisdom. The world never forms her opinion of a man by striking a balance

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between his wise and silly sayings: the former may constitute a *large* aggregate and the latter a *small* one, yet the good shall not only be made to cancel the evil, but to leave a large surplus. Nor does folly destroy friendship with less difficulty than it does reputation; how often do we gain a jest but to lose a friend, point a pun but to pierce a bleeding heart, or sow to the wind but to reap the whirlwind!

Loquacity is not to be condemned indiscriminately. When a man is incapable of any business of his own, he may regulate the business of everybody else; if he has no faults or troubles at *home*, he may turn his attention to those of his *neighbors*, and if he can receive no further information, he may as well nail up his ears with the ceaseless hammering of his tongue: habit is second nature, and I would not lightly censure the unruly member, that having run for fifty years, can only be stopped by a surgical operation or the hand of Omnipotence; if a man have but few ideas and those very small, he may, like the huckster-woman with her paltry pennies, lay them all out every night, and turn them every morning, and although he will find that in the world of mind the laws of trade are reversed, yet we can forgive him. Loquacity is less injurious to some than others. There is a man who, like the spider, having crept into an unfrequented corner, hath no higher ambition than to catch enough of time's flies to supply his organs of digestion; *he* may explain the whole web of his plan, for who cares to brush it away; but if one undertake enterprises of great moment he had better tie the little traitor that plies between the lips. Silence is the great auxiliary of ambition; it is said that geese can cross the mountains if they carry stones in their mouths, and if a man would gain in safety the summits of fame, he must not cackle as he passes the nests of her eagles.

Loquacity disqualifies for solemn duties; from lips that utter nonsense we do not patiently hear the praises of God; the tattler is not wanted at the pillow of the dying; the prater is shut out from the council chambers of rulers. Well might the pious monarch of Israel resolve to keep his tongue while the wicked were before him. Nor does prating merely bring impotence of good; one idle sentence may recast amiss a fellow's mortal mind. One vain word may start a fiery train of thought that shall flow forever. Hence in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin that may inflame him, who, in certain relations is consuming fire. I do not say that there are no occasions when we may speak of the faults or sins of others. I would have the innocent protected and public justice enforced. But why need we utter the silly, the needless, or the evil—blasphemy and slander, I leave to the lashes of the sheriff and the devil. The excellencies and virtues of men, the triumphs of science and art, the wonders of creation and providence, the glories of God and of grace, are enough to afford relaxation without sin, joy without jesting, and excitement without foolishness or malice. How is it in heaven? So it may be on earth! 'Tis slander even upon depraved human nature to say that its mouth must necessarily be like that of the volcano, filled with smoke or flame or nothing. Unbaptized philosophy were sufficient to restrain the tongue, and what of Christian? Who would tune his tongue to discord, when he may harmonize it to heavenly harps? who fill his mouth with poison, when he may sweeten it with honey? who darken his sayings with the smoke of the pit, when he may render them luminous with light and glory.

Since of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, if we would keep the door of the lips we must keep the door of the mind; we must therefore make a judicious selection of company and books. The serious, the wise, and the honorable must be on their guard against the trifling, the silly, and the slanderer. The uncorrupted must not trust to in their present abhorrence of corrupters; since the latter like the siren, can sing sweetly, the former like Ulysses must have wax for their ears. A bad choice of company is generally the first step to ruin, and the young man of genius and learning is peculiarly exposed; he is generally courted by the gay and the vain, and is often induced by the feeling which led Cæsar to say that he would rather be the first in the alpine village than second in the imperial city, to squat in the center of the noisy pool and become himself a croaker.

Books are indispensable, for instruction, amusement, the formation of style, and the supply of mental stimulus; they must however, be selected with caution. The press, by the power of steam, is wheeling off cart loads every moment,

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yet the world, like the grave in a pestilence, stands with its mouth wide open, and cries not, it is enough. That this mass is all to be rejected t'were madness to affirm; much of the periodical literature of the day, and many of its books, are rich and instructive; but the precious must be separated from the vile, and the greater the preponderance of the latter over the former, the more difficult the task. A few hints only will be given. Old works are better than new. To this remark there are exceptions—confined however most exclusively to the department of instructive books, nor extending equally through this, but limited chiefly to the bureau of natural science, in which the career of discovery being rapid and brilliant, the presumption is in favor of the latest author. For most of the legitimate purposes of reading give me old writers, such as, for amusement, Addison; for mental stimulus, Milton; and for models of manly style the ancient classics. Old authors have a great negative advantage. Men like monkeys are fond of pranks, and every age has its bewildering fancies and Utopian schemes; the present abounds with model reformers, and "poor man's plasters." That change is not the law of our being, and progress our high destiny, I by no means assert, but I do aver that the former is frequently from bad to worse, and that the latter is not to be secured by new social plans, and novel moral principles, but by a steady improvement of old organizations, through a faithful application of old principles. The laws of nature and of the decalogue are eternal; but so bewitching are the reasonings of that enthusiast who takes the universe under his management, that they are pretty sure to take the careless reader captive, and even make him hug his chains, until liberated by a destructive upshot. The works which contained the follies of former ages have nearly all gone down to oblivion. True, those which survive, like all things human, bear marks of weakness; but these fancies are not, like the iguis fatuus, near enough to mislead our feet, but like the Aurora Borealis, distant enough to be contemplated with wonder and philosophical delight. Old writers, like the bottles of old doctors, generally contain *multum in parvo;* but many of the mental quacks of our day compose according to the following receipt:

Take of words one hogshead,
Of understanding one drop,
Of human depravity and coloring matter a sufficient quantity,
Mix and filter through green or yellow paper.

And although they often get certificates of the clergy, on whom they practice gratuitously, it is perfectly safe to let their "eye waters" alone. The contempt I have for the novels of the times is not indiscriminate. The pages of Sir Walter I doubt not are enchanting, although I have never felt their power; but I have yet to learn who has become wiser or better by their perusal, while I suppose that their tendency is the reverse of mental discipline—to relax the energies, intoxicate the reason, and fill the fancy with dreams of rapture or of anguish. It may be asked how I know their effects, never having felt them?—just as I know the properties of arsenic without ever having tasted it. What *need* we of the literature of a superficial and hurried age, when we have at command the works which Greece, Rome, and England, elaborated respectively, in the Homeric, the Augustan, and the Elizabethran periods—above all, the oldest of all writings, which blending philosophy and poetry in union, and affording mingled instruction and delight in forms ever varying with ever increasing charms, gleams at every re-perusal with new glimpses of the mind of God. But your experience, I suppose, enables you to say in reference to this subject, "no man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better."

Books of instruction are preferable to those of mere amusement. The latter have their use; but as in general our natural indolence prevents us from overtasking the mind, and our necessary intercourse with society, and attention to passing events, afford enough of usual mirth, as well as salutary woe, they are rarely indispensable, and as they tend to form a habit of careless reading, create a distaste for more important productions, and a disinclination for protracted thought, unless they are needed for relaxation, they are generally injurious.

Books of nature are preferable to books of men. The latter are *important*, not to say *indispensable*. They are the key to the former which are closed by a lock that none but transcendent genius can *pick;* but to confine ourselves to their study is to spend life in a childish study of a shining instrument. The mineralogist must take his hammer to the rock, the botanist must walk afield, the anatomist

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must bend over the cadaver, the metaphysician over the soul, the painter and the poet that would be original must nurse upon nature's green, and *feel* her freshness.

Reflection is more important than reading; as in the physical so in the moral world, industry must be incorporated with our treasures to give them value. Reflection is the mint which selects, refines, classifies, appropriates, and stamps our knowledge, and fills the mouth with golden words—without it knowledge is rubbish, and study a weariness of the flesh.

If the padlock is placed upon the mind by a proper selection of books and company, the lips will be easily regulated. But wisdom must be developed in *action* as well as words. The walking encyclopedia may be a vagabond, the orator a drunkard, and the poet who soars into heaven with his melody may be a curse to earth by his crimes. Wise conduct requires deliberation. This is opposed to three errors—inconsideration, contempt of advice, and partial views of our relations. 1st. Inconsideration. Some men act from impulse rather than reason. They *think* indeed, but their thoughts are limited to narrow bounds, and they seize without hesitancy, to enjoy without limit, the present pleasure, forgetful alike of the future and the past; they are worse off than the brutes, who to a certain extent are guided and restrained by instinct. The swine when satiated lies down to rest, not so the glutton; the dog turns from that which is hurtful, not so the drunkard; the ant provideth her meat in the summer, but the idler folds his arms in slumber till want like an armed man overtakes him; the ox knoweth his master, and the ass his master's crib, but the rake having no instinct and using no reason, knoweth neither; he eats to loathing, and drinks to dregs, enjoys to idiocy, and laughs to madness; he lulls his desires but to wake his remorse, and chars his body but to light up a furnace in his soul. He has godlike intellect, but sells it for a fool's laugh; perchance he has high and generous impulses, and would rise at midnight to divide his last loaf with the beggar, but because he will not *consider*, he followeth flattering lips as an ox goeth to the slaughter, and drinks wine with the hostess who lays her guest in the depths of hell; when admonished he confesses perchance, but soothes himself with the supposition that he injures no one but himself. Alas! in the great day he will find that he had no right to sell his brains for a mess of pottage, or to turn his heart into a goblet, and no power to fall into the pit without dragging tormentors with him.

2d. Contempt of counsel. There is a man who with a comfortable state of consciousness says within himself—

"I am sir Oracle;
When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

He forgets that there is a diversity among the gifts of God, and safety in the multitude of counsellors—that Newton could learn from a goat-herd, and Cæsar from a raw recruit. Should one like Themistocles offer him counsel, he like Eurybiades would present a club. Though wisdom build her house, and her new pillars, and kill her beasts, and mingle her wine, and furnish her table, and send forth her maidens, he turns not to the temple. But though his ears are like those of adders, and his eyes like those of moles, his tongue is *loose*, and, thinking that wisdom will die with him, he is impatient to utter oracles—imagining that he is born like the queen bee, to be obeyed by drudges and courted by drones; he is unwilling that men should either think or act until he gives the signal. His fault is not that he does not consider—he *generally* considers, and *sometimes* long and well—but that he aims at what transcendent genius cannot reach, independence of counsel; he will find that the laws of nature, of Providence, of man, are not framed for unadvised action—that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

3d. Partial views. Before we enter upon important action, we must consider the bearing it may have upon the interests of our fellow men. God having intimately interwoven our interests with those of society, no act can be deemed wise that is dictated by selfishness. Some men seek their own welfare in violation of the rights of others; these may be left to the law; the greater number seek their interest in disregard of the claims of others. There is one who determines to be rich; he considers the things of others only with a view to get them. He is a prudent man; he reflects, takes counsel; he is kind, wishing others no harm, merely desiring to profit by their necessities. The robber, like the lion, goes to destroy; he, like the vulture, follows only to feed upon the carcasses. He may have so

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great cunning and sagacity that his name may suggest the passage of scripture, "go tell that fox," and if he belonged to a community of brutes he might stand high. Yet such are the laws of *human* society, that although a miser succeed for a while, he will find that for a lifetime, or any considerable portion thereof, he will miss his object by too hot a pursuit, and verify the declaration, that "there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty;" or he will shipwreck character or happiness in his success, and prove that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a *snare*." The love of money for its own sake, or our own sake, so far from being a fountain of all good, is the root of all evil. Voltaire said, "The English people are like their butts of beer, froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, and in the middle excellent," a remark not limited in its application to Brittania—and though an infidel, yet a pertinent commentary on Agur's prayer.

The ambitious warrior seeks for fame; he is very cautious and circumspect, ready to bear and willing to communicate. He assembles around him the most judicious advisers, submits his plans for their examination, listens to every suggestion, is willing to review the ground of all his opinions, and abandons every untenable position; but his deliberations respect his own success *only*. In his march he desolates fields, burns villages, tears down temples, and fires through crowded streets; he sees without compunction the blood upon his garments, and hears without remorse the wild wail of widows, and loud cries of orphans, looking for their blood-stained dead. Yet may be he is kind, forgiving, tender-hearted, desiring to do no body harm; he only determines to do himself good with the cannon. He may receive his reward —the plaudits of fools, the contempt of wise men, the admiration of the noisy present, the scorn of the calm future, the honors and emoluments of office, the reproaches of reason and of conscience; but is he wise?

Yonder is a statesman, thinking only on his own elevation—ready to praise a friend in the morning, or curse him in the evening; to shout for democracy in the street, or wheedle for federalism in the Cabinet, to huzza for universal emancipation at the North, and vote perpetual slavery at the South; allay local prejudicies by unconstitutional largesses, or inflame national passions by the torch of war. He lays all his plans regardless of everybody but himself. What cares he, if he empty a land of peace, and purity, and blessedness, and fill it with confusion, and blasphemy, and woe—so he sway the scepter. And yet he pretends to be a philanthropist; he can deliver temperance speeches, and subscribe for clergymen, and preside at Sabbath conventions, and even "visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions." Out, you villain; despite your cries of "Oh, the dear people," the crowd you despise can see behind your night-cap.

Would man be wise, he must be benevolent; in persecution, like the tree which when wounded pours out balm; in prosperity, like the sea, which throws its arms around all lands; and in the hour of our country's extremity, like the world's Redeemer, ready to bleed. Thus only can you secure your own interests—'tis the law written in the heavens—inscribed upon the earth.

True wisdom implies still more comprehensive views. We must deliberate upon all the interests of the soul. You subordinate the appetites to self-love—'tis well. You subject self-love to social feeling—'tis better; weighing the claims of each impulse in the balance of reason, you will subject all to conscience. We must weigh the concerns of the future world, as well as of the present. If he is a fool who barters the interests of a life for the pleasures of a moment, infinitely more so he who jeopards the interests of eternity, for the enjoyments of time. We must deliberate upon the obligations arising from all our *relations*, giving to each its due importance. 'Tis not enough to live continently, do justice, and love mercy. There is a being whose claims absorb those of every other, and that man has not learned the alphabet of wisdom who does not walk humbly with God. Nor is this duty in the least incompatible with others. You may be like the earth, which, though she turns upon her center, and feeds her own families, moves steadily through the heavens, bearing all her children upon her breast.

But your VIRTUE will be tried as well as your *wisdom*. Men may be wise in their own estimation, and in that of the world, and yet not virtuous. Virtue is of the intention, and is best secured by correct views of God, and a sense of his constant presence. Who would sin while looking in the eye of the whole heavenly

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hierarchy? But there is one in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly, and he is not far from every one of us. Educate your mind up to the idea of the revealed God. This is the mountain thought in the universe of mind within whose shade all virtue dwells.

To you it is given to *think*. Exercise the power patiently, strongly. And let us not suppose that because the world is full of books, we can attain no original thought. Every man has peculiar genius, and the universe is perpetually unfolding new lessons. As infinite power energizes in infinite space, its demonstrations will fill eternity with fresh and glorious wonders, so that the oldest, tallest son of light will ever find an unpierced nebula of thought before his strong-winged soul. But think with awe, as in the presence of Him to whom the darkened alike with the illuminated universe is a mirror, catching and recording the faintest breathings of the soul, to be Daguerreotyped in the light of earth's final fires.

To you it is given to *speak*—stupendous power. You are amazed at the force and flexibility of the elephant's trunk, which can "pick up a pin or rend an oak;" but what is this to the tongue, which can talk to the passing moments, or lift up a voice to eternity? You stand aghast at the roar of the lion, which makes the beasts of the forests tremble like timorous men—nothing to the tongue, which, summoning the mob, can turn timorous men into infuriated tigers. You shudder at the earthquake spreading its jaws for a nation—nothing to the tongue, which can open hell by its blasphemy, or cleave the heavens by its prayer. And this dreadful responsibility is committed to you, with the condition that its simplest as well as its sublimest movements shall be telegraphed by the electricity of God's omnipotence on the docket of the last judgment. To you it is given to *act*. Should a giant, able, like Hercules, to rid earth of its monsters, ascending a mountain, and raising his calm head above the forest, rest his elbows on the tops of some of the tall oaks, to spend his time in gazing upon the sun, when he should be crushing the lions that roar and the hydras that hiss at his feet, with what indignation should we regard him? More worthy of scorn the giant mind that spends life in musing, when a world invites and a God commands to action. But you *will* act, and that too under strong incentives. The age is one of activity, pushing forward the arts and sciences, carrying knowledge down to lower levels, and scattering the seeds of civilization and religion beside all waters, sending out on voyages of discovery to remotest points in every direction, and at once rousing the mind of the world into ominous agitation and nerving its arm for deeds of daring. You will catch its spirit.

The age is one of change. An all-comprehensive moral whirlwind is moving upon the earth, and shaking all her powers—its louder and louder bellowings will pierce your ears, and make you run to and fro.

'Tis a critical period. The footmarks of God are upon the sea, and the voice of God is in the storm. You may trace the one and hear the other, and cry "here am I."

'Tis an age of unprecedented facilities, of thunder and lightning powers. 'Tis not absolutely necessary that you go to Africa, stretching her chained and bloody hands to you, or to Asia, groaning beneath her hideous idols, or to the islands of the sea, consuming in their sinful shades. Providence hath planted magazines under every prison door, and under every Juggernaut, and under every burning forest of iniquity, and hath brought the train almost to our very doors. We have only to light a match to move a mountain. Martyrs, and prophets, and patriarchs, and apostles, methinks, would gladly leave their mansions of rest to take your places upon these planks.

You will act with fearful energies—which I would have you tax to the utmost. Let others sing the couplet—

> Let me be little and unknown,
> Loved and prized by God alone.

The lines are incongruous. Did God ever love the soul that wished to be "little and unknown." He is infinitely lovely, and must love his creatures in proportion as they resemble himself, the boundless ocean of love ever flowing in the channels of infinite power and wisdom over the universe. Think ye, does the angel hide beneath Jehovah's footstool? Rather does he flap an impatient wing of fire, as he cries in waiting before the throne, "I delight to do thy will, O God!" Is he ashamed of his message or his Maker? No. He blows his hallelujahs through a trumpet, and whether he fly through the earth with the everlasting gospel, or stand one foot on sea and one

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on land, to swear that time shall be no longer, he makes himself known and felt.

But why exhort you to put forth your energies? They cannot slumber. As you go through the earth you will smite the friends or the foes of God and man, and every stroke will react upon yourselves, and, urging you on to the world of spirits, make you fiercer devils or stronger angels, world without end.

Look out—there is an enemy; sin, which has filled earth with groans, and hell with flames. He is abroad still, and in the forms of ignorance, intemperance, infidelity and slavery, is crushing human hearts by thousands at a footfall. On him turn your arms. Fain would I call you this day to God's altar, and make you swear, as the child Hannibal to Hamilcar, that you would be the eternal foe of this enemy of mine and yours.

But who is sufficient for these things? On the borders of this world there is a place, which no eye seeth but that of God. Seek that place, and on the knee of faith become "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Then, though you have to adopt the language of Christ, and say, "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," you will live useful and happy lives, and though you die on a cross, you will wake to joy when the heavens be no more.

I have spoken as though you were to live long. Alas, while I am addressing you, death may receive his commission to cut you down, ere the ink shall have become dry upon your diplomas. I have so often wiped the damp of death from the brow of youth, that I look even upon blooming manhood as little better than the corpse.

Well may I say to you what the prophet said on Carmel—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve," or, if you have made your choice, what Jesus said to Judas—"What thou doest, do quickly."

We must part. Soon the wheels of the mail coach will separate us. Soon the night of the grave will hide us from mortal sight till the last day. Living, I will cherish pleasing recollections of you, and dying, hope to meet you at the right hand of the Judge.

—God is not so much displeased at our having, as at our loving sin.

"HEALTH IS WEALTH."

A CLEAR bright eye
That can pierce the sky
With the strength of an eagle's vision,
And a steady brain
That can bear the strain
And shock of the world's collision;

A well knit frame,
With the ruddy flame
Aglow, and the pulses leaping
With the measured time
Of a dulcet rhyme,
Their beautiful record keeping;

A rounded cheek,
Where the roses speak
Of a soul that is rich for thriving,
And a chest so grand
That the lungs expand
Exultant, without the striving;

A breath like morn
When the crimson dawn
Is fresh in its dewey sweetness;
A manner bright,
And a spirit light,
With joy at its full completeness;

Oh! give me these,
Nature's harmonies,
And keep all your golden treasures;
For what is wealth
To the boon of health,
And its sweet attendant pleasures!

OUR AFRICAN PARROT.

BY N. C. DODGE.

I WAS bargaining for the bird at a stall in Leadenhall Market sometime during the spring of 1855. She was a grey, African parrot, with sleek plumage set off with a dash of red at the tip of her tail, about the size of a large wood-pigeon, well formed, particularly about the head and neck, but with a white feather cropping out here and there, that indicated approaching old age. The dealer, who, with his father and grandfather before him, had sold parrots in the same place ever since the year 1789, as the sign over

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his stall indicated, and whose statements bore all the appearance of truth, thought she must be seventy years old at least, from what he knew of her history.

"Was she healthy?"

"Perfectly so, and would probably live, with good treatment, twenty years, and longer."

"Clever?"

"The best talker I ever owned, and more words at command than any parrot in London, and if she were not bashful, would fetch me twenty pounds."

"And you say she has learned no bad words?"

"No sir. You may hang her cage in your parlor, and she will never bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest maiden in Britain."

"How long have you had her for sale?"

"Nearly two years. To tell you the truth, sir, her age is against her. Gentlemen don't like to purchase an old bird. They make a mistake there, sir. She'll live till they are tired of her, and she hasn't got to be taught. She knows enough now. Old Mr. Price, of Brecknockshire, Wales, the great Welsh scholar, who died seven years ago, had her of his father in 1802, who had purchased her of an African trader at Bristol fifteen years before, and she was then a full-grown bird. She can talk both Welsh and English, sir, and you will never regret buying her."

"You are quite sure she is free from all disease?"

"Bring her back, sir, if she has anything beyond a touch of the gout in the next year, and I'll return the money."

I thereupon closed the bargain for Polly and her cage, and calling a cab, took her home to Porchester square.

The Empress of France, married on the 19th of the previous January, proud with the *dot* of the 150,000 francs annual grant of the French Chambers, and vain of her reception at Windsor Castle, had just made her imperial exit from London; and Polly, being the penalty *pater familias* paid for saving his only daughter from the crush that cost eighteen lives and nine times that number of broken limbs and mutilated bodies, was instantly named Eugenie. It is proper to state here, however, that as nothing which concerned Polly ever remained done without her consent, and as she repudiated all *parvenu* pretensions to the royal rank she maintained among us for thirteen years, the name of Eugenie was never used in addressing her. She entered our house, reigned in it, without a rival, during all its migrations, and left it at last—*dies infelix!*—acknowledging only her ancestral name of Polly.

Polly—though presented as a gift to the young miss alluded to, whose title to her ownership was never in dispute—became at once the pet of all the household. Her first greeting to her new friends was on the evening of her arrival, as we were all standing around her cage, by the simple and brief "Pretty Polly," spoken in pleasant tones, as if modestly introducing herself to our acquaintance. She would say nothing further; so, with special directions to the servants of safe keeping from the cat and dog—directions we often laughed about afterward when we better knew her abilities of self-protection—she was left for the night.

The next morning gave promise of one of those unusual April days in London which, though the mercury in Fahrenheit never reaches 75°, the English people call "hot," and Polly was placed upon the leads in the rear of the first flight of stairs. All efforts to coax her into a talking mood had failed, and the three ladies had left her to her mumps, when a clear, mellow whistle, with a prolonged cadence that rose and fell like the reveille of a bugle, was heard through every part of the house, followed by a soliloquy, so rapid and yet human-like, that everybody ran to the windows. "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly? Polly wants a shirt! Scratch her poll! Scratch her poll! Going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds! Going! Going! Twenty pounds! Twenty pounds! Mr. Price! Mr. Price! Who are you? Going for twenty pounds!" The last repeated in the prolonged, despairing notes of an auctioneer unwillingly sacrificing the lot he has for sale, and all spoken in such varieties of intonation and natural cadences as filled the listeners with wonder. While repeating these sentences with a volubility and distinctness that defies description, Polly stood balancing herself on one leg—"teetering" the children afterward called it—swaying her body back and forth, her head cocked on one side, her small, round eyes watching against the approach of an intruder, and her attitude and bearing full of independence and nonchalance. The shouts of delight that followed the first essay of her powers of utterance checked her at

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once, and we soon learned that it was only when left to herself, and that during the warmest days in the open air, that her loquaciousness was indulged to its vent. Then—exposed to the full rays of the sun, without company, better in the stillness of the country than in town, full fed, her feathers smooth and glossy, her morning exercise of climbing the rounds and bars of her cage and swinging upon her ring finished, her ablutions thoroughly performed, and her poll scratched by the one whom she had chosen to consider her best friend—this latter a favor she never failed to ask upon Mrs. G.'s approach, "scratch her poll, scratch her poll, pretty, pretty Polly, scratch her poll!"—would she pour forth her melody of language. Beginning with a sharp rebuking tone to "Mr. Price," followed by a beseeching request, "Polly wants her beer," she would call the cat "Pussy! poor pussy! mew! mew! poor pussy!" whistle to the dog, ask of the onlookers who stood below, wondering, "Who, who are you?" and then, composing herself to the dignity of surging to and fro, repeat, with infinite variety, her rich vocabulary.

In two respects she was remarkable; she never ceased to learn new words, old as she was, and she never forgot what she had already learned. But you could not teach her; she taught herself. Unceasing efforts to make her say "Harrie" or "Thiddie," failed, but the rebuking call to "George," and the welcome back to "Roy," the prolonged whistle of the oldest son returning at evening from the office, and the cant phrase of an ostler in the neighboring mews, "I'll warm ye," she adopted at once.

It happened one noon, during her first summer with us, that a strange cat, attracted either by Polly's mimicry of her call or the hope of a sweet morsel of bird, had stolen on to the leads. No person whom either could see was near. The former, a full-grown "Tom," crouching stealthily and slowly, amid long and doubtful pauses, approached the cage. Polly, confident in her power, for she was a stranger to fear, and as if possessed of reason, began her call of "puss, puss, puss, poor pussy, poor, *poor* pussy," in her most winning tones, and followed it by her perfect imitation of the cry of a kitten for its mother. For ten minutes or more, while the changes of "mew! mew!" sometimes quick and sharp, sometimes prolonged wailings, and the endearing "poor, *poor* pussy," were rung by the bird, the cat, now and then shifting her line of approach, kept drawing nearer the cage. Her eyes were fixed on the strange object before her, her tail waved stiffly to and fro, her movement forward was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and her crouch, and pointed ears, and lithe back, and frequently protruded tongue, and whiskers instinct with life, indicated her fell purpose. A minute more and her paw, thrust beneath the bars of the cage, was about to fix its claw in the bird's flesh, when a yell startled the house. Polly's beak, that terrible weapon which neither man nor beast dared encounter twice, with the quickness of an arrow had transfixed the cat's paw, and she was struggling, with cries of pain, to be free. It was a fair fight for championship, in which Polly was the victor, and by whatever means the result may have been known it is certain that no animal of the feline species on either side of the Atlantic ever afterward disputed her supremacy.

One of the earliest acquaintances Polly made in our house—an acquaintance that quickly ripened into intimacy—was with Flora, a small white German spitz, in whose blood there was a dash of the Esquimaux dog brought to England by Captain Parry from Lancaster Sound in 1818. Without unusual sagacity or strong antipathies, Flora was easily won by attention and kindness, so that no sooner had Polly learned to call "Flo, Flo, Flo," than the former acknowledged a tie of friendship between herself and the bird. Twenty times a day would she rush from the area at Polly's call, tear up the stairs, and giving two short barks, as much as to say, "Well, I'm here," curl down near the cage, and engage in catching flies, at which she was expert, until she fell asleep, Polly meanwhile looking contentedly on. She was the only animal at whom the bird never struck when she found an opportunity. When Flora died Polly ceased to call her, and it is not remembered that she has spoken her name once in nine years. Even the stuffed skin of Flora, which was shortly brought home and placed in a glazed case near her cage, failed to awaken in the bird remembrances of her lost friend.

As has been stated already, one of her most emphatic calls was "George." From the top of the stairs, through the halls and rooms, to the most distant part

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of the house, the short, sharp, and decisive "George! George!! George!!!" would ring, every repetition of the name being made increasingly severe and emphatic. "Confound you, Polly," said the subject of this call one morning, "I've a great mind to wring your neck." "Come along," replied the bird.

A smith, who was called in to repair the handle of her cage, was warned against her bite. While working warily at the job with wire and pincers, Polly, after eyeing him for a time, gave vent to her indignation in a quick, angry "George!" The man started as if shot, and turning pale, said, "Why, that's my name! She's a devil!" and was with difficulty persuaded to complete his work.

Two foppish young men were endeavoring one Sunday afternoon, from a neighboring window, to attract her attention. "Say something, Polly! Sell at auction, Polly! Do talk!" Polly, who was apparently interested in some stable talk overheard among the ostlers, and always manifested contempt for fine outsides, for a long time paid no attention to their requests, until, as if wearied by their importunity, she turned upon them with, "Who are you?" and immediately resumed her attitude of listening, refusing to speak another word.

The name of her mistress she never called aloud, and, indeed, never spoke, except during the half hour they spent together daily. Then, courting every demonstration of fondness which hand, or voice, or look could give, bending her head to be scratched, stretching her back to be smoothed, kissing, shaking hands, giving back and receiving again her lump of sugar, and rollicking in the overflow of gladness on swing and perch and bar, sometimes rattling off words too rapid for full pronunciation, as "Pretty Polly, pret, pret, pret, Poll, Polly wants, pretty Poll," or subsiding into a gentler mood, accompanied by a "Hush, hush," lengthening the aspirate like a mother quieting her child, "'sh, 'sh," and breathing the low cooing she had caught from the doves, she would begin, "Mary! Mary! Pretty Mary! May, May, May!" with a continually decreasing volume of sound, till it reached a confidential whisper. She made friends of others, and perhaps was as pleased with their attentions, but the name of Mary she never uttered except to her mistress.

More remarkable in some respects than her power of speech was her whistle. It was a full, loud, clear note, of great power, as melodious as that of the piping bullfinch, and various as the mocking bird's. Usually whistling in scales, with a compass of more than two octaves, she would run up and down her semi-wild, semi-cultivated gamut by the hour, introducing now and then, as variations, snatches caught from the violin or overheard in the street. A gentleman calling to introduce a friend one evening had passed her cage on the landing, when she gave one of her wild scales, the echo of which rang through the house. Thinking the whistle to have proceeded from his companion, who was following him, the gentleman turned angrily around, saying, "D—n it, Smith, do you know where you are?"

Though Polly's words and phrases were imitative, they were, beyond doubt, often associated with ideas. If the person fetching her food were stopped on the way, she would cry, "Come along, come along!" If one she liked (never to one she disliked) approached her cage, putting her head through the bars, she asked, "Scratch her poll," repeating the request till granted; and to boys, who in the country stood wondering at her through the palings, she invariably cried, "Who are you?" To Hexior, the dog succeeding Flora, but with whom she formed no friendship, she barked; to the cat, as also to a muff or other furs, she either mewed or called "puss;" to a stranger she addressed "Mr. Price;" to two ladies who were accustomed to stand admiring her, "pretty, pretty Polly," dwelling on the adjective with a voice of feminine softness; and only when alone, in the joy of a hot midsummer's sun, selling herself to some mythical buyer, "going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds!"

It was charged that she was treacherous, but only to those who had incurred her anger and were afraid of her terrible beak. She never struck a friend but once, and then because the hand that caressed her was gloved, and she never lost an opportunity to inflict a blow upon an enemy. To her favorite, next to her mistress, a lady of great gentleness and equipoise of character, she would come to be petted with the greatest eagerness, bending her neck, softening her voice, offering her claw, and in many ways manifesting her affection. She knew every member of the family, calling four of them by name, and what, considering the

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difference she made in every other demonstration between friend and foe, is remarkable, two of the four were her special dislike.

In all Polly's wonderful vocabulary, there were no words which she used more effectively or appropriately than those intended to excite a consciousness of wrong. Nothing irregular ever came within her notice, nothing disobedient by the children, or evasive by the servants, or rude by visitors, or undignified by the elders of the family, which was not followed by an instant expression of scorn. "For shame! For shame!" spoken in those low, grave tones, with the falling inflexion, that gave to our Saxon idiom an intensity of rebuke beyond most modern tongues, fell upon the unwilling ears of wrong-doers, not without good. Where she caught the words, or why she never misapplied them, was alike mysterious. To the attempt to terrify her by menace, or to punish her by blows—to the worrying of dog or cat—to the boisterous crying of boys or girls—to hasty words of anger spoken in her hearing—she applied the solemn, dignified rebuke, "For shame! For shame!" In this respect she was, in fact, the mentor of the household, many a door having been shut, and many a scene of disturbance removed from hall to study or parlor, to escape from hearing her reiterated rebuke.

Like most domestic animals, she was strongly under the law of habit. She insisted upon the cleansing of her cage, supply of her food, change of her water for drink or bathing, removal to the open air from the house, and her daily lumps of sugar, at certain fixed hours, any omission or postponement of which she knew both how to make known and to punish. The only exception to this which her twelve years' membership in our family afforded, was her escape one morning to a neighboring roof in London, and her unwillingness to be captured and brought back. We at one time furnished her with a companion of her own breed, an African parot, younger and sprightlier than she, but she refused all acquaintance or any introduction that should lead to it, not according even the recognition which she gave to dog, cat, or canary bird. Age had made her celibate habits a second nature; and she bridled up with the dignity of an ancient spinster at any purpose of invading them.

Of Polly's faults it is best to say nothing, "nor draw her frailties from their dread abode." Even humanity is imperfect, and the good Pan, who was more than human, sometimes changed the music that caused all the wood nymphs to dance, into cries that drove every one mad. With all her winning blandishments, Polly had the power of making herself infinitely disagreeable. At the approach of cold weather her gaiety disappeared, her spirits sunk, and her sulks came on, lasting the whole winter. This change of disposition was accompanied by shrieks—the country folk called them *squawks*—uttered at intervals of every few seconds, and continued for hours. Nothing availed to stop them—food, the warmest place in the house, or threats—except the total exclusion of light from her cage, and this was accomplished by drawing over it a thick covering of drugget.

Polly came to this country in 1861. She bore the voyage impatiently, making our state-room hideous by her complainings, and was so ill-natured that, to warn visitors not to approach too near, we hung a placard "she bites" upon her cage. Under the July sun of Columbia county, New York, however, she shortly recovered her good temper, and, barring an occasional attack of gout in her feet, continued in good health up to this last winter. She had then reached the age of eighty years. Without considering the exhausted resources of advanced life to meet severe cold, she was committed to Adam's Express to be taken on to Washington City during the severest night of the season, and froze to death on the way. The taxidermist of the Smithsonian Institute has done his best to preserve the bird's mortal part, and restore it to our sight. But he had never seen Polly alive, and failed. As her form, perched on a spray, rises above the bracket before me, it is but the mockery of the queenly bird—the arched neck, and knowing look, and graceful posture, and princely bearing, are no longer.—*Galaxy.*

—THE worm of pride is always injurious to celestial plants; either this vice must be shut out on earth, or we shall be shut out of Heaven.

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THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A SUPERFICIAL observer of the inequalities of life, might suppose there is a greater variety of human happiness than corresponds with facts. The parade of power, the pride of birth, and the magnificence of wealth, seem to indicate an enjoyment far greater than can subsist with the plain attire, the frugal repast, and the humble seclusion of the cottage. This would be a correct inference, if the mind could be rendered happy by the parade of external circumstances. But a contented mind is the only source of happiness, and consequently, "if one flutters in brocade," and moves amid the refinements of society, and another is clad in homely attire and occupies the sequestered valley, or the recesses of the forest, it is not certain that this variety of external circumstances furnishes an equal variety of happiness. If God has given to one the luxuries and the honors of life, he has given to another a meek and quiet spirit. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath prepared for them that love him? So I thought, when in the bosom of one of those western wilds (with which our infant country yet abounds,) I was prompted by humanity, as well as by duty, to visit the lonely dwelling of a poor, afflicted widow. The path that leads to this cottage is over a mountain and through a forest which has never echoed to the axe of the husbandman. As I climbed the toilsome way, I asked myself, what unhappy beings, rent from the bosom of society, have chosen to bury their bosoms in this noiseless retreat. I had not imagined that I should find so lovely a being as I have named, "The Lily of the Mountain." As I advanced, a little opening presented the cottage, sending up its solitary wreaths of smoke. There is a charm when one first emerges from the bosom of the wilderness, and catches the smoke of a dwelling, and hears the barking of the jealous watch-dog, which cannot be described, and which cannot be realized only by experience. I had now reached the cottage, and stooped to gain admission through the humble door. The building consisted of a pile of logs unceremoniously rolled together in the form of a dwelling, and supporting with more than the strength of Gothic architecture the half thatched roof.

On a mat near the fire lay a son, the support of declining age, with a foot half amputated by an unfortunate blow from the axe. The wound had been dressed by an empiric of the neighboring settlement; and the patient, left to the care of his widowed mother, was perusing a much worn tract. Near by, upon the only couch, lay the interesting form which constitutes the subject of my narrative. The victim of consumption, she resembled, indeed, the beautiful, but fading lily. Confined from the sun and air, her complexion had assumed a delicate whiteness, and the slow wasting fever had tinged her cheeks with a most beautiful color. Her disease had reached that stage in its progress which gives a transparency to the skin, and throws around the female form the loveliness of an angel, awakening those mingled emotions which I will not attempt to describe, and which excite the earnest prayer that death, having rendered his victim so pensively beautiful, may relinquish his purpose. With indescribable feelings I drew near the couch of this interesting sufferer. Her expressive eyes spoke of happier days, and her raven tresses, that lay dishevelled on her pillow, seemed to whisper, that had this flower, thus

> "——born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

been transplanted to a parterre, it might have surpassed in beauty and fragrance its sister flowers. But I was anxious to learn the approaching destiny of the spirit that animated this

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form of loveliness. Do you feel that God is just in bringing upon you such great afflictions? "I am not afflicted, and if I were, God is just." But you are unhappy to lie in this wretched condition? "I am not unhappy; it is better to be as I am now than as I was once, for then I thought too much of the world." If then you are happy, and reconciled to your condition, you must have found something more than the happiness of this world? "I have that which the world cannot give." Have you no hope of recovery? "I have no wish to recover." Have you no fear of death? "I am not afraid to die. God is so good that I am safe with him." Yes, God is good, but we are wicked. "O, yes, (clasping her emaciated hands,) I have been so wicked that I do not suffer half so much as I deserve, but Christ is merciful." Have you no fears that you may be deceived? "No fears now; perfect love casteth out fear." Are you not sometimes in darkness, when you are in great pain? "I do not think of pain; I am happy, and shall soon go home." There was an affecting artlessness in all she said which I cannot describe, and a promptness which beautifully illustrated the inspired truth, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I found myself in the presence of one who had learned much in the school of Christ, and who seemed just spreading her wings for the mansions of rest. Consolation, instruction, sympathy, she needed none, for she had already passed within the veil. I remained silently admiring the pure influence of Christianity, while religion herself seemed to stand bending over her child in all the loveliness with which inspiration has arrayed her. This child of affliction, for such, without her permission, I must call her, had for two years indulged the Christian hope. No ambassador of Christ had been there to lead her within the enclosure of the Church; no pious visitant had entered the humble dwelling, to impart the bliss of Christian fellowship. But ministering angels had descended, and she had learned of the Father. Resigned to the lot of humanity, and supported by that faith which is the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," she had bid adieu to the world, and was waiting to be called to the abodes of the blessed. The widowed mother, too, could plead the promise made to the widow and the fatherless. Having commended to the great Shepherd this little group of afflicted, secluded beings, and bade them adieu for ever, as I silently retraced my steps to the more busy scenes of life, I indulged the train of reflections suggested by the scene I had witnessed. The impression which it had stamped so indelibly upon my mind I need not describe. There is still a freshness in the scene (for I am relating facts) which can be lost only with the power of recollection. The reader, when he is assured that the page he peruses contains no fiction, will make his own reflections, and he will be impressed with the truth that true happiness is found in the humbler as well as the more elevated walks of life. The gay and beautiful, whose attention is devoted to the walks of pleasure, while they pity this afflicted sister in the wilderness, will feel the importance of seeking that religion which supported her in the hour of affliction, and which constituted the loveliness of her character. The pious fair, too, who in their sphere of benevolence resemble angels of mercy, will not in their "walks of usefulness" forget the cottage of the poor. The cottage scene will afford to the benevolent mind a happiness far superior to a visit in the halls of a palace. I love to recur, in my lonely meditations, to the "lodge in the wilderness," and I would rather visit the solitary grave of this departed saint, (for she now sleeps beneath the shade of the adjacent forest,) and read her rudely sculptured name, than gaze upon the "storied urn and animated bust" of the proudest hero.

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Maxims on the Inward Christian Life.

FROM BISHOP FENELON—TRANSLATED BY T. C. UPHAM, D. D.

No. II.

WHAT does the state of abandonment or of entire self-renunciation take away from us, and what does it leave?

It does not take from the soul that moral power which is essential to its moral agency;—a power without which the soul could not fulfill that divine will to which it has given itself. It does not take away that antecedent or prevenient grace, without which even abandonment itself would be a state of moral death. It does not take away the principle of faith, which prevenient grace originated, and through which it now operates. It does not take away the desire and hope of final salvation, although it takes away all uneasiness and unbelief connected with such a desire. It does not take away the fountains of love which spring up deeply and freshly within us. It does not take away the hatred of sin. It does not take away the testimony of a good conscience.

But there are some things which the state of self-renunciation does take away. It takes away that uneasy hankering of the soul, which characterized its previous state, after pleasure either inward or outward. It takes away the selfish vivacity and eagerness of nature, which is too impatient to wait calmly and submissively for God's time of action. By fixing the mind wholly upon God, it takes away the disposition, and to some extent the ability, of the soul to occupy itself with *reflect acts*; that is to say, acts that are employed with the undue examination and analysis of its own feelings. In other words, the soul, in the possession of God as the object of its thoughts, loses the thought of itself. It does not take away the pain and sorrow which are naturally incident to our physical state, and to our natural sensibilities; but it takes away all uneasiness, all murmuring;—leaving soul in its inner nature, and in every part of its nature where the power of faith reaches, calm and peaceable as the God that dwells there.

God has promised life and happiness to his people. What he has promised can never fail to take place. Nevertheless it is the disposition of those who love God with a perfect heart, to leave themselves entirely in his hands, irrespective, in some degree, of the promise. By the aid of the promise, without which they must have remained in their original weakness, they rise, as it were, above the promise; and rest in that essential and eternal will, in which the promise originated.

So much is this the case, that some individuals, across whose path God has spread the darkness of his providences, and who seemed to themselves for a time to be thrown out of his favor and to be hopelessly lost, have acquiesced with submission in the terrible destiny which was thus presented before them. Such was the state of mind of Francis de Sales, as he prostrated himself in the church of St. Stephen des Grez. The language of such persons, *uttered without complaint*, is, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" They claim God as *their* God, and will not abandon their love to him, although they believe, at the time, that they are forsaken of him. They choose to leave themselves, under all possible circumstances, entirely in the hands of God; their language is, even if it should be his pleasure to separate them for ever from the enjoyments of his presence, "*Not my will, but thine be done.*"

It is perhaps difficult to perceive, how minds whose life, as it were, is the principles of *faith*, can be in this situation. Take the case of the Saviour. It is certainly difficult to conceive how the Saviour, whose faith never failed, could yet believe himself forsaken; and yet it was so.

We know that it is impossible for

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God to forsake those who put their trust in him. He can just as soon forsake his own word; and, what is more, he can just as soon forsake his own nature. Holy souls, nevertheless, may sometimes, in a way and under circumstances which we may not fully understand, believe themselves to be forsaken, and that too beyond all possibility of hope; and yet such is their faith in God and their love to him, that the will of God, even under such circumstances, is dearer to them than any thing and every thing else.

One great point of difference between the First Covenant, or the covenant of works, which said to men, "*Do this and live*," and the Second Covenant, or the covenant of grace, which says, "*Believe and live*," is this: The first covenant did not lead men to any thing that was perfect. It is true, that it showed men what was right and good; but, in its application to them in their fallen state, it failed in giving them the power to fulfill what the covenant required. Men, under the first covenant, not only understood what was right and good, but they had a clear perception of the opposite of the right, and knew what was *evil;* but, in their love and practice of depravity, they had sunk so low that they no longer had power of themselves to flee from it.

The new or Christian covenant is the law of *grace;* which not only coincides with the old covenant in prescribing and commanding, but gives also the *power to fulfill.* To every one under the new dispensation, the covenant founded in the blood of the cross, God gives *grace;* that is to say, he acts graciously or mercifully in giving them, darkened and depraved as they are, that knowledge and strength which are requisite in doing his will.

In the practical dispensations of divine grace, there are a number of principles which it may be important to remember.

(1.) God being LOVE, it is a part of his nature to desire to *communicate himself* to all moral beings, and to make himself one with them in a perfect harmony of relations and feelings. The position of God is that of a giver; the position of man is that of recipient. Harmonized with man by the blood and power of the Cross, he has once more become the *infinite fulness*, the original and overflowing fountain, giving and ever ready to give.

(2.) Such are the relations between God and man, involved in the fact of man's moral agency, that man's business is to receive; in other words which are perhaps better, because they imply not only reception, but power and activity in reception; it is his business to co-operate with what God gives.

(3.) Souls that are true to the grace that is given them, will never suffer any diminution of it. On the contrary, the great and unchangeable condition of continuance and of growth in grace is co-operation with what we now have. This is the law of truth. It is a law, not only deducible from the divine nature, but is expressly revealed and declared in the Scriptures: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.—*Matt. xiii. 12.*

I repeat, therefore, that a faithful co-operation with grace, as it is given at the present moment, is the most effectual preparation for attracting and receiving and increasing the grace for the next moment. This is the great secret of advancement to those high degrees which are permitted, namely, strict, unwavering, faithful co-operation, moment by moment.

(4.) It is important correctly to understand the doctrine of co-operation. A disposition to co-operate, in the true sense of the terms, is not more opposed to the sinful indolence which falls behind, than to the hasty and unrighteous zeal which runs before. God our guide. Let the reader suppose himself to be in an unknown country

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crossed by numerous roads, and tangled and perplexed by intricate forests, requiring him, as the only method of success in his journey, to employ some person to point out the way. But in his self-confidence he continually runs before his guide; and, relying upon his own conjectures, enters sometimes upon one path and sometimes upon another. What want of respect and confidence does he not show to his guide! And to what perplexities and troubles does he not expose himself! It is thus when, in the *excess* of zeal, which has a good appearance, but which in reality has unbelief and self at the bottom, we run before God.

(5.) True co-operation, therefore, is deliberate and peaceful; always having a watchful regard to the divine providences. Co-operation, by being calm and peaceable, does not cease to be efficacious. Souls that are in this purified but tranquil state are souls of power; watchful and triumphant against self; resisting temptation in its various forms; fighting even to blood against sin. But it is, nevertheless, a combat which is free from the turbulence and inconsistencies of human passion; because they contend in the presence of God, who is their strength, in the spirit of the highest faith and love, and under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, who is always tranquil in his operations.

Those in the highest state of religious experience desire nothing, except that God may be glorified in them by the accomplishment of his holy will. Nor is it inconsistent with this to add, that holy souls possess that natural love which exists in the form of love for themselves. Their natural love, however, which, within its proper degree, is innocent love, is so absorbed in the love of God, that it ceases, for the most part, to be a distinct object of consciousness; and practically and truly they may be said to love themselves IN and FOR God. Adam in his state of innocence, loved himself considered as the reflex image of God and for God's sake. So that we may either say, that he loved God in himself, or that he loved himself IN and FOR God. And it is because holy souls, extending their affections beyond their own limit, love their neighbor on the same principle of loving, namely, IN and FOR God, that they may be said to *love their neighbor as themselves.*

It does not follow, because the love of ourselves is lost in the love of God, that we are to take no care, and to exercise no watch over ourselves. No man will be so seriously and constantly watching over himself as he who loves himself IN and FOR God alone. Having the image of God in himself, he has a motive, strong, we might perhaps say, as that which controls the actions of angels, to guard and protect it.

It may be thought perhaps, that this is inconsistent with the principle in the doctrines of holy living, which requires us, in the highest stages of inward experience, to avoid as much as possible those reflex acts which consist in self-inspection, because such acts have a tendency to turn the mind off from God. The apparent difficulty is reconciled in this way. The holy soul is a soul *with* God; moving as God moves; doing as God does; looking as God looks. If, therefore, God is looking within us, as we may generally learn from the intimations of his providences, then it is a sign that we are to look within ourselves. Our little eye, our small, and almost imperceptible ray, must look in, in the midst of the light of his great and burning eye. It is thus that we may inspect ourselves without a separation from God.

On the same principle, and in the same way, we may be watchful and careful over our neighbors; watching them, not in our own time, but in God's time; not in the censoriousness of nature, but in the kindness and forbearance of grace; not as separate from God, but in concurrence with him.

The soul, in the state of pure love, acts in *simplicity.* Its inward rule of action is found in the decisions of a

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sanctified conscience. These decisions, based upon judgments that are free from self-interest, may not always be *absolutely* right, because our views and judgments, being limited, can extend only to things *in part;* but they may be said to be relatively right; they conform to things so far as we are permitted to see them and understand them, and convey to the soul a moral assurance, that, when we act in accordance with them, we are doing as God would have us do. Such a conscience is enlightened by the Spirit of God; and when we act thus, under its divine guidance, looking at what *now is* and not at what *may be*, looking at the *right* of things and not at their relations to our personal and selfish interests, we are said to act in *simplicity.* This is the true mode of action.

It is a practical principle, connected with the laws of holy living, that, when we act in the manner which has been mentioned, we should leave the principle or motive of the action with God, without distrust or anxiety, just as we leave anything else. Look at the facts and relations of things just as they are presented; be sure that the soul is free from any selfish bias whatever; and then, with humbler reliance on God, decide, and leave it, both the action and the motive of the action, calmly and forever, in his eternal keeping. Trust God in this as in everything else; and, having thus accomplished the duty of the present moment, let the soul pass on in its simplicity, without reflex and disquieting acts, to the duties, which require all its powers, of the moment that follows.

It is thus, in this singleness of spirit, we do things, as some experimental writers express it, *without knowing what we do.* That is to say, we are so absorbed in the thing to be done, and in the importance of doing it rightly, that we forget ourselves. It is in this manner that angels may be supposed to act. They are not occupied chiefly, and perhaps not at all, in the analysis of their own motives and feelings; but with the *object* of those feelings, namely God. Perfect love has nothing to spare from its object for itself. And it is the same with perfect prayer. He who prays perfectly is never thinking how well he prays. And it is in accordance with this view, that we find in the writings of Cassian a remark of St. Anthony, that "prayer is not to be regarded as perfect, when he who offers it knows that he prays;" implying that reflex acts, or acts reflecting upon a thing done, at the time of its being done, necessarily hinder and mar the completeness or perfection of the doing.

Holy souls are without impatience, but not without trouble; are above murmuring, but not above affliction. The souls of those who are thus wholly in Christ may be regarded in two points of view, or rather in two parts; namely the natural appetites, propensities, and affections, on the one hand, which may be called the inferior part; and the judgment, the moral sense, and the will, on the other, which may be described as the superior part. As things are, in the present life, those who are wholly devoted to God may suffer in the inferior part, and may be at rest in the superior. Their wills may be in harmony with the divine will; they may be approved in their judgments and conscience, and at the same time may suffer greatly in their physical relations, and in their natural sensibilities. In this manner, Christ upon the cross, while his will remained firm in its union with the will of his heavenly Father, suffered much through his physical system; he felt the painful longings of thirst, the pressure of the thorns, and the agony of the spear. He was deeply afflicted also for the friends he left behind him, and for a dying world. But in his inner and higher nature, where he felt himself sustained by the secret voice uttered in his sanctified conscience and in his unchangeable faith, he was peaceful and happy.

A suitable repression of the natural

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appetites is profitable and necessary. We are told, that the body should be brought into subjection. Those physical mortifications, therefore, which are instituted to this end, and which are denominated austerities, are not to be disproved. When practised within proper limits, they tend to correct evil habits, to preserve us against temptation, and to give self-control.

The practice of austerities, with the views and on the principles indicated, should be accompanied with the spirit of recollection, of love and prayer. Christ himself, whose retirement to solitary places, whose prayers and fastings are not to be forgotten, has given us the pattern which it is proper for us to follow. We must sometimes use force against our stubborn nature. "Since the days of John, the kingdom of heaven *suffereth violence;* and the violent take it by force."

The simple desires of our own happiness, when kept in due subordination, is innocent. This desire is natural to us; and is properly denominated the principle of SELF-LOVE. When the principle of self-love passes in its action its appropriate limit, it becomes selfishness. Self-love is innocent; selfishness is wrong. Selfishness was the sin of the first angel, "who rested in himself," as St. Augustine expresses it, instead of referring himself to God.

We repeat, that we may desire and love our own happiness in proper subordination to the will of God, and be innocent in it. In many Christians, a prominent principle of action is the desire of happiness.

They love God and they love heaven; they love holiness, and they love the pleasures of holiness; they love to do good, and they love the rewards of doing good. This is well; but there is something better. Such Christians, as it seems to me, are inferior, in their degree of advancement, to those who, having learned that the finite and infinite are incommensurable and cannot be subjected to the degree of comparison, and forgetting the nothingness of the creature in the infinitude of the Creator, love God for his own glory alone.

Souls in this higher state may not only be said to be free from selfishness, but in a certain sense to be free from self. That is to say, they forget themselves that they may think only of God; they forget their own will that they may think only of God's will. "Their life is hid with Christ in God."

There is no period of the Christian life which is exempt from temptation. The temptations, which are incident to the earlier stages of Christian experience, are in some respects different, as would naturally be supposed, from those which are incident to a later period; and I think we may properly add, are to be registered in a somewhat different manner. Experienced religious teachers will know what directions it is proper to give in different cases.

Sometimes the temptations, which are incident to what may perhaps be called the transition state from mixed love to pure love, are somewhat peculiar; being adapted to test the question to our own satisfaction, whether we love God for himself alone. We should naturally suppose, that inward trials, existing under such circumstances, would be severe. Sometimes persons judge of the state of their religious advancement by the nature of the temptations to which they are subject. But this method of judging, which is liable to lead into error, requires great caution.

In the lower or mixed state of the Christian life the methods of resisting temptations are various. Sometimes the subject of these trials boldly faces them, if we may so express it, and endeavors to overcome them by a direct resistance. Sometimes he turns and flees. But in the state of pure love, when the soul has become strong in the divine contemplation, it is the common rule laid down by religious writers, that the soul should keep itself fixed upon God in the exercise of its holy

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love as at other times, as the most effectual way of resisting the temptation, which would naturally expand its efforts in vain upon a soul in that state.

Divine Love Endures No Rival.

BY MADAME GUYON.

Love is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform;
The center of my rest, my stay;—
Love's all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppressed by slavish fear no more;
For one in whom I may discern,
E'en when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves him, who complains,
And finds him rigorous, and severe;
His heart is sordid and he feigns,
Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, *but 'tis to move*
And stimulate the slumbering mind;
And he has never tasted love,
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweet,
To saints enamor'd with thy smiles;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terrors and beguiles.

'Tis just, that God should not be dear,
Where *self* engrosses all the thought;—
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is loved, *the Lord is not.*

The love of thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts (their scantiness is such)
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
The love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest.

AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DICK, D. D.

The term *universe* signifies the whole system of created beings, whether material or immaterial, existing throughout the regions of boundless space.

We can obtain an approximate idea of the universe only by commencing a train of thought at those objects with which we are more immediately conversant, and ascending gradually to objects and scenes more distant and expansive. We are partly acquainted with the objects in the landscape around us, of which we form a part—the hills, the plants, the lofty mountains, the forests, the rivers, the lakes, and the portions of the ocean that lie immediately adjacent. But all that diversity of objects which we behold in the landscape with which we are connected, forms but a small and inconsiderable speck compared with the whole of the mighty continents and islands, the vast ranges of lofty mountains, and the expansive lakes, seas and oceans, which constitute the surface of the terraqueous globe. It would be requisite—taking the general average of a pretty extensive landscape—that more than nine hundred thousand landscapes of the extent we generally behold, should pass before our view, ere we could form an adequate conception of the bulk of the whole earth; and, I believe, very few persons are capable of forming, at one conception, a comprehensive idea of the superficial extent of the globe on which we tread, whose surface contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles.

But, however great the earth may appear in the eyes of the frail beings that inhabit it, it appears only as an inconsiderable ball when compared with some of the planetary bodies belonging to our system. One of these bodies could contain within its dimensions nine hundred globes as large as the earth, another fourteen hundred; and five hundred globes as that on which we dwell, laid upon a vast plane, the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, would enclose them all. Such are the vast dimensions of some of those revolving bodies which appear only like

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small lucid specks on the concave of our sky. This earth, however, and all the huge planets, satellites, and comets, comprised within the range of the solar system, bear a very small proportion to the bulk of that glorious luminary which enlightens our day. The sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its circumference thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as our world. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this luminary would require more than fifty thousand years, although a landscape fifty thousand miles in extent were to pass before our eyes every hour. Of a globe of such dimensions, the human mind, with all its efforts, and the most vigorous fancy, after its boldest excursions, can form no adequate conception. It forms a kind of universe in itself, and ten thousands of years would be requisite before human beings could thoroughly investigate and explore its vast dimensions, and its hidden wonders. It presents to our view a most glorious idea of the grandeur of the Deity, and the amazing energies of Almighty power. It affords a striking and august emblem of the great Creator "who dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory." In its luster, in its magnitude, in its boundless influence, in its beneficent effects on distant surrounding worlds, it exhibits a more bright display of the Divine perfection than any other single object we behold in our visible firmament.

The farther we proceed in our researches in the sidereal heavens, the scene of creating power and wisdom becomes more expansive and magnificent. At every step of our progress the prospect enlarges far beyond what we had previously conceived; the multitude and variety of its objects are indefinitely increased; new suns and new firmaments open to view on every hand, overwhelming the mind with astonishment and wonder at the immensity of creation, and leaving it no room to doubt that, after all excursions, it has arrived only "at the borders of the great Jehovah's kingdom." Wherever we turn our eyes amidst those higher regions, infinity appears to stretch before us on either hand, in its awful and overwhelming dimensions; and countless assemblages of the most resplendent objects are everywhere found, diversifying the tracks of immensity. To investigate such objects in relation to their number, magnitude, motion, and the laws by which they are united and directed in their revolutions, completely baffles the mathematician's skill, and sets all his boasted powers of analysis at defiance, and demonstrates that we are still in the infancy of knowledge and of being. Here all finite measures fail us in attempting to search such amazing objects, and to penetrate into such unfathomable recesses: length, breadth, highth and depth, and time and space are lost. We are justly filled with admiration at the astonishing grandeur of the Milky Way, where suns and worlds are counted by *millions*. When exploring its dimensions and sounding its profundities, we seem to have got a view of a universe far more expansive than what we had previously conceived to be the extent of the whole creation. But what shall we say, if this vast assemblage of starry systems be found to be more than a single *nebula*, of which several thousands, perhaps even richer in stars, have already been discovered! and that it bears no more proportion to the whole sidereal heavens, than a small dusky speck which our telescope enables us to descry! Yet such is the conclusion to which we are necessarily led, from the discoveries which have been lately made respecting the different orders of *nebulæ*.

The nebulæ are faint cloudy spots which are seen in various parts of the heavens. Two or three of them are just perceptible to the naked eye; but the greater part can only be perceived by powerful telescopes. The discoveries which have been recently made in relation to these objects, have opened to our view a scene of inexpressible magnitude and grandeur. Those of them which are nearer, and are termed *clusters*, convey the idea of a globular space full of stars. "It would be a vain task," says Sir J. Herschel, "to attempt to count the stars in one of these clusters. They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and on a rough calculation, grounded on the apparent intervals between them at the borders, and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain at least *ten or twenty thousand stars*, compacted and wedged together in a round space whose area is not more than a *tenth part of that covered by the moon.*" In lately taking a survey of some of the nearest of the clusters, I met with some beautiful telescopic fields of view. They were all contained within one field of

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view, along with many smaller stars. The larger stars, which were arranged into different kinds of triangles, appeared more brilliant than stars of the first magnitude do to the naked eye. Other fields of view, with different configurations, were seen immediately adjacent. From the observations made by Sir W. Herschel on other and more distant nebulæ, he is of opinion that our nebula, or the Milky Way, is *not* the most considerable in the universe; and he points out some very remarkable nebulæ which cannot be less, but are probably *much larger* than that of which our own sun and system form a part.

Now, on these grounds, let us consider what must be the extent and magnitude of only the *visible* universe. There have been more than *three thousand* of these nebulæ already discovered. Supposing the number of stars which compose the Milky Way to be only ten millions (which is about half the actual number), and that each of the nebulæ, at an average, contains the same number; supposing farther, that only two thousand of the three thousand nebulæ are resolvable into stars, and that the other thousand are masses of a shining fluid not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous globes—the number of stars or *suns* comprehended in that portion of the firmament which is within the reach of our telescopes would be 20,000,000,000, or twenty thousand million, which is twenty millions times the number of all the stars which are visible to the naked eye! Great as this number is, and magnificent and overpowering as the ideas are which it suggests of the extent of creation, yet these vast assemblages of systems may be no more than as a single nebula to the whole visible firmament, or even as a particle of sand to the whole earth, compared with what lies beyond the range of human vision, and is hid from mortal eye in the unexplored and boundless regions of immensity. Beyond the boundaries of all that will ever be visible to the inhabitants of the earth an infinite region exists, in which we have every reason to believe the Deity sits enthroned in all the grandeur of his overflowing goodness and omnipotence, presiding over innumerable systems far surpassing in magnificence what "eye hath not seen," or the most brilliant intellect can conceive. For we ought never for a moment to surmise that the operations of Almighty Power are exhausted at the point where the efforts of human genius and art can no longer afford us assistance in tracing the footsteps of the Almighty through the mysterious regions of infinitude; nor should we ever suppose that man, placed on such a diminutive ball as the earth, and furnished with powers of so limited a nature as those with which he is invested, will ever be able to grasp the dominions of Him who fills immensity with his presence, and "whose ways are past finding out."

There is a species of nebulæ called *planetary nebulæ*, which are round, compact bodies, like planetary disks, when viewed through telescopes. What is the nature or destination of such bodies it is difficult to conjecture, but the magnitude of some of them is prodigious. One of these nebulæ, in the constellation of Andromeda, is so large that, according to the computation of Sir J. Herschel, "it would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus," which is three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter. Such a body would, therefore, contain 24,429,081,600,000,000,000,000,000,000, or more than twenty-four quartillions of solid miles, which is sixty-eight thousand four hundred millions of times larger than the cubical contents of the sun! There are hundreds of nebulæ which have never been resolved into stars by the highest powers of the telescope. Many of these are justly considered as a species of luminous matter gradually condensing into solid globes. For we find them in all the various stages of condensation; some appearing like an obscure homogeneous mass of chaotic materials; others with a gradual condensation and superior intensity of light about the central parts, and others so condensed and brilliant at the centre as to present the appearance of a star surrounded by a faint nebulosity. One of the largest of this class of nebulæ, and which is almost visible to the naked eye, is to be found in the sword of the constellation Orion. This extraordinary object, which has never been resolved into stars, is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000, or two trillions two hundred thousand billions of times larger than the sun. So that there is a peculiar emphasis in the expression in the book of Job, and the prophecy of Amas, when the Almighty is represented as "making the seven stars and Orion." It is by no means inconsistent with anything we know of the perfections and operations of the Creator, to sup-

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pose that these immense masses of matter, according to certain laws impressed upon them, are gradually progressing, under the superintendence of the Almighty, towards the formation of new systems for replenishing the voids of space, and for giving a display of his perfections to beings that may hereafter be created; and that this replenishing of infinite space may go forward throughout all the revolutions of eternity.

All the vast systems to which we have alluded are the workmanship of an infinite and eternal Being, and proclaim the glory of his perfections. It is impossible that such an amazing universe, arranged with such exquisite order, and all the bodies it contains moving with such irregular and rapid motions, could have formed itself, or been produced by the fortuitous concourse of atoms;—and the very surmise that such a thing was possible is one of the wildest hallucinations that ever entered the human mind, and contrary to the first principles of reasoning, that every effect must have a corresponding cause. That such a notion was ever entertained by beings endowed with rational faculties, is a proof that man has lost, in part, that light of reason and intelligence with which he was originally invested, and that he is now "born like the wild ass's colt."

This amazing universe demands the serious contemplation of every rational being, and of every *Christian*. It contains a sensible adumbration of the Divine attributes—of the eternity, immensity, omniscience, omnipotence, wisdom and beneficence, of Him who presides over all its scenes and movements. To overlook this amazing scene, or to view it with indifference, is virtually to "disregard the works of Jehovah, and to refuse to consider the operations of his hands." It is a violation of religious duty, and implies a reflection on the character of Jehovah for any Christian to imagine that he has nothing to do with God considered as manifested in the immensity of his works; for his word is pointed and explicit in directing the mind to such contemplations. "Hearken unto this, stand still and consider the wonderful works of God"—"Great is the Lord, and of great power, his understanding is infinite"—"He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, he hath stretched out the heavens by his understanding"—"Praise ye the Lord, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, for the Lord is high above all nations, and *his glory is above the heavens*"—"The Lord hath prepared his *throne* in the heavens. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth." "Let the earth fear the Lord, let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him; for he spake and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast"—"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty"—"Declare his glory among the heathen, and his wonders among all people"—"Thy saints shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." No Christian, therefore, can consistently set aside the contemplation of this mighty universe as one element of his religion, and as one means by which his views of the great Object of his worship may be extended, and his devotional feelings rendered more ardent and elevated.

The subject teaches us that, notwithstanding the greatness of God's universal kingdom, he does not overlook the minutest concerns of his creatures. We are apt, at first view, to imagine that, since God has such a boundless universe to superintend, there is a danger of being overlooked amidst the immensity of his works. Such an apprehension arises from a consciousness of our own limited powers and capacities. Our knowledge and observation are confined to a certain measure of space, and to a limited number of objects; and we feel that we cannot attend to many different objects at the same time; and, therefore, it sometimes happens, when we reflect on the Divine Being, that we can scarcely forbear ascribing to him something that approximates to the same imperfection. But we are certain that the knowledge of the Deity is unlimited, and absolutely infinite. While he sits enthroned on the magnificence of his works in the distant regions of his creation, and governs the affairs of unnumbered orders of intellectual existence, he also exercises the minutest superintendence over every world he has created, however diminutive in comparison of the whole. His eye rests on the humblest and minutest of its objects, and his spirit watches over it as vigilantly as if it formed the sole object of his physical and moral administration; so that neither man, nor even the smallest microscopic animalculæ are overlooked amidst the multifarious objects of the Divine government. Man is every mo-

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ment supported by his power, and his thousand wants provided for by his overflowing goodness. He shares of the Divine beneficence in common with all the bright intelligences that people the amplitudes of creation. For the happiness bestowed on the unnumbered myriads of beings that people his domains can never diminish the resources of him who has all the treasures of the universe at his disposal, and who is the center of all felicity. Within the range of the moral government of God—if he is obedient to his laws—every intelligence may rest secure, and confident that he is not overlooked amidst the immensity of being; for the presence of Deity pervades the infinity of space, and his knowledge extends to the most minute movements both of the material and the moral system. This is an attribute peculiar to the Most High, which flows from the immensity of his nature, and the boundless knowledge he has of all his works, and which gives us a more glorious and sublime idea of his character than if his regards were confined to one department of his empire, or to one order of his creatures; and in nothing is the Divine Being so immensely separated from man, or from any other rank of intelligent existence, as in the display he gives of this wonderful and incommunicable attribute.

Such a universe as we have faintly described, and such a universe alone, is accordant with the declarations of the word of God, and with the attributes with which he is declared to be invested. Some pious persons are apt to be somewhat skeptical in regard to what is stated respecting the magnitude and grandeur of the universe, as if the facts stated were either beyond the reach of human intellect to ascertain, or beyond the power of Omnipotence to accomplish. But the oracles of inspiration warrant our entertaining the sublimest conceptions of the dominions of the Almighty. "Great is our Lord and of great power, his greatness is unsearchable"—"Who can utter the mighty operations of Jehovah, who can show forth all his praise?"—"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?"—"The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth forth his handy work!"—"He doeth great things past finding out, yea and wonders without number"—"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the glory, and the majesty; for all that is in heaven and earth is thine, and Thou art exalted far above all"—"Behold, the heavens and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee!"—"All the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as nothing in his sight," and "He doth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; for his kingdom ruleth over all." A universe, vast, boundless, and incomprehensible, is just such as we ought naturally to expect from a Being who is infinite, eternal and omnipresent; whose power is uncontrollable, whose wisdom is unsearchable, and whose goodness is boundless and diffusive. All his plans and operations must be, like himself, vast, boundless, and inconceivable by mortals. Were we to find the plan of the universe circumscribed like that which was represented by the ancient astronomers, we should be apt to think that the Creator of the world is a limited being. But when we contemplate the universe as it really is, we behold the plans and operations which are in perfect unison with the immensity of his nature, with his boundless power, his unaccountable agency, and his universal presence. Wherever we turn our eyes we behold the Creator acting like himself, and in no case is this more strikingly displayed than in the grandeur and magnificence of the orbs of heaven, and the immense spaces with which they are surrounded. So that nature, revelation, our abstract views of the attributes of Divinity, and the facts which exist in the material system, all conspire to show the harmony and consistency of the Creator in all his ways and works.

This subject affords a striking view of the wonderful *condescension* of the Divine Being towards man, especially in regard to the redemption of a fallen world. This sentiment seems to have been deeply impressed upon the mind of the pious psalmist when contemplating the nocturnal heavens. Viewing the resplendent orbs everywhere around him in the canopy of the sky, his thoughts seem to have taken a flight into the region of immensity, and, by the guidance of his rational powers, and the assistance of the spirit of inspiration, he takes an expansive view of the multitude, the magnitude, and the grandeur of those magnificent globes which roll in the distant tracts of creation. Overwhelmed with his views of the immensity of creation, and of the perfections and grandeur of its Creator, he breaks out in the language of aston-

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ishment and wonder, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, *what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?*" In no dispensation of the Almighty is this Divine condescension so strikingly apparent as in the economy of our redemption. Though countless myriads of worlds and intelligences are under his superintendence, and are incessantly celebrating his praise in the loftiest strains; and, consequently, though all the apostate inhabitants of our world might have been forever annihilated without being missed amidst the immensity of creation, yet, amazing to relate! this joyful announcement was made to our rebellious race: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This is the most wonderful event, and the most important message ever announced to our world. What displays of Divine love and mercy may have been to other worlds, and other orders of beings, we are not in a situation to determine. We dare not affirm that in other regions of the Divine empire similar displays have not been made; for we have never traversed the depths of immensity to ascertain all the dispensations of the Almighty in every province of creation. but we may boldly affirm, that the mission and the death of Christ were the most wonderful events, and the most astonishing displays of mercy and love that were ever made to *our* sublunary world. As the Apostle of the Gentiles has declared, there is "a height and a depth, a breadth and length in the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, that passeth knowledge." When we consider the depths of misery from which it raises us, the heights of felicity to which it exalts us, the boundless nature of its operations, and the *everlasting* duration of all its blessings, we have reason to exclaim with the enraptured poet,

"O goodness infinite! goodness immense!
Love that passeth knowledge; words are vain,
Language is lost in wonders so sublime;
Come then, expressive *silence*, muse his praise."

—A BELIEVER may feel the stroke of death, but he shall never feel the sting of death.

SPRING.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

SPRING has come, beautiful Spring!
Bringing the birds, on eager wing,
Back to the glorious, beautiful West,
Back to each well-remembered nest:
Bringing the balmy whispering breeze,
Bringing a robe for the forest trees,
Bringing a carpet soft and green
Fresh from some Southern home, I ween:
Making the glad earth smile once more,
Chasing away the frown she wore;
Bringing the floweas of varied hue—
Fit emblems they of the pure and true:
Reminding us oft of the loved and lost,
Of the friends we know have safely crossed
The river which leads to the land of the blest,
To that beautiful city, the city of rest,
Whose streets they say are of purest gold,
And those who tread them never grow old!

Ye bring a song to the brooks again,
As they dance along through forest and glen,
Happy in freedom, and wild with glee,
Like merry children from school set free.
Oh! merry, sparkling, laughing rills!
My very soul with pleasure thrills!
When I see the bound so free and wild,
And fancy myself again a child: [song,
When with merry shouts, and laugh and
We floated our mimic rafts along.
How fresh it comes to my mind again,
That little brook in the old farm lane:
As I sit by my window seat to-day,
And watch the little ones at play,
In a tiny stream before the door,
And see my own life acted o'er;
As with eager steps they to and fro
From dam to dam so swiftly go.
Now joyous shouts break on my ear,
Then high-pitched tones of haste and fear,
As the swelling brook, with proud disdain,
Bursts its bonds in twain.

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Aye, shout, my joyous ones! be gay,
And make the most of childhood's day,
For, oh! ye know not what may be
In store, my merry ones, for thee,
When happy springtime life is o'er,
And ye are boys and girls no more.

Yes, beautiful Spring! I hail thee again,
Tho' ye bring to me thoughts of sadness and pain.
Ye come, but ye bring to my presence no more
The loved who have passed to that "echoless shore."
Ye come, but, oh Spring! ye bring not to me
The friends nor the land I am longing to see;
Still I welcome thy coming, oh beautiful Spring!
And all the rich gifts thy coming doth bring:
The sunshine and song, the pattering rain,
Which wakes from their sleep the flowrets again.

I fancy our waking like Springtime shall be,
When, bursting earth's bonds, the soul shall be free
From the storms which o'erwhelmed, the cares which oppressed,
To sing the glad songs of the happy and blest;
Then courage, faint soul! for time will soon bring
Us all to that land of perpetual Sping!

—ABOVE every evil we should consider sin as the greatest evil. Sin is the only butt at which all the arrows of divine vengeance are shot. Sinners are those spiders which weave their own webs, and are afterward entangled in them. Our own destruction is but the fruit of our own transgression.

A Kind Deed, and What Came of It.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., ADRIAN.

THE following incident was related to me, and thinking it too good to be lost, I jotted down a sketch of it. Here it is:

When I was a boy in my teens, I was an underclerk in a mercantile establishment, situated in one of the rural villages of Northwestern New York. Being poor and having but a small salary, I had very little money to spare for the luxuries and amenities of life. By careful economy, however, I managed to get along very well, and generally had a few dollars in my purse. In order to make as respectable an appearance as possible at church and in my Sabbath-school class, I had bought me a new pair of shoes. They were about as stylish as the place afforded, and I wore them the first Sunday with a good deal of self-satisfaction, and secretly wondered what the other youngsters thought of my style. The next Sunday morning, before breakfast, I brought forth the charming shoes, and sitting down upon a bench in front of the store, carefully brushed away the dust and reblacked the soles. Before the job was quite finished the breakfast bell rang. Putting the shoes and brush upon the bench, and fearing no evil in our honest little town, I went to my morning meal. When I returned the shoes were gone. At first I thought some of my companions had been playing me a trick, by hiding my shoes, but after an unavailing search and considerable inquiry, I made up my mind that it was a *bona fide* steal on the

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part of some rogue. Finally, as I was about to give up the search, I went to a house on the opposite side of the street, and made some inquiries. The lady of the house said she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the shoes, but she had seen a regular old *shack*, dirty and ragged, come along the street; saw him stop—look at the shoes; take them up, and then set them down, and then, after looking around, start on. Perhaps he came back and took them. Several other persons had seen the man as he passed along, and had marked his hang-dog countenance. In my mind there was not a shadow of doubt but he was the thief. My heart swelled with anger, and I made up my mind to pursue and capture him whatever it might cost, and have revenge for the loss of my shoes. A horse from a livery stable was obtained for a couple of dollars, and I started in pursuit. At the next village I made some inquiry, and found he had not only passed through the place, but had tried at several houses to sell a pair of shoes. I now pressed on with more eagerness than ever, and after several miles of travel saw a man walking leisurely along ahead of me. I was sure he was the thief. I thought over in my mind what I would say to him when I should reach him; how I should put on a severe countenance and bring him back in triumph. He looked back several times as I was coming up, but before I got close enough to speak, he wheeled around, and after facing me a moment, took the shoes from under his coat, and flung them at me, saying: "Take your shoes, I don't want them; I tried to sell them and couldn't. Take me along with you if you wish; I don't care what becomes of me." I hardly knew what to say at this strange salutation, but finally asked him why he took the shoes. He said he had no money, and was both sick and hungry. "Well, come back with me to the nearest village, said I, and we will talk this matter over." My severe countenance had changed to one of pity in spite of myself; I really felt as though I could not blame the man very much for stealing, under the circumstances. "How is it," I said to him, as we journied slowly back, "that you have no money, and have to steal to satisfy your appetite? Can you not work for a living, as other men do?" "I will tell you the whole story, if you wish," said he. "Well, I shall be glad to hear it," was my answer. He then told me that he was an Englishman, and had come over to Canada to work with his brother, who was employed in a factory. He had landed almost penniless, had sought his brother, but he had just died, and the factory not needing any additional help, he was obliged to seek elsewhere for employment. Ill health and want of steady business had forced him to leave Canada, and seek a home in our State. His search for employment had been unsuccessful; his purse was empty; his clothes worn, and his whole person filthy. People would not let him sleep in their houses, and he had found no opportunity to improve his personal appearance. He was completely discouraged and almost desperate with want when he came across the shoes. He was undecided at first, but finally took them, hoping to sell them, and thus satisfy a few of his wants. He felt as though the jail would be no worse than the wretched, friendless life

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he had been leading. There was something in his manner that pleaded with my heart, and I could not help believing his story. When we arrived at the village, I told him if he would promise to steal no more, and try to make a man of himself, I would not inform against him, and would give him a dinner besides. This kindness was so unexpected that he was moved to tears. He seemed very grateful, and promissd all I asked of him. Before I left I gave him three dollars, all the money I had. As I bade him good-bye, he asked my name, and said he hoped we should meet again under more pleasant circumstances. When I returned, and the news of my adventure got around, the boys laughed at me for my foolish sympathy for the beggar thief. Sure enough, I had got my shoes back, but had spent more than twice their value. Although I felt a little sore over the matter, and did not like to say much about it, I could not feel sorry for the part I had acted. Years passed by. I was now a man, and the incidents of that Sunday had almost passed from my mind. I was traveling through the country, buying cattle; coming to a neat little farm, where everything betokened thrift and industry, and seeing in the barn-yard some fine cattle, I concluded to stop. A pleasant appearing woman, of German descent, received me politely, and sent one of her children to call her husband. When the farmer came in he seemed to scan my face with an inquiring look, and as we sat and talked about the crops, farms, cattle, &c., I several times noticed him look at me with a curious sort of expression, which I could not comprehend. Finally he inquired my name. When he heard the name he asked me if I remembered arresting a man once for stealing a pair of shoes. I answered in the affirmative. "Well, sir, I am that man," said he, grasping my hand warmly, "you saved me from ruin, and no words can express my gratitude to you. Here, wife, is the man who befriended me in the time of my greatest distress. I have often wondered what had become of you, and I prayed God to bless you for your kindness to me." I asked him how my little gift of three dollars had done so much for him. He answered briefly: "When you left me I felt encouraged, and made up my mind to make another bold effort for employment. With the money you gave me I stopped and rested several days, washed, shaved, got my hair trimmed, brushed and cleaned up my clothes, then started out to try the world once more. I soon heard of a young German widow, who wanted some one to work her farm. I went to see her, and hired out for very small wages, for I was but a poor farm hand; I worked faithfully; soon learned to do all kinds of farm work; obtained the lady's confidence, and about two years from the time I stole the shoes, married her. The woman you see before you is the lady, and this farm is hers. I am now in comfortable circumstances, and we live a happy and contented life." After having a pleasant visit with them, I left, thanking God that He had used me as an instrument for making one life brighter.

—A SAINT is glorious in his misery, but a sinner is miserable amidst all his glory.

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LITTLE THINGS.

BY REV. DANIEL MARCH.

DEPEND upon it, my friends, it is minute and conscientious attention to what the world calls little things, that makes the great beauty and success of life. Little deeds of charity, little words of kindness, little acts of self-denial, little moments of diligence; a careful watch against little sins, a grateful use of little blessings, a wise improvement of little opportunities, a diligent cultivation of little talents, patient continuance in well doing under little encouragement. These things make men great in the sight of God; if these things be in you and abound, they will bring the knowledge and enjoyment of every thing else.

To be willing to give thousands to the cause of Christ, you must be willing to give such as you have, be it ever so little. If you would compass the earth upon missions of charity and instruction, you must begin at your own door; you must show the spirit of Christ to those of your own household. If you would set up the kingdom of righteousness in all nations, you must first make one province of that kingdom in your own heart. God's great work is perfect as a whole, because it is perfect in every part. He makes a leaf or a blade of grass with as much care as he makes a world. He polishes the scaly coat of the smallest insect as perfectly as he feathers the wing of the cloud-cleaving eagle. The soul of the little child that believes in Jesus is as precious in his sight as the burning seraph in the highest heaven. If you would be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect, let all your work be done as unto him and in his sight. Be faithful in the least as well as in the greatest. Consider that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. Learn to speak the little words of truth, to do the little deeds of kindness, to scatter the little gifts of love along the lowly pathway of life. And so, when your toil is done, your life-work shall bear fruit in heaven, and it shall be found precious before God.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PEN.

Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of nature, fair imagination culls,
To charm the enlivened soul.—AKENSIDE.

"POETRY," says Elizabeth Barret, "is its own exceeding great reward;" and another recent writer, we believe, has something like the following: "The love of knowledge is, in itself, the attainment of knowledge. Poverty and trial discourage it in vain. They seem, on the contrary, rather to accelerate its progress. It supplies the scarcity of time by the concentration of attention, and replaces comfort by self-denial." The poverty and misfortunes of literary men have been frequently rehearsed; and the theme has employed eloquent pens, and enlisted the world's sympathies. Little, however, has been attempted on the other side of the question. The shades of literary life have been deepened so often as almost to have obscured whatever lights the brighter view of their circumstances may have exhibited. That the latter do exist none can doubt, although the balance of evidence may not be found to be a preponderating extent. D'Israeli, it will be recollected, has contrived, however, to present us with two noble tomes mainly devoted to this topic—his last work, which he classically entitles "The Amenites of Literature," upon the authority of Pliny, who styles literary pursuits in general *amœnitates studiorum*. Of the admirable production referred to, it being familiar to the

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reader, we shall not further speak, although we might well be tempted to enrich our "loose leaves" by culling some of his beautiful flowers; we must therefore content ourselves with a few preliminary thoughts, naturally suggested by the consideration of that fascinating pursuit, which, Pope says,

"True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires."

The intense sensations of pleasure derived from the cultivation of the intellect are unsurpassed by any emotions of which the human mind is susceptible. They grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength. Aristotle distinguished the learned and unlearned as the living and the dead—the former as illumed by a bright firmament spangled over with shining orbs of light; the other as immured in the murky recesses of a subterranean cavern, whose unmitigated gloom is rendered impervious to the entrance of a single enlivening ray.

The memorable period known as the "dark ages" of England, and that succeeding it, afford a striking illustration of this fact—an age more prolific in instances of transcendent genius than any which the world has ever beheld. The giant spirits of the classic times seemed again to have emerged, on eagle wing, from the dark ignorance which had so long enshrouded the land. And, seek we the evidences of the chaste and elevating pleasures superinduced by the heavenward flight of their genius, we need but to catch a glimpse of the ecstatic and ravishing visions of Milton's bright creations. His almost superhuman powers seemed to have soared amid the pure empyrean, inspired with the very atmosphere of the celestial world. The fact that, almost without exception, those who espoused the literary profession, whether poor or wealthy, have done so irrespective alike of either condition, seems to attest their governing impulse to have been that of an ardent love for the ennobling pursuit itself. The smiles as well as the frowns of fortune have ever been equally abortive in their influence over a mind once devoted to the pleasures of literature and science, abundant evidence of this being afforded by the history of many of the earlier as well as recent writers, whose works have been bequeathed to us as a legacy of all time. There must be something irresistibly attractive in poetry, though

"The cause is secret—the effect is seen."

How else can we account for the fact of some of her votaries, while incarcerated in loathsome dungeons, giving utterance to the sweetest strains—and, in many instances, actually breathing out the melodious numbers with their last expiring? Of the former class, how many might be quoted! Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler—the Herodotus of the 13th century—for instance, who, to beguile his gloomy hours, indited the record of his surprising adventures and discoveries in Asia, while incarcerated in a prison at Pisa; or like Bunyan, who in Bedford jail penned his exquisite allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" Silvio Pellico, who, in his no less sad exile from the living world, gave birth to such beautiful measures; or the noble and heroic victims of state intolerance, cupidity, and mistaken zeal, whose presence have shed a halo of radiance round the horrors of the Tower of London, the very walls of whose dreary cells were rife with the memorials of ill-fated genius. One of these was the martyred Ticheborne, who, though he refused to connect himself with the conspiracy for the assassination of Elizabeth, was yet doomed to yield up his life, on the mere suspicion of his refusal being constrained, thus implying a degree of incipient guilt. His exquisitely pathetic allusions to his domestic relations, penned just prior to his execution, are almost equal to anything of their class in the language:

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods are but vain hopes of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"I sought for death, and found it in the womb;
I look'd for life, and yet it was a shade;
I trod the ground, and yet it was my tomb;
And now I die, and now I am but made,—
The glass is full, and yet the glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done."

These beautiful stanzas were at first erroneously ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, but their true authorship has since been assigned to the pen of this noble-hearted youth, who, if he wrote no others, has thus secured for his name the shrine of a lasting memorial. It is not necessary to swell the list of the resplendent names of those who beguiled their sor-

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rows and imprisonment with their pen, they having already been referred to; and although the character of modern authorship seems to have suffered some mutation—books of an utilitarian caste having usurped the place of those formerly devoted to the higher flights of poetry—yet the love of literature is doubtless still a no less inherent principle at the present day.

It may well be doubted, says an ingenious writer in an ingenious English periodical, whether the temper of the present age permits it to enjoy all those refined and entrancing pleasures which pure literature is capable of affording. The popular pulse throbs with each varying stimulant of the moment. There is little contemplativeness in modern literature. Instead of the *Farie Queene*, we consult the matter-of-fact *Dictionaries* of McCulloch—the knighthood of genius yields to the aristocracy of commerce. The age of intellectual chivalry is over and gone; but its exploits remain forever speaking to those who, with a gentle and reverent spirit, pause to listen and to love. If we turn to books of elegant criticism, we find the like indifference in the popular taste. In an atmosphere so heavy and lowering, we ought not to be astonished to behold

"Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all her gilded rainbows die away."

Bishop Berkeley nobly and justly asserted the supremacy of literature, declaring that a man who devoted his time to the pursuit of truth is a better friend to mankind than the greatest statesman or hero whose exploits are confined to a small portion of the world; while a ray of imagination or of wisdom may enlighten the universe and glow into remotest centuries. Much of its unity of purpose has been lost with the independence of authorship. The age of patronage had its evils, but they rarely infected the book beyond its preface. A regular trader in literary wares at the present day—such as some of our fecund novelists, French and English—seem to aim less at writing well, than writing much. We might refer to two prominent names which occur to us, as flagrant instances, but we forbear any invidiousness, although such desperate cases might be the better for a little dressing. How forcibly are such writers censured for the modest obscurity with which the authorship of many of the earlier scribes sought to enrich their literature and language! Among these worthies were Selden, Sackville, Sidney and Surrey, with many others, whose names have vanished like their own slow-moving shadows upon the illuminated curtains, but who yet found, amidst all their poverty, privations and sorrows, their lowest resource and pleasure in their patient literary pursuits. The essayist from whom we have already quoted thus continues:

"Literature has its solitary pleasures, and they are many; it has also its social pleasures, and they are more. The Persian poet, Sadi, teaches a moral in one of his pleasing apologues. Two friends passed a summer day in a garden of roses; one satisfied himself with admiring their colors and inhaling their fragrance; the other filled his bosom with the leaves, and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the solitary, the second the social student. He wanders among many gardens of thought, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil, and this application of it!

"The domestic life of virtuous genius has many delightful pictures to soothe and engage our eyes. We like to see Richardson reading chapters of his novels to his listening friends in his favorite grotto; and Sterne never looks so amiable and fascinating as when he appears by his own fireside, with his daughter copying and his wife knitting. His own description is a very lively sketch. Writing to a friend, September 21, 1761:

"'I am scribbling away at my Tristram. These two volumes are, I think, the best I shall write as long as I live: 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse, and so much am I delighted with my Uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens, as I read her chapters.'"

The domestic history of the amiable Cowper, notwithstanding his abiding melancholy, presents us with some placid and even glowing pictures, and contemplated seated on his sofa, rehersing each newly constructed passage to his faithful Mary Unwin.

In their method of economizing time, we find a certain uniformity, in the practice of authors and students, of gathering up their spare minutes—some writers yielding to their pleasing toils over the

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midnight lamp; others, again, devoting the early dawn of day to the sweet and silent communings with their muse. Says the ingenious writer:

"The morning has been especially consecrated to study by the example of the Christian scholar. Hackett calls it, very prettily, and in the spirit of Cowley or Carew, the 'mother of heavy dews and pearls, which drop upon the paper from the student's pen.' The learned and excellent Bishop Jewell affords a very delightful specimen of the day of an English scholar, who not only lived among his books but among men. He commonly rose at four o'clock, had private prayers at five, and attended the public service of the church in the cathedral at six. The remainder of the morning was given to study. One of his biographers has drawn a very interesting sketch of Jewell during the day. At meals, a chapter being first read, he recreated himself with scholastic wars, between young scholars whom he entertained at his table. After meals, his doors and ears were open to all suits and causes; at these times, for the most part, he dispatched all those businesses which either his place or others' importunity forced upon him, making gain of the residue of his time for his study. About the hour of nine at night, he called his servants to an account how they had spent the day, and admonished them accordingly. From this examination to his study, (how long it is uncertain, oftentimes after midnight,) and so to bed; wherein, after some part of an author read to him by the gentlemen of his bedchamber, commending himself to the protection of his Saviour, he took his rest."

But of all writers, the poet, says Washington Irving, becomes the most fascinated with his gentle vocation. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart; and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful portrayer of nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldly; their pages crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet everything is terse, touching, and brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by everything that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which inclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dullness, filled with monkish legends, and academical controversies! What bogs of theological speculations! What dreary wastes of metaphysics! Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illuminated bards, elevated like beacons on their widely-separated hights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age.

"Thorow earth and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passe,
And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
And shoes us in a glasse.
The vertu and the vice
Of every wight alive.
The honey comb that bee doth make,
Is not so sweet in hyve
As are the golden leves
That drope from poet's head;
Which doth surmount our common talke
As farre as drosse doth lead."

"He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature," says Johnson, "demonstrably multiplies the inlets of happiness; therefore we should cherish ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, remembering that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended as preparatory to autumnal fruits." The works of genius are always full of magic—rings upon which the genii ever wait. Such books, in a pre-eminent sense, combine the *utile et dulce*.

"Books are not seldom talismens and spells." There is a kind of analogy between the love of certain books and that of particular individuals—derived, doubtless, from associations common to all. This feeling often dims the eyes of riper years, when it chances to wander again over the pages of our school days—over such books as Robinson Crusoe, or the Vicar of Wakefield. Each leaf then brings back from the well-guarded stores of memory the cherished forms, now passed away, of those who shared with us the relish of their first perusal, the hilarious melody of whose voices are now no longer vocal in their praise. How

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tenaciously the pleasant recollection of some choice books will cling to us through life! We feel more than a fraternal love for them. It is not surprising, therefore, that the true devotees to literatnre and literary pursuits should become the willing if not the eager victims of the passion, in a still stronger degree? If men are characterized by their company, why, then, may they not be by their choice of books? Doubtless many a dormant genius has received its first impulse and direction from some particular author; and, in some cases, to this cause may be primarily ascribed the beneficial and important purposes to which that genius has been applied. Our allusion to that old favorite, Robinson Crusoe, reminds us of many illustrious men of letters with whom it became a first and favorite book. Among these might be named Marmontel, Rousseau, Blair, Beattie, Johnson, Chalmers, Scott, Clare, and Charles Lamb; the last of whom, in his confession of the fact, says: "That its deep interest and familiar style, render it alike delightful to all ranks and classes." Johnson, also, admitted more, adding, he believed "nobody ever laid down the book without wishing it longer;" and Marmontel's testimony is no less decidedly approving; for he states that Robinson Crusoe was the first book he ever read with exquisite pleasure; and he believed every boy in Europe would say the same thing. Would it be believed, however, that the MS. of this identical production was refused, when offered for publication, by nearly the entire body of publishers of London, although the one that bought it soon cleared one thousand guineas by its sales?

"The Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan is another universal favorite—perhaps the most perfect and picturesque specimen of allegorical writing in any language, the peculiarity of which in its striking versimilitude, imparting to the pure creations of the author's rich, exuberant imagination the strong impress of reality. Modern criticism, indeed, has ventured to assign to this work a rank even equal with that of Homer, the sublime epic of Milton, and the mighty genius of the world's great poet! Coleridge, referring to Bunyan's "Pilgrim," observes that, "though composed in the lowest style of English, it is without slang or false grammar. This wonderful work is one of the few which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian, and let me assure you there is great theological acumen in the work; once with devotional feelings, once as apoet. I would not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colors. I know of no book (the Bible being excepted, as above all comparison) which, according to my judgment and experience, I could so safely recommend, as teaching and enforcing the whole system of saving truth, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I am convinced that it is incomparably the best summary of evangelical Christianity ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." Little dreamed the poor, despised, oppressed preaching tinker, what an almost superhuman influence his humble pen was destined to exert, in all after time, upon the best interests of mankind. And it might prove an ingenious problem for the curious to solve, to enumerate the almost incalculable amount of copies of this extraordinary production which have already been presented to the public in the several languages of the civilized world.

Sidney's *Arcadia*, so ripe with apothegmatic lore, and the pure fount of song of that "true and gentle poet," Spencer, were the well-known chosen associates of many master minds of old—such as Milton, Shakspeare, Waller, Cowley, etc Dr. Johnson loved old Isaac Walton's *Life of Dr. Donne*, and Lady Wortley Montague's *Letters*. He says, according to Boswell, that the reader who does not relish the first fruits of the first named work is no philosopher, and he who does not enjoy the second is no Christian.

Benjamin Franklin says that Plutarch's *Lives*, Defoe's *Essays on Projects*, and a work entitled *Essays to do Good*, were his three favorite books, and those from which he derived the most advantage. Speaking of the last, he states: "When I was a boy, I met with this book, which was written, I think, by the father of Dr. Mather, of Boston. It gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and, if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." Franklin, again, has been the favorite of many young persons, who have had to thank his sagacious pages, and his maxims of

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industry and economy, for their future success in life. It is beautiful thus to see wisdom become traditionary, says the writer above alluded to. "When at school," writes Dr. Alexander Murray, the celebrated orientalist, "I read *Paradise Lost*, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. I cannot describe the ardor of various feelings with which I have perused, studied and admired that first rate work."

Speaking of this sublime production of Milton, a work, by the way, everybody admires, but scarce anybody reads, what a vast mine of poetic wealth does it enclose? which, unlike that of its great compeer, seems, in the present day, more then ever, to lie undisturbed, unfathomed, and the deep treasure of which appear altogether too massive and gorgeous for the purposes of our mercenary and unpoetic age.

Ossian was the favorite of two distinguished characters, who certainly appear very dissimilar in all other respects, except in that of their literary tastes—Napoleon and Dr. Parr. The latter says: "I read Ossian when a boy, and was enamored with it. When at College, I again read Ossian, with increased delight. I now, although convinced of the imposture, find pleasure in reading McPherson." Hudibras was a great favorite with Dr. Blair, author of the celebrated "Sermons." He used to read it through once every year.

We forgot to mention Chaucer's textbook; it was Aristotle's Philosophy. Shelley's choice was Sophocles, and Keat's, also; a copy of which was found clasped to his breast, under his vest, when he was drowned Homer, Virgil and Horace have charmed and inspired a host of illustrious men, whose names are too many here to cite. Bossuet, the French divine, was once found with Homer on his table, while preparing one of his famous orations, when he exclaimed to his visitor, "I have always Homer beside me when I compose my sermons; for I love to light my lamp at the sun." Hume and Fox both sought relaxation from severe toils in luxuriating over the glowing pages of Virgil and Euripides. Burns' first and fondly cherished tome was the Life of William Wallace, and his text the Life of Hannibal. "Hannibal," he says, "gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down, after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." Shakspeare has been the universal favorite of the sons of genius; but the enthusiasm of one humble admirer, Joseph Blacket, the shoemaker poet, is too interesting to be passed over. In his twelfth year, Blacket witnessed Kemble's performance of Richard III. Before this, he had neither read nor beheld a play; but thenceforth Shakespeare was his favorite author. "I robbed the pillow of its due," says he, "and in the summer season would read till the sun had far retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." "In consequence of this close study of Shakspeare, a dramatic tone," observes his biographer, "pervaded the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, backs of letters, shoe-patterns, slips of paper hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St. Pancras, wherein he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could be scarcely made to retain the impression of his thoughts; yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined."

Hazlitt's pet book was Rousseau's *Confessions*. He confessed the intense delight he derived from its perusal at an early age. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* was the singular choice of Cobbett. He gives the following account of his first meeting with it:

"When only eleven years old, with three pence in my pocket, my whole fortune, I perceived, at Richmond, in a bookseller's window, marked 'price three pence.' Its odd title excited my curiosity; I bought it in place of my supper. So impatient was I to examine it, that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, and sat down to read it on the shady side of a hay stack. The book was so different from anything I had read before—it was so new to my mind—that, though I could not at all understand some parts of it, still it delighted me beyond measure, and produced what I have always considered a sort of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put it into my pocket, and fell asleep beside of the

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back, till the birds awaked me in the morning; and then I started off, still reading my little book. I could relish nothing beside.; I carried it about with me wherever I went, till, when about 20 years old, I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy."

Thompson's *Seasons* was Bloomfield's favorite selection; it was also Clare's; and even the celebrated biographer, Dr. Dibdin, admits that he enjoyed many quiet readings, while seated in the deepening glooms of Bagley Wood, or near the magnificent expanse of water at Blenheim. He designates the *Castle of Indolence* as one of the most enchanting poems in the language, although it has not yet acquired the reputation it deserves. Lord Byron's greatest favorites were Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, D'Israeli's *Illustrations of the Literary Character*, and Scott's novels. The first work, he says, contains more solid information than any twenty other works ever compiled in the English language; the second, he says, he read perhaps oftener than any, and that it had often been to him a consolation and a pleasure; of the last named, Scott's novels, he tells us: "I never travel without them; they are a perfect library in themselves—a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure." Johnson confessed that Old Burton was the first book that ever compelled him to rise from his bed earlier than he otherwise would have wished. How many, like Lord Oxford, have enjoyed the delicious humor of *Don Quixote?* and some may even have also coveted the acquisition of the pure Castilian, to ensure its keener relish.

Among the pleasures of the pen may therefore be classed the love of study and a passion for reading. Says Barton, on this head: "Looking about this world of books, I could even live and die among such meditations, and take more delight and true comfort of mind in them than in all wealth and sport. There is a sweetness which, as Circe's cup, bewitched a student. He cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days and nights, spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study. The last day is *prioris discipulus*. From the time that Cicero poured forth his feelings, in his oration for the poet Archias, innumerable are the testimonials of men of letters of the pleasurable delirium of their researches. Richard de Bury, of Durham, was so enamored of his literary collections that he gave utterance, it will be remembered, to his love of books, under the title of his *Philobiblion*.

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words—

Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given!
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the true and right—
Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals:
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of woman feels!
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw:
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph poured
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapor's o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right and true
And merciful is made.

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Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human kind;
If brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not their own;

Though heralded with nought of fear,
Or outward sign or show:
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well—
Thy Father's call of love!

Earthly Trusts.

In every heart there is some secret woe; in every house there is some hidden horrors; in every cup of earthly pleasure there is bitterness; upon every path the cloud of mourning casts its shadow. The eloquent and the mighty climb the heights of fame and find them cold. The friend of the poor and the emancipator of millions falls by the hand of an assassin. Men of genius enrich the world with their inventions, and themselves die poor. Men of wealth build splendid mansions, and never inhabit them. Reformers preach righteousness and humanity, and they are hissed as fanatics and denounced as disturbers of the public peace. The clowns and the comedians, who live by making others laugh, are themselves consumed with secret sorrow. The devotees of pleasure, who make life a jest and death a shadow, are themselves the saddest creatures in the world. You may search the world around, but you will find no path on which the cloud of trouble and sorrow never casts its shadows.

—Sin is like a serpent in the bosom, which stings you, or like a thief in your closet, who plunders you.

The Early Christian Orators and their Age.

The first five centuries of the Cristian era form, perhaps, the most memorable period in history. They comprise the great crisis of the progress of humanity. This appears to be true if we look merely at the magnitude and grandeur of the *external* events—the outward action of that marvellous time. Then it was that the ownership of the continent of Europe changed hands—as the great migration of the nations brought at once into the light of history and the domain of civilization those new races of men, who have since had in their keeping the destiny and development of the race. . .

Then, too, it was that the vast and spacious fabric of ancient culture, which had stood for more than four thousand years, fell with a crash to the earth; and the kingly form of antiquity, now discrowned, with his sceptre broken, emerged from the ruin of his palace to recede from the action of the world, and leave the places that once knew him to the usurpation of the mightier Future.

Then, too, it was that the great Idea—divine in its origin and energy—which has ever since controlled the fate of civilization, and which now dominates in the moral world, became impersonated, embodied and organized in the men and the institutions of the Church, and so, in substantial manifestations, entered like a conqueror on the scenes of human effort to lay the foundation of a new and better social order. Such is the threefold grandeur even of the first and merely outward action of that age, which found its intellectual expression and utterance in the early eloquence of the Christian Church. But as of all the forms of literature eloquence stands in the closest and most intimate relation with the society which produces it, so to understand aright the spirit and influence of the great Christian orators, we must look more deeply and carefully into the times in which they lived.

Force—Freedom—Faith—these are the three cardinal principles or elements of social existence which constitute civilization. Just in proportion as their union in any single age or nation is intimate and complete, just in that proportion is the civilization which they produce vital,

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vigorous and consummate. Now it is the memorable peculiarity of the early age of Christian eloquence that in its social organization these three fundamental elements of civilization, so far from being united or harmonized at all, were arrayed against each other in fierce and unrelenting hostility. Each of them, indeed, then exhibited a most powerful existence, a most imposing aspect, and a most prodigious development; but each was confined and concentrated in a social world of their own. They were soon to be dashed against each other in the fiercest conflict. With which, at last, should the victory abide?

The Roman empire, as it stood in the first centuries of the Christian era, was the embodiment, the impersonation of Force. The Roman, from the day when he fixed his camp on the brow of the Capitoline Hill, and sailed forth on his first expedition of plunder, was man sent forth to subjugate or slay. His armed footsteps yet resound through the pages of history like the heavy tramp of some gigantic warrior pacing in iron harness though his ancestral halls. In the toil of near a thousand years, from the time of Romulus to the time of Trajan, the Roman had builded up without weariness, or pity, or fear, his vast dominion —the Tower of Dread to all the nations. Sixty millions of men, of every language and lineage, were crushed down together into one dark mass of personal servitude, to form its massive foundations. The unhewn granite barbarism of Britain, and the finely chiselled nationality of classic Greece, severely beautiful as her own Parian marble, were compacted together in its mighty masonry. The swords of thirty legions kept guard at its portals; and from its towering battlements, looking out at once on the Euphrates and the Atlantic, on the Scandinavian Forest and the Sahara Desert, went forth the stern voices of doom or destiny, now to stop the fleet career of the Bedouin as he swept over his sea of sand, and now to startle the unkempt savage of the North from his grim repose in the mountain caverns of his home.

And how wondrously, within the walls of this gloomy fortress, were all the elements of human nature, and all the achievements of the human mind, made to subserve, or arm, or embellish the domineering, giant Force, as he dwelt there among his passions! Art, turning away from those gentler labors which, at Athens and Corinth, had peopled portico and temple with images of serene and ideal beauty, caught the sternness of her new abode, and now, with million-handed toil, she piled the colossal breast-works of the Capitol and the Palaitum, or stamped upon the rock, as if to live forever in the memories of men, the fixed and frowning look of that grim Roman virtue which, in the brave days of old, had quelled and subdued the world. Science left the path of peaceful invention to become the handmaid of war; to instruct the impregnable camp and the invincible army—to gather, in one eagle glance, the capacities of the battle-field —to forge the panoply which no foeman should pierce, or whet to bloodier issues the pilum or the sword. Poetry, breathing no higher inspiration than patriotism, embodied, in forms of epic grandeur, the ancient triumphs, and chanted the proud battle-song of grander victories yet to come. Philosophy came down from the clear upper air of contemplation, at the bidding of despotism, to draw up the code. Law, the institutes of obedience, the Pandects of authority, the iron-leaved statute-book of power, this was the one great original result of Roman speculation. Shall its significance be described in a word? It was philosophy going forth in the footsteps of force to police the world. Religion, which had appeared at first in the sombre and terrific shapes of the old Etruscan idolatry, and had thus tamed down the rebelling instincts of a fierce multitude into the unanimity of an organized state, now, when this task was accomplished, loosed her grasp on the conscience, and, no longer aiming at the restraint of power, arrayed herself in Greek or Syrian graces to become his plaything—the show of his holiday.

Thus, in the social world of which Rome was the centre, the domineering force, like Prospero in his enchanted isle, obeyed at once by Ariel and Caliban, had summoned up together the highest and the lowest—the mildest and the most savage instincts of humanity, to obey his mandates and perform his work.

Such was the antagonistic civilization which the early orators of the Church were summoned to confront and condemn. It was by far the most grand and complete impersonation of despotizing force which the world has seen. Under its iron influence their genius was to grow and to create.

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But the resources of humanity are boundless. Against the force of a ruthless civilization, thus concentrated in the despotism, organized in the statute-book, and armed with the sword of Rome, came forth, in forms yet more strange and appalling—the mightier and wilder element of Freedom. The avengers are in the field. From the east and the north—from the cold gorges of the Ural and the Caucasus—from the wide and savage wastes lashed by the stormy waves of the Baltic and German seas—rushed forth at once the hosts of barbarism. An impulse, simultaneous, universal, resistless, set them in motion, at the same moment, in the depths of Central Asia and on the western shore of Europe. As they gather—the Hun and the Vandal, the Saxon and the Goth—and move on, each in his own mighty horde, unconscious of the other—their glittering spear-heads, as if by some preternatural attraction, some providential *polarity*, all traverse to the Capitol! On! on! to the Eternal City! And now death to the slayer—destruction to the destroyer—woe to the impious Babel, so long drunk with the life-blood of the nations. Such was the savage cry of human freedom, as it rushed forth from its native forest—untamed—barbaric—wrathful—tumultuous—to pluck down the great Bastile of civilization. Such was the mode and aspect of freedom, which the Christian orator, in the God-given strength of his faith, was to encounter, and soften, and subdue.

And now, between the tyrannous force and the lawless freedom of the times—thus embodied in the Roman and the barbaric worlds—arose the mighty brotherhood of faith. It is to make itself heard amid all the uproar of their conflict. It is to create and consummate its own organization in the midst of their confusion. Out of the scattered fragments of an ancient culture, and the jarring elements of savage life, it is to construct a new civilization; and through a victory won at once over paganism, despotism, and barbarism, it is to travel up to the moral monarchy of the world. To an age of furious passions and gigantic crimes, it is to uplift the awful sanctity of conscience; and against the shocks of power, and the seductions of heresy, it is to guard, as the palladium of its safety, the sacred unity of its creed.

Such, then, described in meagre outline as alone our space permits, was the scene of effort, and such the stupendous task attempted and achieved by the early Fathers, the great orators of the Christian Church. In their influence on the society which lay disrupted and weltering around them, they were, by far, the mightiest revolutionary leaders the world has known. Professedly the votaries of religion and letters, in fact, they were, in the highest and largest sense, great men of action. The genius of the statesman is blended in their characters with the subtlety of the philosopher and the fervor of the apostle. Apart from all their theological and literary merit, a capital charm of their writings is found in the life-like portraiture which they present of the social life which is heaving around them. The works of the great prelates of the fourth century,—of Athanasius and Augustin, of Gregory and Chrysostom, of Jerome and Ambrose—unsightly and repulsive as they may appear,—the bulky folios, in this age of parlor literature,—they are yet luminous and electric within. They are the true memoirs of the age. On those ample pages yet stand forth, in bold relief and living reality, the actions, the characters, the aspirations, and energies of the time. Ideas the most abstruse, and problems the most profound, seem, in the combats of the great orators, to personify themselves in the heart of the discussion and the vivid truth of the language. A great sincerity lends new interest to every movement of their minds. And amidst rapid narrative and piercing analysis, and profound metaphysical speculation and invective, and sarcasm and pathos, the reader is borne irresistibly along on the impulses of an eloquence which gathers boldness, variety, and vigor, by concentrating within itself the ardent convictions, the impetuous passions, the wonder, and fear, and faith of an unsettled and tempest-tossed society.

—THE pleasures of sin are for a season, but the torments of unpardoned sin are of an eternal duration. Our first parents soon ate of the forbidden fruit, but the world to this day feels that it is not freed from the miserable consequence of that sudden banquet.

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Scenes from the Life of Josephine.

JOSEPHINE resided in Martinique three years. She passed her time in tranquil sadness, engaged in reading, in educating Hortense, and in unwearying acts of kindness to those around her. Like all noble minds, she had a great fondness for the beauties of nature. The luxuriant groves of the tropics, the serene skies which overarched her head, the gentle zephyrs which breathed through orange groves, all were congenial with her pensive spirit. The thought of Eugene, her beautiful boy, so far from her, preyed deeply upon her heart. Often she retired alone to some of those lonely walks which she loved so well, and wept over her alienated husband and her lost child.

M. Beauharnais surrendered himself for a time, without restraint, to every indulgence. He tried, in the society of sin and shame, to forget his wife and his absent daughter. He, however, soon found that no friend can take the place of a virtuous and an affectionate wife. The memory of Josephine's gentleness, and tenderness, and love, came flooding back upon his heart. He became fully convinced of his injustice to her, and earnestly desired to have her restored again to him and to his home. He sent communications to Josephine, expressive of his deep regret for the past, promising amendment for the future, assuring her of his high appreciation of her elevated and honorable character, and imploring her to return with Hortense, thus to unite the divided and sorrow-stricken household. It was indeed a gratification to Josephine to receive from her husband the acknowledgment that she had never ceased to deserve his confidence. The thought of again pressing Eugene to her bosom filled a mother's heart with rapture. Still, the griefs which had weighed upon her were so heavy, that she confessed to her friends that, were it not for the love which she bore Eugene, she would greatly prefer to spend the remnant of her days upon her favorite island. Her friends did everything in their power to dissuade her from leaving Martinique. But a mother's undying love triumphed, and again she embarked for France.

In subsequent years, when surrounded by all the splendors of royalty, she related to some of the ladies of her court, with that unaffected simplicity which ever marked her character, the following incident, which occurred during this voyage. The ladies were admiring some brilliant jewels which were spread out before them, "My young friends, believe me, splendor does not constitute happiness. I at one time received greater enjoyment from the gift of a pair of old shoes than all these diamonds have ever afforded me." The curiosity of her auditors was, of course, greatly excited, and they entreated her to explain her meaning.

"Yes, young ladies," Josephine continued, "of all the presents I ever received, the one which gave me the greatest pleasure was *a pair of old shoes, and those, too, of coarse leather.* When I last returned to France from Martinique, having separated from my first husband, I was far from rich. The passage money exhausted my resources, and it was not without difficulty that I obtained the indispensable requisites for our voyage. Hortense, obliging and lively, performing with much agility the dances of the negroes, and singing their songs with surprising correctness, greatly amused the sailors, who, from being her constant play-fellows, had become her favorite society. An old sailor became particularly attached to the child, and she doted upon the old man. What with running, leaping, and walking, my daughter's slight shoes were fairly worn out. Knowing that she had not another pair, and fearing I would forbid her going upon deck, should this defect in her attire be discovered, Hortense carefully concealed

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the disaster. One day I experienced the distress of seeing her return from the deck leaving every foot-mark in blood. When examining how matters stood, I found her shoes literally in tatters, and her feet dreadfully torn by a nail. We were as yet not more than half way across the ocean, and it seemed impossible to procure another pair of shoes. I felt quite overcome at the idea of the sorrow my poor Hortense would suffer, as also at the danger to which her health might be exposed by confinement in my miserable little cabin. At this moment our good friend, the old sailor, entered, and inquired the cause of our distress. Hortense, sobbing all the while, eagerly informed him that she could no more go upon deck, for her shoes were worn out, and mamma had no others to give her. 'Nonsense,' said the worthy seaman, 'is that all? I have an old pair somewhere in my chest; I will go and seek them. You, madam, can cut them to shape, and I will splice them up as well as need be.' Without waiting for a reply, away hastened the kind sailor in search of his old shoes; these he soon after brought to us with a triumphant air, and they were received by Hortense with demonstrations of the most lively joy. We set to work with all zeal, and before the day closed my daughter could resume her delightful duties of supplying their evening's diversion to the crew. I again repeat, never was present received with greater thankfulness. It has since often been matter of self-reproach, that I did not particularly inquire into the name and history of our benefactor. It would have been gratifying for me to have done something for him when afterward means were in my power."

Poor Hortense! most wonderful were the vicissitudes of her checkered and joyless life. We here meet her, almost an infant, in poverty and obscurity. The mother and child arrived in Paris on the morning of that Reign or Terror, the story of which has made the ear of humanity to tingle. Hortense is deprived of both her parents, and is left in friendlessness and beggary in the streets of Paris. A charitable neighbor cherished and fed her. Her mother is liberated, and married to Napoleon; and Hortense, as daughter of the emperor, is surrounded with dazzling splendor, such as earth has seldom witnessed. We now meet Hortense, radiant with youthful beauty, one of the most admired and courted in the midst of the glittering throng, which, like a fairy vision, dazzles all eyes in the gorgeous apartments of Versailles and St. Cloud. Her person is adorned with the most costly fabrics and the most brilliant gems which Europe can afford. The nobles and princes of the proudest courts vie with each other for the honor of her hand. She is led to her sumptuous bridal by Louis Bonaparte, brother of the emperor; becomes the spouse of a king, and takes her seat upon the throne of Holland. But in the midst of all this external splendor she is wretched at heart. Not one congenial feeling unites her with the companion to whom she is bound. Louis, weary of regal pomp and constraint, abdicates the throne, and Hortense becomes unendurably weary of her pensive and unambitious spouse. They agree to separate; each to journey along, unattended by the other, the remainder of life's pilgrimage. Hortense seeks a joyless refuge in a secluded castle, in one of the most retired valleys of Switzerland. The tornado of counter-revolution sweeps over Europe, and all her exalted friends and towering hopes are prostrated in the dust. Lingering years of disappointment and sadness pass over her, and old age with its infirmities, places her upon a dying bed. One only child, Louis Napoleon, since President of the French Republic, the victim of corroding ambition and ceaseless-gnawing discontent, stands at her bedside to close her eyes, and to follow her, a solitary and lonely mourner, to the grave. The dream of life has passed. The shadow has vanished away. Who can

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fathom the mystery of the creation of such a drama?

Josephine arrived in France. She was received most cordially by her husband. Sorrowful experience had taught him the value of a home, and the worth of a pure and a sanctified love. Josephine again folded her idolized Eugene in her arms, and the anguish of past years was forgotten in the blissful enjoyments of a reunited family. These bright and happy days were, however, soon again clouded. The French Revolution was now in full career. The king and queen were in prison. All law was prostrate. M. Beauharnais, at the commencement of the Revolution, had most cordially espoused the cause of popular liberty. He stood by the side of La Fayette, a companion and a supporter. His commanding character gave him great influence. He was elected a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, and took an active part in its proceedings. Upon the dissolution of this assembly, or States-General, as it was also called, as by vote none of its members were immediately re-eligible, he retired again to the army; but when the second or Legislative Assembly was dissolved and the National Convention was formed, he was returned as a member, and at two successive sessions was elected its president.

The people, having obtained an entire victory over monarchy and aristocracy, beheaded the king and queen, and drove the nobles from the realm. France was now divided into two great parties. The Jacobins were so called from an old cloister in which they at first held their meetings. All of the lowest, most vicious, and the reckless of the nation belonged to this party. They seemed disposed to overthrow all law, human and divine. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were the blood-stained leaders of this wild and furious faction. The Girondists, their opponents, were so called from the deparment of the Gironde, from which most of the leaders of this party came. They wished for a republic like that of the United States, where there should be the protection of life, and property, and liberty, with healthy laws sacredly enforced.

The conflict between the two parties was long and terrible. The Jacobins gained the victory, and the Girondists were led to the guillotine. M. Beauharnais was an active member of the Girondist party, of which Madame Roland was the soul, and he perished with them. Many of the Girondists sought safety in concealment and retreat. M. Beauharnais, conscious of his political integrity, proudly refused to save his life by turning his back upon his foes.

One morning Josephine was sitting in her parlor, in a state of great anxiety in reference to the fearful commotion of the times, when a servant announced that some one wished to speak to her. A young man of very gentle and prepossessing appearance was introduced, with a bag in his hand, in which were several pairs of shoes.

"Citizen," said the man to Josephine, "I understand that you want socks of plum gray."

Josephine looked up in surprise, hardly comprehending his meaning, when he approached nearer to her, and, in an undertone, whispered, "I have something to impart to you, madame."

"Explain yourself," she eagerly replied, much alarmed; "my servant is faithful."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "my life is at stake in this matter."

"Go, Victorine," said Josephine to her servant, "and call my husband."

As soon as they were alone, the young man said, "There is not a moment to lose if you would save M. Beauharnais. The Revolutionary committee last night passed a resolution to have him arrested, and at this moment the warrant is making out."

"How know you this?" she demanded, trembling violently.

"I am one of the committee," was the reply, "and, being a shoemaker, I

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thought these shoes would afford me a reasonable pretext for advertising you, madame."

At this moment M. Beauharnais entered the room, and Josephine, weeping, threw herself into his arms. "You see my husband," she said to the shoemaker.

"I have the honor of knowing him," was the reply.

M. Beauharnais wished to reward the young man on the spot for his magnanimous and perilous deed of kindness. The offer was respectfully but decisively declined. To the earnest entreaties of Josephine and the young man that he should immediately secure his safety by his flight or concealment, he replied:

"I will never flee; with what can they charge me? I love liberty. I have borne arms for the Revolution."

"But you are a noble," the young man rejoined, "and that, in the eye of the Revolutionists, is a crime—an unpardonable crime. And, moreover, they accuse you of having been a member of the Constitutional Assembly."

"That," said M. Beauharnais, "is my most honorable title to glory. Who would not be proud of having proclaimed the rights of the nation, the fall of despotism, and the reign of laws?"

"What laws!" exclaimed Josephine. "It is in blood they are written."

"Madame," exclaimed the philanthropic young Jacobin, with a tone of severity, "when the tree of liberty is planted in an unfriendly soil, it must be watered with the blood of its enemies." Then, turning to M. Beauharnais, he said, "Within an hour it will no longer be possible to escape. I wished to save you, because I believe you innocent. Such was my duty to humanity. But if I am commanded to arrest you—pardon me—I shall do my duty; and you will acknowledge the patriot."

The young shoemaker withdrew, and Josephine in vain entreated her husband to attempt his escape. "Whither shall I flee?" he answered. "Is there a vault, a garret, a hiding-place into which the eye of the tyrant Robespierre does not penetrate? We must yield. If I am condemned how can I escape? If I am not condemned, I have nothing to fear."

About two hours elapsed when three members of the Revolutionary Committee, accompanied by a band of armed men, broke into the house. The young shoemaker was one of this committee, and with firmness, but with much urbanity, he arrested M. Beauharnais. Josephine, as her husband was led to prison, was left in her desolated home. And she found herself indeed deserted and alone. No one could then manifest any sympathy with the proscribed without periling life. Josephine's friends, one by one, all abandoned her. The young shoemaker alone, who had arrested her husband, continued secretly to call with words of sympathy.

Josephine made great exertions to obtain the release of her husband, and was also unwearied in her benefactions to multitudes around her who, in those days of lawlessness and of anguish, were deprived of property, of friends, and of home. The only solace she found in her own grief was in ministering to the consolation of others. Josephine, from the kindest of motives, but very injudiciously, deceived her children in reference to their father's arrest, and led them to suppose that he was absent from home in consequence of ill health. When at last she obtained permission to visit, with her children, her husband in prison, they detected the deceit. After returning from the prison after their first interview, Hortense remarked to her mother that she thought her father's apartment very small, and the patients very numerous. She appeared for a time very thoughtful, and then inquired of Eugene, with an anxious expression of countenance:

"Do *you* believe that papa is ill? If he is, it certainly is not the sickness

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which the doctors edeavor to cure."

"What do you mean, my dear child?" asked Hortense. "Can you suppose that papa and I would contrive between us to deceive you?"

"Pardon me, mamma, but I do think so."

"Why, sister," exclaimed Eugene, "how can you say so?"

"Good parents," she replied, "are unquestionably permitted to deceive their children when they wish to spare them uneasiness. Is it not so, mamma?"

Josephine was not a little embarrassed by this detection, and was compelled to acknowledge that which it was no longer possible to conceal.

In the interview which M. Beauharnais held with his wife and his children he spoke with some freedom to his children of the injustice of his imprisonment. This sealed his doom. Listeners, who were placed in an adjoining room to note down his words, reported the conversation, and magnified it into a conspiracy for the overthrow of the republic. M. Beauharnais was immediately placed in close confinement. Josephine herself was arrested and plunged into prison, and even the terrified children were rigidly examined by a brutal committee, who, by promises and by threats, did what they could to extort from them some confession which would lead to the conviction of their parents.

Josephine, the morning of her arrest, received an anonymous letter, warning her of her danger. It was at an early hour, and her children were asleep in their beds. But how could she escape? Where could she go? Should she leave her children behind her, and thus prevent the possibility of eluding arrest? Would not her attempt at flight be construed into a confession of guilt, and thus compromise the safety of her husband? While distracted with these thoughts, she heard a loud knocking and clamor at the outer door of the house. She understood too well the significance of those sounds. With a great effort to retain a tranquil spirit, she passed into the room where her children were sleeping. As she fixed her eyes upon them, so sweetly lost in slumber, and thought of the utter abandonment to which they were doomed, her heart throbbed with anguish, and tears, of such bitterness as are seldom shed upon earth, filled her eyes. She bent over her daughter, and imprinted a mother's farewell kiss upon her forehead. The affectionate child, though asleep, clasped her arms around her mother's neck, and, speaking the thoughts of the dream passing through her mind, said, "Come to bed. Fear nothing. They shall not take you away this night. I have prayed to God for you."

The tumult in the outer hall continually increasing, Josephine, fearful of awakening Hortense and Eugene, cast a last lingering look of love upon them, and, withdrawing from the chamber, closed the door and entered her parlor. There she found a band of armed men, headed by the brutal wretch who had so unfeelingly examined her children. The soldiers were hardened against every appeal of humanity, and performed their unfeeling office without any emotion, save that of hatred for one whom they deemed to be an aristocrat. They seized Josephine rudely, and took possession of all the property in the house in the name of the Republic. They dragged their victim to the convent of the Carmelites, and she was immured in that prison, where, but a few months before, more than eight thousand had been massacred by the mob of Paris. Even the blackest annals of religious fanaticism can record no outrages more horrible than those which rampant infidelity perpetrated in these days of its temporary triumphs.

When Eugene and Hortense awoke, they found themselves indeed alone in the wide world. They were informed by a servant of the arrest and the imprisonment of their mother. The times had long been so troubled, and

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the children were so familiar with the recital of such scenes of violence, that they were prepared to meet these fearful preplexities with no little degree of discretion. After a few tears, they tried to summon resolution to act worthily of their father and mother. Hortense, with that energy of character which she manifested through her whole life, advised that they should go to Luxembourg, where their father was confined, and demand admission to share his imprisonment. Eugene, with that caution which characterized him when one of the leaders in the army of Napoleon, and when viceroy of Italy, apprehensive lest thus they might in some way compromise the safety of their father, recalled to mind an aged great-aunt, who was residing in much retirement in the vicinity of Versailles, and suggested the propriety of seeking a refuge with her. An humble female friend conducted the children to Versailles, where they were most kindly received.

When the gloom of the ensuing night darkened the city, M. Beauharnais in his cheerless cell, and Josephine in her prison still stained with the blood of massacre, wept over the desolation of their home and their hopes. They knew not the fate of their children, and their minds were oppressed with the most gloomy forbodings. On the ensuing day, Josephine's heart was cheered with the tidings of their safety. Such was the second terrific storm which Josephine encountered on life's dark waters.

(To be continued.)

—As mean and selfish as the world is, there are some noble souls in it,—souls that can go out of themselves into those noble and generous acts that keep the world from moral and intellectual ruin. May heaven increase the number of such souls. The MISCELLANY is feeling the inspiration of some such *noble* souls.

God the Fountain of Love to his Children.

BY MADAME GUYON.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love thee, Lord; but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From thee the streams of blessedness proceed;
In thee the bless'd abide.
Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling place.

A LESSON IN MARRIED LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

IF society ever be wholly corrupted, it will be by the idea that it is already so. Some cynics believe in virtue, sincerity, and happiness only as traditions of the past, and by ridicule seek to propagate the notion. This vain and pedantic philosophy would turn all hearts to stone, and arm every man with suspicion against all others, declaiming against the romance of life as empty sentimentalism; against the belief in goodness as youth's sanguine folly; and the hope of pure happiness, as a fanciful dream, created by a young imagination, to be dissipated by the teaching of a few years' struggle with the world.

If this be wisdom, I am no philosopher, and I never wish to be one; for sooner would I float upon the giddy current of fancy, to fall among quicksands at last, than travel through a dull and dreary world, without confidence in my companions. That we may be happy, that we may find sincere friends, that we may meet the good, and enjoy the beautiful on earth, is a creed that will find believers in all hearts unsoured by their own asceticism. Virtue will sanctify every fireside where we invite her to dwell, and

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if the clouds of misfortune darken and deform the whole period of our existance, it is a darkness that eminates from ourselves, and a deformity created by us to our own unhappiness.

Yet this is not relating the little story which is the object of my observation. The axiom which I wish to lay down, to maintain, and to prove correct, is, that married life may be with most people, should be with all, and is with many a state of happiness. The reader may smile at my boldness, but the history of the personages I shall introduce to walk their hour on this my little stage, will justify my adopting the maxim.

M. Pierre Lavalles, owner of a vineyard near a certain village in the south of France, wooed and wedded M'dlle. Julie Gouchard. Exactly where they dwelt, and all the precise circumstances of their position, I do not mean to indicate, and if I might offer a hint to my contemporaries, it would be a gentle suggestion that they occupy too much time, paper, and language in geographical and genealogical details, very wearisome, because very unnecessary. Monsieur Pierre Lavalles then lived in a pretty house, near a certain village in a vine-growing district of the south of France, and when he took his young wife home, he showed her great stores of excellent things, calculated well for the comfortable subsistence of a youthful and worthy couple. Flowers and blossoming trees shed odor near the lattice windows, verdure soft and green was spread over the garden, and the mantling vine "laid forth the purple grape," over a rich and sunny plantation near at hand. The house was small, but neat, and well-furnished in the style of the province, and Monsieur and Madame Pierre Lavalles lived very happily in plenty and content.

Here I leave them, and introduce the reader to Monsieur Antoine Perron, notary in the neighboring village.

Let me linger over a notice of this individual. He was a good man, and, what is more curious, an honest lawyer. Indeed, in spite of my happy theory, I may say that such a good man, and such a good lawyer, you could seldom meet. All the village knew him; he mixed up in every one's quarrels, not, as is usually the case, to make confusion worse confounded by a double-tongued hypocrisy, but to produce conciliation; he mingled in every one's affairs, not to pick up profit for himself, but to prevent the villagers from running into losses and imprudent speculations; he talked much, yet it was not to slander, but advice; he thought more, yet it was not over mischief, but on schemes of good; he was known to everybody, yet none that knew him respected him the less on that account. He was a little, spare, merry-looking man, that sought to appear grave when he was most enclined to merriment, and if he considered himself a perfect genius in his plans for effecting good, his vanity may be pardoned, because of the food it fed on.

M. Antoine Perron considered himself very ingenious, and if he had a fault it was his love of originality. He never liked to perform any action in a common way, and never chuckled so gaily to himself as when he had achieved some charitable end by some extraordinary means.

It was seven months after the marriage of M. Pierre Lavalles. M. Antoine Perron sat in his little parlor, and gazed with glad eyes upon the cheerful fire, for the short winter was just terminating. Leaning forward in his chair, he shaded his face with his hands, and steadily perused the figures among the coals with a most pleasant countenance. The room was small, neat, and comfortable, for the notary prospered in his humble way, and seeking only comfort, found it, and was content.

Suddenly a violent knocking at the door aroused him from his reverie, and he heard his old servant rushing to open it. In a moment two persons were ushered into the room, and the notary leaped to his feet in astonishment at the extraordinary scene before him. Had a thunderbolt cloven the roof, and passed through his hearth to its grave in the centre of the globe, or had the trees that nodded their naked branches without the window commenced a dance upon the snowy ground, he had not been more surprised.

Monsieur Pierre Lavalles and Madame Pierre Lavalles stood inside the doorway. Never had Monsieur Perron seen them before, as he saw them now. Like turtle-doves, with smiling eyes, and affectionate caress, they had lived in happy harmony during the seven months of their married life, and motherly dames, when they gave their daughters away, bade them prosper and be pleasant in their union, as they had been joyous in their love, pleasant and joyous, as neighbor Lavalles and his wife.

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Now, Pierre stood red and angry, with his right arm extended, gesticulating towards his wife. Julie stood red and angry, with her arm extended, gesticulating toward her husband. M. Perron, aghast and perplexed, waited for the *donouement*.

"Madame," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "allow me to speak."

"Monsieur," said Madame Pierre Lavalles, "I insist—"

"But Madame, it is my—"

"But, Monsieur, I say I will."

"But no—"

"Madame, I shall."

"Then be careful what you do. M. Perron, M. Lavalles is mad."

Then the lady, having thus emphatically declared herself, resigned the right of speech to her husband, who began to jerk out in disconnected phrases a statement of the case. Seven days ago he had annoyed his wife by some incautious word; she had annoyed him by an incautious answer; he had made matters worse by an aggravated retort; and she had widened the breech by a bitter retort. This little squall was succeeded by a cool calm, and that by a sullen silence, until some sudden friction kindled a new flame, and finally, after successive storms and lulls, there burst forth a furious conflagration, and in the violent collision of their anger the seven months' married pair vowed to separate, and with that resolve had visited M. Perron. Reconciliation they declared was beyond possibility, and they requested the notary to draw up the documents that should consign them to different homes. Each told a tale in turn, and the manner of relating added fuel to the anger of the other. The man and the woman seemed to have leaped out of their, and neither of them would listen to reason.

The duty of the notary was to prepare the process by which they were to be separated.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will arrange this matter for you; but you are acquainted with the laws of France in this respect?"

"I know nothing of the law," replied M. Pierre Lavalles.

"Madame," said the notary, "your wish shall be complied with. But you know what the law says on this head?"

"I never read a law book," sharply ejaculated Madame Pierre Lavalles.

"Then," resumed the notary, "the case is this. You must return to your house; and I will proceed to settle proceedings with the Judiciary Court at Paris. They are very strict. You must furnish me with all the documents relative to property."

"I have them here," put in the husband, by way of parenthesis.

"And the whole affair, including correspondence, preparation of instruments, &c., will be settled in less than three months."

"Three months?"

"Three months. Yes, in less than three months."

"Then I will live with a friend at the village until it is finished," said Madame Lavalles, in a decided, peremptory tone, usual with ladies when they are a little ashamed of themselves—or any one else.

"Oh, very well, Madame,—oh, very well."

"Not at all well, Madame; not at all well, Monsieur," said the notary. "You must live as usual. If you doubt my knowledge of the law, you will, by reading through these seven books, find that this fact is specified."

But the irritated couple were not disposed to undertake the somniferous task, and shortly left the house, as they had come, walking the same way, but a distance of a yard or so apart.

Two months and twenty-seven days had passed, and the notary proceeded toward the house where Monsieur and Madame Lavalles dwelt. Since the fatal night I have described, he had not encountered them.

It was a pretty place. Passing through the sunny vineyards where the spring was just calling out the leaves, the notary entered a garden. Early roses twined on either side of the porch, and as the notary entered, nothing struck him more than the neat and cheerful appearance of the place. A demoiselle ushered him into a little parlor, where Monsieur Pierre Lavalles and Madame Julie Lavalles had just sat down to partake breakfast. The husband and wife sat side by side, with pleasant looks, and so engaged in conversation that they hardly noticed the entrance of the notary. The storm had vanished, and now smiles, and eyes lit only with kindness, and bosoms beating with calm content, and looks all full of love, were alone to be observed.

When M. Antoine Perron entered, they started at first; and then, recollecting his mission, blushed crimson, looked one at

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another, and then at the ground, awaiting his address.

"Monsieur and Madame," said the notary, "according to your desires I come with all the documents necessary for your separation, and the division of your property. They only want your signature, and we will call in your servant to be witness"

"Stay," said Madame Julie, laughing at her husband; "Pierre, explain to M. Perron."

"Ah, Monsieur Person," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "we had forgotten that, and hoped you had also. Say not a word of it to any one."

"Not a word," said Madame Julie. "We never quarreled but once since we married, and we never mean to quarrel again."

The Miscellany Enlarged.

It will be seen that the MISCELLANY is enlarged, from 32 to 48 pages. There will be no April, May, or June numbers. This new volume, which is dated July, you will see, contains just 16 pages more than the former numbers, and 16 pages extra for six months, will be just the same as 32 pages for the three months. Or, to put it in another form, this number, called July, contains, in fact, the whole of April and just one half of the May, and in the six months, from July to December, the old subscribers get just the same number of pages as they would in the old form in nine months. The next number will be out about the 15th of June.

We have always expected to enlarge the MISCELLANY, but did not expect to until another year. In looking the matter over, we have concluded that we could make the change now with less disadvantage than at any future time. There will be several advantages to the subscriber in the enlarged form. The postage will be no more for the year than before. It will cost, at most, only five or ten cents more to bind the year than in the old form. The greatest reason for the change is, that we could not furnish reading enough for a dollar. In conversing with a great number of persons about it, we find a universal expression in favor of the enlargement.

We expect to have this number sold quite extensively at book stores, news depots, and by news men on the cars. Now to any one paying fifteen cents for a single number, if you conclude, after reading it, that you would like to subscribe for it for the year, send to the publisher just the amount less that you pay for the single number, and it will be all right. Or if you will send us four subscribers, with the money, we will furnish you a copy free for the year. If you can get any more subscribers we will allow you to take forty cents for each yearly subscriber, or twenty cents for each half yearly.

We can furnish all of the numbers of Volume One; which includes January, February, and March; making 96 pages, for 25 cents extra; or, persons can subscribe and pay one dollar, and receive the whole of volume one and two, from January, 1870, until December, the close of the year. We now have about 1,000 copies of the first volume, and expect to be able to furnish back numbers to any who may wish it for six months to come.

Any one beginning with the second volume, July number, who may wish volume one, can have it free, by sending us one new subscriber. Volume one contains two articles on Josephine, three poems by Whittier, one article by Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, and several other arti cles of great value.

We want agents in every State and town in the nation, to make a thorough canvass for the MISCELLANY. We allow a good paying commission. What a way to do good. Let every subscriber work for it.

When subscribers names are sent in, be particular to state with what volume they begin.

To Exchanges.—We will send the MISCELLANY for the year to any paper that will be liberal in giving the MISCELLANY notice. Send us *simply the papers* that contain the notices as they appear.

We are glad to announce that the MISCELLANY is increasing in circulation and favor. This has encouraged us to enlarge at this time.

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MADAME GUYON.—In the next number we expect to begin the biography of this eminent Christian woman, of the first part of the 18th century. A French lady of noble birth, converted in a nunnery, she became an eminent authoress. Queen Catharine, La Combe, Bishop Fenelon, and perhaps thousands of others, were led into the higher Christian life through her influence. She was imprisoned for years, but through the wonderful charm of her holy *martyr* life,—wonderful gifts! God enabled this woman to shake the moral citadel of Popery in France as by an earthquake. This biography alone will be worth more than the cost of the MISCELLANY for the year.

☞THE first article in this number, by Dr. Thomson, will be read with interest and profit. We received it direct from the Dr., in manuscript, originally. We have other valuable articles from the Bishop, that we intend to publish in future numbers. We gave a short notice in our last number of Bishop Thomson's life and death. When we have time we intend to present in the MISCELLANY some interesting facts in the life of this angelic man. He died, as we might have expected, in *great peace*.

☞THE beautiful white paper on which the MISCELLANY is printed, is manufactured by the Peninsular Paper Company, of Ypsilanti. Our paper and printing, we are confident, will bear a very favorable comparison with the best publications of the east.

☞HON. CHARLES M. CROSWELL, of Adrian, will contribute an article to the next number. We hope soon to be able to publish something also from Judge Cooley.

☞*Now* is *the* time to work for the MISCELLANY.

Prospectus of Wellman's Miscellany.

VOL. 2. 1870.

This work is designed to cultivate, expand and elevate the mind, and instil into the heart the love of virtue and the right. It will maintain a high literary standard, rather than attempt to suit the morbid and vicious tastes of those who can read nothing but that which excites the passions. Articles of a trashy and sickly love-tale character will find no place in its pages. It will be a compendium of Literary, Philosophical and Religious Knowledge.

It will contain *original* articles or *rare* selections from the following, as well as others of the most gifted writers: John G. Whittier, the late Edward Thomson, D. D., Prof. B. F. Tefft, Rev. Dr. Whedon, H. W. Beecher, Luther Lee, D.D., Dr. Cheever, Elihu Burritt, President Mahan, C. T. Bateman, Hon. C. M. Croswell, Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. E. C. Seaman, Mrs. J. B. Shrigley, Dr. Edward Beecher, Madame Guyon, Prof. T. C. Upham, Jacob Abbott, O. M. Mitchell, President E. O. Haven, Horace Bushnell, D. D., Rev. T. L. Cuyley, M. Simpson, D. D., Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. L. M. Child, Lydia Jane Pierson.

We have only room for the following notice, from the Rev. O. H. White, pastor of a leading Congregational Church at New Haven, Conn., under the shadow of Old Yale:

REV. J. K. WELLMAN:

My Dear Brother—The two numbers of your new MISCELLANY came duly to hand. I like the looks of them. It is a magazine worth reading carefully. It is cheap, too cheap in price, but valuable in contents. It ought to have a wide circulation. It will meet a demand of the times in all sections of the country. Inclosed I send you the pay for the year.

March 22d, 1870.

Ministers, teachers, students, persons traveling on business or visiting, may do well to work for the MISCELLANY.

DETROIT, TOLEDO & CINCINNATI R. R. LINE.—The short line to Columbus, Indianapolis, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans, and all points South. Sleeping Coaches on Night Trains between Detroit and Cincinnati. Baggage checked through. For Tickets, apply at Michigan Southern office, corner Jefferson and Woodward aves., and at the depot, foot of Brush st., Detroit.

D B. TRACY, Passenger Agent, Detroit.

[The above road has a good track, and passes through some of the most beautiful country in Ohio.—ED.]

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

No. 2. ADRIAN, MICHIGAN, 1870. (August) Vol. II.

CLOSE THOUGHT.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

Thought is the foundation of all intellectual excellence. What is it that constitutes darkness in the individual or the age? The absence of thought—solid thought. What is it that has handed down innumerable errors from generation to generation! The want of thought. What was it that entombed the world's mind for ages! The world's fearful experiment to dispense with thought.

What was it that burst the chains of religious bondage, and gave to Europe moral freedom? What was it that has spread before our vision so many natural truths; that has opened so wide the path of discovery; has crowded it with so many anxious inquiries, and is preparing the way for the general education of the human race? *Thought.*

And yet, it may be doubted whether men, in the most enlightened portions of the world, do not act more from authority than from reason. Man's indolence induces him to adopt the opinions of others for himself. He would rather read or write, look or hear, talk or laugh, than think. Perhaps no one has ever acquired a habit of reasoning, without having tried a variety of expedients to dispense with it; while thousands forego the pleasure of original thought, because they will not pay the price. Like sheep, they follow a leader, and have no other reason for being gregarious than "*ipse dixit—ita est.*"

May I not hope, therefore, gentle reader, that an hour of your time may not be unprofitably spent, in pondering a few remarks on *close thought*?

As the theme is a term, and not a proposition, it will be necessary to prescribe some limits, in order to avoid discursive remarks. I propose, therefore, to inquire, *first*, what close thought implies; and, *second*, what are some of the subterfuges of those who avoid it.

It implies *unity* of thought. I do not suppose that a man should have but one thought, or one favorite thought, or one particular series of thought. There *is* a man of one idea. He seems fitted to revolve but one thought. In silence and in uproar, in sunshine and in shade, whether he sings or prays, laughs or cries, reads or writes, flies or triumphs; at morn, at noon, at dewy eve, and "even in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," his favorite conception occupies all his faculties. He hears it in running brooks, reads it in beauteous vales, sees it in

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everything. He treats men, books, and things as did Lord Peter, in the "Tale of a Tub," his father's will, who, determined to find the word "shoulder-knots," picked it out, letter by letter, and at last substituted *c* for *k* in the orthography. His mind, like the touch of the fabled Midas, which turned everything into gold, transmutes all the thoughts with which it meets into one golden idea. Such a mind may have variety; but that variety must consist of the various phases which the favorite thought assumes in pursuing its endless revolutions.

By unity of thought, I mean that a man should have but one thought at a time. I would not be understood that, in examining one thought, we may not examine others, collaterally. In tracing one thought, we shall meet with many; for no one is isolated. As, in sailing down a stream, we find ourselves in a swelling channel, constantly enlarging by the accession of tributaries, so, in pursuing a thought, we shall find it enlarging and multiplying its relations. Only let us take care to sail down the main channel instead of trying to sail up each tributary.

It has often been remarked that *original discovery—original thought*—is *generally accidental:* it may be so *apparently*, but not *really*. Two facts may satisfy us of this. Ignorant men are not discoverers. New truths are revealed only to patient observers, and bold, persevering inquirers. Who discovered the circulation of the blood? Not the ignorant, thoughtless butcher, but the scientific, reflecting anatomist. Who discovered the asteroids? They who, by years of reflection and observation, were led to suspect their existence. Who revealed the laws of the heavens? He who, for a lifetime, had laid his head in intense and untiring thought about them. The least exertion may be sufficient to make a fortunate discovery, when a mind is filled with the rich results of long reflection; whereas, the same reflection, on the part of an unfurnished mind, may be utterly unproductive—as the weight of a grain may turn a scale-beam against a ton, after nearly twenty hundred weight have been put into the opposite dish.

It frequently happens that discoveries are made simultaneously, in different parts of the world; but rarely is a discovery made in advance of the age. Roger Bacon is the only remarkable example of a mind outstripping the race by ages; and the Pope excommunicated him, and imprisoned him for ten years, for supposed dealings with the devil. The human mind, during the dark ages, scarce ever shot a spark into the regions of science; but, when the intellectual night receded, the beams of a thousand stars mingled their light for the illumination of Europe, and each nation had her constellation. Simultaneous discoveries are the legitimate offspring of the times. The discoveries do not illustrate the age; but the age develops the discoveries. They are the necessary results of the accumulation of generations of excitement, and age of progressive thought.

It may be objected, that the happiest productions, in the department of *taste* at least, are often *the sudden effusion of moments of inspiration.* Granting that an extraordinary genius may take happy flights in unprepared moments, is that any reason why ordinary min

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should idly wait for poetic breathing?

In judging of the labor expended upon any given production, an unpractised composer may be deceived. That which smells most of the lamp is not really the most elaborate. A celebrated critic pronounced the finest writing to be such as a reader would imagine exceedingly easy to equal, and yet such that whoever should attempt to imitate, would perspire over his task. It is the half-finished production which leaves the mark of labor.

A distinguished clergyman of my acquaintance, whenever he preached a long, and learned, and involved sermon, generally apologized, by saying that he had not time to prepare a short, simple one.

A celebrated barrister of one of our Eastern cities is said to employ a style which is the personification of simplicity; and yet, he is more studious and laborious, in his preparations for the bar, than all his competitors. A little tract sometimes costs more labor than a volume. The perfected composition, like the finished edifice, is the result of double toil—labor in erecting, and labor in removing the scaffolding, and scraping away the traces of the tools. It is said of Pericles, "who lightened, thundered, and astonished Greece," that he never spoke *extempore*, nor even ventured to deliver an opinion, without ample preparation. Virgil occupied ten years in writing six books of the Æneid. Not a single page of fine writing was ever produced without much intellectual effort: a solitary sentence may express the result of years of thought. The harvest may be gathered in a day; but plowing, and planting, and growth require time. If inspiration may be relied on, why does it not operate upon the indolent as well as the active, the fool as the wise man? He who, too idle to think, sits and sighs, and invokes the Muses, will drink the *Lethean*, sooner than the Pierian, spring.

The privileges of the university will not supply the want of thought; but strong, continuous thought, will atone for the want of them. I hope that this remark will neither be misunderstood nor misrepresented. I trust I am as deeply impressed with the value of classical studies as any man ought to be; though I regard them not as education itself, but as its instruments. Their chief value results from the mental discipline which they afford. How sadly mistaken, then, is he who relies upon his literary privileges merely, for his future greatness! He selects the best universities, matriculates regularly, carlessly cons his lessons, but slurs over every difficult passage; relies much upon the aid of his superior classmates, and places his head upon the recitation bench, in the vain hope that the intellects of others, operating upon his passive soul, will mould him into a genius, as the hammer of the blacksmith shapes the iron upon his anvil into a horseshoe. Verily such an one has his reward—a sheep-skin. But can the drone *thus* purchase mental power with his father's money? No. Nature spurns the insulting proposition, and says, "Thy money perish with thee!" Better for such an one that he had never opened a page of Virgil or of Homer; that the temple of science had forever closed its gates against him.

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At the termination of his collegiate course, the university clothes him with its honors; the world expects him to stand, "a man"; the father fondly looks to him for a realization of the delusive dream he had indulged concerning his cherished idol. He enters upon the duties of active life; but lo! perhaps, in the very first collision with the vigorous mind of the self-taught woodman, he is demonstrated to be a learned fool. He deserves the sting of scorpions; but his mortification is keener than the lash of an exterminating angel. This is no fancy sketch. It has many prototypes in real life. Nor is it much to be wondered at; but it is strange, passing strange, that so many of the modern "*improvements*" in the plan of education should be based upon a similar delusion. I refer to interpretations, interlinear translations, etc., etc., by which thought is superceded, and the very purpose for which the classics ought to be valued is frustrated. When the ancient poet Æschylus drew a picture of a great man (a picture which, presented in the theatre, caused all the audience to turn to Aristides, as he whom it precisely suited), he painted a field deeply ploughed, and therefore richly productive.

'Reaping, in mind, the produce of the deep furrow.'

It is because the precious mental fruit springs from the deep furrow, that the classics are so valuable: they are the plowshare. To render them easy, by injudicious aids, is to grind your plowshare into dust, and scatter it over moral turf. The mere information they communicate is of little consequence.

There have been men who have risen to eminence without classical attainments; but they acquired, by other means, that habit of thought which the classics are so peculiarly calculated to confer. As examples, take Franklin and Cobbett—the one an American philosopher, the other a British statesman: one was the glory of a former age, the other the glory of the present. What was the secret of their eminence?

"I learned grammar," says Cobbet, "when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knap-sack was my book-case; and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. In winter time, it was rarely that I could get any evening light, but that of the fire, and only my turn even at that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of freedom from all control." Here was discipline. Here was the habit of self-control—of close, patient, vigorous thought.

There are some who have fallen into the sad mistake that *reading is a substitute for thinking*. This has been the curse of thousands. The age is, emphatically, a reading one. We read in infancy, in childhood, in manhood, and in old age; literally, read ourselves from the cradle to the tomb. Scarce has an infant time to open its eyes upon the world, before it is tied to a stool, to learn its book; and a man is considered an ignoramus, unless he has read a line of pages large enough to reach from the earth to the moon. It often happens that a father congratulates himself upon the genius of his son, and the sure omens of his future eminence, simply because *he is fond of reading*. He seems to think the mind a repository, and that the process of making a great man consists in filling it up with books.

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and then putting it into some important situation in life to give occasion to its operations; as though the soul were a tea-kettle, and you could fill it up, and set it over the fire, and produce the breathing of genius *ad libitum*. To such a father, I would say, beware, lest thy son prove an intellectual epicure—a dreaming fool. Such a caution is more necessary at this period, because much of our reading matter is worthless. It must be admitted that literature is increased, but is it not also diluted? Authors are multiplied, but is genuis advanced? Everything now is done by steam. Books are written and read in a hurry. There is, evidently, a degeneracy in the *producing* mind. Books seem to make up in size what they lack in sense; and, often, a grain of the solid gold of an old author is hammered into a flimsy octavo, to be called a "new book." The eccentric John Randolph once remarked in Congress, that he wished there were but two books in the world, "the Bible and Will Shakspeare." Although I demur, in part, to the selection of that erratic genius, I acknowledge the wisdom on which the suggestion is founded.

Books are needed to convey information, and to stimulate the mind. When used for these purposes, they are legitimately employed; but, when they are used for amusement instead of instruction, or to *relieve* the mind instead of *assist* it in cogitation, their tendency is pernicious—equally so, when they fill up the attention, and leave no time or motive for thought. The mind always flowing in the track of borrowed ideas is weak—inactive—dependent. It has no tendency to observe, no curiosity to inquire, no capacity to produce. It is destitute of original conceptions, of lofty thought, of elevated purpose.

To excite the mind, and supply it with ideas, go rather to *nature* than to books. The heavens and the earth offer food for the soul. Would you have pure and original thoughts? Go to the only pure and original fountain of ideas—nature. There lie, on all her pages, the beautiful and the sublime. Go, send your soul to pillow herself upon the green earth, or enthrone herself upon the heavens; bid her sail upon the whirlwind, step into the terrific tempest; place her ear to the thunder, and open her eye upon the lightning's path. She shall meet with ideas of beauty and of grandeur, and hold fellowship with Him who maketh the earth his footstool, the heavens his throne, the thunder his voice, the clouds his chariot, and whose footsteps are on the wings of the wind. What is the secret of success in medicine, in law, in divinity, in oratory? Thought. Who is the distinguished doctor? lawyer? divine? He who is given to patient observation and reflection. Show me the philosopher who was more fond of books than of nature. Was it Aristotle, who gave laws to Europe for more than thirteen centuries? Was it Bacon, who poured such a flood of light upon the fields of philosophy? Was it Newton, who unraveled the laws of the universe? Was it Locke, who applied the principles of the inductive philosophy, to mind? Was it Bichat, who carried the same principles into the physiological sciences? No, no.

How did the ancient poet do? Homer had no books; and yet, for his image, the temple of fame opens her "holy of holies," and sends up the sweetest incense that ever exhaled from her altars. His soul kept house in the universe. The scenery of his native land supplied him with ideas, and, like the widow's cruse of oil, was never exhausted or diminished by the using. The naked rocks of the Ægean fired his mind. His heart, like the Æolian harp, was responsive to the passing breeze, "Sublimity covered him all the day long, and dwelt beneath his shoulders." He was blessed for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious things brought forth by the sun, for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains,

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and for the precious things of the lasting hills. The mind can scarcely fail to bring good tidings, when its feet are upon the mountains. It is not, however, by an idle ramble, that nature's beauties can be conceived. These are hidden from every eye that hath not been taught to dwell upon them. It was a beautiful idea of the ancients, that the heavens and the earth are an allegorical representation, under the external form of which are couched ideas which the wise only can read. The soul formed to contemplation sees a thousand charms never revealed to the untutored mind. Before it, the wilderness breaks forth into singing, and the solitary place buds and blossoms as the rose. To such a mind, the universe is like Anacreon's lyre, which, whatever was the poet's theme, or however he swept its chords, sounded out *love* only from its strings.

O let me listen to the ravished mind that has been musing on the fields! "Her lips drop as the honey-comb; honey and milk are under her tongue, and the smell of her garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

Whence does the metaphysician draw his ideas? By turning his mind's eye inward; surveying the faculties and their operations; tracing the thought through its stages; studying the laws of memory, imagination, judgment; making the soul the theme of its own observations. Thus were Locke, Reid, Brown, Stewart, Cousin, taught.

Who is the successful minister? The book-worm? Nay, the diligent student of his own heart. It was from his own bosom, next to the Bible, that Massillon drew his eloquence, Whitefield his power, Wesley his charm. Here, in the mysterious workings of the bosom, as in a mirror, you may behold the secret springs of human action, the various phases of human character, the deformity and hideousness, and devilishness of depraved humanity. Here you may examine the excuses of the sinner, and his refuges of lies; here see his fears and forebodings, his hopes and doubts; here trace the silent, melting, mellowing energies of the Divine Spirit, and the hellish suggestions of the invisible foe. O there are wells of inspiration in each human bosom, whence angel souls might draw! Here is the true Castilian fountain. Drink, drink deep, and then trust your pen, or tongue, for vivid delineations of burning thought. Inspired by communion with his own heart, the minister can not *but* be eloquent. He comes forth on vantage ground. He has obtained a perfect knowledge of the inmost workings of his hearer's hearts. "As face answereth to face, in water, so the heart of man to man." The audience sit in mute astonishment. The stillness, like that of death, is interrupted only by the falling tear, or the half-suppressed sigh. No wonder: an unseen hand goes forth from the preacher into each bosom, and searches it; every one is conscious that, for the time, he is a prisoner chained by the heart. It is almost as though one rose from the grave.

What gave to Shakspeare his power? Surely he knew little of books. He read scarce anything but human nature. *Hence* he drew whatever of sublimity, of fire, of elegance, of sweetness, inspired his song; and hence he derived that indescribable charm which is spread over all his pages. O that it had been sanctified!

But you inquire, if poets and orators have gone to nature for ideas, may we not go to them? Go rather to the *substance* than the *shadow*. Go to the pure *fountain*, not the polluted *stream*. Think not so meanly of your soul as to suppose it unworthy or incompetent to receive a thought fresh from its source. To you, the universe opens its rich and abundant fields of thought. If you would know their native fragrance and sweetness, you must gather them with your own hand. But, if ideas could be derived from books, fresh and green as we receive them from nature, there would yet be a reason why we should

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rely upon our own efforts. The strength, and health, and happiness of the soul are dependent upon the proper exercise of its faculties.

Rhetoric and logic have been supposed, by some, to be *substitutes* for thought. I quarrel not with these sciences. They have a beneficial influence on the mind, and are to be ranked high among elevated studies. But, so far from being substitutes for thought, thought is a substitute for them. They may be *serviceable*, but they are not *essential*, to the poet or author. They did not go before, to dig the channel in which the stream of genius should flow; they merely followed, to observe its direction, and map the tributaries which swell the sweeping tide.

With all the logic and rhetoric of Aristotle, a man could never produce an original thought, any more than a surveyor, with his compass, could call into existence the mountain he surveys.

Think, if you would be eloquent—think, and the brain will send down its influence upon the heart; and then the tongue can not *avoid* eloquence. She *will* come down, and seat herself upon the lips.

Does the excited heart need direction as to the manner of its pulsations? As well teach the earth how to move in her orbit. You *can not* if you *would*, direct. As well attempt to give laws to the earthquake, or the volcano, or learn the exploding magazine *how* it shall expand. The excited heart scorns to think of rhetoric or logic. They *dare* not speak to her, but sit mute and enraptured spectators of her emotions. They cease to be *teachers*, and become silent and humble, but enchanted, *worshippers*. What was the eloquence of Demosthenes? The outbursting of an overflowing soul. What the eloquence of Logan? The plaints of a wounded heart. What the eloquence of Tecumseh? The eruptions of pent-up revenge, and indignation. There is no rhetoric like that of the stimulated spirit. Who would lecture on the arrangements of arguments to the prisoner pleading for his life? Who would teach the inflections of the voice, which are suitable for command, to the pilot, with his eyes on the headland, the breakers, the midnight ocean storm, while his whole soul is roused to a struggle with the maddened elements? Would you preach on the tones appropriate for supplication to Dives putting his head out of the flames of perdition, to call on Abraham for a drop of water to cool his tongue?

Rhetoric and logic have their uses—they do not *precede*, they *follow*, thought. They may be concerned to criticise, to subdue, and chasten. But even in this office, let them be watched with suspicion. If you have written a line with a throbbing bosom, beware, then—beware how you put the rude hand of cold criticism upon it. Nature is nature's best interpreter.

These sciences find their occasions of service in the outset of the mind; but they only attend it in its groveling walks. They are earthly instruments, and fitted only for terrestrial valleys. Once wrap the soul in a chariot of flames, and, like Elijah ascending the heavens, it will fling away its staff and mantle.

"Our Sufficiency is of God."

Yes, brethren, it is a blessed verity—one of the most encouraging, and one of the most comprehensive truths in the Bible. The all-sufficiency of God may be styled the essence of all Christion experience; it is the moral which the Scriptures continually inculcate; it stands in the heraldry of heaven as the motto on the believer's arms. The all-sufficiency of God gives strength to patience, solidity to hope, constancy to endurance, nerve and vitality to effort. The weakest believer, with this sacred treasure, is enabled to go steadily forward.—*Punshon.*

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GROWING OLDER.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., ADRIAN.

I.

I'm a trav'ler, wand'ring trav'ler,
In this mystic world of motion,
Scanning all its greatest actions
On the land and on the ocean;
All its changes ending never,
Bringing joy or sorrow ever.

II.

Ever in my lonely musings
Whisp'ring voices seem to greet me,
Voices from the sky surrounding,
Voices from the earth beneath me,
From the wat'ry flood and fountain
And the cliffs that top the mountain.

III.

Deep within the secret chambers,
Chambers of my soul's indwelling;
Temple of the inner being,
Tiny voices ever swelling,
Seem to whisper, "Growing older,
Slowly fading, growing older."

IV.

I behold my friends around me,
Note their ever changing features,
As the ceaseless years roll onward,
Showing that we're transient creatures,
Showing earth is but the portal,
Not the home of souls immortal.

V.

I can see their wrinkles growing,
See their beaming eyes grow dimmer,
See their noble forms grow stooping,
See their fires of vigor glimmer,
Fainter, weaker, slowly colder,
Day by day they're growing older.

VI.

They are passing, swiftly passing,
To the land of spirit nations;
One by one they cross the river
Gloomy verge of fair creation,
Leaving lifeless forms to slumber
Where the tombstones, earth encumber.

VII.

Look upon the fairest cities
Glowing in resplendent riches,
Gilded domes and marble temples,
Pillared halls and statued niches,
Vast cathedrals, dim and solemn,
Grandly built with arch and column.

VIII.

Age shall fiercely come upon them,
Crushing down and overturning,
Leaving scarce a stone to tell you
Where the seats of wealth and learning
Once received the adoration
Of some unrememb'red nation.

IX.

Every work of man's construction,
Aqueducts and sparkling fountains,
Moles, restraining dashing billows,
Tunnels through the granite mountains,
Ever tell the olden story,
Transient is each earthly glory.

X.

Egypt's massy sculptures whisper
To the trav'ler wand'ring thither,
Growing older, crumbling, falling,
Thus all fame at last must wither,
Thus all beauty, strength and glory,
Soon shall be but ruins hoary.

XI.

Neath the palm trees grateful shadow,
Where the torrid sun is shining.
Uxmal lifts its smould'ring towers
Whilst the tangled vines entwining,
Gazing sadly, softly sighing,
Wasting, rusting, slowly dying.

XII.

Mighty nations rise and prosper,
Filling all the world with wonder
At their power, fame and glory;
Yet how soon they break asunder,
Scatt'ring fragments as the token
Of their grandeur, crushed and broken.

XIII.

Earth itself is growing older;
Rocky cliffs are downward bending,
Worn away by wasting ages,
To the level plains descending;
And the ocean ever beating,
Solid earth is ever eating.

XIV.

Rivers with their mighty currents,
Melting snows in mountain gorges,
Sweeping with their torrents seaward;
Volcanoes, with their blazing forges,
Earth remoulding and renewing,
Ever tell what Time is doing.

XV.

View the glorious orb of morning,
Rising from its eastern bowers,
Shedding wide its golden sunshine

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Over temples, domes and towers;
Wide dispersing gloom and sadness,
Filling all the world with gladness.

XVI.

When the cheerful day is wasting;
When the sunset tints are fading
From the dappled skies of evening;
When the darkness flings her shading
Over land and over ocean,
Watch the moon's majestic motion;

XVII.

Gaze upon the star-lit heaven,
Flashing with its silv'ry gleaming;
Mark the comet's blazing pathway,
With its light through darkness stream-
See the meteoric sparkling [ing;
Bursting through the heaven darkling.

XVIII.

Look on these celestial bodies,
Listen to the voices falling
From their high abodes in ether,
Plainly to us ever calling;
Read their sad and solemn story,
Learn that all is transitory.

XIX.

Yes! the sun, so grand and glorious.
Ev'ry shining constellation,
Ev'ry orb in heaven flying
Through the depths of vast creation,
Shall bow down in mild submission,
Bound by mighty Time's decision.

XX.

Dreams there were in olden ages;
Dreams of youth's perpetual fountain,
Life's elixir, health restorer,
Hid beneath some western mountain;
Joyful was the drinker ever,
Blest with fadeless youth forever.

XXI.

Heroes vainly sought these waters,
Far exploring forests haunted;
Wandering over pathless regions,
Full of hope, with hearts undaunted;
They but found a spot for dying,
Lonely graves 'neath forests sighing.

XXII.

Yet the fount of youth unfading
Is not all a mere delusion;
Mocking all our aspirations,
Mingling hopes in strange confusion;
For in heaven ever glowing
You may find the fountain flowing.

XXIII.

He who drinks those crystal waters
From the throne of God proceeding,
Tastes the golden fruits of heaven,
Ev'ry hungry spirit feeding;
Safe from age, in clime supernal
Shall be blest with life eternal.

XXIV.

Time may roll unending cycles,
Wing his flight forever soaring,
Blot out shining spheres from being,
Back to chaos worlds restoring;
But he dares not heaven's portal
Sacred home of souls immortal.

He Upholdeth all Things by the Word of His Power.

It is by this ever-breathing word constantly in exercise that the sun shines, that the moon walks in brightness, that the stars pursue their course in the sky. The clouds are marshalled by His divine decree, and when He uttereth His voice there is a multitude of waters in the heavens. Reason looks at this systematic and continuous regularity, and admires it, and refers it to the operation of second causes. Piety looks through the complications of the mechanism to the Hand that formed it. The universe is to her but as one vast transparency, through which she can gaze on God. Her pathway and communion are on the high places of creation. There, far above all secondary and subordinate agencies, she discovers the hidings of His power. The symmetry of nature is to her more beautiful because God has produced it. The deep harmonies of the systems come more tunefully upon her ear, because the hand of the Lord has awakened them.

"What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In faith's quick ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a noble voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
He who sustains us is divine."

—*Punshon.*

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A WONDER IN NATURE.

CHASM IN NEW MEXICO.

PERHAPS the effects of denudation by running water nowhere exists on a more terrific scale than in some parts of New Mexico. The following account is from Mr. Kendall's "Santa Fee Expedition," who describes only what he saw.

Having noticed a tremendous chasm, across which they had great difficulty in making their way, he says: "We came suddenly upon another immense rent, or chasm in the earth, exceeding, in depth, the one we had so much difficulty in crossing the day before. No one was aware of its existence, until we were immediately upon its brink, when a spectacle, exceeding in grandeur anything we had previously beheld, came suddenly in view. Not a tree or a bush, no outline whatever, marked its position or course, and we were all lost in amazement, as one by one left the double file ranks, and rode up to the verge of the yawning abyss.

In depth it could not have been less than 800 or a thousand feet, and from three to five hundred yards in width, and at the point where we stood, the sides were nearly perpendicular. A sickly sensation of dizziness was felt by all, as we looked down, as it were, into the very depths of the earth. In the dark and narrow valley below, an occasional spot of green relieved the eye, and a small stream of water, now rising to the view, then sinking beneath some huge rock, was bubbling and foaming along. Immense walls, columns, and in some places what appeared to be arches, were seen standing, modeled undoubtedly by the wear of the water, yet so perfect in form, that we could with difficulty be brought to believe that the hand of man had not fashioned them. The rains of centuries, falling on an immense prairie above, had here found a reservoir, and their workings upon the different veins of stone had formed these strange and fanciful shapes."

The expedition, consisting of several hundred men, with their horses and mules, had no alternative but to descend into this chasm, which it appears extended to unknown distances, both north and south of the place where they were. That there was no other place where it was possible to cross, was proved by the circumstance that all the smaller paths in the vicinity, made by the natives and the bison, terminated in one great road, or thoroughfare, at this point. Having, with great difficulty and danger, descended by an oblique path into this chasm, and followed it to a considerable distance, they found the same path leading out on the opposite side.

As they passed along this gorge, objects still more striking and wonderful were discovered. "In some places," says the author, "perfect walls, formed of reddish clay, were seen standing, which, were they anywhere else, it would be impossible to believe that other than the hand of man had formed. The veins of which these walls were composed were of even thickness, very hard, and ran perpendicularly; and when the softer sand, which had surrounded them, was washed away, the veins still remained, standing upright, in some places over a hundred feet high, and from three to four hundred in length.

"Columns, too, were there; and such was their appearance of architectural order, and so much of chaste grandeur was there about them, that we were lost in wonder and admiration. Sometimes the breastworks, as of forts, would be plainly visible; then again, the frowning turrets of some mighty castle of olden time. Cumbrous pillars, of some enormous pile, such as is dedicated to religion or royalty, were scattered about; regularity was strangely mingled with disorder and ruin, and yet nature had done it all. Niagara has been considered one of her wildest freaks, but Niagara sinks into insignificance when compared with the wild grandeur of this awful chasm."

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LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON.

"STRENGTH AND PEACE."

See the labourer, whom the morning calls from slumber, hastening to the cheerful fields, where the dew has freshly glittered and the lark has newly sung. What needs he for the work which waits his ready hand? Surely strength to do it—the flexile muscle, the strong, obedient sinew. See him again at the eventide, when the sun is liberal to the western clouds, and throws them largess of glory. See how, to greet his homeward steps, little feet are pattering from under the jasmined thatch, and at the garden gate there is great mystery and clapping of hands; while from the inner room there flashes out upon the twilight a loving, wifely smile. What is his fitting blessing just then?—what the endowment which seems properly to belong to that season? Surely peace. Nothing to corrode, distract, alarm; a tranquil spirit, around which slumber draws, as the cool, quiet shadows draw around the outside world.

"HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

An awful change passes upon one we love. He looks pale and motionless. We see not the glances of his eye, we hear not the music of his voice; and, as he lies stretched and breathless upon the couch of his slumbers, it is very difficult to believe that he is not dead. But "he is *not* dead, but sleepeth." Mourner, canst thou credit it? Orphan, "believest thou this?" Bereaved one, is there no chord in thy stricken heart which trembles responsive to the tone? "He is not dead, but sleepeth." His life is with him yet, as warm, as young, as energetic as in days gone by, only it is *hidden*. What an encouraging thought! Let it still your throbbing hearts. Let it hush the tempest within you to a calm. We mourn you not, ye departed ones, who have died in the faith, for ye have entered into life.

"IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE."

What surprising discoveries will flash upon us when we enter the other world! Oh, brethren, when the change takes place upon us—when we have launched into the boundless—when we take large surveys of the ways and works of God—when His unveiled glory shall blaze upon our raptured vision—how shall we be lost in wonder! How shall we be ready even to doubt our own identity, and express our astonishment in strains somewhat similar to these:—"Is this I, so lately grovelling and earthly? Oh, how changed! Is this the soul that was so racked with anxiety, and dimmed with prejudice, and stained with sin—the soul which was gulfed beneath such waves of woe—the soul whose every passion was its tempter, which was harrassed by an all-absorbing fear of never reaching heaven. Now, how ennobling! Not a thought of evil molests it, not an enemy causes it to fear. It has reached the haven. It has crossed the Jordan; and those waters, which on the brink looked so angry and boisterous, now 'ripple peacefully on the eternal shore.'"

THE APOSTLE PETER.

In the frank outspokenness of Peter we have very frequently occasion to rejoice. There is a fullness of rich and interesting truth in many of his statements upon which we cannot fail profitably to dwell. They are miniature gospels—gems of finest lustre, and, like the diamond, made to cut as well as shine.

THE GREATNESS OF TRIFLES.

How solemn is the life that now is! There is greatness even in its trifles; for they are agencies, all of them, for good or evil. The cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble; and the

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living well is worn by the diligent flow of the brook; and the shoal that has wrecked a navy is only the work of a colony of worms. And in the moral world surely there can be no trifles at all. Nourish the unrecorded thought of ill, and it shall ripen into the full deed by and by. Hug the sin to the bosom, and cry, "Is it not a little one?" and the one demon will go out only to bring a brotherhood of seven home. The most blood-stained man of crime once prattled at a mother's knee. Trifles! They have fixed a destiny, and have sealed a doom many a time.

THE MINISTERIAL CALL.

It is God, not man, that makes—not finds—able ministers of the New Testament. The tones of his voice are heard saying, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." And it is a remarkable fact, and one which we should never forget, that this voice is never heard in a heart where there is no faith; consequently, the prime qualification for the Christian ministry is a heart which has been melted by Christ's love. Without this all else is unavailing; the attainment of the most profound and extensive knowledge, the grasp of the loftiest and most searching intellect, the possessor of the most commanding eloquence, the treasures of the most imperial fancy,—all are useless, worse than useless, without the converting grace of God, just as the trappings which decorate the traitor only make his treason the fouler, and they stand forth as the weapons of more terrible danger, and as the portent of more terrific and appalling ruin.

HUMAN ELOQUENCE.

A mighty thing I know—a persuasive and powerful thing I know, and, under certain circumstances, it can accomplish great results. It can charm a Herod, it can make a Felix tremble, and it can almost persuade an Agrippa to become a Christian; but it can do no more. I know that immense multitudes have been swayed sometimes by the power of a single tongue. The passions can be excited either to madness or sympathy, either to deeds of lawless aggression or deeds of high enterprise, but there is only a transient mastery obtained. We read of a harp in the classic fables of old, which, when the wind swept it, was said to discourse eloquent strains, but then, unhappily, the breeze and the music died away together. So it is with the triumph of the orator: the moment the voice of the speaker ceases the spell is broken, the dream is dissipated, reflection begins to remonstrate against excitement, and the whole affair is forgotten.

"THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY."

Here is a summary, compendious and beautiful, of the characteristics of God's pure Word. It is a *law*, not an opinion amenable to the caprice of the individual, to be obeyed or ignored at the bidding of an arbitrary will. It is a law, an authoritative obligation, issued by One who has a right to speak. It is a *perfect* law. Given originally in fragments, waxing constantly from the obscurer to the clearer revelation, it is presented now as the complete canon of Jehovah's will. Like its Author, it is full-orbed. It shines not with the gleam of the crescent, fast waning, but with the perpetual glow of perfect noon. It is a perfect law, then; it can be followed by no supplement. Perfect! then it can be superseded by no invention. Perfect! then it can be set in clearer light by no blaspheming spiritualism. It is a perfect law of *liberty*. Some persons cannot understand the collocation of those words at all; they cannot conceive of liberty as existing in the same realm as law. Their idea of freedom is the license of ungoverned appetite, or the delirium into which anarchy drags itself in its reaction from oppression; something like the state of ancient Israel in the interval between the Judges and the

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anointed Kings, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes. But such license is mere hidden thraldom. Was it not so at the time of the French reign of terror? It has been well observed, that the wisest liberty is a self-imposed restraint. The lark enjoys as great a sense of freedom, when it nestles in the tufted field as when it trills its song in the sky. Agrippa, the base slave in purple, sat upon the judgment seat, but Paul, the prisoner in fetters, was the Lord's freeman notwithstanding. There is a perfect consistency in the terms of the apostle James.

THE ACCELERATING PROGRESS OF EVIL.

A denier of the original taint of sin once stood before two pictures which hung side by side upon a wall. The first was the portrait of a boy with open brow, and curls that look golden in the sunshine, and cheeks whose damask beauty shame the ripened fruit, wearing that happy smile which can be worn but once in life—a smile whose rippling waves are poisoned by no weeds of suspicion, and breaks upon no strand of doubt, looking gaily up from the flowered earth into the azure heaven, without the slightest misgiving. From the canvass of the second picture there glared out a wolfish eye—the home of all subtlety and malice; and in the gloom of the dim-lighted cell you might perceive the matted hair, and garments stained with blood,—chains clank, or seem to clank, upon his fettered limbs. All tell of the desperate character of the man. On these two pictures, hanging side by side, the denier of original sin fixed his gaze, until the exclamation burst out at length in a tone of half-concealed triumph, "What, do you mean to say that these two beings were originally and radically the same? Do you mean to tell me that any amount of evil teaching could ever develop that guileless child into that debased and godless man? The artist volunteered the information that the portraits were taken from the life of the self-same individual at different stages of his history. You know the moral of the tale. There is an accelerating progress in an ungodly course, increasing with the momentum of an avalanche when the first stages of its course have run. The descent into perdition is easy when the strivings of the passions are seconded by the dictates of the will. Sinner, I charge thee, beware lest thy sin become habit. What! do you say you have already resolved at some future time to repent, to reform? You are blind to your danger. In yon grim hulks there are multitudes of men to-day who have hearts like yours within them, although they have cased them from the truth as in a coat of triple steel. If you could get them to lay bare the sad secret of their history, you would be frightened to find it so much like your own. Good resolutions, early home teachings, deathless memories of a mother's prayers; but a strong temptation, weak restraints, godless associates, a first fall, from which, alas! the young man never, never rose, and then a casting off the mask of shame. Oh, take the truth to your hearts to-night, you who are unconverted. No man became a criminal, a hypocrite, a villain all at once; but from a state of innocence he has slidden down, until to-night we see him on the lowest rung of the ladder, and to-morrow a dishonored suicide. Beware of the deceitfulness of sin!

DEATH.

Death to the Christian is but the time of greatest triumph, because the time of nearest home. Just as autumnal tints are richest in the woodland, and the decaying forest trees wear gayest colors,—as if, like so many Cæsars, they had gathered their imperial robes about them, so seemlily to die,—so the Christian has found often the strength most vigorous, and the peace the stillest and divinest, when the

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shadow gathered on the countenance sympathetic with the other shadow which had waited in the room. Be comforted, my brother, whom the thought of death hath often oppressed with a strange, heavy disquiet—be comforted. God will be glorified in thy death, if thou but aim to glorify Him in thy life. If the eventide come on with lengthened shadows, or without a twilight, as in eastern skies, there shall be light at eventide; if the conflict be with torn plume and broken sword, like the wounded chieftain,

> With dying hand, above the head
> You'll shake the fragment of the blade,
> And shout your victory."

GOD IN HISTORY.

It is not enough, if we would study history aright, that we follow in the track of battles, that we listen to the wail of the vanquished and to the shout of the conquerors; it is not enough that we excite ourselves into a sort of hero worship of the world's foster gods, the stalwart and noble peerage of mankind; it is not enough that we trace upon the page of history the subtle and intricate developments of human character; to study history aright we must find God in it, we must always recognize the ever-present and the ever-acting Divinity, working all things according to the counsel of His own will.

UNITY.

By unity we do not mean uniformity. There is none; there can be none in the free universe of God. You have it not in nature. You may go out into the waving woodland, when death is on the trees, and you may prune their riotous growth, and mould, and shape, and cut them into something like a decent, a decorous uniformity; but the returning spring, when it comes, will laugh at your aimless labor. Wherever there is life there will be found variety of engaging forms which attract and fascinate the eye. We do not mean uniformity, therefore, —the harmony of voices, or the adjustment of actions,—the drowsy repetition of one belief, or the harmonious intonation of one liturgy; but we mean "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

"MANY ARE THE SORROWS OF THE RIGHTEOUS."

One reads that passage so far and stops, and turns away, and says, Oh, what a melancholy system! how clothed in sackcloth! how its hymns are all wailing and doleful psalms! how cypress is there instead of the laurel or the bay? how everything is gloomy! You cannot expect us to forego the pleasures and enjoyments of the world for such a doleful subject as that—"Many are the sorrows of the righteous"—their own book says so. "*But the Lord delivereth them out of them all.*" That is the other part, and the world leaves that out, cuts the passage, mutilates it in order to suit its own purpose, and in order to furnish it with excuses for neglecting the gospel claims.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

There is a young man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Death had been an early visitant at her dwelling; but the first shock had had some element of mercy in it, for the son was living still, and in him the husband was reproduced, and while the fair promise of his glorious youth was there, the oil was not all dried up in the poor widow's cruse. But the son has died now. The last refuge and shelter of the desolate heart is torn away, as with the pomp and wailing of the funeral they bore the dead upon his bier. And now in the gate of the city, where the crowd are gathered, and the noise and discord is greatest, there comes suddenly a silence, and the sounds of woe are hushed. What does it mean? The Son of God is passing by, and He came and touched the bier. The widow, who followed in the train, wept, not noisily; but they

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who looked upon her saw that her sorrow was of that crushing kind that was far too deep for tears. And the Lord pitied her, and said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." Oh, that calm and solemn brow, lighted up with a joyous benignity, chased away the shadows of the grave. Well might the discord be changed into music such as no orchestra could compass.

THE ADAPTATION OF SCRIPTURE.

How marvellous is the adaptation of Scripture for the race for whom it was revealed! In its pages every conceivable condition of human experience is reflected as in a mirror. In its words every struggle of the heart can find appropriate and forceful expression. It is absolutely inexhaustible in its resources for the conveyance of the deepest feelings of the soul. It puts music into the speech of the tuneless one, and rounds the periods of the unlettered ones into an eloquence which no orator can rival. It has martial odes to brace the warrior's courage, and gainful proverbs to teach the merchant wisdom. All mental moods can represent themselves in its amplitude of words. It can translate the doubt of the perplexed, it can articulate the cry of the contrite, and it fills the tongue of the joyous with carols of thankful gladness. Happy we, my friends, who, in all the varieties of our religious life, have this copious manual divinely provided to our hand.

CHRIST THE THEME OF SCRIPTURE.

God annointed holy men of old, and made them prescient of the future, and appointed certain types, and ceremonies, and ordinances to be observed in the ritual of the chosen people, the children of Israel. Why was all this? Were prophets ushered into the presence-chamber, and did the flood of light burst upon their previously-clouded vision? It was that they might foretell the glories of Christ. Were there types and ceremonies in the grand Levitical economy? Those types, every one of them, foreshadowed Christ. To Him gave all the prophets witness. He was the Shiloh that blessed the expiring Jacob. He was the burden of the songs of the royal bard of Israel. He was "The Wonderful, The Counsellor," of whom Isaiah speaks. He was "The Lord our Righteousness," spoken of by the plaintive Jeremiah. He was the "Ancient of Days," whom David describes. He was the "Desire of all Nations," whom Haggai said should come. He was the "Branch out of the stem of Jesse," of whom Zechariah prophesied. He was the "Son of Righteousness" whom Malachi, last of the bright-robed and radiant train, saw arise upon the earth with healing in His wings. Each of these looked at him from his own standpoint, and presented Him in his own aspect; but they all gazed upon Christ, just as the moon looks down upon a multitude of flowers, and the flowers look gratefully up to the one serene and steadfast moon. Oh, the Bible, apart from its Divine origin, is worthy of the highest commendation and praise; but that which crowns it with its most surpassing excellency, that which invests it with its noblest grandeur, is the special and distinct revelation which its pages give of Christ. It contains doctrines the most sound and healthful; precepts the most pure and practical; threatenings the most authoritative and awful; promises the most sweet and consoling. But the doctrines are more wholesome because Christ has endorsed them; and the precepts are more practical because Christ has uttered them; and the threatenings are more terrible because Christ has announced them; and the promises are more tender because Christ has spoken them. The atonement comes and casts a lustre of hallowed radiance upon the whole; and the Bible, beautiful in itself, is tenfold more beautiful by the flood of glory which streams upon it from the cross.

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IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST IN MEMORY OF R. C. H. BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Oh Memory! why do ye haunt me to-night,
With thoughts of the past so happy and bright?
Oh, why do ye paint, in colors so fine,
The days of my youth, the days of lang syne!
My boyhood! how bright it ever appears,
As it comes to me now through the vista of years!
And ever, my friend, connected with mine
In scenes of the past, is the memory of thine.

I was thinking of the past, Bob,
That seems so long ago;
Tho' we are not so very old,—
Just in our prime, you know;

Still, many changes we have known:
We've passed from boys to men,
And left the old familiar spots
Which were familiar then.

You have returned to pass your days
Among those hills so grand,
But I, to make myself a home,
Have left my native land.

I was thinking of my school-boy days,
Those days so full of glee,
The days which come but once in life:
They've passed for you and me,

And Memory's all that's left me now;
In it I live them o'er,—
Those golden days of trusting youth,
Those happy days of yore.

I was thinking of the old school-house,
Whose dingy walls and gray
Oft echoed back the warning notes
Of gold old master Ray;

When, all unmindful of the rod,
Forgetful of the rule,
We whispered to the pretty girls,
And played the beau in school.

I wonder where those girls are now?
Some married same as we;
And some perhaps are sleeping, lain
Beneath the church-yard tree.

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As I thought of the pranks and the capers we played,
And the many bright plans for the future we laid,
I took up my pen, old friend, as you see,
And jotted them down in remembrance of thee;
And as o'er the paper my nimble pen flew.
As scene after scene was presented to view;
Time and distance was lost by a sweep of the pen,
And I lived o'er the past for a moment again.

Thus 'tis from the present our thoughts we e'er cast,—
In youth to the future, in age to the past:
'Tis strange what a charm o'er our boyhood we throw,
When up to the years of stout manhood we grow!
We look o'er the past; no sorrows we ken,
Though I know many trials we thought we had then;
But time o'er the past a bright mantle doth throw,
And mem'ry holds naught but the glamour and glow.

But just as I paused to replenish my pen,
My thoughts were brought back to the present again:
To the sorrow which shadows my bosom to-day,
For they tell me thy life is fast ebbing away;
That we on this earth no meeting may know,
For soon o'er thy grave the sweet Spring flowers will grow:
But mem'ry a glory forever will lend
To the name of my playmate, the name of my friend.

And though time will pass on as ever before,
And thy name will be heard in our circles no more;
Though the wife of thy bosom another may claim,
And thy child may forget to whisper thy name;
When the grass has grown tall, o'er thy dark, narrow bed,
And the summer birds sing in the bush at thy head;
And the stone which affection has planted may be
By moss so o'ergrown that we scarcely can see

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Thy name on the slab,—still mem'ry will trace
In letters thy name, which naught can efface.

Yes, deep in our hearts thy mem'ry shall be,
As fresh as the flowers we've planted for thee!
And though years may pass by, and new faces appear
To fill up the void thy absence made here:
The void in our hearts they never can fill,
For thy mem'ry shall hold its own place in them still;
There fresh and undimmed by time it shall keep,
Till I, like my friend, have slept the last sleep!

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is the great interest of a a man. An unprincipled and wicked life is low, disgraceful, and destructive. And it does not admit of reasonable question that those believing in a righteous Divine Ruler—that is, all who believe in God at all—are under stronger moral restraints than others; that the more profoundly society is impressed with the conviction of an Infinite One above it who loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and will without fail hold men to account for their conduct and the secret evil of their hearts, the more orderly and virtuous it will be.

The bare presence to the mind of such an idea—of an idea so majestic and pure, so grand and lofty and thrilling, as that of a God actually living and reigning, never beginning and never ending, knowing virtually all things, and powerful virtually to do all things; true and just and good in the highest conceivable degree, having for His sweet name unfathomable and shoreless Love—must tend powerfully to educate the moral sense; to expand, elevate, and purify the soul. It can be nothing less than one of the greatest of moral cultivators. And besides its power as a great and pure idea, the conception of God as an actual existence must have vast power to restrain from evil and encourage to good by the strong appeals it makes to the principles of hope and fear. A sinner cannot steadily look at the thought of a just God without trembling; and even a shadowy impression of such a being leaves a voice in the heart which says, "Be warned; if you are wise, you will cease to do evil." A good man cannot hold steadily before him the thought of an Infinite Being taking account of every right act and rejoicing over it, without brightly hoping; and even a vague, embryonic impression of such a Being leaves words in the heart which say, "Blessed be thou of the Lord; go on and prosper." The one is restrained, and the other is encouraged—greatly and necessarily. Without such restraint and encouragement, the waterline of morals in this world would be far below its present level. Why, consider what a God this is whom men say reigns in glory and righteousness everlasting! and is he to whom this mighty Personality is a solemn reality, under no greater pressure to virtue than he to whom such a being is a fable or or uncertainty? Sure we are that there are few thoughtful men who would be so unreasonable as to think it. As well might they think that objects on the surface of the earth are just

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as likely to fly off from it, with as without the gigantic forces of gravitation steadily drawing from all points toward the center. No! from every point of view the natural tendency of faith in such a God is toward virtue vastly. And though it is true that moral beings, from their very nature, are competent to so resist this natural tendency as to make men universally act on the principle that if they can make persons believe vividly that it is to their interest to take a certain course, the effect in that direction will be favorable in a majority of cases. These rational deductions are confirmed by observation. Comparing together large communities, one observes that those are the most orderly and moral in which faith in a righteous Divine Governor prevails to the greatest extent. We have in record only one nation of atheists; and what a frightful state of disorder, demoralization, and terror accompanied the phenomenon, the world, and especially Paris, will not soon forget. No civilized people ever gave so bloody and foul a chapter to history. May history never receive such another. Further, it is observable that individuals with habitually very vivid and strong theistic faith are almost, if not quite, always very virtuous; certainly very much more free from misconduct than other persons.

Nearly all positive rejectors of God, and indeed nearly all professed skeptics as to Him, known to the reading public, have been public lepers both as to the principles and practice of common morals,—have fought not only the doctrine of a God, but also the doctrine of moral distinctions and all the ten commandments, both with their pens and with their lives.

PATER MUNDI.

JOSEPHINE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.—NO. 4.

THE Convent of the Carmelites, in which Josephine was imprisoned, had acquired a fearful celebrity during the Reign of Terror. It was a vast and gloomy pile, so capacious in its halls, its chapel, its cells, and its subterranean dungeons, that at one time nearly ten thousand prisoners were immured within its frowning walls. In every part of the building the floors were still deeply stained with the blood of the massacres. The infuriated men and women, intoxicated with rum and rage, who had broken into the prison, dragged multitudes of their victims, many of whom were priests, into the chapel, that they might, in derision of religion, poniard them before the altar. About three hundred thousand innocent victims of the revolution now crowded the prisons of France. These unhappy captives, awaiting the hour of their execution, were not the ignorant, the debased, the degraded, but the noblest, the purest, the most refined of the citizens of the republic. Josephine was placed in the chapel of the convent, where she found one hundred and sixty men and women as the sharers of her captivity.

The natural buoyancy of her disposition led her to take as cheerful a view as possible of the calamity in which the family was involved. Being confident that no serious charge could be brought against her husband, she clung to the hope that they both would soon be liberated, and that happy days were again to dawn upon her reunited household. She wrote cheering letters to her hus-

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band and to her children. Her smiling countenance and words of kindness animated with new courage the grief-stricken and the despairing who surrounded her. She immediately became a universal favorite with the inmates of the prison. Her instinctive tact enabled her to approach all acceptably, whatever their rank or character. She soon became prominent in influence among the prisoners, and reigned there, as everywhere else, over the hearts of willing subjects. Her composure, her cheerfulness, her clear and melodious voice, caused her to be selected to read, each day, to the ladies, the journal of the preceding day. From their windows they could see, each morning, the carts bearing through the streets their burden of unhappy victims who were to perish on the scaffold, Not unfrequently a wife would catch a glimpse of her husband, or a mother of her son, borne past the grated windows in the cart of the condemned. Who can tell the fear and anguish with which the catalogue of the guillotined was read, when each trembling heart apprehended that the next word might announce that some loved one had perished? Not unfrequently a piercing shriek, and a fainting form falling lifeless upon the floor, revealed upon whose heart the blow had fallen.

Hortense, impetuous and unreflecting, was so impatient to see her mother, that one morning she secretly left her aunt's house, and, in a market cart, traveled thirty miles to Paris. She found her mother's maid, Victorine, at the family mansion, where all the property was sealed up by the revolutionary functionaries. After making unavailing efforts to obtain an interview with her parents, she returned the next day to Fontainebleau. Josephine was informed of this imprudent act of ardent affection, and wrote to her child the following admirable letter:

"I should be entirely satisfied with the good heart of my Hortense were I not displeased with her bad head. How is it, my daughter, that, without permission from your aunt, you have come to Paris? This was very wrong! But it was to see me, you will say. You ought to be aware that no one can see me without an order, to obtain which requires both means and precaution. And, besides, you got upon M. Dorcet's cart, at the risk of incommoding him and retarding the conveyance of his merchandise. In this you have been very inconsiderate. My child! observe, it is not sufficient to do good; you must also do good properly. At your age, the first of all virtues is confidence and docility toward your relations. I am therefore obliged to tell you that I prefer your tranquil attachment to your misplaced warmth. This, however, does not prevent me from embracing you, but less tenderly than I shall do when I learn that you have returned to your aunt."

There was at this time, for some unknown reason, a little mitigation in the severity with which the prisoners were treated, and Josephine was very sanguine in the belief that the hour of their release was at hand. Emboldened by this hope, she wrote a very earnest appeal to the Committee of Public Safety, before whom the accusations against M. Beauharnais would be brought. The sincerity and frankness of the eloquent address so touched the feelings of the President of the committee, that he resolved to secure for Josephine and her husband the indulgence of an interview. The greatest caution was necessary in doing this, for he periled his own life by the manifes-

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tation of any sympathy for the accused.

The only way in which he could accomplish his benevolent project was to have them both brought together for trial. Neither of them knew of this design. One morning Josephine, while dreaming of liberty and of her children, was startled by the unexpected summons to appear before the Revolutionary tribunal. She knew that justice had no voice which could be heard before that merciless and sanguinary court. She knew that the mockery of a trial was but the precursor of the sentence, which was immediately followed by the execution. From her high hopes this summons caused a fearful fall. Thoughts of her husband and her children rushed in upon her overflowing heart, and the tenderness of the woman for a few moments triumphed over the heroine. Soon, however, regaining in some degree her composure, she prepared herself, with as much calmness as possible, to meet her doom. She was led from her prison to the hall where the blood-stained tribunal held its session, and, with many others, was placed in an ante-room, to await her turn for an examination of a few minutes, upon the issues of which life or death was suspended. While Josephine was sitting here, in the anguish of suspense, an opposite door was opened, and some armed soldiers led in a group of victims from another prison. As Josephine's eye vacantly wandered over their features, she was startled by the entrance of one whose wan and haggard features strikingly reminded her of her husband. She looked again, their eyes met, and husband and wife were instantly locked in each other's embrace. At this interview, the stoicism of M. Beauharnais was entirely subdued—the thoughts of the past, of his unworthiness, of the faithful and generous love of Josephine, rushed in a resistless flood upon his soul. He leaned his aching head upon the forgiving bosom of Josephine, and surrendered himself to love, and penitence and tears.

This brief and painful interview was their last. They never met again. They were allowed but a few moments together ere the officers came and dragged M. Beauharnais before the judges. His examination lasted but a few minutes, when he was remanded back to prison. Nothing was proved against him. No serious accusation even was laid to his charge. But he was a noble. He had descended from illustrious ancestors, and therefore, as an aristocrat, he was doomed to die. Josephine was also conducted into the presence of this sanguinary tribunal. She was the wife of a nobleman. She was the friend of Maria Antoinette. She had even received distinguished attentions at court. These crimes consigned her also to the guillotine. Josephine was conducted back to her prison, unconscious of the sentence which had been pronounced against her husband and herself. She even cherished the sanguine hope that they would soon be liberated, for she could not think it possible that they could be doomed to death without even the accusation of crime.

Each evening there was brought into the prison a list of the names of those who were to be led to the guillotine on the ensuing morning. A few days after the trial, on the evening of the 24th of July, 1794, M. Beauharnais found his name with the proscribed who were to be led to the scaffold with the light of the next day. Love for his wife and his children rendered life too precious to him to be surrendered without anguish. But sorrow had subdued his heart, and led him with prayfulness to look to God for strength to meet the trial. The native dignity of his character also nerved him to meet his fate with fortitude.

He sat down calmly in his cell, and wrote a long, affectionate and touching letter to his wife. He assured her of his most heartfelt appreciation of the purity and nobleness of her character, and of her priceless worth as a wife and a mother. He thanked her again and again for the generous spirit with

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which she forgave his offenses, when, weary and contrite, he returned from his guilty wanderings, and anew sought her love. He implored her to cherish in the hearts of his children the memory of their father, that, though dead, he might still live in their affections. While he was writing, the executioners came in to cut off his long hair, that the ax might do its work unimpeded. Picking up a small lock from the floor, he wished to transmit it to his wife as his last legacy. The brutal executioners forbade him the privilege. He, however, succeeded in purchasing from them a few hairs, which he inclosed in his letter, and which she subsequently received.

In the early dawn of the morning, the cart of the condemned was at the prison door. The Parisians were beginning to be weary of the abundant flow of blood, and Robespierre had therefore caused the guillotine to be removed from the Place de la Revolution to an obscure spot in the Faubourg St. Antoine. A large number of victims were doomed to die that morning. The carts, as they rolled along the pavements, groaned with their burdens, and the persons in the streets looked on in sullen silence. M. Beauharnais, with firmness, ascended the scaffold. The slide of the guillotine fell and the brief drama of his stormy life was ended.

While the mutilated form of M. Beauharnais was borne to ignoble burial, Josephine, entirely unconscious of the calamity which had befallen her, was cheering her heart with the hope of a speedy union with her husband and her children in their own loved home. The morning after the execution, the daily journal, containing the names of those who had perished on the preceding day, was brought, as usual, to the prison. Some of the ladies in the prison had received the intimation that M. Beauharnais had fallen. They watched, therefore, the arrival of the journal, and finding their fears established, they tried, for a time, to conceal the dreadful intelligence from the unconscious widow. But Josephine was eagerly inquiring for the paper, and at last obtaining it, she ran her eye hastily over the record of executions, and found the name of her husband in the fatal list. She fell senseless upon the floor. For a long time she remained in a swoon. When consciousness returned, and with it a sense of the misery into which she was plunged, in the delirium of her anguish she exclaimed, "Oh God! let me die! There is no peace for me but in the grave."

Her friends gathered around her. They implored her to think of her children, and for their sake to prize a life she could no longer prize for her own. The poignancy of her grief gradually subsided into the calm of despair. A sleepless night lingered slowly away. The darkness and the gloom of a prison settled down upon her soul. The morning dawned drearily. A band of rough and merciless agents from the Revolutionary Assembly came to her with the almost welcome intelligence that in two days she was to be led to the Conciergerie, and from thence to her execution. These tidings would have been joyful to Josephine were it not for her children. A mother's love clung to the orphans, and it was with pain inexpressible that she thought of leaving them alone in this tempestuous world—a world made so stormy, so woeful, by man's inhumanity to his fellow-man.

The day preceding the one assigned for her execution arrived. The numerous friends of Josephine in the prison hung around her with tears. The heartless jailor came and took away her mattrass, saying, with a sneer, that she would need it no longer, as her head was soon to repose upon the soft pillow of the guillotine. It is reported that, as the hour of execution drew nearer, Josephine became not only perfectly calm, but even cheerful in spirit. She looked affectionately upon the weeping group gathered

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around her, and, recalling at the moment the prediction of the aged negress, gently smiling, said, "We have no cause for alarm, my friends; I am not to be executed. It is written in the decrees of Fate that I am yet to be Queen of France." Some of her friends thought that the suppressed anguish of her heart had driven her to delirium, and they wept more bitterly. But one of the ladies, Madame d'Aiguillion, was a little irritated at pleasantry which she deemed so ill timed. With something like resentment, she asked, "Why, then, madame, do you not appoint your household?" "Ah! that is true," Josephine replied. "I had forgotten. Well, you, my dear, shall be my maid of honor. I promise you the situation." They both lived to witness the strange fulfillment of this promise. Josephine, however, who, from the circumstances of her early life, was inclined to credulity, afterward declared that at the time her mind reposed in the full confidence that in some way her life would be saved, and that the prediction of the negress would be virtually fulfilled.

The shades of night settled down around the gloomy convent, enveloping in their folds the despairing hearts which thronged this abode of woe. Suddenly the most exultant shout of joy burst from every lip, and echoed along through corridors, and dungeons, and grated cells. There was weeping and fainting for rapture inexpressible. The prisoner's leaped into each other's arms, and, frantic with happiness, clung together in that long and heartfelt embrace which none can appreciate but those who have been companions in woe. Into the blackness of their midnight there had suddenly burst the blaze of noonday. What had caused this apparently miraculous change? The iron-hearted jailor had passed along, announcing, in coarsest phrase, THAT ROBESPIERRE WAS GUILLOTINED! There had been a new revolution. The tyrant had fallen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

BY JOHN PIERPOINT.

They tell me of the Egyptian asp,
The bite of which is death;
The victim yielding with a gasp
His hot and hurried breath.
The Egyptian queen, says history,
The reptile vile applied;
And in the arms of agony
Victoriously died.

They tell me that, in Italy,
There is a reptile dread,
The stink of which is agony,
And dooms the victim dead.
But it is said that music's sound
May soothe the poisoned part,
Yea, heal the galling, ghastly wound,
And save the sinking heart.

They tell me, too, of serpents vast,
That crawl on Afric's shore,
And swallow men—historians past
Tell us of one of yore:—
But there is yet one of a kind
More fatal than the whole,
That stings the body and the mind;
Yea, it devours the *soul*.

'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
Save Turkey's wide domains;
And there, if e're it had a birth,
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.
'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
In our own flowery fields;
Devouring, every passing day,
Its thousands at its meals.

The poisonous venom withers youth,
Blasts character and health;
All sink before it—hope, and truth,
And comfort, joy, and wealth.
It is the author, too, of shame,
And never fails to kill.
Reader, dost thou desire the name?—
The *Serpent of the Still!*

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.—The Rev. DeWitt Talmadge, in a recent lecture, said: "I now declare that I consider the press to be the grand agency by which the gospel is preached, ignorance is cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God glorified."

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MADAME GUYON.

BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

THE subject of this memoir was born the 13th of April, 1648. Her father's name was Claude Bouvieres De La Mothe. The place of her birth was Montargis, a French town of some note, situated about fifty miles to the south of Paris, in the part of France known previously to the French Revolution as the Province of Orleanois.

Of her parents we know but little. It would seem, however, that they were very worthy people, holding a highly honorable position among the leading families of Montargis, and that both of them, especially the father, were deeply impressed with religious sentiments. Her father bore the title of Seigneur or Lord de La Mothe Vergonville. Her father and mother had been previously married; and both had children previous to their second marriage. The father had a son and daughter; the mother had a daughter; and these were their only children, so far as we have any account, when they became united with each other. The subject of this memoir, whose remarkable personal and religious history has made her an object of interest to succeeding ages, was the offspring of this second marriage. Her maiden name was Jeanne Bouvieres De La Mothe.

In very early life she was afflicted with a complaint, which reduced her to such extremity that her life was for some time despaired of. To her narrow escape from death at this period, she refers in after life, with feelings which her religious experience was naturally calculated to inspire. Her life had its vicissitudes, its trials, its deep sorrows; but in view of the sanctification which had attended them, she was deeply thankful that God had been pleased to spare her. "It is owing," she says, "to thy goodness, O God, that there now remains to me the consolation of having sought and followed Thee; of having laid myself upon the altar of sacrifice in the strength of pure love; of having labored for thine interests and glory. In the commencement of my earthly existence death and life seemed to combat together; but life proved victorious over death. Oh, might I but hope, that, in the conclusion of my being here on earth, life will be forever victorious over death! Doubtless it will be so, if Thou alone dost live in me, O my God, who art at present my only Life, my only Love."

In the city of Montargis, where her father resided, was a seminary for the instruction of young girls, under the care of the Ursuline Nuns. The Ursulines are a sisterhood of religious persons, who bind themselves, in addition to other vows of a more strictly religious character, to occupy themselves in the education of children of their own sex. At the age of two years and a half, she was sent from home, and placed at the Ursuline Seminary, but remained only for a short time.

It was in the year 1862, that a lady of distinguished rank, the Duchess of Montbason, who wished probably to avail herself of the means of religious retirement and instruction which they afforded, came to reside with the Benedictines, another religious body, distinct from the Ursulines, who had established themselves at Montargis. The daughter of M. De La Mothe was then four years of age. At the solicitation of the Duchess, who was an intimate acquaintance and friend of her father, and who said it would be a source of great satisfaction to her to have the company of his little daughter she was placed with the Benedictines. "Here I saw," she says, in the account of her life, which she afterwards wrote, "none but good examples; and as I was naturally disposed to yield to the influence of such examples, I followed them when I found nobody to turn me in another direction. Young as I was, I loved to hear of God, to be

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at church, and to be dressed in the habit of a little nun,"

While resident at the House of the Benedictines, though early in life, she appears to have received some religious ideas, and to have been the subject of some religious impressions. She speaks in particular of a dream, in which she seemed to have a very distinct conception of the ultimate misery of impenitent sinners, as making a deep impression on her mind. Aroused by the images of terror which were then presented to her, and operated upon by other circumstances which were calculated to awaken her religious sensibilities, she became very thoughtful, and exhibited at this early period a considerable interest in religious things. She was too young to appreciate fully the relation existing between herself and the Infinite Mind; but the idea of God was so far developed to her opening but vigorous conceptions, that she inwardly and deeply recognized his claims to her homage and her love. She endeavored to conform to these convictions, not only by doing in other respects whatever seemed to be the will of God, but by openly and frankly expressing her determination to lead a religious life. Happy in these solemn views and determinations, she one day, with a frankness perhaps greater than her prudence, remarked in the presence of her associates, that she was ready to become a martyr for God. The girls who resided with her at the Benedictines, not altogether pleased that one so young should go so far before them in a course so honorable, and supposing perhaps that they discovered some ingredients of human pride mingled with religious sincerity, came to the conclusion to test such enlarged pretensions. By representations more nicely adjusted than either true or honorable, they persuaded her that God in his providences had suddenly but really called her to the endurance of that martyrdom for which she had exhibited and professed a mind so fully prepared. They found her true to what she had previously professed. And having permitted her to offer up her private supplications, they conducted her to a room selected for the purpose, with all those circumstances of deliberateness and solemnity, which were appropriate to so marked an occasion. They spread a cloth upon the floor, upon which she was required to kneel, and which was destined to receive her blood. One of the older girls then appeared in the character of an executioner, and lifted a large cutlass, with the apparent intention of separating her head from her body. At this critical moment, overcome by her fears, which were stronger than her young faith, she cried out, *that she was not at liberty to die without the consent of her father*. The girls, in the spirit of triumph, declared that it was a mere excuse to escape what was prepared for her. And assuring her that God would not accept as a martyr one who had not a martyr's spirit, insultingly let her go.

This transaction, which was so cruel in its application, although it probably originated in thoughtlessness as much or more than in unkindness, had a marked effect upon her mind. Young as she was, she was old enough to perceive, that she had not only been open but voluntary in her professions; that she had been tried, and been found wanting. Those religious consolations, which she had previously experienced, departed. Something in her conscience reproached her, that she either wanted courage or faith, to act and to suffer, under all circumstances and without any reserve, in the cause of her heavenly Father. It seemed to her, in the agitation of her spirit, that she had offended him, and that there was now but little hope of his support and favor. Thus, as in many other similar cases, the religious tendency, unkindly crushed in the very bud of its promise, withered and died.

During her residence at the House of the Benedictines she was treated with great kindness. In one instance

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only was she the subject of punishment on the part of those who had the charge of her; and this seems to have happened in consequence of the misapprehension, or the designed misstatement of her young associates. Her health, however, was exceedingly poor. And soon after the transactions just now mentioned, she was taken home, in consequence of frequent and severe turns of indisposition.

We have already had occasion to notice, that the parents of Mademoiselle De La Mothe had both sustained the marriage relation previously to their marriage with each other. And each of them had a daughter in their first marriage. These two daughters, acting on the principles and methods of personal consecration which are recognized in the Roman Catholic church, had devoted themselves to a religious life in the Ursuline Convent, and thus became associated in its system of instruction. After having been taken from the Benedictine Seminary, and spending some time at home in a manner not very profitable, Mademoiselle Jeanne Maria, their young half-sister, who had already spent a little time there in her early childhood, was once more placed at the Ursulines with them. She was now in the seventh year of her age. The father, who seems to have been sensible, from what had fallen under his notice, that her education had hitherto failed to receive sufficient attention, commended her to the especial care of his own daughter, as the best qualified of the two half-sisters, by kindness of disposition as well as in other respects, to aid in the development of her mind and the formation of her manners. In her after life, as she recalled with gratitude the dealings of God with her in her younger years, she spoke in affectionate terms of this sister, as a person characterized alike by good judgment and by religious sentiments, and as especially fitted to train up young girls.

"This good sister," she says, "employed her time in instructing me in piety, and in such branches of learning as were suitable to my age and capacity. She was possessed of good talents which she improved well. She spent much time in prayer, and her faith seemed strong and pure. She denied herself of every other satisfaction, in order that she might be with me and give me instruction. So great was her affection for me, that she experienced as she told me herself, more pleasure with me than anywhere else. Certain it is, that she thought herself well paid for her efforts in my behalf, whenever I made suitable answers on the studies in which I was engaged. Under her care I soon became mistress of most of those things which were suitable for me; so much so that many grown persons of some rank and figure in the world, could not have exhibited such evidence of proficiency and knowledge as I did."

At this period of her life an incident occurred, which seems to require some explanation. The period of which we are now speaking, was subsequent in time to the great Civil War in England, which resulted in the death of Charles First, the establishment of a new government, and the expulsion of the surviving members of the royal family. Charles had married Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry Fourth, and sister of Lewis Thirteenth of France. In consequence of the unfavorable turn of the Civil War, she fled from England to her own country in 1644; residing for the most part, in sorrow and in poverty, in the Convent of Chaillot, at that time a village in the neighborhood of Paris, but now making a part of the city itself. She died in 1669; and it is worthy of notice, that her death furnished occasion for one of the most celebrated of the Funeral Orations of Bossuet.

Some years after her flight from England to France, this distinguished person visited the city of Montargis. And when we recollect, that the family of M. De La Mothe held a high rank in that city, and especially when we consider that there were probably some

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good grounds of religious sympathy and attachment, it will not be surprising that Henrietta Maria should have honored them with a visit. This statement will help to explain an incident which we find in the early life of the subject of this Memoir. It is related in her Auto-biography, that, while she was at the Seminary of the Ursulines, she was frequently sent for by her father, who was desirous of seeing her from time to time at home. On one of these occasions she says that she found at her father's house the *Queen of England;* a circumstance which would seem very improbable, except in connection with the historical facts which have just now been mentioned. This seems to have been in the year 1655, or about that time. She was then near eight years of age. "My father told the Queen's Confessor, that, if he wanted a little amusement, he might entertain himself with me, and propound some questions to me. He tried me with several very difficult ones, to which I returned such correct answers, that he carried me to the Queen, and said to her, 'Your Majesty must have some diversion with this child.' She also tried me, and was so well satisfied and pleased with my lively answers and my manners, that she not only requested my father to place me with her, but urged her proposition with no small importunity, assuring him that she would take particular care of me, and going so far as to intimate that she would make me Maid of Honor to the princess, her daughter. Her desire for me was so great, that the refusal of my father evidently disobliged her. Doubtless it was God who caused this refusal, and who in doing so turned off the stroke, which might have probably intercepted my salvation. Weak as I then was, how could I have withstood the temptations and distractions incidental to a connection with persons so high in rank?"

After this interview with a person, signalized by her rank and her misfortunes, she went back as usual to the Ursuline Seminary, where her paternal half-sister, to whose kindness her father had particularly entrusted her continued her affectionate care. But her authority was limited; she could not control, in all respects, the conduct of the other girls who boarded there, with whom the younger sister, Jeanne Marie, was sometimes obliged to associate, and from whom she acknowledges, in the account she has given of her life, that she contracted some bad habits. She ceased to be entirely strict and scrupulous in the utterance of the truth; she became in some degree peevish in her temper, and careless and undevout in her religious feelings, passing whole days without thinking of God. But happily she did not remain long under the power of such vicious tendencies and habits. Her sister's unwearied watchfullness and assiduity were the means, with the divine blessing, of recovering her from this temporary declension, and she remained at the Seminary some time longer, always making rapid improvement when she was in the enjoyment of good health, and conciliating the esteem of her associates and instructors, by her regular and virtuous deportment, as well as by her proficiency in knowledge.

At ten years of her age she was taken home again. After a short residence at home, she was placed at the Dominican Convent, probably the same of which De La Force gives so particular an account in his work, entitled *Nouvelle Description De La France.* It was founded in 1242. "I stayed," she says, "only a little while at home. The reason of my remaining so short a time was this: A Nun of the Dominican Order, who belonged to a distinguished family, and was an intimate friend of my father, solicited him to place me in her Convent, of which she was Prioress. This lady had conceived a great affection for me; and she promised my father, that she would take care of me herself, and would make me lodge in her own chamber.

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But circumstances occurred, which prevented her from fulfilling her intentions. Various troubles arose in the Religious Community, of which she had the charge, which necessarily occupied her attention; so that she was not in a situation to take much care of me."

Her opportunities for intellectual improvement, during her residence in the Dominican Convent, where she continued during eight months, were interrupted in some degree by sickness. But with a mind of naturally enlarged capacity, and which seemed to have an instinct for knowledge, she could hardly fail to improve. During her residence at this place, she was left more with herself than had been customary with her. But her solitary hours, secluded as she was in a great degree from objects that might have distracted her attention, were not unprofitable ones. One circumstance which occurred at this time, is worthy of particular notice. The pupils of the Convent, although they received religious instruction in other ways, do not appear to have been put in possession of the Bible, and to have had the use of it in private. A Bible, however, had been providentially left, by whose instrumentality or from what motive is unknown, in the chamber which was assigned to Mademoiselle De La Mothe. Young as she was, she seemed to have had a heart to appreciate, in some degree, the value of this heaven-sent gift. "*I spent whole days*," she says, "*in reading it; giving no attention to other books or other subjects from morning to night. And having great powers of recollection, I committed to memory the historical parts entirely.*" It is certainly not improbable that these solitary perusals of the Bible had an influence on her mind through life, not only enlarging its sphere of thought and activity, but by teaching her to look to God alone for direction, and by laying deep and broad the foundations of that piety which she subsequently experienced.

She remained at the Convent of the Dominicans eight months, after which she returned home. When she entered upon the twelfth year of her age, she proposed to partake of the Eucharist. She acknowledges that for some time previous she had been remiss in religious duties. Some jealousies and disaffections, as is not unfrequently the case, had sprung up among the younger members of her father's family. A feeling of dissatisfaction and melancholy seems to have entered her mind. And as if weary of God, she gave up what little religious inclination and feeling she had, saying, "she was none the better for it," and wickedly implying in the remark that the troubles connected with religion exceeded the benefits resulting from it. I think it would not be correct to say, that she had given up religion; but rather had given up many favorable feelings and many outward practices, which have a connection with religion. And this remark will perhaps be the better understood, when we say in explanation, that, although she had been interested in religion, it does not appear that she possessed those traits or qualities which really constitute it. Prompted, partly by example, and partly by serious impressions, she had sought it, but had not found it. Her religious interest, as we have already had occasion to notice, varied at different times. At one time, in particular, it seems to have been very great. She seems to have had convictions of sin; she had some desires to live in God's guidance and favor; she formed good resolutions; she had a degree of inward consolation. But when we examine these experiences closely, I think we shall find reason for saying, that such desires, convictions and resolutions which often lay near the surface of the mind without stirring very much its inward depths, were, in her case at least, the incidents and preparatives of religion, rather than religion itself. The great inward Teacher, the Holy Ghost, had not as yet dispossessed the natural life, and given a new life in

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Christ. She herself intimates that her religion was chiefly in appearance; and that self, and not the love of God, was at the bottom.

The suggestion to partake of the sacrament of the Supper, and thus by an outward act at least, to array herself more distinctly on the Lord's side, seems to have originated with her father. In order to bring about what he had near at heart, and which was in accordance with the principles of the church of which he was a member, he placed her again at the Ursuline Seminary. Her paternal half-sister, who still resided there, and who appears to have had some increased and leading responsibility as an instructress, pleased with the suggestion, but at the same time aware of her unfortunate state of mind, labored assiduously to give rise to better inward dispositions. The labors of this patient and affectionate sister, who knew what it was both to believe and to pray, and for whom religion seems to have had a charm above everything else, were so effectual, that Jeanne Marie now thought, as she expresses it, "*giving herself to God in good earnest.*" The day at length arrived; she felt that the occasion was too important to be trifled with; she made an outward confession of her sins, with apparent sincerity and devotedness, and partook of the sacramental element for the first time with a considerable degree of satisfaction. But the result showed that the heart was not reached. The day of her redemption had not come. The season and its solemnity passed away, without leaving an effectual impression. The sleeping passions were again awaked. "My faults and failings," she says, "were soon repeated and drew me off from the care and the duties of religion." She grew tall; her features began to develope themselves into that beauty which afterwards distinguished her. Her mother, pleased with her appearance, indulged her in dress. The combined power of her personal and mental attractions were felt in the young and unreflecting attachments of persons of the other sex. The world resumed its influence, and Christ was in a great degree forgotten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE TWO VILLAGES."

Over the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.
Over it sailing shadows go,
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cooling night,
Twinkling stars of household light.
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mist's that curl on the river's shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours:
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut.
All the village lie asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent—and idle—and low—they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below:—
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child.
And heareth, praying, the answer fall—
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all!"

—*Shadow of the Rock.*

—It is related that "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" were written together, month by month, neither work being at any time one day ahead of the printer's demand for manuscript.

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The Wisdom of God in Nature.

THE world is full of what, if accepted as the work of an intelligent being, would be called contrivances—adaptations of means to ends—often of the most complex and elaborate description. For example, the Birds—how admirably adapted to flying; in shape, feathers, bones, wings! The fishes—how adapted to swimming and life in the water; witness their shapes, their smooth and unctuous scales, their pairs of fins, their tails, and gills! The land animals—how adapted to walking and running and feeding on the earth's surface; to eat the grass or catch their special prey! The trees—how adapted to stand firmly; by their roots, their perpendicularity, their balanced branches, their moderate flexibility—how adapted for shade, for abating the violence of winds, for fuel! Or, if you will consider particular organs of the organic tribes, look at the bark of trees as relating to their nourishment, at the web-foot in its relation to the land and water, at the teeth and other preparers of food for the stomach, at the stomach as a preparer of food for the blood, at the lungs as purifiers of the blood, at the heart as the engine for forcing the blood to all parts of the system, at the hand as the general servant of the whole body; in short, at almost any organ of either animal or vegetable structures. The adaptations are wonderful. They are physical miracles—the means are shaped and applied to the ends so exactly, beautifully, triumphantly. For example, no work of human ingenuity that ever you saw is equal to that natural marvel, the human eye—an organ having reference to an element quite external to itself, whose chief source is *millions* of leagues distant; and also to millions of external objects which compose our scenery of earth and sky—an organ placed in the most elevated part of the body so as to command the most extensive prospect; placed in a strong bony socket which defends it from the heavier external injuries; embedded in a soft cushion, so that its delicate texture cannot be hurt by the bony walls around it, as it rests on them, and turns swiftly hither and thither at the bidding of the will; furnished with lids, like curtains, to close over it in sleep, to wipe it, to cut off the outer rays of light that would confuse vision, to protect it by their involuntary and instantaneous shutting against the lighter kind of injuries; furnished with an apparatus of muscles by which it can be rapidly turned at choice in any direction, so as to vary the field of vision as the need of life may suggest; furnished with a self-acting system of appliances by which the ball is kept lubricated for easy movement; furnished with a conduit to carry off the superfluous moisture; furnished with just that shape, out of ten thousand possible shapes, which mathematicians have demonstrated to be the only one which can refract all the rays of light to a single surface, and thus afford distinct vision, viz., that of an ellipsoid of revolution; furnished with a retina, or natural canvas, on which its pictures of external objects can be formed, of just the right size, and at just the right distance behind the lenses of the eye; furnished with lenses of different substances having different refractive powers,

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thereby preventing the light from being resolved into the prismatic colors, and thus misrepresenting and uniforming objects; furnished in front with a perforated membrane, that by self-adjustment, adapts it to different degrees of light, also with a system of pulleys and ligaments that at a moment's warning alter its convexity and the relative position of parts so as to adapt it to objects at different distances, and, what is more wonderful than all, provided in some inscrutable manner with the means of expressing the mind itself, so that one may look into its crystal depths and see intellectuality, and scorn, and wrath, and love, and almost every spiritual state and action. Now if this is not an amazing congeries of adaptations, there is and can be nothing amazing. If found to be the work of a human artist, it would be called a perfect marvel of ingenuity and wisdom. And yet some insects have twenty thousand such eyes combined into one. But the eye is only one among an infinity of natural contrivences. Animate and inanimate nature is mountainous and glittering with them. Down into the regions of the infinitely small, whither the most searching microscope cannot carry the sight; up into the regions of the infinitely large and far, whither only mightiest telescopes lift our struggling knowledge; among the mechanism of these swarming celestial empires whose starry banners sweep our mighty skies—it is every where the same; exquisite adaptations, profound contrivances heaped on profound contrivances in such endless amount and varieties of wise structures, as exhausts all human understanding, and dwarfs into nothingness all the products of human ingenuity.—*Pater Mundi.*

THE DYING WIFE.

Raise my pillow, husband, dearest,
Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And these shadows stealing slowly
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me,
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father
Thence shall ever lead me on;
Where upon the throne eternal
Sits his loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreamed of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride,
How my heart thrilled with Love's triumph,
In that hour of woman's pride!
Dreamed of thee and all the earth chords
Firmly twined about my heart—
O! the bitter, burning anguish
When I first knew we must part!

It has passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He who, more than friend or brother,
Will be with you to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portal
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis he that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I am spared them,
Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them;
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This the last night of my life;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw your strong arms round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.

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MARRIAGE—ITS SACREDNESS.

BY PRESIDENT E. O. HAVEN, D D.

THERE is no doubt about the meaning and nature of marriage with those who accept the teachings of the Bible. It is true that the practice of good men in the earliest days, which seems even to have been sanctioned by the Lord, was in violation of some of the highest requirements of marriage; and this fact is just mysterious enough not only to puzzle devout Christians, and furnish to the caviler a good field to revel in, but also to compel all true Christians to discriminate for themselves, by a positive act of the will, between good and evil. The Bible does not remove all mysteries. We must still walk by faith, and not by sight.

Marriage is a divine institution. It is the design of God, our Maker, that human beings should live in families, the head of each of which should be a man and women, united for life in an intimate union, existing between them alone, and excluding others, indissoluble but by death, or by such crime on the part of one as renders the union useless or injurious. This is taught in the Bible.

Adam and Eve were the first to illustrate the divine idea of matrimony. In the scriptural account of its origin it is briefly described as a union existing only between two, and to be perpetual. Adam is represented as saying, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." Gen. ii. 4. Jesus Christ quotes these words as coming from the Creator, and interprets them as sanctioning only a life-long union between one husband and one wife. This is the uniform teaching of the New Testament. This is God's type of marriage.

Whatever God approves is invariably found productive of good, and what he disapproves, of evil.

Moreover, the results of a strict adherence to the laws of matrimony are found to be beneficial to the individual, to the family, and to society; while disobedience to them degrades the individual, breaks up or disgraces families, and weakens a nation. Thus by rewards and retributions God confirms his word.

Let us consider first the benefits of marriage.

In approaching this subject let me again remind you of the supreme importance of the individual man, according to the Christian mode of thinking. Human philosophy almost invariably sinks the individual and exalts the mass. It looks upon man arithmetically, and, because a million counts more than one, infers that one is of but little value, and that to effect anything we must aim to reach the million rather than the one. Christ, on the other hand, viewed each man as an infinite quantity; and when we reach infinite quantities arithmetic is no longer available. What Christ sought was to bless individuals, knowing that if *they* were perfected, institutions—which grow out of them—would necessarily be good.

Now matrimony, considered as a custom or practice of human beings, is the greatest possible blessing to the individuals affected by it, and through its benefit on individuals it blesses societies and the state.

It benefits the individual, first, by

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communicating to the individual a permanency of disposition and a stability of character such as no other institution can create.

The child is bound to the parents by dependence and affection until capable of sustaining himself; but even this relation would be uncertain and often broken but for the stable matrimony of the parents; and when the child reaches the age of youth he is isolated and solitary, having only the temporary connections of friendship and of business, which are soon found to be of little permanent influence. Matrimony stamps a life-long character upon the individual.

It is a glorious epoch in the life of a human being when he acquires a character that shall abide. Death itself cannot in all respects nullify the relations into which he enters by marriage. The volatile becomes fixed, ambitions are centered, hopes are steadied; from the dependent child, or the uncertain aspirant, he is exalted into one of the pillars of society, one of the independent component parts for whose good the whole fabric is regulated and sustained. This is all condensed into the Scripture expression, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife." Here, as usual, the masculine noun is intended to include both sexes. It is not only true that the man leaves father and mother, but also the woman shall leave father and mother and cleave to her husband; both become one. The old parental relation abides, it is true, in its memories, in its affection, but not in its mutual support and dependence. The relation of son and daughter is now overbalanced by the new and stronger one of husband and wife. This is to abide till death. Marriage is the first, if not the only relation of one human being to another, that without change is to *abide*.

In addition to the stability of character communicated by matrimony, the parties thus united find in a relation best constituted—for God is its author—to develop in them the highest individual excellence, and to fit them for the highest usefulness to others. "It is not good," or it is not the perfect condition for either man or woman, "to be alone."

The obvious effects upon body and mind, upon the affections and whole character, I must simply pronounce beneficial, without taking the time to explain and prove the assertion. But its social and national influences may with propriety be illustrated. The male and female, in their affections, instincts, and influences, reciprocally sustain and perfect each other. How elevating is the influence of strict, scriptural, permanent matrimony upon the children of the family thus constituted. The mother teaches the children to honor the father whom she honors as a husband, and the father teaches them to love the mother whom he loves as wife. Nothing but death should sunder this relation.

It is also natural, as the spontaneous outgrowth of the soul, that the parents of families should be interested in the common character of others around them, with whom their children will associate. This is the origin of public spirit, of public enterprise, of patriotism. The household is the mother of the state. A state is strong, and less exposed to revolutions, in proportion to the perfection of the family relation maintained by the people. The country most noted in all the world for rev-

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olutions is also most noted for setting at defiance the seventh commandment.

The Church, too, is the natural outgrowth of the family. But for the marriage relation, strictly obeyed, there would be no Church, no Sabbath-school, no Sabbath; no family prayer, no social prayer, no public prayer; no home subordination arising from mutual love, and therefore no voluntary, cheerful subordination to public authority; no order, no culture. Marriage is the contract which creates the world. But for it society would be resolved into chaos.

I speak of perfect marriage among perfect men and women. Of course it is seldom seen in anything like a perfect form. But we must look at the genuine type as it ought to be, and we should aim to make it what it ought to be.

The benefits of matrimony may be more distinctly seen by noticing the consequences of its neglect or violation.

Now, if it be true that God is the author of matrimony, by creating human beings for it, and adapted to it, and by commanding it in his word, then we may suppose that all deviations from its scriptural type will be seen to be injurious.

The first deviation from it is voluntary celibacy. This, so far from being forbidden, is recognized, and under some circumstances commanded in the Bible. Though the Church, in the dark ages, pressed this doctrine into extravagant and pernicious results, yet it cannot honestly be denied that the Bible commends those who, under certain circumstances, deny themselves the advantages of matrimonial relations, that they may devote themselves without incumbrance to some high mission for the good of their fellow-men. And it cannot be denied that by the blessed principle of compensation, which runs through the entire economy of the universe, those who are unmarried may, if they preserve a pure character, accomplish peculiar good and enjoy a peculiar reward. But the conditions must be maintained, otherwise they sin against God and their own souls.

Involuntary celibacy, or celibacy assumed as a badge of a class, binding its members against matrimony, has proved productive of great evils. This is a great error of that sect calling itself the Roman Catholic Church. History abundantly proves that it has corrupted the priesthood and the inmates of nunneries, diseasing the mind and engendering unholy ambitions, and unfitting them for those natural and correct sympathies which are needful in a religious teacher. God's laws cannot be broken with impunity.

Except in rare instances, such as those mentioned by the Saviour in Matthew xix, 10-12, celibacy should not be chosen. And where it is chosen, or seems to be providentially appointed, it should be sacredly employed to promote the higher interests of the Church for the good of our fellow-men.

Another deviation from matrimony is seen in polygamy. This was not, for a time, in the history of the world, expressly forbidden, in so much of the Bible as man then enjoyed. It was tolerated for a season among the Hebrews, because from their low mental and moral culture, and especially from the want of the general education of women, it seemed to be the least of necessary evils. Good men, or those in the main approved by God, were allowed to have a plurality of wives. Christ abolished this law, which was temporary, and not intrinsically good. He expressly stated that "in the beginning it was not so." It was allowed on account of "the hardness of their hearts." Even among them it produced its inevitable results—degrading women, alienating the affections of children, and as the people advanced in mental and moral culture, exciting the disapprobation of the wise and pure.

It should be remembered that the light was then dim. All the world was idolatrous but a very few. The Israelites were governed more by law than

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by knowledge. By an ignorant people a perfect law will not be obeyed; and it may be better to regulate disobedience than to have it promiscuous and disorderly. This at least was done by divine authority, before the light of Christianity had shone. But now, since we have the history of Christ, the doctrines of Christ, and the accomplished fact of redemption, and of the establishment of the Church, that principle is obsolete, at least so far as matrimony is concerned.

Polygamy, though temporarily tolerated in those dark times, when all the world were idolaters except a people living in a country smaller in size than several of our single states, is nevertheless wrong. It is always productive of evil. It is justly forbidden by every Christian state. It ought to be forbidden by law in our whole country; it is the duty of the nation to see that the fundamental laws of marriage are observed in Utah, as a condition of receiving the protection of the general government, or any place or share in the councils of the nation.

Matrimony is also violated by perverting the union into a temporary contract terminable at pleasure. This is indirectly brought about by too great facilities of divorce, and has been commended by opposers of the Bible, in later times, under the name, already disgraceful, of "free love."

This is no new theory. It is as old as sin, and its author is Satan. It has had its advocates ever since infidelity began, and it has been tested in large nations, and long enough to destroy whole communities and races. Free love! Why it is nothing but another name for the promiscuous destruction of families and degradation of individuals, that has been practiced by the vilest and meanest of human beings from time immemorial, but never found any body to commend it till there sprung up the infidels of modern times!

I can but pronounce the carrying out of this theory a direct violation of the seventh commandment. To degrade marriage into a mere civil contract, or bargain, to be observed so long as both parties might choose, and to be annulled by mutual consent, would effectually destroy the Bible idea of matrimony. It would destroy the permanency of which I spoke as the chief excellence of the institution. It would inevitably subititute caprice for law, and open the way for confusion, immorality, and licentiousness.

The arguments adduced for this irreligious practice are, that marriages often prove unhappy from incompatibility of disposition, that its restraints are burdensome and injurious, and that other unions would be more agreeable and profitable. Those who advocate this free and easy practice have much to say of "love" and "affinity," and "the marriage of the soul," and "legalized crime," and other high-sounding epithets, with which they attempt to sugar-coat vice and dishonor virtue.

In reply to them I do not hesitate to acknowledge that many married people are unhappy, and perhaps are rendered more so by their union. This, however, does not often arise from the marriage, but from the wickedness of the individuals themselves, by which they pervert that union, as other good things, into evil. Marriage will not necessarily make a miser generous, or a selfish man amiable, or a proud man courteous, or a vain man agreeable, or a profane man devout. Vice must produce its fruit. Nor would a divorce from the contract change the character of either party, or lessen the aggregate of evil in the community. If in some cases it would promise to relieve the good and generous from a life-long contact with the evil and selfish, it should be remembered that it is not often the good and virtuous that seek thus to be relieved. They are aware that virtue shines the brighter when the more fiercely tried. They know something of the compensations of virtue. They know that there is an internal as well as an external history. And though there may be an external conflict, there shall, if faith-

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ful, be an internal reward. The instruction of the Apostle Paul to husbands and wives converted from heathenism, while the other parties remained idolators, illustrates the principles of matrimony. "If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And the woman which hath a husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him." 1 Cor. vii, 12, 13. And this, too, was written to a people living in a heathen land, where divorce was easy and common, and where of course the people were immoral and weak. If the idolatrous parties availed themselves of this practice, and left their husbands or wives, the apostle had nothing to say to them, though, even in such a case, he did not give the Christian parties thus left any permission to marry again; and in no case did he permit a Christian to abandon husband or wife on account of the idolatry of the other party. Rather he exhorted them so to live as, if possible, to save the unbelieving husband or wife.

The oldest human institution, first established after the creation of man, provided for in the very nature of body and soul, existing in man's innocency, and only survivor of man's fall, is akin to those very laws of nature which are but expressions of the will of God, particularly in this—its permanency and indissolubility, while the parties to be affected by it still live.

God's laws derive their greatest power from their inflexibility. The necessity for food and raiment, for shelter and warmth, for labor and sleep, for fresh air and cleanliness, for exercise and mutual regard, often subject us all to great inconvenience and positive suffering. They often accomplish much evil. Not a summer passes without sun-strokes, not a winter without freezing some persons to death, not a spring without breeding consumptions, not an autumn without dysenteries, not a seed-time or harvest without excessive labor and disappointment. Generals and armies have lost battles because they could not fight longer without sleep; ships have gone down, with Christian missionaries on board, because they were not strong enough to resist the winds or waves; and churches, if struck by lightning, burn as quick as grog-shops and gambling saloons. And yet it is better that all these things should happen than that God's permanent laws of nature should be broken. This unchangeableness of God's laws, with all the undeniable long catalogue of evils that it produces, is yet an infinite blessing. Were God's laws capricious, the catalogue of evils would be a million-fold, yes, infinitely greater. Men are made active, watchful, alert, vigorous, and steady by them. Now marriage is designed to accomplish the same end. Its benefits are designed to counterbalance its evils a thousand-fold, and the greater part of its benefits cannot be secured except on the understanding that it is like a natural relation, permanent and inflexible, except on the few conditions according to which it may be rightly annulled.

No man can estimate the disciplinary power it has thus exerted. How, by communicating steadiness to those united by its silken bonds, relieving them from all further interest in the thoughts preliminary to its adoption, and giving to them an object for steady industry in promoting each other's welfare and the good of children, attaching them to society, awakening a desire for property and the comforts of a permanent home, and begetting an interest in country and in the Church, and in forming permanent, domestic habits, it has shed the sunlight of paradise over this sinful world, no tongue can describe, no mind can comprehend. Now all these blessings are weakened precisely in proportion as the marriage tie is loosened. Those, therefore, if any such there be, who have reason to believe that in their special instances it is not what they hoped, or what in other circumstances it might be, have this assurance, that by faithfulness to the

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compact they bless society and bless the world; and such is God's great goodness and wisdom, that whatever tribute any man or woman renders heartily to virtue and right will never fail, in the end, of a full and glorious reward.

In enumerating the violations of this compact, and the methods of breaking this seventh commandment, I must mention another subject, exceedingly disagreeable to allude to out of the family circle, and especially before a Christian audience. And yet you will bear with me, for you expect faithfulness; and you are well aware that those who really love purity can look at vice for a warning and without contamination. I allude to that social vice which has produced, and is fostered by, the most degraded class of human beings that live on the face of the earth, found, alas! in all large cities, and not absent, perhaps, from a single city in this or any other land. How pitiable it is that so many human beings, created for immortality, with all those noble instincts and passions fitting them either for high usefulness in single life, if that should be their calling, or for the holy offices of wives and mothers, should be prostituted to shame and vice, to loss of self-respect, to intemperance, and bodily pain, and mental agony, crowded generally into a short and hopeless life, and both punitively and mercifully shortened by an early death.

True it is, the most of history is unwritten. Who shall describe the tears and wailings, interspersed with drunken and insane hilarity, of those who, cut off from virtuous society, betake themselves to vice for a livelihood, and thenceforward live only to keep the passage-way of hell open, and exact toll from those who plunge into its depths!

Much sickly sentimentality is displayed by pseudo-philanthropists of modern times, who declaim against the injustice of Christian society, and especially of virtuous women, in severely refusing to open their doors and their hearts to intimacy with the fallen and vicious of their own sex. I have no apology to plead for those who will not put forth kind and strenuous efforts, like Christ, to save the fallen and win them to repentance and life; but I believe that a true penitent will not desire at once to be treated as though she had never broken the covenant of pure society; and I believe also that the instincts of virtuous women, higher and nobler than the lower reason, in which perhaps man excels, teaches her that it is not proper to pass lightly over that guilt which stabs society in its most vulnerable and vital part, and tends to destroy all that exalts women above the condition of a slave or a brute. Therefore it is that virtuous woman shrinks from tolerating vice in one of her own sex, to whom God has in a special sense committed the trust to maintain domestic purity and honor.

And since we must look at this painful subject, allow me to urge that Christianity has produced and is producing its exalting influence on the domestic purity of man. The ancient heathen nations, as it is proved by the scanty descriptions of them extant, were full of licentiousness. This in many instances proved their final and utter ruin. Our own nation is to a large extent unchristian and infidel. A large portion of our population are seldom seen in churches, and are foes to the religion of Christ. They supply the avenues to moral and spiritual death. They throng our places of vicious amusement. They go from the drinking-holes to haunts of vice and down to ruin. There are millions who are better taught, and never disregard the teachings of pious mothers and fathers, and of the house of God. These are the hope of our country. They are our hope physically. They will not become poisoned with the deadly virus which God, in mingled justice and mercy, has caused to spring up from licentious vice. They will not transmit to their children feebleness and decay, dooming the innocent ones to premature death, that their families may

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become mercifully extinct. Depend upon it God is the defender of righteousness, and mightily will show it. His judgments are fearfully denounced against those who break his laws, and they will be inflicted.

Chastity is precious in man and woman. It preserves both mind and heart in purity, capable of appreciating in the highest degree the impulses of a virtuous ambition. It secures a healthy self-respect and a preparation for the domestic piety.

Marriage is chosen in the Bible as an illustration of the holiest union conceivable, even that between Christ and the Church. There is a depth of meaning in this figure, and in the scriptural passages describing it, that none but a mature Christian and a pure mind can appreciate. Adultery is also the figure chosen by the old prophets to describe the apostacy of the people, once enlightened and His worshipers, but now apostatized and rebellious. It is a fearful figure.

The Scriptures plainly inform us that this vice leads inevitably to all other sin. It ruins the whole man. It saps the very heart of virtue. It generates atheism, falsehood, blasphemy, shamelessness. It obliterates the conscience, leaving only its remorse. The law of right is gone. Delight in purity is gone. A correct taste is gone. Manhood is gone. Nothing but a radical repentance and reform and true regeneration will save, and the scars of the wounds will not disappear in the present life.

Our view of this subject would be very incomplete if we forgot the instruction of Christ on this subject. He places the commission of the crime in the heart; as we should now say, in the attention. Not merely in thought, involuntary and uncherished; not merely in passion, uncontrollable in its inception; but in intention, though it be restrained only by fear or inability. Heed, then, the instruction of the Bible: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." "As a man thinketh so is he." The reading, the conversation, the thoughts of a man, indicate what he is. A pure heart is the perfection of humanity. It should be the life-work to cultivate it. It cannot be secured by personal effort alone. Determination, discipline, will, all combined, make only the philosopher, who is far short of the Christian. Prayer is the source of spiritual power. There can be no genuine purity without it. God must be the acknowledged author of it. With all our passion and depravity and weakness, if we only do not delight in them, but wished to be delivered from them, we should go before God in earnest prayer. We should expect to achieve and maintain purity through Christ, and through him alone.

Undoubtedly, as Christ views our hearts, we are all guilty of having broken many, perhaps all of the commandments. Who can forgive past sin? Who can nip sinful passion in the bud? Who can preserve us from sinking in the cold flood of atheism, gloom, and despair? None but Christ. Without Christ it will certainly come to that at last. With his aid we may stand, stand securely, stand forever. "But let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." Heed even the exhortation of earthly wisdom, *Obsta principiis*—Avoid the beginnings of evil. Watch the door of the soul. Let the very heart be an altar consecrated to God.

DR. NEWTON.—The last time I heard good Dr. Newton, he told us, standing on the platform of Exeter Hall, his bright eye even then beginning to grow dim, and his voice tremulous, "I am on the bright side of seventy." Can you say as much? Never mind the precise age—the bright side of anything that you may happen to be? Worldlings can not say it. It is the dark side for them—the shady side of sixty or seventy.

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WORSHIP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—JAMES I. 27.]

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,
With mothers' offering, to the Fiend's embraces,
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
A man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through temples swelled the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please;
As if his ear could bend, with childish favor,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles holy,
With trembling reverence; and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of his peace.

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He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow:
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled?

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall our shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

ALL'S WELL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

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PARALLAX.

BY MARY V. HALE.

From astronomy we learn that parallax is the difference in position of any heavenly body as seen from the earth's center and surface. From the lessons of life we learn that humanity has its parallax, as well as sun and moon and stars; that 'tis the difference in position of a human life as seen from the center of all circumstances, and as viewed from a single point;—for in this busy universe, where lives as well as worlds whirl in the same monotonous daily round, we seldom see planets or people in their true positions,—and as solar parallax varies with the size and distance of the planet from which the sun is viewed, so the angle of parallax under which we view our fellow-men varies with the nature and standpoint of the observer. Charity and prejudice are complementary angles—when one increases the other diminishes in the same ratio, and 'tis only when our angle of prejudice is zero and our charity a right angle that our range of vision is broad enough to see the lives and acts of others fairly; that we can view them both in the zenith of prosperity and the horizon of adversity, and thus can calculate their true positions amidst the moving masses of humanity.

It seems a hard thing to learn and remember that people are all *human*—that all mankind are governed by the unerring laws—that as we ourselves would not be judged by a single circumstance, so we have no right to judge another character till viewed from every point which charity allows. Because we see persons seemingly sunk low in vice and wretchedness, must we infer that this is their true station, and ever after rank them there? Life is a school where we work out practical problems, and we often make our greatest errors in summing up the actions of mankind. Plus and minus signs get strangely mingled. Noble wrestlings with temptations and generous acts of self-denial are many times made minus quantities in our reckonings of character. If people feared each other less and God more, there would be strange revolutions in these human spheres of ours. Long years of earnest labor, hard struggles with adversity, stern conflicts with opposition, ridicule, and censure are the waymarks left behind the seekers after scientific truths,—but more patient labor, more enduring struggles, fiercer conflicts, must mark the way of him who seeks and upholds truths of human-kind—truths which reveal human-kind as they are, which show them in their true positions; no higher than merit raises, no lower than guilt depresses. The plan of the starry universe was locked in a cabinet hard to open, but parallax has proved the key has revealed magnitudes and distances and we know how great and far away is each planet of our system. Could we thus know the parallax of life know how much our own prejudice our ignorance, and selfishness, influences our moral vision and judgments of mankind, we could form many corrections of our ideas, of both people and principles, and should find that they are not always so far apart, or so close together, as appearances may indicate.

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that the standard by which we measure altitudes and distances in life is often but the India-rubber one of policy, which we stretch and shorten to suit our fancy and convenience.

Existence, with its complex laws, makes harder problems than nature ever furnishes. Mirages, refractions and parallax may be explained in nature, but human nature gives no explanation of her strange phenomena.

Fairy visions that float before us in an atmosphere of faith and hope and love, prove many times *inverted* images of the realities they represent, for the future does not always keep its golden promise. But ideal flowers are the next thing to real ones, and 'tis best to have some flowery anticipations along our way even if they never brighten into realities. An illusion that makes life more beautiful while it takes from it none of its innocence must be a gift from God, and if we know not where to rank our fellow-men, how high, or how low, in the grade of being, why not make them seem as noble as we can, and instead of lowering them by parallax, by viewing them from wrong and unjust stand-points, raise them by refraction, by regarding them through an atmosphere of good will and love toward all. And even if the virtue and purity of life are sometimes worn thread-bare in this rough machinery of our existence, is it not better to patch the torn places than make the rent still larger? A little darning and mending and sometimes a broad charitable patch on one's character will do a great deal to verify in life the old proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine," and will make many a life, torn by trials and temptations, last the longer and be the firmer and stronger, for the stitches of love that hold it together.

From the bottom of a deep well looking upward, one can see stars shining in the dazzling brightness of the noonday sun; so from the depths of humility looking upward, one can see rare virtues beaming forth even midst the blinding glare of sin and vice. Our knowledge of this world and its inhabitants, like our knowledge of the stars and sun, depends upon the standpoint from which we view them, and to the one who leaves all bigotry behind, and with honest candor seeks among mankind for true nobility, life will reveal much that is beautiful and good in characters condemned as worthless.

Knowing then, that the tide of time is dashing against our lives, that the anthem of eternity is sounding in our ears; knowing that we cut our every act and thought in tables of everlasting granite, that the Judge of all shall read and interpret the rude hieroglyphics which our daily lives have traced, and judge of us as we have judged mankind, and knowing, best of all, the value of a human soul, we need thank God for the glorious gift of charity, the charity that seeks to know the good there is in man; that believeth, and hopeth, and suffereth all things; the charity that bends trustingly and lovingly over a fallen world, and with one hand in the clasp of humanity, the other on the throne of God, draws man from sin, and shame, and earthliness, to truth, to purity, to heaven.

—Has your life a purpose?

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"OUR SET."

How can one maintain his position in society and not be obliged to confess (mentally), a thousand times in a day, that he is acting in direct opposition to the dictates of conscience?

How can one be released from the bondage, the abject servitude, imposed by this heartless tyrant, *society*, upon its followers?

Everybody will acknowledge themselves literally *compelled* to associate with, and profess great interest in, people who are not at all congenial to their tastes, and who fall far short of the model their high standard of refinement has formed.

They have no thoughts, no tastes, no sympathies in common, and still each must be bored with the other's presence. Why? Simply because *society* tolerates each. Mrs. A. though she finds Mrs. B a person not at all interesting or agreeable, must call, and exchange a score of unmeaning compliments with her, and listen to her foolish simpering about the "*weather* and her *servants*," just because some unlooked-for revolution in fortune's wheel has placed her in "*our set.*" Perhaps her neighbor opposite is the perfect personification of all that Mrs. A thinks beautiful and refined; still, the decree of this tyrannical ruler permits no proffer of friendship on the part of Mrs. A to her humble neighbor, for fear of compromising her *position in society.*

Both occupy pews in the same church, both read and *believe (?)* the same Bible, and of course Mrs. A has often seen the passage, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Mrs. A is a pious, conscientious, religious woman, and of course means to do as that Bible teaches her; so she sends her neighbor, whenever the children are sick, wines, medicines, and whatever her wealth can buy; she pays her a good price for her sewing, and "wishes her well," but of course *she cannot invite her to dine with her fashionable friends!* The well-stored basket of delicacies contains everything which a kind heart could suggest, except *cards for Mrs. A's reception.* For this intentional neglect Mrs. A's conscience does not trouble her at all; for "how can the woman expect it?" Circumstances have placed an impassable barrier between them.

Fortune deals with unsparing hand pleasure and flattery to one, sneers and a small amount of plain sewing to the other. Mrs. A consoles herself with thinking that "*That woman* belongs to a *'different set.'* My duty to her does not demand that I should sacrifice my position in the esteem of my friends for her sake."

Let one of those beautiful leaders of the votaries of pleasure be reft of portions of her plumage by the hand of adversity; let her beautiful tokens of wealth disappear under the hammer of the auctioneer, and she is no longer superior to her *sewing girl.*

Her "set" fail now to see anything remarkable in her face, or her manner. Mrs. A. must now "drop" *her* also; for it cannot be expected that Mrs. A. will release her frail hold on the mantle of society for anyone less fortunate?

No, no, Madame; you are *not* expected to do anything of the kind. Nobody expects *anything* of you more than to *look* as pretty as you can, and see that the family credit is kept good; that Charles Adolphus makes as much of a "sensation," as his associates; that his toilet is unexceptional, and that he is petted by your capricious goddess, Society.

You are expected, also, to assert your authority, in a manner that will insure the success of your adorable daughter, Arabella Evangaline, in securing a husband of "rank and fortune."

Remember, also, to influence your own husband to aspire to the same glorious results, as his aristocratic wife.

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Lastly, you are required to see that neither husband, Charles Adolphus, Arabella Evangaline, or your self, do anything that can be censured by your "set." Performing faithfully your duty in these respects, who could be so cruel as to *expect* you to do more?

You are right in saying you have had no time for charity, you are right in saying no one can expect you to help along a less fortunate brother.

You are a woman of unusual ability, if you can perform these self-imposed tasks many more weary years, without exciting fortune's wrath, and when this dire calamity *does* befall you, when you and Arabella Evangaline *are no longer of the "favored few,"* when your adored "set" closes its doors and heaves you *outside*, console yourself with the reflection they are *not expected* to drag along unfortunates to the disparity of their *own* interests.

Remember, too, that both you and they, and your humble neighbor over the way, and your poor washerwoman, are alike claimants of the title, "Children of the Heavenly King."

Oh, it is a rude sound to your refined aristocratic ear, to hear yourself and servants spoken of in terms of such equality! *Oh, pray daily that you may not, some day, be weighed in the balance and found wanting.*"

MALIE FRANC.

THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

"AM I become your enemy because I tell you the truth?" Truth is not always relished where sin is nourished. Light is pleasant, yet it may be offensive to sore eyes. Honey is sweet, though it cause the wound to smart; but we must not neglect the actions of friends, for fear of drawing upon ourselves the suspicion of being enemies. It is better to lose the smiles of men than the souls of men. "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart, nor suffer sin to lie upon him." He who loves a garment hates the moths which fret it.

"Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee; but rebuke a scorner, and he will hate thee." Reproof slides from a scorner's breast as water from an oiled post. Instead of loying a man amidst all his injuries, he will hate him for all his civilities. Most people are like restive horses, which no sooner feel the rowel than they strike with their heels; or like bees, which no sooner are angered than they put out their stings.

There is much discretion to be observed in reprehension; a word will do more with some than a blow with others. A Venice glass is not to be rubbed so hard as a brazen kettle. The tender reed is more easily bowed than the sturdy oak. Christ's warfare requires no carnal weapons. Dashing storms do but destroy the seed, while gentle showers nourish it. Chariots too furiously driven may be overturned by their own violence.

How many are there who check passion with passion, and are very angry in reproving anger! Thus, to lay one devil they raise another, and leave more work to be undone than they found to be done. Such a reproof of vice is a vice to be reproved. In reprehension we should always beware of carrying our teeth in our tongues, and of biting while we are speaking. A surgeon would not be justifiable in dismembering a body if he could effect a cure without it.

"Brethren, if any man be overtaken in a fault, you that are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." The word signifies to set him in joint again; and to set a dislocated bone requires the lady's hand—tenderness as well as skillfulness. Reprehension is not an act of butchery, but an act of surgery. Take heed of blunting the instrument by putting too keen an edge upon it. Mark the reason which the apostle assigns for gentle reproof: "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

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If thy neighbor's house be on fire, thine own may be in danger. We should be willing to lend mercy at one time, as we may have occasion to borrow it at another. We should do with others' sins as we do with our own sores; which, if a gentle scar will produce a sufficient discharge, we avoid cutting and slashing. If ravenous birds can be frayed away by a look, we need not expend powder and shot.

It must be lamented that many are as lost to the softest tongue of reproof, as the deaf adder is to the sweet voice of the charmer; they are always administering the bitter pills of calumny for the sweet cordials of charity. Men love to de adored, yet hate to be reproved. But how can we praise what they do, when they are so far from doing what is worthy to be praised? It was the saying of Austin, when his hearers resented his frequent reproofs, "Change your conduct, and I will change my conversation."

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON.

How rich its manifestations; how all other love of which it is possible for you to conceive shrinks in comparison! There have been developments in the histories of years of self-sacrificing affection, which has clung to the loved object amid hazard and suffering, and which has been ready even to offer up life in its behalf. Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, what lovely episodes their histories give us amid the history of selfishness and sin! Men have canonized them, partly because such instances are rare, and partly because they are like a dim hope of redemption looming from the ruins of the Fall. "Greater love hath no man than this"—this is the highest point which man can compass—"that a man lay down his life for his friend; but God commendeth his love towords us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." A brother has sometimes made notable efforts to retrieve a brother's fortunes, but there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. A father has bared his breast to shield his offspring from danger, and a mother would gladly die for the offspring of her womb; but a father's affection may fail in its strength, and, yet more rarely, a mother's in its tenderness.

"I saw an aged woman, bow'd
'Mid weariness and care;
Time wrote in sorrow on her brow,
And 'mid her frosted hair.

"What was it that like sunbeam clear
O'er her wan features ran,
As, pressing towards her deafn'd ear,
I named her absent son?

"What was it? Ask a mother's breast,
Through which a fountain flows
Perennial, fathomless, and blest,
By winter never froze.

"What was it? Ask the King of kings,
Who hath decreed above
What change should mark all earthly things
Except a mother's love?"

"Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? She may forget, yet I will not forget thee." O Jesus of Nazareth, who can declare Thee? "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." Think of that love—love which death could not destroy—love which, for creatures hateful and hating one another, stooped to incarnation, suffering, and death; and then, with brimming eye and heart full of wonder, say, "Why such love to *me*?"

LIGHT.

God is the great original of light. There was a time when it was not, when this world was a nameless and unfinished chaos. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. All the forms and modifications of light may be traced up to this act of the great Creator, who made two great lights—the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. From

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the fount of the sun all the streams of light are flowing. Light is presented to us in ever-varying conditions, but it is always the same; there is a oneness in its essence after all. It is the same light that glistens on the wings of the fire-fly, and blazes on the ruddy hearth-stones, and sparkles on the jewels of the diadem, and flashes in beauty in the morning. Science tells us that those prolific beds of coal in the bowels of the earth were once forests on its surface, forests of luxurious vegetation; that they incorporated the sun's rays, and then in merciful convulsions were embedded in the center of the lower earth by an all-provident foresight for the wants of an inhabited world. Science tells us, too, that time was when the shapeless crystal was yet new to its covering of earth. Subjected to the wheel of the lapidary, it sparkles out to view as a gem of the purest water. It is but the release of imprisoned rays, which shone from the same great source, long centuries ago; so that both in the cottage fire-light and in the monarch's gem we have just the resurrection of some olden summer, the great return of some sepulchred sunlight from which man has rolled away the stone.

Now, whether this scientific theory be true or not, certain it is that in our spiritual condition we are in darkness, all of us gross and utter, until the true light shineth on us from on high. We have no native light above us; we cannot gather any from any of the sources by which we are surrounded. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

It is a wonderful faculty this faculty of memory. Its acts seem to be of the nature of miracles wrought continually for the conviction of unbelief. We cannot expound its philosophy, nor tell its dwelling-place, nor name the subtle chords which evoke it from its slumbers. A snatch of music in the street, the sight of a modest flower or of an old tree, a bow dropped casually by a passer-by, a face that flits by us in the hurrying crowd, have summoned the gone years to our side, and filled us in a moment with memories of divinest comfort or of deepest sorrow. The power of memory is lasting and influential. A kindness has been done in secret, but that seed dropped into the soil of memory has borne fruitage in the gratitude of years. A harsh word or an inflicted injury, flung upon the memory, has rankled there into lawlessness and sin. No man can be solitary who has memory. The poorest of us, if he have memory, is richer than he knows; for by it we can reproduce ourselves, be young even when our limbs are failing, and have all the past belonging to us even when the hair is silvery and the eyes are dim. How can he be a sceptic or a materialist for whom memory every moment raises the dead, and refuses to surrender the departed years to the destroyer—communes with the loved ones though the shroud enfolds them—and converses with cherished voices which for long years have never spoken with tongues? I had almost said, How can he sin who has memory? For though the murderer may stab his victim in secret and may carefully remove from the polluted earth the foul traces of his crime, memory is a witness that he can never gag nor stifle, and he beares about with him in his own terrible consciousness the blasted immortality of his being. Oh, it is a rare and a divine endowment! Memories of sanctity or sin pervade all the firmament of being. It is but the flitting moment in which to hope or to enjoy, but in the calendar of memory that moment is all time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

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IMMORTALITY.

THERE is nothing now anywhere upon which the eye can gaze, or upon which the mind can dwell, that does not remind us of death. Everywhere there are the tokens and memorials of death. The snow upon the head of age, the brightness of the eye of infancy, the tints which light up with such rare and radient beauty the cheek of youth, all tell us of death. The mountains, the valleys, the streams, the singing birds, everything in nature tells us of death. I who speak to you am a living memorial of death. You who hear me are living memorials of death. The burden of nature's groaning seems to be one unvarying dirge, telling us that all flesh is as grass, and that the goodliness thereof is as a flower of the field. Oh, then, it is difficult to get away from the grasp of these ideas, surrounded as we are by the atmosphere of death. Dying creatures ourselves, we can hardly imagine that time and death will be no more; but it shall come. Immortality! How few of us can spell the word in all its deep significance! Immortality! Once get within those golden streets, and you have looked your last on age, and weariness, and change, and lassitude, and pain, and death. Once get within those golden streets, and every eye will flash and sparkle with the new vigor of immortal youth; and it is whispered upon every breath, and it is chanted in every song, and it is heard in every aspiration of the imperishably redeemed, "For ever; for ever, for ever with the Lord!" "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

THE tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

☞WE think this number of the MISCELLANY is, on the whole, the best that we have yet published. The original articles, by C. T. Bateman, Mrs. Shrigley, Mary V. Hale, Miss Franks, are, we think, of the very first character. Then "Close Thought," by the late Dr. Thomson, is seldom equalled. The article on "Marriage," by Dr. E. O. Haven, we think the best we ever read on the subject. Just the sentiment for these times. Those from the Rev. W. M. Punshon *are perfect gems*. The best part of Madame Guyon is yet to come; some of her most beautiful poetry is yet to be published.

☞THOSE who undertake to get subscribers for the MISCELLANY should always get the persons solicited, to read the Prospectus. In this way persons will be able, at once, to see the character of the work. Several agents of late have been doing well. Thousands of ladies, over the country, might do good as agents for a work of this kind, and at the same time be well paid for it. All you want is a little courage, energy and faith. The longer you work at it the better you will do.

☞THOSE who began with the January number, and paid 50 cents, will take notice that they have now received all that they paid for. We suppose they will want to continue this year out; if so, they can send us 50 cents in a letter by mail. Those who did not pay at the time of subscribing will please send the same to us by letter. Direct, plain, to J. K. WELLMAN, Adrian, Mich.

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PRESENT PROSPECTS OF THE MISCELLANY.—We commenced the January number with less than ten subscribers; we now have a circulation of nearly 2,000. We commenced the enlargement with great hesitation and fear. We find universal satisfaction with the enlargement. The MISCELLANY is growing in the public estimation very fast. Some lady subscribers are sending us six or eight new subscribers at a time. What a noble work—to have a part in the soul elevation of the world. Any one can get subscribers with a little courage and energy. We send in this number a circular with liberal proposals for getting subscribers.

THE MISCELLANY ENLARGED.—A few of our subscribers, it seems, have not yet noticed the enlargement of the MISCELLANY. It now contains sixteen more pages in each number than it did before the change. Two numbers in its present form contain just the same number of pages as three before the enlargement. Those who subscribed with the January number get just the same amount of reading between this and January, 1871, that they would to have had April, May and June in the old style. Each number for the last six months of the year containing 16 extra pages, just makes up for the three months left out. See a full statement on the 47th page of the July number.

MADAME GUYON.—Some years since the *Harpers* published, in two large volumes, a biography of Madame Guyon, written by Prof. T. C. Upham. From this work we shall give some of the most important scenes in the life of this most godly-woman. No human production has ever given us such exalted views of the Christian life, and such soul-thirst to be a partaker of the Divine nature. What, but Divine grace, could enable a person of wealth, exalted position, and *great* personal attractions, to leave all of these; and go to prison for Christ sake. What could be better calculated to remove our natural scepticism, and give the soul *inspiration* to *full* faith, than such a life? There is a Divine charm about such a life, that naturally awakens a strong desire in us, to become partakers of the Divine nature. Who can calculate the influence of such a biography on the public mind? Do we not at this day, of *dead forms*, *fashion*, and *show*, need just such a life of simplicity and humility as this? We trust all of our Christian readers will make an *extra* effort for *this* volume, in view of an *extensive* circulation of this biography. Let those who are not acquainted with the writings of this saintly woman, read the poem in this number, entitled, "Prisons do not exclude God." Let the *hardest infidel* read it.

THE PILLARS OF TRUTH, A SERIES OF SERMONS ON THE DECALOGUE; by E. O. Haven, D. D. L. L. D.—This is one of the most timely works of the day. Dr. Haven respesents in a masterly manner the best sentiments of the age. The article on The Sacredness of Marriage, in this number, is from this book. Price of the book $1.00; for sale by J. M. Arnold, who keeps an extensive assortment of valuable books at Detroit, Mich. Mr. Arnold is a very fair dealer.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

Wellman's Miscellany.

THIS work is designed to cultivate, expand and elevate the mind, and instil into the heart the love of virtue and the right.

Articles of a trashy and sickly love-tale character will find no place in its pages. It will be a compendium of Literary, Philosophical and Religious Knowledge.

In a word, we design that it shall be an embodiment of the thoughts of *most elevated* and *divinely inspired* souls of the world.

It will contain *original* articles or *rare* selections from the following, as well as others of the most gifted: John G. Whittier, the late Edward Thomson, D. D., Prof. B. F. Tefft. Rev. Dr. Whedon, H. W. Beecher, Luther Lee, D. D., Dr. Cheever, Elihu Burritt, President Mahan, C. T. Bateman, Hon. C. M. Croswell, Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. E. C. Seaman, Mrs. J. B. Shrigley, Dr. Edward Beecher, Madame Guyon, Prof. T. C. Upham, Jacob Abbott, O. M. Mitchell, President E. O. Haven, Horace Bushnell, D. D., Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. L. M. Child, Mary V. Hale, O. H. White, D. D., Mark Hopkins, D. D., Rev. W. M. Stoutenburgh, Rev. W. M. Punshon, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, Wm. R. Williams, D. D.

The history and writings of Madame Guyon, will add great interest to the MISCELLANY. We give a short poem published in the first volume, as a specimen of her Christ-like spirit:

PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD.

STRONG are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day;
But they who thus have bound me,
Cannot keep God away:
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

They know, who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone;
But know not, One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone:
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God! restores me
From sighs and tears to praise;
And deep my soul adores thee,
Nor thinks of time or place:
I ask no more, in good or ill,
But union with thy holy will.

'Tis that which makes my treasure,
'Tis that which brings my gain;
Converting woe to pleasure,
And reaping joy from pain.
Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,
To know that God is All in All.

The following from a good lady, illustrates the general sentiment of the good—in regard to the MISCELLANY:

"I like it very much. I think there is the most solid food for the soul of any magazine I ever read."

July, 1870 P. C.

MRS. RUTH A. GERRY, M. D., of Ypsilanti, is, we understand, having an extensive medical practice. Dr. S. A. Gerry, her husband, has lately built a large dwelling house to accommodate Mrs. Gerry's patients from abroad. Mrs. Gerry is a regular graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College. She is all alive in her profession; hard at work; determined to live for some purpose. She is very simple and plain; is a woman of a very pure and elevated character—and, we trust, a Christian. She gives particular attention to the treatment of women.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

VOL. 2. ADRIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1870. No. III.

THE FINER FEELINGS.

BY PROF. B. H. NADAL.

ALTHOUGH the mariner may not understand the combination of causes that produce the evening rainbow, and may expand his rude philosophy upon it in vain, yet, as soon as it appears, he identifies it with as much ease as the philosopher, and hails it as the harbinger of a pleasant breeze and a smiling sky, to-morrow. So, notwithstanding the "finer feelings" may not have been subjected to a philosophical investigation by all, and though some who have examined and reflected upon them may differ as to why they *are*, yet all know them when they appear, and render acknowledged or secret homage to their charms. By the "finer feelings" we do not mean the feelings of *fine, splendid*, or *pompous people*—we do not mean a delicate perception in the choice of finery—an exquisite sense of personal beauty, or correct notions of bodily symmetry, graceful bowing, and fashionable grimace—these are things which owe their *existence* to the pride and folly of our nature, and their shape and coloring to haberdashers and dancing masters—they are to be reckoned not among the ornaments, but the clogs of the mind, fastened upon it under the pretext of embellishment, but becoming the tawdry bonds of intellectual slavery. But, by the "finer feelings," we mean those pure and generous emotions of our nature—those moral and intellectual gems, as valuable as rare, which glitter in the mind and glow in the heart, adorning the character, while they enrich the soul. In speaking of the "finer feelings," we use the word "fine" in its highest sense, viz., dignified, noble; and "feeling," we shall define as an emotion or taste of the mind. By the "finer feelings," then, we are to understand the most noble and most dignified states or emotions of which the human mind is susceptible. It will not, perhaps, be expected that all these feelings should be embraced in this article—this would detain both you and myself too long. I shall, therefore, select a few, and leave you to number as many more as you can; for the more of these feelings you find, the more you ennoble our nature.

1. The first of these feelings which we shall notice is that which results from a just perception of the virtues and talents of others, and a cheerful

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readiness to acknowledge them. We readily admit this feeling to be rather intangible, and difficult to define; but even the slightest examination of it will show that it has not been improperly classified.

The great Creator intended that we should derive pleasure from every beautiful object in nature, and ever, amiable quality of the mind. This appears to be the law of our being. Hence, we esteem the blind man a great loser—the charms of creation being shut out from his vision. And if any man with his organs of vision complete were sincerely to tell us that every beautiful object in nature, instead of giving him pleasure, pained and tortured his mind almost to frenzy, we would at once say that this was a horrible perversion of the sense of sight—that the loveliness of creation ought greatly to augment, instead of diminishing his happiness. So, if we see a man unwilling to look candidly at the excellences of another—if we see him in torture at beholding virtue or wisdom in another—if we think at all, we at once decide that he is violating the law of his nature, and the law of God, and that his punishment is self-inflicted, in the torture which his envious soul endures; for talents and virtues have not less of real beauty and excellency when found in another, than when found in ourselves; and surely, whenever they may be found, they ought to yield more pleasure to an intelligent being than all the beauties of inanimate nature. But still, lovely and charming as the amiable qualities of the mind may appear to the eye of disinterested virtue, when they are viewed through the discolored media of prejudice and jealousy, their beauty is marred and the sight is painful. How ignoble, how groveling must be that man who cannot look upon the foibles of his fellow without magnifying them into vast moral delinquencies! But how much more contemptible and unhappy is that creature who cannot see true worth in another without having all the worst passions of his heart inflamed and thrown into commotion! On the contrary, how ennobling—how raised above everything sordid—how versed in the practical philosophy of mind—how true to his own best interest, the man who can as easily excuse his neighbor as detect his faults—who can nobly dare to withhold flattery from wealth and power, and bestow well-earned applause to true greatness, though unsupported by patronage, and unadorned by pompous titles—who can discern merit wherever it exists, and appreciate it wherever it is discerned! The man who is possessed of such a feeling, governs the kingdom of his mind with ease, and is "greater than he that taketh a city;" for his feelings turn ordinary fare into luxury, and the luxuries of men into something far surpassing the fabled nectar and ambrosia of the heathen gods.

2. Another of these feelings is gratitude. Gratitude differs from thankfulness in this—gratitude is feeling—thankfulness is the expression of that feeling. We may see the estimation in which this feeling is generally held, if we reflect how men regard as antagonist, *ingratitude*. Nothing wounds us more than harsh treatment from those who have been laid under obligation by our kindness. And why? Only because it proves them ungrateful. A son who returns his father's indulgence

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and affection by prodigality and disobedience, merits and receives the contempt of society. And wherefore? Mainly because ingratitude enters largely into his offence. The traitor Arnold is held in sovereign detestation by every American who is acquainted with the history of his treachery. And why? Chiefly because he was ungrateful to the land which gave him birth, and the government which gave him office and power. Our hatred of ingratitude is the measure of our admiration of gratitude. Just as much as we hate ingratitude, just so much we love gratitude. Again. The forms of society testify in favor of this feeling. If the most indifferent question is asked respecting our welfare, we make large acknowledgments of gratitude, and the phrase, "I thank you," is kept as constantly in motion, in the politer circles, as any word in our vocabulary. And the reason for this is obvious. Gratitude is so noble a sentiment, so exalted an impulse, that every one would be thought to possess it. The rogue, the hypocrite, the gamester, the niggard, all lay claim to a share of this feeling, and use the forms of society in reference to it; and although as worn by them, "it is a mere pretence, in which the devil lurks, who yet betrays his secret by his works," yet their selecting it as the cloak of their dishonesty, or meanness, is a proof of the great value set upon it among men. How widely it differs from the pretended thanks of the inflate Pharisee! and how strikingly is it developed in the spirit and conduct of the grateful Zaccheus! It softens the heart of him who feels it, and repays and blesses him who receives it. The following remarkable incident, illustrative of the power and lovelinesss of this feeling, is recorded in the history of Persia.

In one of the battles of Cyrus with the Babylonians, in which the former was victorious, among the prisoners of war there was a lady of exquisite beauty, by the name of Panthea, the wife of Abradates, the king of Susiana. Such was the fame of her charms, that Cyrus was requested to see her. He positively refused, and ordered the lady to be protected until she could be given to her husband. Panthea wrote to Abradates, her husband, and he immediately repaired to the Persian camp with two thousand horse. Cyrus restored his wife to his bosom, which treatment so overcame them both with gratitude, that they forsook their kingdom, and became the faithful subjects of the Persian general.

Now, my readers, is not gratitude a "feeling"—a noble feeling—a powerful feeling—a feeling that never can be adequately described, either by the poet's pen or the sculptor's chisel, or the painter's pencil? Abradates and Panthea felt this powerful emotion, when at its bidding they laid aside their regal authority, and bowed at the feet of Cyrus as his faithful subjects—they felt it when it rose up out of the deep fountains of the soul—when it gushed from their eyes in tears, and fell from their lips in melting confessions of boundless indebtedness. Cyrus understood it then, for he felt that his own princely benevolence had produced it—he understood it then, for he read it in the faces and conduct of this noble pair. The historian has written an ac-

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count of this affair, and we have repeated it; but the historian's page is but a shadow of the gratitude of the king and queen of Susiana, and what we have said is but the reflection of that shadow.

4. Another of these feelings is sympathy with human misery. Our estimate of this feeling will be heightened by imagining for a moment what the world would be without it. If this "bird of the heavenly plumage fair" were to take its flight from the earth, there would scarcely be left a relieving object for the eye to light upon. True, the globe might not change its furniture. Its woods might still resound with the song of the bird, and the tuneless melody of the shaking leaf—the zephyrs might be as gentle, the sky as bright, the sea as pure, and the earth as fertile as ever—our cities might still be filled with wealth, and decked with gayety, and our private saloons and places of public entertainment might continue to echo to the dance, and reverberate with the laugh of the fashionable and polite. But still, without this sympathy, desolation would be reigning over half the globe. The earth would wear its verdure, and the heavens put on their glorious garniture in vain for the millions that would be dying unaided and unpitied. The widow, in visiting whom Christ declared pure and undefiled religion to consist, would be abandoned a prey to unresisting disease. The asylum for the helpless orphan would be blotted from the list of institutions. The aged man of wealth, with his infirmities thickening upon him, forgetting his own feebleness, would dash the tattered hat from the hand of the broken soldier as he held it out to beg, and deride his unsightly limbs, which had been shivered in defence of his country. The fierceness of war would allow no mitigation. As war is now conducted, when the warrior strikes the deadly blow, and sees his enemy fall, he admires his valor, and laments his fate. But in a world destitute of sympathy for human misery, war would be nothing better than cold-blooded slaughter, and the battle-field a mere butchering place. But let us adore the great Exampler of sympathy, that the world is not altogether without this feeling. See a Howard, spending his whole time and fortune in traversing his own country, and others, that he may buy up the fleeting opportunities of doing good, and be permitted to weep with those who weep. See a Fletcher who denied himself the comforts of life, that he might have to give to those who needed. Hear him upon his death-bed exclaiming, "O my poor! what will become of the poor of my parish?"

Behold how it diffuses its gentle influence in the palace of the king! When Edward VI. was requested to sign the death-warrant of an alleged heretic, he at first positively refused; but being pressed by Cranmer, he at length yielded, and with tears in his eyes, said to his instigator, "You shall bear the responsibility!" See how it softens the horrors of the battle scene! Sir Philip Sidney being wounded in battle, and being faint from the loss of blood, some one handed him a cordial. As he was in the act of putting it to his lips, he observed near him a wounded soldier looking him wishfully in the face. In his sympathy for his fellow-sufferer, he forgot himself, and without tasting the cordial, handed it to the soldier, saying, "Drink—your necessities are greater than mine!"

Behold how this feeling shines in a character greater than divine, soldier, or statesman, and in scenes more imposing than those of the palace or the battle-field! For when the Saviour of the world looked upon Jerusalem,

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moved by her guilt and danger, *wept* over her; and when he stood at the grave of Lazarus, the evangelist, crowding the whole of divine pathos and sympathy into two words, tells us "*Jesus wept.*" If the institutions which assist the needy and protect the weak are of any value, cherish this feeling, for it is the seed from which they spring, and its tears the showers by which they are watered. If the picture of human misery and corruption is dark, cherish this feelins; for it is that which softens its horrors, and throws light upon its gloom. If the pages of history have been stained with the cruelty of those whose names it records, cherish this holy sympathy; for those tyrants had a few virtuous cotemporaries who let fall upon the record of crime some drops of sorrow with which, in the mournful perusal, we may mingle our tears, and enjoy a feast of delicious grief.

But this feeling is only rich and delightful in itself, but, if its promptings be obeyed, it is immediately followed by reward; for no sooner do we relieve the case of suffering or need which excited our sympathies, than we began a rich repast on the gratitude we have awakened, and the happiness we have occasioned. This virtue is emphatically its own reward. Sympathy with human misery in a Christian, is more pure and powerful—it leads him to look with ineffable concern upon the souls of others, both friends and foes. It causes him to weep over the wandering prodigal's return. And last, it expands into universal Christian benevolence, and at one generous embrace takes in the world, and labors for its salvation.

"As the smooth paddle stirs the peaceful lake,
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friends, neighbors, parents, first it will embrace,
Our country next, and next all human races:
Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowing of the mind
Takes every creature in, of every kind"—*Pope.*

Sympathy with human misery likens its possessor to all the good; and he who possesses most of it, most resembles Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities—whose pity knew no abatement until he had redeemed the earth with blood.

4. Another class of those feelings are those which arise from the domestic relations. Here we are presented with many a touching scene—within the sacred precincts of these relations we are called to contemplate the feelings of parents and children, and brother and sister. Have you ever observed a fond father, as he sat in the midst of a group of playful children, looking alternately in the face of each, as if tracing his own features in them? And as he thus sat, have you not seen his feelings, his paternal feelings, compel him to bury his face in his handkerchief? Have you not observed the interest he takes in all that concerns them, that he is even pleased with the pictures in their primers, because they afford pleasure to the children—that he listens patiently to their school stories—that he sits, and builds castles in the air by the hour, and that he is transported at any indication which they may give of superior intellect? It may be said these are small things—and so they are, but they develop the unfathomed fountain of paternal feeling.

Again. Do not most of my readers even now enjoy, or at least remember the affection of a mother? Did I say "remember?" Our right hand shall forget her cunning, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth, when we dare forget her whose hands cradled us—whose care guided our feet in their first efforts to walk, and our lips and minds in our first attempts to speak and think—who taught us the holy exercise of prayer—who knelt at our cotside in childhood, and poured forth devotions so pure and fervent as none but a mother's heart could indite. At that time we could not appreciate the feeling that prompted a mother's prayer; but O, what unutterable richness and beauty we see in it now!

The feeling of which we are speaking gives to home all its attraction, and to the little sonnet of home, all its pop-

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ularity. Why is no place like home? Because those we love are there. And even when the old parental tenement has fallen into decay, or passed into other hands, and there remains to us

"Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth,
Not e'en the dog that watched the household hearth,"

still the charm lingers when the associations which gave it being are no more. The brook in the meadow is brighter than other streams to me, because my little brother and myself together chased the affrighted mullet through its limpid waters. The shade of the oak in the yard is more pleasant than the shade of other trees, because the children used to group themselves there on a summer's Saturday for the purpose of getting their task; and the old beech that stands by the path leading to the school-house is more precious to my memory than all the trees of the forest, because my little sister held my books while I carved her name and my own upon its bark. When these scenes are mentioned, or in any way called up before our minds, they awaken feelings which may possibly define themselves in the heart, but which never can be made clear by description.

JOSEPHINE.

THE death of Robespierre arrested the ax which was just about to fall upon the head of Josephine. The first intimation of his overthrow was communicated to her in the following singular manner. Madame d' Aiguillon was weeping bitterly, and sinking down with faintness in view of the bloody death to which her friend was to be led on the morrow. Josephine, whose fortitude had not forsaken her, drew her almost senseless companion to the window, that she might be revived by the fresh air. Her attention was arrested by a woman of the lower orders in the street, who was continually looking up to the window, beckoning to Josephine and making many very singular gestures. She seemed to desire to call her attention particularly to the *robe* which she wore, holding it up, and pointing to it again and again. Josephine, through the iron grating, cried out *Robe*. The woman eagerly gave signs of assent, and immediately took up a stone, which in French is *Pierre*. Josephine again cried out *pierre*. The woman appeared overjoyed on perceiving that her pantomime began to be understood. She then put the two together, pointing alternately to the one and to the other. Josephine cried out *Robespierre*. The woman then began to dance and shout with delight, and made signs of cutting off a head.

No language can describe the transports excited throughout all France by the tidings of the fall of Robespierre. Three hundred thousand captives were then lingering in the prisons of Paris awaiting death. As the glittering steel severed the head of the tyrant from his body, their prison doors burst open, and France was filled with hearts throbbing with ecstacy, and with eyes overflowing with tears of rapture. Five hundred thousand fugitives were trembling in their retreats, apprehensive of arrest. They issued from their hiding-places frantic with joy, and every village witnessed their tears and embraces.

The new party which now came in power, with Tallien at its head, immediately liberated those who had been condemned by their opponents, and the prison doors of Josephine were thrown open to her. But from the gloom of her cell she returned to a world still dark and clouded. Her husband had been beheaded, and all his property confiscated. She found herself a widow and penniless. Nearly all of her friends had perished in the storms which had swept over France. The Reign of Terror had passed away, but gaunt famine was staring the nation in the face. They were moments of ecstacy when Jose-

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phine, again free, pressed Eugene and Hortense to her heart. But the most serious embarrassments immediately crowded upon her. Poverty, stern and apparently remediless, was her lot. She had no friends upon whom she had any right to call for aid. There was no employment open before her by which she could obtain her subsistence; and it appeared that she and her children were to be reduced to absolute beggary. These were among the darkest hours of her earthly career. It was from this abyss of obscurity and want that she was to be raised to a position of splendor and of power such as the wildest dreams of earthly ambition could hardly have conceived.

Though Robespierre was dead, the strife of rancorous parties raged with unabated violence, and blood flowed freely. The reign of the mob still continued, and it was a mark of patriotism demanded by the clamors of haggard, want and degradation to persecute all of noble blood. Young girls from the boarding-schools, and boys just emerging from the period of childhood, were beheaded by the guillotine. "We must exterminate," said Marat, "all the *whelps* of aristocracy." Josephine trembled for her children. Poverty, and the desire of concealing Eugene among the mass of the people, induced her to apprentice her son to a house carpenter. For several months Eugene cheerfully and laboriously toiled in this humble occupation. But the sentiments he had imbibed from both father and mother ennobled him, and every day produced new developments of a lofty character, which no circumstances could long depress.

Let such a woman as Josephine, with her cheerful, magnanimous, self-sacrificing, and generous spirit, be left destitute in any place where human beings are congregated, and she will soon inevitably meet with those who will feel honored in securing her friendship and in offering her a home. Every fireside has a welcome for a noble heart. Madame Dumoulin, a lady of great elevation of character, whose large fortune had by some chance escaped the general wreck, invited Josephine to her house, and freely supplied her wants. Madame Fontenay, also, who was a woman of great beauty and accomplishments, soon after her liberation was married to M. Tallien, to whom she had tossed the note, inclosed in a cabbage leaf, from her prison window. It was this note which had so suddenly secured the overthrow of the tyrant, and had rescued so many from the guillotine. They both became the firm friends of Josephine. Others, also, soon became strongly attracted to her by the loveliness of her character, and were ambitious to supply all her wants.

Through M. Tallien, she urged her claim upon the National Convention for the restoration of her confiscated property. After a long and tedious process she succeeded in regaining such a portion of her estate as to provide her amply with all the comforts of life. Again she had her own peaceful home, with Eugene and Hortense by her side. Her natural buoyancy of spirits rose superior to the storms which had swept so mercilessly over her, and in the love of her idolized children, and surrounded by the sympathies of appreciative friends, days of serenity, and even of joy, began to shine upon her.

The fascination of Josephine's person and address drew multitudes of friends around her, and her society was ever coveted. As time softened the poignancy of her past sorrows, she mingled more and more in the social circles of that metropolis where pleasure and gayety ever reign. The terrible convulsions of the times had thrown the whole fabric of society into confusion. Great efforts were now made to revive the festivities of former days, Two centers of society were naturally established. The first included that in which Josephine moved. It was composed of the remains of the ancient nobility, who had returned to Paris with the fragments of their families and their shattered fortunes. Rigid

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economy was necessary to keep up any appearance of elegance. But that polish of manners which almost invariably descends from an illustrious ancestry marked all their intercourse. The humiliations through which the nobles had passed had not diminished the exclusiveness of their tastes. The other circle was composed of merchants and bankers who had acquired opulence in the midst of the confiscations and storms of revolution. The passion for display was prominent in all their assemblies, as is necessarily the case with those whose passport to distinction is wealth.

At the theaters and all the places of public festivity, there were presented studied memorials of the scenes of horror through which all had recently passed. One of the most fashionable and brilliant assemblies then known in Paris was called *The Ball of the Victims.* No one was admitted to this assembly who had not lost some near relative by the guillotine. The most fashionable style of dressing the hair was jocosely called "a la guillotine." The hair was arranged in the manner in which it had been adjusted by the executioner for the unimpeded operation of the ax. And thus, with songs, and dances, and laughter-moving jokes, they commemorated the bloody death of their friends.

A new insurrection by the populace of Paris was at this time planned against the convention. The exasperated people were again to march upon the Tuilleries. The members were in extreme consternation. The mob could bring tens of thousands against them, well armed with muskets and heavy artillery. There were but five hundred regular troops with which to resist the onset. Menou, the officer in command, acknowledged his inability to meet the crisis, and surrendered his power to Barras. This general immediately, as by a sudden thought, exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us! He is a little Corsican, who dares do anything."

The little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, the day-star of whose fame was just beginning to rise over the smouldering ruins of Toulon, was invited to meet the Convention. His fragile form was almost feminine in its proportions, but an eagle eye calmly reposed in his pallid and emaciated countenance. He had been severely sick, and the Convention looked with amazement and incredulity upon this feble youth, as the one presented to rescue them from their impending peril.

The president fixed his eye upon him doubtingly, and said, "Are you willing to undertake our defense?"

"Yes!" was the calm, laconic, and almost indifferent reply.

"But are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?"

"Fully!" said Napoleon, fixing his piercing eye upon the president; "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

From that moment his authority was established. Every member of the Convention felt the mysterious fascination of his master mind. Barras surrendered the whole command into his hands. He instantly called into the city all the national forces which were around Paris, and disposed fifty pieces of heavy artillery, under the command of Murat, so as to rake all the avenues to the Convention. His calm and almost superhuman energy sought no repose that night. The delay of but a few moments would have placed this very park of artillery, which secured his victory, in the hands of the insurgents. When the morning dawned, the Tuilleries, as if by magic, had assumed the aspect of a fortified camp. The little Corsican was silently and calmly awaiting the onset, as secure of triumph as if the victory were already achieved.

But in every quarter of Paris, during the night, the insurgents had been mustering their forces, and the mutterings of the approaching storm were dismally echoed through the streets of the metropolis. Above thirty thousand

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men, all well armed with musketry and artillery, in regular military array, and under experienced generals, came pouring down upon the feeble band which surrounded the Convention.

Will the little Corsican dare to fire upon the people? Will this pale and slender youth, who had hardly yet entered upon the period of manhood, dare to deluge the pavements of Paris with the blood of her own citizens? Will he venture upon a conflict so unequal, when failure is his certain death?

Napoleon, with his colorless cheek, his flashing eye, and his air of mysterious melancholy, stood in silence, as the gathering thousands crowded down upon him. He offered no parley; he uttered not a word of warning; he condescended to no threats. The insurgents, believing that he would not dare to fire upon them, advanced within fifty yards of his masked battery, when he opened his columns, and, in the roar of artillery shotted to the muzzle, the voice of Napoleon was for the first time heard in the streets of Paris. The thunder of his tones was preceded by the lightning's bolt. The merciless storm of grape-shot, sweeping the streets, covered the ground with the dead and the dying. No mortal could withstand such a conflict. The advancing foe wavered for an instant, and then, in the utmost consternation, took to flight. Napoleon commanded immediately the most rapid discharge of blank cartridges. Peal upon peal, their loud reverberations deafened the city, and added wings to the flight of the terror-stricken crowd. But a few moments elapsed ere not even a straggler could be seen in the deserted streets. The little Corsican, pale and calm, stood, with folded arms, as unperturbed as if no event of any moment had occurred. During the whole day, however, the conflict continued in different parts of the city, but before nightfall the insurgents were every where entirely discomfited.

Paris was now filled with the name of Napoleon. Some regarded him as a savior, protecting the Convention; others considered him a demon, deluging the capital with blood. One evening, Josephine was visiting at the house of a friend, and sitting by a window examining some beautiful violets, when *Bonaparte* was announced. Josephine had never yet met him, though, of course, she had heard much of one whose rising fame filled the metropolis.

She says that she trembled violently at the announcement of his name. His entrance seemed to excite general interest, and all eyes were turned toward him, though most of the company regarded him in silence. He approached Josephine, and the subject of the recent conflict in the streets of Paris was introduced.

"It seems to me," said Josephine, "that it is only with regret that we should think of the consternation you have spread through the capital. It is a frightful service you have performed."

"It is very possible," he replied. "The military are only automata, to which the government gives such motions as it pleases, They have no duty but to obey. Besides I wished to teach the Parisians a little lesson. *This is my seal which I have set upon France.*"

This he said in such calm, quiet, imperturbable tones, so expressive of his perfect confidence in himself, and of his indifference to the opinions of others, that Josephine was quite piqued, and replied politely, but yet in a manner which indicated her displeasure.

"These light skirmishes," the young general rejoined, "are but the first coruscations of my glory."

"If you are to acquire glory at such a price," Josephine answered, "I would much rather count you among the victims."

Such was the first interview between Josephine and Napoleon. It was merely a casual meeting in an evening party between a widow, graceful and beautiful, and a young man of boundless ambition. Though Josephine was not pleased with Napoleon, he produced a

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very profound impression upon her mind. Napoleon, being now in command of the troops in Paris, by order of the Convention, executed the very unpopular office of disarming the populace. In the performance of this order, the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. The next day, Eugene, who was then a boy twelve years of age, of exceedingly prepossessing appearance, presented himself before Napoleon, and implored the return of the sword which had belonged to his father. Napoleon was deeply interested in the frankness and the fervor of emotion manifested by the lad, and immediately complied with his request. Josephine called upon him the next day to thank him for his kindness to her son. He was at this interview as deeply impressed by the fascinations of the mother as he had previously been struck by the noble bearing of the child. After this they frequently met, and Josephine could not be blind to the interest with which she was regarded by Napoleon. Situated as he then was, it was social elevation to him to be united with Madame de Beauharnais, and her rank, and influence, and troops of friends would greatly aid him in his ambitious plans. It is also unquestionably true that Napoleon formed a very strong attachment for Josephine. Indeed, she was the only person whom he ever truly loved. That he did love her at times most passionately there can be no doubt.

Josephine, however, had many misgivings respecting the expediency of the union. She stated to her friends that he was the most fascinating man that she had ever met; that she admired his courage, the quickness of his judgment, the extent of his information. She, however, confessed that she did not really love him—that she stood in awe of him. "His searching glance," she says, "mysterious and inexplicable, imposes even upon our Directors—judge if it may not intimidate a woman."

"Being now past the heyday of youth," she writes in a letter to a friend, "can I hope long to preserve that ardor of attachment which, in the general, resembles a fit of delirium? If, after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake? Will he not regret a more brilliant marriage which he might have contracted? What shall I then reply? What shall I do? I shall weep. Excellent resource! you will say. Alas! I know that all this can serve no end; but it has ever been thus; tears are the only resource left me when this poor heart, so easily chilled, has suffered. Write quickly, and do not fear to scold me, should you judge that I am wrong. You know that whatever comes from your pen will be taken in good part."

Napoleon never manifested any taste for those dissipating pleasures which attract and ruin so many young men. He had no moral principles which pronounced such indulgences wrong, but the grandeur of his ambition absorbed all his energies. He was, even at that time, a hard student. He was never more happy than when alone with Josephine, engaged in conversation or reading. His attachment for Josephine became very ardent and passionate. The female character at this time in France, was far from high. Napoleon had but little respect for ladies in general. The circumstances of his life had led him to form a low estimate of the sex. He often said that all the rest of the sex were nothing compared with Josephine. He frequently gave public breakfasts to his friends, at which Josephine universally presided, though other ladies were invited.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How much pain the evils have cost us that never happened.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

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THE DYING CHILD.

BY JOHN K. LASKEY.

There thou didst lie, a sinless child at rest,
Hushed as the march of starry-studded night;
Mute as the dew closed in the rose's breast:
Silent as darkness, stealing o'er the light;
Cold as a statue, in pale marble dressed;
Still as a rainbow, falling from the sight;
Calm as a halcyon, that, upon the deep
Folds slowly its white wings and, fearless, falls to sleep.

Thomas Miller.

A FAIR and lovely child that had just learned
To look on flowers and sky with a wild joy,
Such as the heart of childhood only knows;
To love the bright beams of the morning sun,
As they came glancing through the shady trees,
And stole into her room, like fairy fingers
Making fantastic shapes upon the wall,
Was passing from the earth. I have had dreams
Of beautiful and sylph-like forms of earth,
Whose eyes were brilliant as the stars of night;
Whose lips were like the red and honeyed rose;
Whose mouth seemed made to speak angelic words;
But never dreamed of one so much divine,
So meek, so beautiful, as that young child.
Her eyes were blue, the azure's blue of heaven;
And with their melting glance, they shed a light
That stole into your soul, and stirred up thoughts
Of some familiar look you once had known:
Her face was like the face of a bright lake,
Reflecting forms and hues from heaven above;
Her step the light and free step of the fawn;
Her words were music, and her soul was joy.
Have not such beautiful beings crossed your path,
And sat beside your table? You have felt,
As day and night alternate came and went,
A love within your bosom springing forth
To clasp and idolize these gifts of Heaven.
They did not tarry with you! Soon they passed,
As fades the rainbow from the enraptured eye;
As vanish from the sight the clouds of even;
As soars some golden-plumaged bird away;
As disappears some golden dream we've had,
Which waking sense dispersed.
And thus she died,
The beautiful and lovely child of earth.

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But many a weary and grief-hidden hour
Her mother passed beside her downy couch,
Watching the life-pulse of her dying babe,
As fast it ebbed away. Death gently came,
As comes some spirit of the heavenly world,
To whisper bliss immortal to the soul
Of one who has long trod the way to Heaven;
And while she lay all calmly, as in dreams,
He drew aside the shadowy veil which shut
Her gaze from immortality and God.
Long on her mother she had fixed her eyes,
Then smiled and shut them, as if now she felt
That she had come to watch the weary hours;
And when death closed her dreams of mortal things,
On her pale features lingered yet a smile,
That told how beautiful and full of bliss
Could things of earth be as they passed to Heaven!
As that pale form lay hushed in earth's last sleep,
I looked upon it and called it a *rose:*
I thought 'twould bloom beside the golden stream
That flows out from the radiant throne of God.
Was it not so? And with their sinless hands
There angels rear the floweret? And with dews
Far brighter than earth's richest jewels are,
All sparkling in the beams of Heaven's bright Sun,
They water its young leaves, and teach its bloom
To rise in grateful incense to their God?
It may be thus; and 'twas a chosen flower,
And thus God kindly sent his angel, Death,
To pluck it from its tender parent-stem,
Where many a storm might beat to waste its form;
And far to heavenly climes he bore that flower,
To bloom amid the spirit-paradise.
I turned away and felt 'twas *autumn's* hour;
The crimson sky and yellow leaf we know
Are *always* o'er us and around us strewn,
For Time for ever is God's harvest-day.
It was a picture of our transient life—
For here a form springs up, another there;
And then to show us how earth's beauteous things
Will fade away and die, Death silent comes
And reaps them in their bloom; and we are left
To fix the heart on fadeless things above.
Let it be so! Oh! we shall meet again
In the elysian, the eternal fields,
Where parting is unknown; and till that hour
We'll treasure up the memory of the dead.

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THE EMIGRANT'S WIFE.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

"Come and sit down by me, dear Lucy, and sing your sweet evening hymn. I would have these old familiar rooms once more filled with the rich flood of your melody before we go hence, leaving the place that now knows us to know us no more forever;" and Mr. Ash felt his eyes fill as he spoke, and bent his head upon the arm of the sofa, while his daughter came and sat down beside him, laid her hand caressingly amongst his dark curls, and commenced in a most enchanting melody, the evening song. Her soft strains stole through the now unfurnished chamber, and awoke echoes that responded and prolonged each liquid swell.

"Tis the last time," sighed Mr. Ash; "the spirits of home are repeating your minstrelsy for the last time."

Lucy hid her face and wept. The strong man's heart melted; and the tears fell, and glittered like diamonds amongst his daughter's bright brown curls.

A light, quick step was now heard in the passage; and, ere he could dry his eyes, a lady entered, and gazed with surprise upon the pensive pair. She was a beautiful woman, tall and elegantly proportioned, with regular and faultless features, transparent complexion, eyes dark, penetrating, and full of soul; while her high, white forehead glittered from beneath the rich profusion of her raven hair. Her person was the perfection of symmetry, her movements the very spirit of gracefulness. Her look of surprise changed first to pity; then a slight expression of scorn curled her lip, as she fixed the deep gaze of her eye upon her husband's face.

"It is not surprising," she said, "that a romantic child like Lucy should weep for the trees and flowers which she will see no more, or that she should feel her heart cling to the boards and hearthstone of this old edifice; but that William Ash, a man, a husband, a father, should thus give way to morbid sensitiveness—it is too much! Indeed, sir, I am ashamed of you. We have endured here all the bitterness of being made to feel a nominal inferiority. We have felt the cold look, the open slight, the marked neglect, the pecuniary embarrassments; what more is necessary to rouse your spirit, to drive you forth in quest of independence and honor? There are lands where the earth is greener, the air milder, the sky brighter and the flowers sweeter than here in old Massachusetts; and you may build a far better and more elegant mansion than this old homestead, and, what is most, be honored as you are worthy."

"But never happy as I have been here," he said, sadly. "However, it is too late now to repent; I can not be wholly unhappy, while my dear ones are with me."

"You shall not be unhappy," she said, proudly; a man who has a loved and loving family, and is lord of one thousand acres of rich land, with good health, and an upright heart, can not be unhappy. Come now to tea; and then we will dream not of the loved and lost, but of the glories and blessedness of our future home. Come, dry your eyes, Lucy, and preserve their luster to be poured out in admiration of the wonders of the West. My spirit is on the wing for the green-wreathed West, with its boundless prairies and mighty streams, where man may be rich, and great, and free."

It was a sultry noon-tide in the dreamy June, that Mr. Ash was wearily guiding his team of four fine horses, which, covered with sweat and dust, were dragging a heavy wagon along a steep and rugged road, up the last acclivity of a mountain pass. His wife and daughter were walking behind the wagon. Lucy, drooping and dispirited, clung to the arm of her mother, whose flushed face, laborious respiration, and faltering step, proclaimed her but little able to assist another in the toilsome ascent; but at length the summit was gained, passed; and, on the western

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side, by a clear, cold spring, the cavalcade halted. Mrs. Ash and Lucy threw off their bonnets, and wiped the dew of weariness from their foreheads; while Mr. Ash unharnessed his good horses, and bade them rest, and feed on the tall wild grass.

"Now, Isabel," he said, "you can see the place of our destination—that gentle swell beyond the valley that lies at this mountain's foot."

"It is a beautiful situation," cried Mrs. Ash. "We will make the wilderness blossom like the rose. I know we shall be wholly happy, when we are once settled there." But, though her words were of joy and confidence, the tones of her voice were sad, and her eyes glistened as through tears, Lucy was leaning against a blossomed poplar, (the tulip tree of the romance writers,) and her eyes took in the wide landscape, and rambled over mountain, plain and hill. All was one wild wilderness of varied verdure, sleeping silently in the sunlight. There was no human habitation to be seen. Not a sound arose; not a branch stirred, to break the monotony of the wide loneliness. The color faded from her cheeks; her hands were clasped; her slight form bent, as in apprehensive listening, and trembling with the agony of her suppressed emotion. All that she had abandoned—home, friends, companions, —passed vividly before the mirror of her mind; and then, for the first time, the conviction pressed upon her heart that she should see them no more forever—that distance lay wide and dim between them and her, shutting them from her eye, her ear, her hand for evermore.

"O that it could darken the eyes of memory,—that it would veil the absent from the soul also!" she cried, in tones wild and piercing, that fell startlingly on her father's ear. He turned toward her. Her face was livid, her lips pale and compressed, and the expression of her eyes, strange, and full of agony.

"Lucy! Lucy!" he cried, springing forward and clasping her to his bosom. "Lucy, my only one, what ails you? Oh, what shall I do for you? you are indeed very ill."

"No, pa, not ill. I was thinking of *home*!"

"Is that all?" cried Mrs. Ash, who had also hurried to her. "Is that all? You are a pretty girl, to alarm us in this manner for nothing. Why, I thought you saw a rattle snake at least."

"Forgive me, mother, and father, too," sobbed Lucy; "I forgot every thing but my own regrets;" and the gentle child nestled her face in his bosom, and gave full vent to her grief; while he kissed her forehead, and dropped, now and then, a heart-wrung tear. Mrs. Ash felt her heart swell, and her eyelids tremble; but she choked back her emotions, and said.

"Really, William Ash, you will spoil that girl. You only encourage the morbid sensitiveness which is your bane and will be hers. As a man and a father, you should teach her to bear, to do, and to meet unpleasant circumstances with firmness and a resolution to conquer."

"I wish truly that I had a heart like yours, dear mother," faltered the child; and, with a strong effort, she hushed her sobs, and wiped her tears from her cheeks.

Mr. Ash spread a good dinner on a clean cloth beside the spring, and smiled and chatted of hope and the fair prospects that now opened before them, of wealth and worldly honor.

"Is there no settlement in this vast valley?" inquired Lucy, tremblingly.

"O yes!" said her father; there is quite a village about seven miles up the valley from where I intended to build our house. There is a very pretty little river too, singing in that valley; you may trace its course, although it is concealed by the tall, thick trees. If we meet with no accident, we shall encamp, to-night, on our own land."

And they did arrive without any accident, erected a temporary shanty, and battled with the forest as best they might.

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It is now December, cold and dreary. The branches are so laden with snow, that they droop over the wood paths. The river is frozen to the banks; while the current rushes along open and discolored. The black clouds cluster above the hills, and move heavily along the frozen ether, alternately veiling the face of the clear, old moon, which, as each passes, throws her pearly tokens amid the thick shades, startling the timid deer as, couched in the thicket, he listens to the howl of the distant wolves, or trembled as the bird of darkness imitated the scream of the dread panther. A solitary youth, in the garb of a hunter, is abroad upon the mountain. He has been out all day, and is lost. With great joy, he descries a small opening afar, and the smoke rising from some human habitation. He looks at the moon; he extends his hand, and marks the direction of the shadows as bearing upon the course, and then takes up a line of march for the settler's hut. He arrives, almost fainting with fatigue and hunger. The dwelling is a rude one, built of round logs. Its windows are closed with wooden casements; but, though it is late, the friendly response, "come in," promptly answers his hasty rap on the rude door. He enters. The bright light of the fire blazing in the rude stone chimney makes every object clearly visible. The hunter gazes around him in a state of bewilderment. The floor of the room is of earth; and its furniture is of the homeliest kind—benches without backs, and bedsteads formed of saplings, interwoven with bark. But these awake no feelings of surprise; for he is used to such; but the superb mirror and pictures on the rough walls, the beautiful china and plates on the white pine table, and the three thousand volumes, occupying with their shelves one entire side of the room, these are to his eyes wonderful things. He turned his rapid glance from them to their owners—a stately and beautiful woman, who sits with a large Bible before her, from which she had evidently been reading aloud, and a pale, benign-looking gentleman whose forehead rests upon one hand, while the other lies caressingly amongst the bright curls, on the shoulder of a slender girl, who seated on a low stool before him, lies sobbing on his lap. We know the picture; he has found our emigrants.

"I ask shelter for the night," said the youth. "I have been out since day-break, without food or rest. I live at the settlement above, went out to hunt deer, and lost myself. If you can give me food and room to lie by your fire, I shall be truly grateful."

"You shall be perfectly welcome to such as we have," said Mrs. Ash. Lucy raised her tearful eyes toward the stranger, and met a look of such ardent and surprised admiration that she turned away quickly to hide her conscious cheek. The young man was soon disencumbered of his wet hunting shirt and accoutrements, and seated before the cheerful fire, which dispensed real comfort to his wet and half-frozen limbs. Mrs. Ash soon laid upon a snowy table-cloth a plate of warm corn-meal cakes, with butter, dried venison, and milk, and announced the supper ready.

"I fear you can hardly make a meal of our poor provisions," said Mrs. Ash; and Lucy blushed deeply as she glanced over the table.

"It is all very good," said the stranger, and he confirmed his assertion by eating like an epicure. He was a remarkably handsome young man, of strong athletic frame, graceful in its movements, features of classic regularity, and eyes of that peculiar expression which varies the hue with the emotions—from the deep, sparkling black, to the soft, dreamy hazel. His high and expressive forehead seemed white as a snowdrift in contrast with the dark brows and the jetty mass of his curled and shining hair. Yet he was a back-woodsman, and his attainment in letters merely enabled him to read his Bible and keep his father's book-accounts. Yet his conversational powers were of no mean order; and his mind was stored with rich and beautiful ideas;

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and, during the supper, Mr. Ash observed his attention much occupied by the long rows of books which he seemed eager to examine.

"I think you must be perfectly happy," he said, at length, "you have so many books. Oh, if I had only one-tenth as many, the world might keep its gold!"

"You are fond of reading, then," remarked Mr. Ash.

"Yes sir," he replied, "I read every thing I can get hold of; but I never saw fifty books before in my life."

"You shall be welcome to read all you see here," said his host, I will lend them to you with pleasure."

The youth, Harry Barton by name, was eloquent of thanks; and, after a good night's rest, (not by the fire, but on an excellent bed in the chamber,) as the morning was stormy, he read the gilt titles of the worshipped volumes, until he was wholly bewildered.

"Mr. Ash," he said, timidly, at last, "will you extend your kindness by directing my reading to that which is most useful? I am ignorant of every thing excepting that which passes before me daily."

"Yes, my young friend," replied the kind-hearted man, "I shall feel great pleasure in making my knowledge of books serviceable to you."

Harry's eyes glistened with pleased gratitude; and, taking the volume recommended, one of Ancient History, he took his leave.

"That young man is born to honor," remarked Mr. Ash. "He is one of nature's noblemen."

"He is born to be loved," thought Lucy, and she blushed at her own thoughts. Mr. Ash looked from his wife to his daughter, and was silent.

From being frequent visitor, Mr. Barton became almost a constant dweller with Mr. Ash. Reading increased his thirst of knowledge; and he commenced in earnest, a course of classical studies, under the superintendence of his friend, joyfully reciprocating the favor by assisting and instructing Mr. Ash in his agricultural pursuits. Mrs. Ash and Lucy were persuaded by him to visit his family, and so became acquainted with the people of the settlement; and, thus became convinced that persons may be wise and good, noble and generous, without Greek and Latin, French or music, or even the set phrases of polite etiquette.

"I see now," said Lucy to her mother, as they walked home from a visit at the house of an excellent Christian man, whose family seemed united in a flowing bond of love, peace, and happiness, which shed delightful odors on all who approached them, "I see now that fashionable education is like fashionable costume, the one cramps, distorts, and enfeebles the person it pretends to adorn; and the other exerts a similar influence upon the mind. What charming creatures Mr. Monson's daughters are, with their free, natural forms and movements, and words which are the overflowing of pure, generous, undisguised hearts. I am so happy with them, because they are so sincere and joyous. I no longer feel a desire to return to the precise, hollow-hearted society of my native place, although I wish we had our old house, and shade-trees, and sweet flowers here."

"Your words make me very happy, dear Lucy," said the mother, "and you will soon have a house, and garden, and grounds, which you would be sorry to leave for the dear, old ones. But I have one regret which, I fear, will be long unsatisfied. It is for the holy and ennobling service of the sanctuary. I miss the support and consolation of the offices of religion: and, I fear, it will be long before this wilderness puts forth such a blessed blossom as a consecrated church. However, I will do my best, and hope in the Lord."

On their arrival at home, Mr. Ash presented Lucy with a letter from her cousin Gertrude; and, if you please, we will follow her to her bed-room, and look over her shoulder while she reads:

"My sweet, little Coz: The description you gave in your last letter of

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your house, your employments, and your pleasures, quite horrifies me. Picking up and burning brush. Dreadful! Walking six or seven miles to visit people who wear home-made clothes and cowhide boots. Abominable! Spending the evening in hearing a country bumpkin read, or recite schoolboy's lessons. Agonizing! Lucy! Lucy! how is it that *you* conform to such Hottentot usages? You will lose all refinement, and become as great a looby as the best of them. You must come back and live amongst us. Ma has deputed me to let you into a very important secret. You know that grandpa disinherited your father on account of his marrying a low woman. Don't be alarmed, but read on. Your father is not ma's brother, as you have been taught to believe. He was a poor adventurer, who managed to win the affections of ma's only sister, who became his wife despite all her friends could urge against it. Grandpa, however, gave her the fine property which your father exchanged for the new land on which you now live. Well, your mother died when you were only a few days old, and you were put out to nurse; for, though ma would gladly have taken you, her health did not permit it. Well, your father, in less than a year, married his present wife, who was an *operative* in a *factory*, and had neither father nor mother, nor any near relative. Upon this, pa and ma renounced all intercourse with him; but, as they did not wish me to love you (whom your father took home immediately on his second marriage,) they did not tell me these things, and so they succeeded in making you believe that Isabel was your own mother. She affected to feel her dignity much hurt, because ma would not treat her as a sister; and grandpa left your father nothing in his will; and so she never left him a moment's peace, until she got him off to that terrible wilderness. Ma says if you will come to us and take our name, she will give you a first-rate education, and a handsome marriage dowry; and she will settle an annuity upon you for life. They could never indulge their affections for you, while you called that odious woman "mother;" and as she was in our vicinity; but now she is away. If you will renounce all connexion with her and come home, you shall never repent it. Here we have balls and parties in gay succession; and I have laces, flowers, feathers, and beaux to my satisfaction. Come and share the pleasures of society with me, and let those who prefer the woods to the city, the congregation of birds to refined society, and the howl of wolves to the melody of the viol, stay and enjoy their choice. Write that you accept ma's kind invitation, and she will provide a way, immediately, to bring you to the arms of your affectionate

"GERTRUDE W.

"N. B.—Keep all secret from your parents."

Lucy paused and reflected, then read the strange letter attentively over, rose calmly, entered the room in which her parents were sitting, and put it into her mother's hand. That lady ran her eye over its contents, and then read it aloud to her husband. He listened in fearful agitation, and when she ceased, exclaimed.

"Cursed spirit of malevolence! shall we never escape its fiendish machinations? Oh, that dreadful woman! Well does she perform her threat of persecuting me to the world's end. Lucy, it is because I preferred your angel mother to her, that she so hates me. She broke her sister's heart, she poisoned her father's mind, she wounded my spirit past all cure; and now she would kill me, outright."

"Be composed, dear father," said Lucy, soothingly; "this time, at least, her shaft is harmless."

"Has it not wounded you, my child? has it not robbed you of a mother?"

"No, oh no!" she cried, "it has not made mother other than she was before. She is the only mother I know." Then turning to Mrs. Ash, who was weeping, she said. "Dear, kind mother, how

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does this discovery increase my gratitude! If you had given me birth, nature would have made it your duty to sustain and educate me; but now, what law compelled you to nurse my helpless infancy; to restrain my wayward childhood; to guide my erring youth; to endure fatigue, watching, and sorrow for my sake; and to love me, notwithstanding my unkindness and frequent undutifulness? I feel that I owe you a double debt of gratitude; for you have done me, voluntarily, what nature and duty would have compelled an own mother to do. I have never felt the want of a mother's love; you shall never feel the lack of a daughter's fond affection and duty."

"God Almighty bless you, my dear, good Lucy!" cried Mr. Ash. "The bolt has indeed, fallen harmless; I am still a happy man. She did not think that you would leave us; it was at our domestic happiness the shaft was aimed. Draw a contrast, my love, between her who was a factory girl, and the woman whose delicate hands never yet did a good or useful action."

"I see it all," cried Lucy. "I now understand much that used to be a mystery to me. I confess that I did feel quite indignant at you, dear mother; because you insisted on father's trading away our old place, and coming here. And since we were here, whenever I have seen him sad, I have felt my heart rising against you."

"Lucy," said Mr. Ash, "I am frequently sad; for my heart, weaker than your mother's. Yet, be assured, her feelings are as acute as mine, only her strength of mind enables her to bear herself nobly, above the common ills and cares of life. And we have need of her sustaining spirit, Lucy. And I now beseech you lean on her, and place implicit confidence in her judgment and affectionate counsel. My heart is lighter now than it has been for years."

"And so is mine," thought Mrs. Ash, but she spoke not. She had felt herself a *step-mother*. She had given her maiden heart, with all its treasures, to Mr. Ash, and he had married her while his own was bleeding for the lost one of his first affection. The forlorn situation of his Emma's child, urged him to a speedier union than his feelings approved; and Isabel found the rose of her young affections doomed to suffer more of the dew than the sunshine of life. She nursed and attended the delicate child of her for whom her husband sorrowed continually, with a love pure as any love can be that springs not from maternity; and she saw her husband cherish that child with a tenderness which her heart yearned in vain to share. She saw him drop upon its face tears of regret for the mother it had lost; yet she kissed those tears away, and the strong heart loved on. As Lucy grew, her tender love wound itself more intimately around his affections. They were all the world to each other, and they were all the world to her; and she was to them the irreproachable wife, the faithful mother, the indefatigable servant; the jealous guardian of their happiness, their honor, health and fortune; every thing, indeed, but that which she deserved and longed to be—the tenderly, the best beloved. She stood in her own strength, supporting them with the clinging tendrils of her love; while they twined fondly round each other, and rested gracefully upon her sustaining power. Now she felt as if each had thrown an arm around her. They understood each other; and she was happy.

Ten years! Oh, the changes that take place while the shadow of time goes down ten degrees upon the dial of eternal duration! Silently it moves along the mighty arch; we heed not the progression, till we turn and look backward upon the space over which it has traversed. Oh, the changes it has wrought! The tender germ of infancy has grown into the sweet bud of childhood; careless, happy childhood has expanded to the half-blown flower of youth, breathing with drooped head and beautiful blushes its first fragrant sighs to the whispering wind. Youth has be-

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come the rich, ripe, full-blown flower, shedding abroad its treasures of incense, and revealing its full proportions to the summer sun. Maturity has changed to the sickly hue of the fading bloom; and the pale petals of life's decline have ripened to the beauty of the glorious autumn. There are grave-stones all along the way, and many living hearts nestle in cold agony amongst the weeds that are growing over the mouldering breast; the verdure is dewed with tears, and there are broken hopes, and crushed ambition, and gifts contemned, and blessings unregarded; tracks of the burning feet of guilt, and the piteous wrecks of genius's glittering diadems trampled in the common dust! Ten years! Oh, the changes that ten years bring to earth!

The traveler who pauses to-day by the mountain spring where Mr. Ash stood ten years ago, and pointed his family to their forest home, would find it difficult to believe that so short a period could have wrought such a wonderful change. The dense and mighty forest has utterly disappeared; and a busy village has grown up in the pleasant valley, with its mechanic and merchants; while the swelling hills beyond are beautiful with farm-houses, fair gardens, rich orchards, and fields of golden grain, interspersed with groves and streams, the whole enlivened by singing birds, bounding animals, and groups of sportive children.

That elegant edifice situated on the bosom of the hill, surrounded by the highly ornamented grounds that have their fringed borders on the bright, circling stream, beyond which spread out meadows and fields of wheat, is the dwelling of our emigrant, Mr. Ash. He is a contented, and, therefore, a happy man. The blessings with which he is surrounded have caused him to forget the sorrowful past so far that its shadows only serve to brighten, with contrast with the joyous present. Lucy is still with him, his affectionate and much loved child, but she is a wife and a mother. A proud and happy wife is Lucy Barton, and a happier husband than Harry lives not on earth. But their hearts are not bound to earth; their high and holy affections rest on the perfections of the Deity. Harry Barton, the young, unlettered woodsman, has become the learned and pious pastor of the congregation whose united voices raise from the neat Gothic church, which nestles in the shadow of the maple grove at the head of the village. He is almost worshiped by his people, toward whom he performs his whole duty, and by the children, who, through his instructions, are intelligent, quiet, and dutiful, growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In these pious labors of love, he has a meek and prayerful assistant in his Lucy's cousin, Gertrude. Ten years have changed her heart as well as her fortune. She married a dashing stranger, who, after a short career of fashionable folly, disappeared, leaving a broken-hearted wife, a ruined father-in-law, and a stricken mother, whose spirit sunk utterly beneath the whirling surges of its baffled ambition.

She died; but Gertrude found mercy with the Lord. Stricken, penitent, and humble, she wrote a very different letter to Lucy, from the one which we have transcribed above, entreating, if it might be so, a home in her father's family, even if it were as a menial servant. Lucy hastened to write a soothing letter to the sorrowful one, proffering her a sister's place in her home and heart. And a good and gentle sister did she prove herself; and no mother could have loved and guided a penitent child more tenderly than Mrs. Ash did her, who had been taught to despise and malign the "low-bred woman." Mrs. Ash had a lofty spirit, a high and noble heart. She relied on her own integrity of purpose, and moved steadily forward in the path of duty, with heavenward eye, and heart and hands given to the dear companions whom she cheered along the way; and she found a rich reward in the unbounded confidence and deference of all her loved ones. Yet,

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when her husband, in his happiness, refers to her as the builder of his good fortune, she is wont to reply, "Look unto God. I am an erring mortal. I did, indeed, act conscientiously; but the main-spring of my action was a pride that could not endure contumely."

FAULT FINDING.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE faults and mistakes of us poor human beings are as often perpetuated by despair as by any other one thing. Have we not all been burdened by a consciousness of faults that we were slow to correct because we felt discouraged? Have we not been sensible of a real help sometimes from the presence of a friend who thought well of us, believed in us, set our virtues in the best light, and put our faults in the background?

Let us depend upon it, that the flesh and blood that are in us,—the needs, the wants, the despondencies,—are in each of our fellows, in every awkward servant and careless child.

Finally, let us all resolve,—

First, to attain to the grace of SILENCE.

Second, to deem all FAULT-FINDING that does no good, a SIN; and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life.

Third, to practise the grace and virtue of PRAISE. We have all been taught that it is our duty to praise God, but few of us have reflected on our duty to praise men; and yet for the same reason that we should praise the divine goodness it is our duty to praise human excellence.

We should praise our friends,—our near and dear ones; we should look on and think of their virtues till their faults fade away; and when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered.

Parents should look out for occasions to commend their children, as carefully as they seek to reprove their faults; and employers should praise the good their servants do as strictly as they blame the evil.

Whoever undertakes to use this weapon will find that praise goes farther in many cases than blame. Watch till a blundering servant does something well, and then praise him for it, and you will see a new fire lighted in the eye, and often you will find that in one respect at least you have secured excellence thenceforward.

When you blame, which should be seldom, let it be alone with the person, quietly, considerately, and with all the tact you arepossessed of. The fashion of reproving children and servants in the presence of others cannot be too much deprecated. Pride, stubbornness, and self-will are aroused by this, while a more private reproof might be received with thankfulness.

As a general rule, I would say, treat children in these respects just as you would grown people; they are grown people in miniature, and need as careful consideration of their feelings as any of us.

Lastly, let us all make a bead-roll, a holy rosary, of all that is good and agreeable in our position, our surroundings, our daily lot, of all that is good and agreeable in our friends, our children, our servants, and charge ourselves to repeat it daily, till the habit of our minds be to praise and to commend; and so doing, we shall catch and kill one Little Fox who hath destroyed many tender grapes.

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AFAR IN THE DESERT.

BY PRINGLE.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of Life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the Present I cling to the Past,
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears
From the shadows of things that had long since fled,
Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed e'er manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of earlier days—lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!
And I—a lone exile—remembered by none,
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun.
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With the scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown and the base man's fears—
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tears;
And malice and meanness—and falseness and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed;
With the death-fraught fire-lock in my hand—
The only law of a desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath scarcely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,
Which the sucker and lizard inhabit alone—
With the twilight bat from the yawny stone
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root:
Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink.

A region of drouth where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—

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Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living light or sound.

And here, while the night winds around me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit afar by the desert stone,
Like Elijah by Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying—"MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."

CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

O BLESSED Jesus, when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet;
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet,
To share thy feast—I know not t' adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree,
Yet as in the beginning, to the ending
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee—
And thou wilt prove to them ere thou dost part
The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day too is at hand, when far ascending
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear.
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,
To do thy will and bow in homage there:
But thou dost pledge to guard thy Church from ill,
Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus! to my soul thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love;
With humblest service all thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before thy throne above—
Yes, serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrimage, as homeward wending
My weary way, and sadly stained with sin,
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with thee
And thine, at last in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of *servant!* comprehending
Man's highest honor in the humblest name,
For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;
He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

G. W. B.

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NIGHT.

BY H. C. HENRY.

Let the Gheber kneel, in the deep idolatry of his heart, and pour out his prayers to the sun; ay, let him term it his God—his life—his all—while kindles his eye with rapture, as it drinks in its glorious beams; but for myself, I must confess, that night, calm, silent night, with its radiant sabbaoth glowing burningly above me, has a charm, a silent yet holy eloquence, which we find not, we feel not, in the bustle and glare of the day. I love the golden sunlight; it thrills my very soul with joy, and I have gazed upon the splendors it creates, hour after hour, forgetful of myself, almost lost in admiration. I have seen this king, this God of day, when he came forth from the portals of the east, flinging abroad his golden rays, first on the over-arching sky, then on the earth; and the hill tops caught his glance, and smiled, and almost seemed to glow with life, as well as beauty; and soon the glad rays came down upon the valley, and the streamlets ran, and leaped, and sparkled, as if rejoicing in his gorgeous beams; and the mists began to rise from the margin of river, brook, and sheeted lake, and climb up to mantle the brow of hill and mount, or float away, in purple glory, to the unseen gates of paradise; and as I watched them steadily, intently, until the curtain of distance hid them from my view, I have felt something within me, as it were, struggling like them to flee away from the shadows and storms of earth, to a brighter and happier home. I have seen the beauties of a summer's sunset, and have felt that they were ravishing. My eye would never weary of drinking in the glories which such a scene presents. To see clouds, deep, massy, gorgeous, piled upon each other in beautiful magnificence, seeming the "pillared props of heaven," the thousand colors of the sunbeam painted upon their fleecy folds; to see them rolling away, slowly and heavily, as if the shoulder of some unseen giant were applied to the whole mass, and, as they roll, continually changing their appearance—now white as the plume of the plover, just wetted in the salt sea foam, now dark and threatening, as if pregnant with wrath to man, and again glowing in all the colors of the radiant bow, lined on the retreating cloud—and thus to see them pass, till all have gone except, perchance, a lingerer here and there, that seems loth to go from the cheering smile of the sun, while yet a single ray is left to gild and beautify the earth, ocean, or sky—to gaze upon such a scene, I say, is, indeed, delightful; and will and must draw forth the admiration, if not the adoration, of every intelligent existence. Here is an exhaustless field for admiration—something that will never tire—always beautiful, always new.

"Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color, till it gasps away,
The last still loveliest."

But, I digress. After all the admiration of the thousand scenes of beauty that day presents, still can I turn with the sincerity of early love, and in the fulness of my heart exclaim, with one of our own sweet poets,

"Most beautiful, ecstatic, holy night!
How I do love thee!"

A veil seems drawn over the cares and sorrows of earth for a brief period, and, as the last dim light of day is fading from our view, and the shadows of night are deepening around us, we are reminded that even thus is passing the brief day of life—thus, soon will the shadows of the tomb shut from our vision the blessed light of the rejoicing sun.

Whispers, as of unseen spirits, are ever floating around us, at this calm and holy hour—and is it not soothing to think, that, perchance, the spirits of departed friends—those dear ones to whom our hearts so fondly cling—are hovering around us, like guardian angels, to shield us from danger, to whisper to us of their radiant home, and raise our aspirations to the God of all! We seem enveloped by an atmosphere of holiness—the very air is redolent with music, falling upon the spirit like a spell, and we seem, as it were, raised nearer heaven, and more lost to earth, than we can feel in the hurry and bustle of the day. We look up to the illimitable sky—studded with innumerable stars—and we feel our spirits yearning, ay, panting within us, to hold communion with those worlds of light.

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In every gentle spirit lives a tone that echoes back the sweet and simple language of the poet:

"If those bright orbs that gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom fate hath torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,
Meet soul and soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star."

Let not us, who enjoy the clear light of revelation, judge those with too much severity, who, in olden time, bowed down in worship to the stars of heaven. Theirs was an idolatry that degraded not. And did not the quiet heaven, with its myriad eyes, look down, approvingly, on worship and on worshippers? O, heard they not a voice in every star, that spoke to them of Deity? Theirs was a worship that chastened, and purified, and exalted the soul; and, though they erred, who shall say that they erred fatally? Not we, who kneel on velvet cushions in the magnificent temples which our pride, and not our love to God, has piled; uttering the prayer which our hearts feel not, pouring forth burning words with our lips, while our spirits are lifeless within us. Their temple was the earth, curtained by sky and cloud; their altars were the flinty rock, cushioned alone by moss; their songs were echoed by mountain and hill, and the voice of many waters gave the solemn response. They worshipped in spirit and in truth, ignorantly, it is true, but not the less fervently. And who, I had almost asked, who can refrain from worshipping this burning record of the Universal Mind, this

'Beautiful language of the unseen God!'

Can a being, fashioned by an Almighty hand, endowed with deathless energies, go forth alone at the still, calm, holy hour of midnight, and gaze on the mysterious beauty, the silent magnificence, of the starry worlds, nor feel a thrill, a struggle within him, as if his soul had caught a glance of the high land of its birth, and was panting to go home to the bosom of its Father and its God. Who can feel, as his eye is lifted, and the starlight rests on the uncovered brow, that he is to sink, in a little while, into a sleep that shall never know of waking? Surely, something must whisper to the soul of an immortality—an immortality the very consciousness of which lifts the proud spirit above its clog of clay, and places man upon a glorious height—an elevation which is, in truth, but a little lower than the angels.

Those blessed stars, those radiant characters of light, have been beautifully termed, by a popular author, "the poetry of heaven." Yes, they are, indeed, poetry, written by the finger of Jehovah upon the eternal sky, and he who cons it well may learn full many a high and holy lesson. He will feel the rust that hath gathered around his spirit from the chilling mists of earth, wearing away, and his soul resuming more and more of its original brightness, and thus preparing to join, ere long, the chorus of "those eternal harmonies above," those never-fading stars, which are

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

THY MOTHER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when thine infant life was young
Delighted, o'er thy cradle hung?
With pity, sooth'd each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs her own?
Who sleepless watch'd in hours of pain,
Nor smiled 'till thou wert well again?
Who sorrow'd from thy side to part,
And bore thee absent, on her heart?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day?

Who join'd thy sports with cheerful air,
And joy'd to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret flowed like rain,
If sin or woe thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,
Besought for thee a home on high?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tireless love, by night and day?

Bear on thy brow the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile;
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain;
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid,
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide,
If fades her cheek, be near her side,
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love, by night and day.

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THE SPIRIT IN MAN.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

"But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—*Job.*

We sometimes undertake to magnify the dignity of man by dwelling on the wonderful achievements of his intelligence. He creates and uses language, makes records of the past, enacts laws, builds institutions, climbs the heavens, searching out the times and orbits, penetrates the secret affinities and counts the atoms of matter, bridges the sea by his inventions, commands the lightning itself to think his thoughts and run upon his errands to the ends of the world,—none but a stupendous creature, we suppose, and rightly, can be manifested in acts of intelligence like these. And yet, to be penetrated and lighted up from within by the mind of God, to have the understanding of things unseen by the inspiration of the Almighty, in one word, to be spirit, and have the consciousness even of God, as being irradiated and filled with his divine fullness; this, after all, is the distinction that makes any mere show of intelligence quite insignificant.

We sometimes dwell on the fact of the moral nature in man, conceiving that in this, he is seen to be, most of all, exalted. And our impression is right, if by the moral we understand, also, the spiritual and religious nature, as we often do. But, in strict propriety, the moral nature is quite another and vastly inferior thing, as respects the scale of its dignity. The spiritual is even as much higher than the moral, as the moral is higher than the animal. To be a moral being is to have a sense of duty and a power of choice that supports and justifies responsibility. It is that in us which recognizes the supremacy of moral ideas or abstract notions, and acknowledges their binding force, as laws or principles. Animals, for example, have a certain power of intelligence, but they have no sense of duty, or law; there is a point quite above their tier of existence. But to be raised in this manner above them, as being simply a moral creature, is by no means any principal distinction. An atheist can have moral ideas, and, acting on the plane of the world as a member of human society, can feel and can personally honor the obligations of principle. But, to be spirit, or to have a spiritual nature, is to be practically related to a being in us and about us, who is above all mere abstractions, or principles: viz., to the person of God Himself. It is to be capable, not of duty only, or of sentiments of duty, but of receiving God, of knowing Him within, of being permeated, filled, ennobled, glorified by his infinite spirit. Ideas can not walk in us, or witness, or beget anew, or seal; but, the living God, communicating Himself to souls, can do this and more—can raise them to his own plane of existence, and make them partakers with him, even in his character itself. And here it is that humanity culminates, or reveals the summit of its dignity; it is, in being spirit, and, as such, open to the visitation and the indwelling power of God. This it is, and this only, that makes us properly religious beings. Angelic nature cannot, in this view, be higher. No creature being can excel in order a soul so configured to God as to be inspirable by him; able to receive his impulse, fall into his movement, rest in his ends, and be finally perfected in the eternity of his joys.

It is also in virtue of this distinction between a merely moral nature and spirit, that redemption, or the restoration from evil is possible; for that we are down, under evil, can not be denied. Were there no other way for us, but to act on ourselves, and bring ourselves out of our disorder into the abstractions of law and duty, our case were utterly hopeless. As certainly as sin exists, we are in it forever. Were there no divine access to us, no capacity of inspiration in us, the body of a common rock could as well light itself up by the sun, as we come into the light again of true virtue, assisted only by the abstract principles, or light of duty. There is no possibility of redemp-

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tion, or spiritual restoration for us, save that, as being open to the inbreathing of God, we may be so impregnated with a new power of life, and, by force of a divine visitation within, be regenerated in the holiness of God. All which is described in the scripture as being born of God. And what a height of almost divinity do we look upon in such a truth as that! What man will not even tremble, as in awe of himself, when he contemplates, in this word of scripture, the eternal Spirit of God coursing through the secret cells and chambers of his feeling, turning him about in his motions, breathing in his thoughts, and calling back his wild affections to a common center with His own.

Glance a moment also, at this point, on the origin and constituted relation of our human nature, as spirit, with its author and creator. In the original scheme of existence, it was planned that man should be complete, and, as it were, infinite in God, by reason of his continual participation of God. And this is the true normal state of man. In which normal state he was to be a continually inspired creature, conscious always of God as of himself, actuated by the divine character, exalted by the divine beatitude. This, accordingly, is the true idea of the fall. It is not that man fell away from certain moral notions, or laws, but it is that he fell away from the personal inhabitation of God, lost inspiration, and so became a dark, enslaved creature,—alienated, as the apostle says, from the life of God. Still, his capacity of inspiration is not absolutely gone, or closed up, and God is striving ever in the gospel, to regain his dominion over him, again to fill him as a renewed creature with his Spirit. And when he is truly yielded up again to the inspiration of God, when he is born of the spirit, then he is so far restored to the normal state from which he fell; made conscious again of God, knowing God as revealed in his inmost life, by a knowledge that is immediate; filled with joy and peace, fortified in strength, guided by the motions of eternal wisdom. This is the real significance, as we just now saw, of Christian regeneration. It is not that the subject is set in a new relation to certain abstract laws, tests, obligations, but it is that he is brought back into his true normal relation to the Eternal Spirit of God, and begins to live, as he was made to live, an inspired life,—led of the Spirit, dwelt in, walked in by the Spirit, made to be a temple for the inhabitation of God, as he was originally designed to be. Sanctification, properly regarded, is, accordingly, nothing but a complete inspiration; a bringing of every thought into captivity to the divine movement. And then, if we look at the attributes of character perfected, how superlative, how evidently divine they are—the self-renunciation, the patience, the fortitude in suffering, the courage superior to death and all torments of persecution, the repose, the joy, the abounding beneficence, the forgiveness of enemies, the fidelity to God, that dies sooner than renounce Him—these are the results and characters, by which the inspired life is distinguished. Meantime the subject of this grace is no way taken off from his proper individuality, by the state of inspired impulse into which he is come, but he appears rather to others, and also seems to himself, to have risen to a more complete and potent individuality than he ever knew before. It is as if he had just here discovered himself and awakened to the consciousness of his sovereignty over all things around him. Knowing that God worketh in him to will and to do, his willing and doing are just so much the more energetic, because he is raised in such a degree, by the new flood of movement upon which he is now embarked. He governs himself the more sublimely, and, as it were, imperially, that he is crowned as a king by the inspiration he feels. He subdues the body, tramples pain and scorn, rides over death, and takes a reigning attitude in all things with his master; simply because the individuality of his nature, never before developed under the bondage of his fallen state, is now developed by his inspiration. As being spirit, he could never be developed, save in the divine atmosphere, and, therefore, being now at home in God again, he discovers at once what it is to be a man.

Observe also, in some particulars, what takes place in the human soul, as an inspirable nature, when it is practically filled and operated by the Spirit of God. It has now that higher Spirit witnessing with itself. "Witnessing with,"—there is a glorious and blessed concomitancy in the subject, a kind of double sense in which he takes note, both of God and of himself together, and is, at one and the same moment, conscious of both. He is no longer a simple feather of humanity, driven about by the fickle winds of this

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world's changes, but, in the new sense he has of a composite life, in which God himself is a presiding force, he is raised into a glorious equilibrium above himself, and set in rest upon the rock of God's eternity. His strength is immovable; indeed he is, in a sense, impassible. All his powers and talents are quickened to a glow. His perceptions are cleared, his imagination exalted, and his whole horizon within is gloriously luminous.

See how it is in examples; what a man is before the holy visitation, and what he becomes in it. The man Enoch, walked in the deep mires of this world, as little superior to them, or as little raised above them, as other men of his ungodly times. But, when the testimony came that he pleased God, when the internal witness of God's love was unfolded in his consciousness, his affinities were changed, even to such a degree that the earth could hold him down no longer. Joseph, as Joseph, is the favored son of his father, distinguished by a certain natural grace, and the wearing of a particular coat. But he begins to have dreams, and then a power to interpret dreams, and God is with him in both, leading him on to a great and splendid future, and finishing a glorious beauty in his character, so that even we can see it as confidently as he knows it himself. Moses passes through the preparations of the scholar, then becomes a refugee tending sheep on the backside of Horeb; a man scarcely more, to us, than if he had been kept, till this time, in his mother's basket among the rushes of the Nile. But the call overtakes him and the spirit now of God's own might enters into him. He becomes, at once, a prophet and a commander, the Liberator, and Leader, and Law-giver of his people, and the founder, in that manner, of a history that foreshadows, and even prepares a language for, the doctrines of Christ and the great mystery of salvation to be revealed in Christ, after fifteen centuries have passed away. Peter, again, the companion of Jesus and the hearer of his word, knew less, in fact, of Christ, and the real import of his mission, than Moses was able to represent, or anticipate, in the forms of his ritual. He even seemed to imagine, down to the day of Pentecost itself, that the kingdom of Christ was exploded in his death. But when his dull humanity was lighted up by the advent of the Spirit on that day, a marvelous insight takes him, and he preaches Christ and the saving wonder of his death to three thousand men, as strangely overtaken with another sense of the glorious crucified as he. That was Peter as a man; this is Peter the rock, on whom God is building his Church. So the man Paul is going to Damascus, full of learning, and exceedingly mad with Pharisaic sanctity, there to exterminate the hated sect of Jesus. But this Paul is spirit, and behold a power breaks into him, on his way, and a voice internal calls to him, by which he is immediately become another; himself, yet still another; an apostle whose inspiration is Christ and for whom he is ready to die. Then how little, how mad with a man's animosities; now how lofty in his repose, how mighty in his action, how nearly divine in his character. When John, the apostle, lands, or is landed at Patmos, it does not appear that he carried to it thoughts or perceptions that were higher, or more far-reaching than many others might carry. But he is in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heaven is opened within, discovering to him, in scenes and images how sublime, the successive chapters of all the future ages of the kingdom. So there have, in all ages, been prophetic gifts, intimations, premonitions, dreams, visions, powers of healing, gifts of understanding, discernings of spirits, whenever the eternal Spirit in souls, lifts them above their merely human range, and becomes the inhabiting grace of their personality. He enriches them with wisdom, fills them with a supernatural confidence, opens resources of character, and shows them to the world in the grand *koinonia*, or fellowship of his own majestic life. We see them girded thus, and going forth to subdue kingdoms and conquer the world to Christ; and we discover, in what they show of heavenly fire and brightness, how much it signifies that God comes into men, or can, in the communication of himself. Apart from God, they are low, short-sighted, earthly and weak; but being spirit, no sooner does the inspiration of the Almighty breathe into them, than they become powerful, and see afar, and shine with a dignity that is visibly divine.

But we do not really conceive the height of this subject, till we bring into view the place it holds in the economy of the heavenly state. All good angels and glorified men are distinguished by the fact that they are now filled with a complete inspiration from the fullness of God.

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It is their spiritual perfection that they are perfectly inspired, so that their whole action is in the divine impulse. All sin, all defect and spiritual distemper are drunk up or lost in the divine perfection. Their complete inspiration is their dignity, their strength, the spring of their swiftness and joy; and the Ailleluia of their adoring eternity—the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,—celebrates a reign not about them in things, nor in some third heaven above, but in them, in the more magnificent heaven of their own exalted powers and thoughts, and the glorified passions of their spirit. Inspiration is their heaven; the Lord God giveth them light. All that we mean by the heavenly joy and perfection is nothing but the restoration and the everlasting bloom of that high capacity for God, in which our normal state begun, and of which that first state was only the germ, or prophecy. Man finds his paradise, when he is imparadised in God. It is not that he is squared to certain abstractions, or perfected in his moral conformity to certain impersonal laws; but it is that he is filled with the sublime personality of God, and forever exalted by his inspirations, moving in the divine movement, rested on the divine center, blessed in the divine beatitude.

On the other hand, what is called hell, in the scripture, is a world of misery, constituted by the complete absence of God. It is outer darkness, because it is that night of the mind, which overtakes it when it strays from God and his light. To be severed eternally from God s inspirations is enough, as we are constituted, to seal our complete misery. No matter whether it be that our capacity of inspiration is extinct, or whether it continues, gasping after the inspiring breath of God forever shut away. One is the misery of deformity and weakness; the other of exile and want. One is that of a soul halved in its capacity, which leaves the other half unregulated and torn by disorders which it has no higher nature left to subordinate and quell; the other is that of a soul in full capacity, torn by disorders equally hopeless and struggling with immortal want beside.

I have endeavored, in this manner, to unfold, as I was able, the real import of the spirit in man, taken as a nature capable of receiving the inspiration of the Almighty. This, it can hardly be questioned, is the greatest of all distinctions, —superior to free will, to conscience, to reason, and to every other gift or faculty of human nature. An important light is shed by this great truth on many points that meet us in the facts of human life and religious experience.

1. It is a singular and somewhat curious confirmation of what I have been saying, that poets and orators have been so ready, in all ages of the world, to invoke inspirations. It is not a mere rhetorical flourish of trumpits as the critics appear to suppose. It is because they are made to be inspired. What they ask for, whether they know it or not, is suggested by native affinities that crave a state of inspiration. They really want to be exalted above themselves, and speak from a higher point as being divinely empowered. Hence their invocations of the Muses, and Apollo, and Mars, of seraphim and of Christ. They want some deific impulse. A something in their nature lifts them up to this. And the same is in us all. No man has any satisfaction in himself, simply as person acting from his own center. He dwindles painfully in this manner, and becomes a mere dry point, position without magnitude. We never come into the sense of magnitude till we receive God's measures in our feeling and rise to an attitude exalted by the consciousness of God.

2. We discover in this subject what is the true ground and the rational significance of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as advanced in the gospels. It is not simply that sin has made a necessity for the divine nature to do something new, but rather that sin had abolished something old, which needs to be restored. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is grounded in the primordial nature of all spiritual beings. They are made, as we have said, to be divinely inhabited, made to live in eternal inspiration. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit pertains to all created spirit in all worlds, only with modifications adapted to their state. To be in the spirit is their normal condition, their conserving law, their light, and strength, and glory. And therefore, when they sin, falling away from God's spirit, and dropping into the darkness of mere selfhood, there can, of course, be no recovery, till the eternal spirit is re-installed in their nature. They require to be regenerated, born of the Spirit, which only means that the lost inspiration is now restored. Accordingly, the question, so often mooted, whether men have power

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to regenerate themselves, is seen to be idle and even senseless; for the plain reason that being regenerated is the same thing as having inspiration; that is, being in the divine impulse and order. The precise thing needed is to be raised out of the separated, self-centered, evil state into the inspired state, and the regulative order of God's own movement. Are we then going to regenerate ourselves, going to inspire ourselves? If it were merely a normal change, a change before the mind's own abstractions, ideas, or principles, it would not be plainly absurd to think it; but, when it is a renewal that even consists in the inbreathing of God's Spirit, and the being in his impulse, what Scougal appropriately calls "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," how shall it even be imagined that we can pass the change upon ourselves? And yet how simple it is! How much easier, in fact, than to drag ourselves into good of any kind. Open your whole nature to God, offer yourselves in the spirit of contrition and of a real, unquestioning faith, to the occupancy of God, and the light will not more certainly break into the sky, and fill the horizon with day, when the morning sun is risen. Ask, in one word, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find. This now is the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. It is not some new idea of the gospel. It is an advance of the Divine love to recover lost ground and bring back guilty souls among men, to that which is the original, everlasting bliss and beauty of all the created intelligences of God.

3. We discover, in our subject, what significance there is in the pride which looks on spiritual religion as a humiliation, or deems it even a mortification not to be endured. A mortification for this tiny speck of mortality not to stay by itself in its own littleness and frailty! A mortification to be brought up into the sense of God's own greatness? A mortification to be ennobled by the Spirit of God, to have all our experience modulated and glorified by him! A mortification to be in God's wisdom, to be established in the confidence of his infinite majesty, to think with him and from him, to move in the glorious order of his perfect mind, and be the embodiment eternally of his impulse! O, how petty and weak this pride! how contemptible this contempt! And yet, to be a Christian, to be given up to the Spirit of God and carefully offered to his holy guidance, —how many look on it as a weakness, a loss of dignity, a thing which only the tamer and less manly souls can descend to. I know not any thing else that exhibits the folly and conceit of man like this pride. As if it were some loss or abatement to be set in a plane with God, to have the inspiration of the Almighty, to receive a higher nature and life in the Eternal Life and impulse of God. It is as if the world of matter were to be ashamed of the sun, and shrink with inward mortification from the state of day! What is God but our day, the sun of our eternity, the light of our light. Without whom, as the light of our seeing, the universe of nature were a mere phosphorescence of fate, unintelligent and cold, life a driblet of vanity, and eternity itself a protracted and amplified nothingness. O, my friends, this pride you have against religion will sometime be inverted, and you will be overwhelmed by the discovery of its true merit. You have read those powerful words, "shame and everlasting contempt." And what do you think is their meaning? It is to look on the saints in the glory of their resurrection, and see them visibly perfected and ennobled by the inhabitation of God, and remember such was the honor you rejected; to wither and mentally die in the sense of your own little separated speck of vanity, when surrounded with holy myriads, gloriously transfigured by the light of God upon them,—this is shame and everlasting contempt. O, that I could help you to understand, as then you will, how great a thing it is to be established everlastingly in the inspired state. These are they who are made kings and priests unto God; the kinsmen of angels, the companions of seraphim, bright, and strong, and free, because the Eternal Spirit leads them, and shines forever, in glorious evidence, through them. The Lord giveth them light. Despised of men, they are princes now at God's right hand. Wise, great, mighty and majestic, creatures in the range of divinity, you may see, in their glorious beauty and the royal confidence of their eternity, how much it signifies to be a spirit capable of God and the abiding grace of his presence.

Finally, it remains to conduct you forward into that view of the great future of Christianity on earth, in which much of the practical interest of our subject lies. It is a great misfortune, as I view it, that we have brought down the word inspira-

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tion to a use so narrow and technical; asserting it only of prophecy and other scripture writings, and carefully excluding from it all participation, by ourselves, in whatever sense it might be taken. We cut ourselves off, in this manner, from any common terms with the anointed men of scripture and the scripture times. They belong to another tier of existence, with which we can not dare to claim affinity; and so we become a class unprivileged, shut down to a kind of second-hand life, feeding on their words. The result is that we are occupied almost wholly with second-hand relations to God. Our views of life are low and earthly, because our possibilities are low. And then we complain that Christian character grows worldly, and loses depth and tone, as if it were finally going to quite vanish out of the world; that religious convictions grow feeble; that the ministry and the preached word produce no longer the true apostolic effects. As if any thing apostolic in power could remain, when no apostolic faith or grace is left us; when, in fact, the apostles and all scripture writers are really set between us and God to fence us away, not before, as examples to help us on; for they, we are told, were inspired, which we, in no sense, can be. And so, being shut down to a meaner existence, there is no relief for us but in a recoil against inspiration itself, even that of the Holy Scriptures; for, who will believe, (how many are beginning to ask it,) that men were inspired long years ago, when now any such thing is incredible?

There is yet to be a revision of this whole subject. Not that we are to assert or claim the same inspiration with the writers of scripture. God has a particular kind of inspiration for every man, just according to what he is and the uses he will make of him; for the tradesman Bezaleel as truly as for Moses. He will dignify every right calling by being joined to us in it; for there is nothing given us to do, which he will not help us to do rightly and wisely, filling us with a lofty and fortified consciousness of his presence with us in it. It is not for us to say, beforehand, what gifts, or what kind of inspiration God will bestow. Enough that he will take us into his own care, and work his own counsel in us. We have no lisp of authority for assuming that one ever wants another book of scripture written, though probably enough he does not. He will take care of that; only let us set no limits to the Holy One of Israel, and be ready to admit his guidance, and wait to be his qualified instruments, whether in work or suffering, whether as tradesmen, or merchants, or teachers, or ministers, or prisoners, or domestics, or slaves.

I believe, furthermore, that there is going, finally, to be entered into the world a more general, systematic and soundly intellectual conviction respecting all these secret relations of souls to God. When we have been out into all the fields of science, and gotten our opinion of the scientific order by which God works in matter, and the laws immaterial by which all matter is swayed, I believe that we shall turn round God-ward, to consider what our relations may be on that side; and then we shall not only take up the doctrine of the Spirit and of holy inspiration, looking no more, as now, after some mere casual, fitful, partially fantastic, visitations of what we call the Spirit, but we shall discover in it the truth of a grand, universal, intelligent, systematic, abiding inspiration, and the whole human race, lifted by this discovery, will fall into this gift, knowing that in God is the only divine privilege of existence. To be in this inspiration will be nothing extraordinary now, any more than that men should be sober, which out of it they are not. Without something like this breaking into the world's mind, that kingdom which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and which it is promised shall finally fill the earth, can, manifestly, never come. These, too, are the last days of the promise; days when the apostolic grace, instead of being confined to apostles, and shut away from the living, is to bathe, and fill, and glorify itself in all created minds on earth.

And the sooner, brethren and friends, we begin to look for this the better. And what shall we do sooner than prepare ourselves for the grace that is offered. First, believe that you may have it, and may live in this abiding witness and participation of God's spirit. Sacrifice every thing cheerfully and calmly for this. Esteem it no forbiding sanctimony to be holy. Aspire to these majestic honors, by a life rationally set to do God's will and purified to receive it. Live as with God; and, whatever be your calling, pray for the gift that will perfectly qualify you in it. Let his tabernacles so be set up in you, and be a witness for him, in

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that manner, of the day, when it shall be said, in the fullness of his universal light, the tabernacle of God is with men.

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

BY REV. JAMES EASTBURN.

When toiling on this troubled sea
Of pain, and tears, and agony,
Though wildly roar the waves around,
With restless and repeated sound,
'Tis sweet, to think that on our eyes
A lovelier clime shall yet arise;—
That we shall wake from sorrow's dream,
Beside a pure and living stream.

Yet we must suffer here below,
Unnumbered pangs of grief and woe;
Nor must the trembling heart repine,
But all unto its God resign;
In weakness and in pain made known,
His powerful mercy shall be shown,
Until the fight of faith be o'er,
And earth shall vex the soul no more.

THE OLD ROOF TREE.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Gathering home to the old roof tree,
What a happy thought is that thought to me,
What music there is in those two short words,
Like the warbled notes of beautiful birds,
As in early spring, on wings so free,
They gather back to their old roof tree.

Gathering home; how the heart doth leap
At those magical words, so short and sweet;
What countless thoughts they bring to mind;
Of the loving and loved we have left behind:—
More precious than gold is the thought to me,
Of gathering home to the old roof tree.

Oh, gather us home! call the wanderers back;
Let us trace once again the homeward track;
Let us gather around the hearth once more,
Where so oft we have sat in days of yore,
E'er we wander afar from home and thee,
To build for ourselves a new roof tree.

Around whose branches our hearts may twine,
As year by year we upward climb;
Braving the cares, the toil, and the strife,
Gathering the sunshine, too, of life,
Longing a home of our own to see,
Still, we love none the less the old roof tree.

*SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

Mr. Theodore Tilton is known as the editor of the *Independent*, as a lecturer, as a writer of poetry. In all of these walks he has gained something of distinction, but I ween he is yet far below the level to which, in his own opinion, he has attained. In these days of much book-making it is, perhaps, useless to ask why any book is spawned upon the public, but I never remember to have taken a volume in hand which there was, apparently, less reason for printing than this.

Mr. Tilton calls his volume "Sanctum Sanctorum," why, I have tried in vain to ascertain. Its supplementary cognomen, "Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table," is also manifestly incorrect, for the volume is made up, not of proof-sheets, but of articles which have passed far beyond that embryonic form, and have had their day, chiefly in the editorial columns of the *Independent*.

That Mr. Tilton admires these articles is, perhaps, natural, though I think even that argues badly for his taste, but whatever worth they may have had to the general reader has long since passed; whatever of sparkle they may have possessed has died out; whatever good they may have done is long since

*Sanctum Sanctorum; or, Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table. By Theodore Tilton, Editor of the *Independent*.

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accomplished. They are stale, flat and unprofitable, as wine which has lost its spirit, or as a bouquet of long faded flowers. The book could only have been made with two objects in view—one, to feed the inordinate vanity of a man, already sufficiently great in his own estimation; the other, to delude unwary book buyers into purchasing a volume whose only excellence was contributed by the printer and bookbinder.

Fortunately, as yet, few editors have been foolish enough to follow the bad example here set them by Mr. Tilton. But what if they should be deluded into following his lead? The thing is so easy. A pile of old newspapers, a pair of scissors, and a publisher, and the thing is done.

I have read with considerable care the volume with this pretentous title, Through these warm summer days, (I perspire to say it,) I have looked long, anxiously, patiently, for a ray of light to relieve its intolerable dullness. I have not succeeded. A more frightfully dismal book I have seldom perused. I can imagine circumstances when it might possibly be read with comparative equanimity. Cast away on a desert island, with an old almanac and "Sanctum Sanctorum," a man might, after reading the former some half dozen times, summon courage to attack the latter, not otherwise.

The first paper in the book is "A Visit to Washington Irving." It is dated November 24, 1859. At that comparatively early date Mr. Tilton acted as an interviewing reporter, and he has the audacity to perpetuate the fact. A stranger to the genial genius of Sunny Side, he forced his way to his presence and interviewed him, after the fashion of his successors of the present day. Mr. Irving was sick. No stranger, being a gentleman, would have forced his presence upon him. But Mr. Tilton did, and wrote up the account of the visit, procured its being printed, and, as he tells us in the preface to this volume, "kissed the page on which he first saw it in print." He also tells us complacently, how it was copied at once into "not less than four hundred journals, as if it had been a President's message, only (I trust) not quite as bad." I am pleased to see, also, by this preface, that in the indulgent eyes of their author, "the opening leaves of this book wear even yet their spring-time glory." I read this sketch carefully. It contains nothing which any writer of moderate ability could not have written under the circumstances, had he chosen; but much, I am glad to think, which few gentlemen would have written. It is merely a record of an unauthorized violation of the sanctity of an invalid gentleman's retirement, and the accident of the death of the victim of the outrage almost as soon as the story of the intrusion was printed, is the only thing that ever gave the paper any currency or place in literature.

The next paper, "A Word for the Government's Ears," relates to the cruelties perpetrated on convicts in the New York state prisons. It takes for a text an article from the *Police Gazette*, is dated September 27, 1860, and we are kindly informed in a foot note, that "Governor Morgan promptly responded to the appeal," which I regard as an assumption Mr. Tilton would find it hard to prove, as from his own

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article it appears that, at least, the *Police Gazette* was engaged, as well as the *Independent*, in ventilating prison horrors. Matsell and Tilton! A queerly assorted couple!

One aim of this volume seems to be to lift the veil and show the admirers of the great Tilton how intimate he was with great men; no matter if these great men were dead, and could not, if they would, deny the soft impeachment. To great men it would doubtless add an extra pang to their dying agonies, could they know how the little ones would speak of them after they are gone. Mr. Tilton knew Henry J. Raymond well—"as well as one comes to know another in the companionship of travel, or in the late-at-night converse which pours itself out in self-revelations. * * Many of his political associates, who knew him only on the outside, and had never *entered into the chambers of his soul*, commonly spoke of him as polite but cold, as agreeable, but self-absorbed." Faugh!

Dealings with the dead appear to be decidedly in Theodore's line. The friends of his soul appear to be largely in their graves. We have in the volume obituary notices of Secretary Stanton, Thad. Stevens, Senator Fessenden, Charles Loring Elliott, Mrs. Browning, Lyman and Roxanna Beecher, and Dr. Thornwell, with nearly all of whom Mr. Tilton appears to have been not only intimately, but intensely, acquainted. The book is not only dull, it is doleful. There is not only nothing brilliant about it, there is much that is absolute funeral. And after all, these editorial expressions of grief have a smell of the shop about them. They have an air of being produced to order, like the paraphernalia of the undertaker.

But I have neither time nor patience to discuss further the merits of this book. Those who have not heretofore been enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Tilton, do not seem to like him more since the perusal of "Sanctum Sanctorum." I have seen sundry critical notices of this book, but not one word of unqualified approval, except in a notice in the Brooklyn *Union*. This writer is enthusiastic in his admiration of this volume, but I must crave forgiveness for a suspicion which crossed my mind when I reflected that the Brooklyn *Union* is edited by Theodore Tilton, the author of "Sanctum Sanctorum."

OTIS TRUE.

Benevolence of God as Shown in Nature.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., ADRIAN.

THAT there is a God, but few persons deny. The human mind is so constituted that effects being perceived, a cause of necessity must be apprehended. The various causes and effects as perceived in the universe lead the mind directly up to the one great and eternal first cause, whom we call God. There is but one phase of his character, however, which we wish at this time to discuss. This is his benevolence. There is at the present time a very prevalent idea that this world is but a poor creation after all. That it was brought into existence rather to be the abode of misery and wretchedness, than of hap-

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py creatures, adapted to enjoy its beauteous dwelling places. "Alas! alas!" says one, "this is a cruel world. I have nothing to live for!" "Ah, this dark world of gloom, and woe, and death," sighs another. "Would to God I had never been born. Why was this world not made a happier place?" "I am glad I have no children to live, and suffer, and toil, as I have," complains a third. Is this world so bad? I think not. Doubtless it has much of sorrow, pain and disappointment, but we should look upon the world as a whole, expand our souls, and try at least to grasp it in its completeness and immensity. Partial views are generally distorted, and lead to incorrect apprehensions.

Our feeble intellects may not be able to comprehend the great plans of Deity, but we may understand something of our world and of its life, physical and spiritual. Our little world, small as it is, compared with the unbounded universe, though but a drop of water to the mighty ocean, was not forgotten by Deity in the creation, or neglected on account of its smallness. Behold the earth. How beautiful in its coloring, grand in proportions, how orderly in all its motions, how nicely balanced in all its complicated machinery, and how well adapted to its varied forms of life. How different it might have been created, and yet answered for the home of man and the lower animals. If God so willed how many enjoyments might he withdraw from all animal life and yet not destroy life. Come, my gloomy friend, and we will walk forth and take a look at nature. Behold the beautiful landscape. Here a forest, there a hill here a meadow, there a stream, and over all the azure sky. Look a little closer. How many new beauties unseen in the hurried glance, unfold themselves with each scrutinizing gaze. The more we search into nature the more can we see of its beauties and its wonderful adaptations. Everything goes to prove this world is the result of a most perfect and grand ideal, conceived in the great eternal mind, and no one attribute of this eternal mind is brought into plainer view than that of benevolence. In how many different ways might this world of ours been created, and yet been the home of animated life. How many of the beauties and enjoyments of life might have been denied us, and yet life itself remain upon a dark and cheerless world.

Suppose all the beautiful and endless varieties of leaves in the world should all be merged into one undeviating, unchangeable pattern of the same size, and having at all times, and in all places, the same dull, leaden color; that all flowers that now fill the earth with delightsome beauty and fragrance should forever cease, and each species should propagate itself by spores, as the ferns, equisetaceæ, and other cryptogamous plants; that all the rich, luscious fruits of our forests, orchards and gardens, the cereal and vegetable products of our farms, were merged into a few life-sustaining vegetable forms, without beauty for the eye, or deliciousness for the palate; then, if we judged simply from the outward appearance, we might have, perhaps, some show of reason for doubting God's benevolence. Who can pretend to enumerate the enjoyment and happiness given to man by the beauty and variety found in the vegetable world? Yet all this might have been denied us.

The surface of the earth, with its wonderful diversity of hill and plain, of mountain and vale, of lake

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and river, of sea and shore, might lose all its natural charms without annihilating life. Climates might change for the worse, and blue skies and warm sunshine forever disappear. The morning's dappled sunrise, the gorgeous sunset that paints the western skies, the rainbow that spans the arched heavens with its prismatic tints, might fade away, never to return, and we still remain tenants of earth. The atmosphere is composed of nitrogen, oxygen and carbonic acid gas, and a variable proportion of watery vapor. These are mechanically mixed in the proportions of four-fifths of the first, one-fifth of the second, and one one-thousandth of the third. Now, suppose some slight changes to take place in this arrangement, or some other elements to be introduced. The carbon might settle and destroy all animated life on all low plains and deep valleys. The oxygen might be diminished until respiration should be painful and combustion impossible. The elasticity, expansibility, refrangibility, and other qualities, might, one or more of them, be destroyed, and its nature and uses be changed for the worse. How much of the charm of life depends upon the sweet sounds that float upon the soft gauzy wings of the air. The voices of love and sounds of harmony from vocal throats, please the ear, and make our souls vibrate in unison with the music of the outer world. The clouds that it bears in its bosom, the auroras it leads over the eastern hills to usher in gradually the brilliant light of the blazing sun, the twilight, with its soft, sweet tints, kissing the earth good-night, might leave our world forever. As with the air, so might changes take place in water, in light, heat, minerals, and other elements, and each change snatch from our grasp some of life's blessings. That wonderful living structure, which we call man, endowed with so many powers and capabilities, is itself a most signal proof of God's benevolence. Endowed with senses adapted to the outer world, he can drink in all its enjoyments, behold all its beauties, become acquainted with its various qualities and uses, and, by the aid of those higher mental powers, memory, imagination, judgment, reason, he becomes a creator of new beauties and new forms, and may pass from the consideration of the physical universe, to the study of the character of its great author. By these powers we search into the nature of both mind and matter. Hence arise the various arts and sciences, with their never-failing streams of joy. Man is also a social creature. Here is an almost unfailing fount of enjoyment. The social relations of the family; the endearing ties of relationship; the still broader circles of the church, the neighborhood, the state, are all resources of happiness to the unselfish soul. Take all these away, and make man a selfish solitaire; sweep away all the culture of modern civilization, books, pictures, music, churches, schools, railroads, telegraphs, manufactories, all that distinguishes us as a nation from the ignorant tribes of Papua, or the greasy Esquimaux, whose highest type of heaven is a place where blubber never fails, then we may form some slight idea of the untold blessings which are daily showered upon our heads. These great and noble signs of God's benevolence we are apt to forget in the too close attention given to the petty ills of life. That there are many ills in life must be admitted, but before doubting God's benevolence we should inquire closely into their nature and causes. Have we used or abused our powers and capabilities? Have we obeyed the laws of health? Have we, through thoughtlessness, love of ease, or downright presumption, brought evil upon ourselves? If we have, then we must blame ourselves. We may be very unhappy, and yet our ills may all be imaginary. We may be suffering from borrowed troubles, that have no real existence except in the disordered fancy. We may be too ambitious, and make the present a hell for the sake of a grand future, which may never be

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realized. Forgetting that happiness does not depend upon riches or honor, we may repine because we are not rich, talented or great. There may be afflictions that we cannot understand, sorrows that seem to be sent by some invisible hand, for some inscrutable purpose. If this is so, we should try to make the most of those blessings still left. However dark and dreary the world may seem, there will still be some rays of light left for those who will open their eyes, some hope for those who trust in God's goodness. Though the gloom of despair should enfold us as the moonless and starless night enfold the earth, yet in due season it shall pass away, and a new morning dawn upon a life renewed. The path of life leads through a country diversified with many sudden changes. Thorns, thistles and brambles sometimes choke up the path; barren deserts interpose their arid wastes, but fairy scenes and fertile plains abound. Fragrant flowers are there, and charming groves extend a welcome shade. Golden fruit tempt the appetite, and cooling streams murmur through the verdant vales. The birds sing in the trees, and the air is pure and balmy. The bitter and the sweet are there, but the sweet is more than the bitter. When the journey is finished, when the river is crossed, when the spirit land is gained, all tears shall be wiped away, all sorrows healed, and all wrongs be righted, by an omnipotent hand.

MADAME GUYON.

BY T. C. UPHAM. ABRIDGED BY EDITOR MISCELLANY.

No. 2.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA MOTHE continued in the state of mind which we have described, about a year. But this strong religious tendency also had its end. What it was which led to the termination of religious prospects so flattering, it is difficult to state with entire confidence. There is some reason for thinking, however, that the love of God, not far from this time, began to be disturbed by the accession and influence of a love, which was more mixed and earthly in its origin. She relates that her father with his family left the city of Montargis, in order to spend some days in the country; and that he took with him a very accomplished young gentleman, one of his near relations. This young man, of whom she speaks in high terms for his religious sentiments, as well as his intellectual and other accomplishments, became much attached to her. She was still young, being only in her fourteenth year. She gives us to understand, that this individual, notwithstanding the circumstance of her immature age, made propositions of marriage. And this, after a suitable time, would probably have been the result, with the cordial consent of all the parties concerned, if it had not been met by the obstacle, that their relationship was so near as to bring them within the degrees of consanguinity, in which marriage is prohibited in the Catholic Church. This obstacle, it is true, could have been removed by a dispensation from the Papal See; but still it was one of so serious a nature, that her father did not think it proper to give his consent. Still they were mutually pleased and spent much time in each other's company. It was at the time of this attachment, that she says significantly and penitently, that she "began to seek in the creature what she had previously found in God." But we will let her describe her spiritual declension in her own language.

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In connection with a reference to her daily interviews with this young relative, she says, "I left off prayer. I became as a vineyard exposed to pillage, whose hedges, torn down, give liberty to all the creatures to ravage it. *I began to seek in the creature what I had found in God.* And thou, oh my God! didst leave me to myself, *because I left thee first*, and was pleased, in permitting me to sink into the horrible pit, to make me see and feel the necessity of maintaining a state of continual watchfulness and communion with thyself. Thou hast taught the people, that thou wilt destroy those who, by indulging wrongly-placed affections, depart from thee. Alas! their departure alone causes their destruction; since in departing from Thee, the Sun of Righteousness, they enter into the region of darkness and the shadow of death. And there, bereft of all true strength, they will remain. It is not possible that they should ever arise again, unless Thou shalt revisit them; unless Thou shalt restore them to light and life, by illuminating their darkness, and by melting their icy hearts. Thou didst leave me to myself, because I left Thee first. But such was Thy goodness, that it seemed to me, that Thou *didst leave me with regret.*"

The account which she gives of her inward state at this time, is an exceedingly painful one. "I readily gave way," she says, "to sallies of passion. I failed in being strictly conscientious and careful in the utterance of the truth. I became not only vain, but corrupt in heart. Although I kept up some outward religious appearances, religion itself, as a matter of inward experience, had become to me a matter of indifference. I spent much time, both day and night, in reading romances, those strange inventions to destroy youth. I was proud of my personal appearance, so much so that, contrary to my former practices, I began to pass a good deal of my time before the mirror. I found so much pleasure in viewing myself in it, that I thought others were in the right, who practised the same. Instead of making use of this exterior, which God gave me as a means of loving him more, it became to me the unhappy source of a vain and sinful self-complacency. All seemed to me to look beautiful in my person; but in my declension and darkness I did not then perceive, that the outward beauty covered *a sinful and fallen soul.*"

But this was not the judgment which the world then passed upon her; the world so severe in the exaction of its own claims, but so indulgent in mitigating the claims of God. Under a form that was outwardly beautiful, and veiled by manners that had received the most correct and advantageous culture, it was not easy for man to perceive the elements and workings of a heart which harbored moral and religious rebellion. In the eye of the world, therefore, which is but imperfectly capable of penetrating beyond the exterior, and which delights in elegance of form and perfection of manners, there was but little to blame, and much to praise; but in the eye of God, which sees and estimates the inmost motive, it was not possible for outward beauty to furnish a compensation for inward deformity. And in using the phrase inward deformity, we do not necessarily mean, that she was worse than many others who have a reputation for good morals. Estimating her by the world's standard, she had her good qualities, as well as those of an opposite character, her excellences as well as her defects. Nevertheless, there was that wanting which constitutes the soul's true light, without which all other beauty fades, and all other excellence is but excellence in name,—*the love of God in the heart.*

Sometime in the year 1663, M. De La Mothe, removed his family from Montargis to the city of Paris,—a step which obviously was not calculated to benefit his daughter, in the religious sense of the term. Paris was at that time, as it is now, the centre of scientific culture and of the arts, of refinement of manners and of fashionable gay-

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ety. Louis the Fourteenth was then the reigning sovereign of France,—a man of considerable powers of intellect, and of great energy of will,—in whom two leading desires predominated—the one to make France great, the other to make himself the source and centre of her greatness. The greatness of France, sustained and illustrated in the wisdom and splendor of her great monarch—this, it is very obvious, was the central and powerful element of his system of action. Hence the expense and labor which he bestowed upon the royal palaces, and upon all the great public works which could be considered as having a national character; hence his vast efforts to enrich and beautify the city of Versailles, which he had selected as the principal seat of his residence; hence his desire to attach to his person, and to rank among the attendants of his Court, the most distinguished of his nobles. His munificence to men of literature, his patronage of the arts, the pomp and ceremony which characterized all great public occasions, all sprung from the same source.

All France, and particularly the city of Paris, felt an influence so well adapted to harmonize with the tendencies of the human heart. If it was an age that was characterized by many noble efforts in literature and the arts, it was an age also that was equally characterized by its unfounded pretensions, its vanity, and its voluptuousness. Almost everything, especially in the capital of France, was calculated to dispossess the sentiment of humility, and to impart an exaggerated turn of mind. The sights and sounds which were presented to notice; the displays of wealth, which were made in every street; the crowded populace, intoxicated with the celebrity of their sovereign and of their nation; the vulgar and the fashionable amusements, which were without end; all were calculated to divert the mind from serious reflection—to lead it to sympathize with the senses, and to dissociate it from its own inward centre; a state of things which would have been a severe trial even to established piety.

It is not surprising that this unpropitious state of things, which developed itself to its full extent in the proud city to which her parents had removed, should have had an unfavorable effect upon the mind of Mademoiselle De La Mothe; and accordingly she intimates, in the record of her feelings, as she remembered them to have been in this part of her life, that she began to entertain exaggerated ideas of herself, and that her *vanity increased*. This was the natural result of her new position. Her parents, as well as herself, led astray by the new state of society in which they found themselves, spared no cost in obtaining whatever might make her appear to advantage. The world, illuminated with false lights to her young vision, seemed to be in reality what it was chiefly in appearance, and consequently presented itself as an object worth conquering and possessing. It was at this period that she gave to it, more warmly and unreservedly than at any other, that kindling heart and expanded intellect, which she afterwards gave to religion. She was tall and well made in her person; refined and prepossessing in her manners, and possessed of remarkable powers of conversation. Her countenance, formed upon the Grecian model, and characterized by a brilliant eye and expansive forehead, had in it a natural majesty, which impressed the beholder with a sentiment of deep respect, while it attracted by its sweetness. Her great powers of mind, (a mind which in the language of one of the writers of the French Encyclopedia was formed for the world, "*fait pour le monde.*") added to the impression which she made on her entrance into Parisian society.

It was under these circumstances that her future husband, M. Jaques Guyon, a man of great wealth, sought her in marriage. He was not the only person whose attention, in this new state of things, was directed to her. "Several apparently advantageous offers of marriage," she says, "were made

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for me; but God, *unwilling to have me lost*, did not permit them to succeed." In accordance with the custom of the time and country, (a custom oftentimes but little propitious to those who are most deeply concerned,) the arrangements in this important business were made by her father and her suitor with but little regard to the opinions and feelings of Mademoiselle De La Mothe. She did not see her designated husband, till a few days before her marriage; and when she did see him, she did not find her affections united to him. She gave us distinctly to understand in her Autobiography, that there were other individuals who sought her, with whom she could have more fully sympathized, and could have been more happy. But a regard for the opinions of her father, in whom she had the greatest confidence, (although in this case he seems to have been influenced too much by the circumstance of the great wealth of M. Guyon,) overruled every other consideration. She signed the articles of marriage, but without being permitted to know what they were. She states that the articles were drawn up on the 28th of January, 1664; but it would seem, from a comparison of statements subsequently made, that she was not married till the twenty-first of March of the same year. She had then nearly completed her sixteenth year. Her husband was thirty-eight.

Of the family of her husband we know but little. His father, a man of activity and talent, acquired considerable celebrity by completing the canal of Briare, which connects the Loire with the Seine. This great work, (a work the more remarkable for being the first important one of the kind that was undertaken in France,) was commenced in the reign of Henry Fourth, under the auspices of his distinguished minister, the Duke of Sully. After the death of Henry, and the retirement of Sully from the administration of affairs, the work was suspended till 1638, when Louis Thirteenth made arrangements, on liberal terms, with two individuals, Messrs. Jacques Guyon and another individual by the name of Bouteroue, to complete it. In this way Guyon, who was entirely successful in an undertaking beset with difficulties, was not only brought into public notice, but became very wealthy. He was also rewarded with a patent of nobility at the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, the then leading minister. His wealth, as well as an honorable and noble position in society, seems to have been inherited by his only son, the individual to whom Mademoiselle De La Mothe was thus united in marriage.

It is but reasonable to anticipate, that the union of the sexes and the establishment of families, authorized as they are by nature and by religion, will contribute to happiness. But this propitious result often depends on adjustments of age, of position in life, and of personal character, which are not always properly regarded. In the case before us, the circumstances of great wealth and of noble rank did not compensate for diversity of disposition and for great disparity of age. It could hardly be expected, that Madame Guyon, (as we shall hereafter designate her,) with all her advantages of beauty, talent, and honorable position in society, could be entirely satisfied, at sixteen years of age, with a husband twenty-two years older than herself, whom she had seen but three days before her marriage, and who had obtained her through the principle of filial obedience, rather than through that of warm and voluntary affection.

"No sooner," she says, "was I at the house of my husband, than I perceived it would be for me *a house of mourning*. In my father's house every attention had been paid to my manners. In order to cultivate propriety of speech and command of language, I had been encouraged to speak freely on the various questions which were started in our family circle. There everything was set off in full view; everything was characterized by elegance. But it was very different in the house of my hus-

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band, which was chiefly under the direction of his mother, who had long been a widow, and who regarded nothing else but saving. The elegance of my father's house, which I regarded as the result of polite dispositions, they sneered at as pride. In my father's house whatever I said was listened to with attention, and often with applause; but here, if I had occasion to speak, I was listened to only to be contradicted and reproved. If I spoke well, they said I was endeavoring to give them a lesson in good speaking. If I uttered my opinions on any subject of discussion which came up, I was charged with desiring to enter into a dispute; and instead of being applauded, I was simply told to hold my tongue, and was scolded from morning till night. I was very much surprised at this change, and the more so as the vain dreams of my youth anticipated an increase, rather than a diminution of the happiness and the consideration which I had enjoyed."

The truth is, that she was placed by her marriage in a wrong position; a position untrue to the structure of her mind and unfavorable to her happiness. Nothing else could reasonably have been expected from an arrangement, in which so little regard had been paid to the mutual relations of the parties, in respect to years, early habits, and mental qualities. When considerable unhappiness is experienced in married life, it naturally implies a very considerable diversity in the relative situation and in the character of the parties. But this is not always the case. Sometimes a little diversity in views and a little want of correspondence and sympathy in feelings, furnishing occasion for an irritation which is not great but constant, may be the means of very seriously embittering life. It is very obvious that the mind of Madame Guyon was not in harmony with her situation; and whether we consider the actual discordance as greater or less, the results could not well be otherwise than unfavorable. Other persons, it is true, with less experience of past domestic happiness, and with less talent and refinement, might, perhaps, have reconciled themselves to the situation in which she was placed, and have regarded it as in many respects a desirable one. Her husband was not without some good qualities. What his personal appearance was, we have no record. But whether it was owing to his traits as a man, or to the consideration naturally resulting from his great wealth, it is obvious, that he secured a degree of respect in the circle in which he moved. I think it is evident also, that he had a degree of affection for his wife, which, under favorable circumstances, might have increased, and have rendered their union happy. But his good feelings, which from time to time showed themselves, were perverted by the physical infirmities and sufferings to which he was subject, and by the influence of his mother,—a woman without education, and apparently possessed of but little liberality of natural feeling,—who retained in old age, and in the season of her wealth, those habits of labor and of penurious prudence, which were formed in her youth. Among other things which have a relation to the real position of Madame Guyon at this time, it is proper to notice, that the ill health of her husband, to which we have just alluded, rendered it necessary for him to keep in his employ a woman who attended upon him as a nurse, and who by her assiduity and skill, in seasons of sickness and suffering, gained a considerable control over his mind. This woman sympathized with the views and feelings of the mother-in-law, and contributed all in her power, to render the situation of the young wife, now in the bloom of youth and in the fullness of her fresh and warm affections, as unpleasant as possible.

We cannot but repeat, therefore, that Madame Guyon, as it seems to us, was both mentally and morally out of her true position. The individuals into whose immediate society she was introduced, and with whom she was constantly in contact, were characterized

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by a want of intellect and of scientific and literary culture, which was not compensated either by moral and religious excellences, or by the natural virtues of the heart. They not only did not appreciate her, but practically, if not always intentionally, they set themselves against her. They were not only blind to her merits, but rude to her sympathies and hopes, and negligent of her happiness. Certainly this was not the situation for a woman of great intellect and great sensibility; a woman who was subsequently admitted into the most distinguished circles in France; a woman who honorably sustained a controversy with the learning and genius of Bossuet, and who gave a strong and controling impulse to the mind of Fenelon; a woman, whose moral and religious influence was such, that Louis the Fourteenth, in his solicitude for the extirpation of what he deemed heresy, thought it necessary to imprison her for years in the Bastile and the prison of Vincennes; who wrote poems in her imprisonment, which Cowper thought it no dishonor to translate; and who has exerted an influence which has never ceased to be felt, either in Europe or in America.

But there she was, and she felt and knew that her earthly hopes were blasted. But she did not then perceive what she afterwards knew, that God placed her there in his providence, as he made Joseph a slave in Egypt, "*for her good.*" God had formed her for himself. He loved her too much to permit her to remain long in harmony with a world, which, in its vanity and its corruption, He could not love.

(*To be continued.*)

"No God! With indignation high, yon
fervent sun is stirr'd,
And the pale moon turns paler still, at
such an impious word;
And from their thrones in heaven the
stars look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
eternal majesty."

TILTON AND HIS REVIEWERS.

THE article in this number on "Sanctum Sanctorum," may seem a little severe. The writer is a person of ability, and has for years lived by the use of the pen—has written many criticisms, and they have generally been marked by fairness. In order to do full justice to the author of "Sanctum Sanctorum, we publish below a part of the preface, and the essential part of the first article, on "Washington Irving." The criticism will but enhance the interest in this article.—EDITOR.

From Preface to "Sanctum Sanctorum."

"The articles were written with no ambition for their permanent sepulture in this ostentatious tomb. Some of them I had entirely forgotten, until, in searching the file, I came upon them unexpectedly. Others I might have never read a second time, had I not been asked to revise them for this volume. Only one among them holds a high place in my affection; I mean the opening sketch, which, slight as it is, and altogether a trifle, nevertheless, had the happy fortune of first making me known as a writer. I vividly remember how I kissed the page on which I first saw it in print. Neither the 'Merchant of Venice,' nor the 'Mask of Comus,' nor the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' ever pleased me half so much as my first perusal of the published narrative of 'A Visit to Washington Irving.' I was the last stranger who saw him alive. Kind old man! He took my hand in his, as if he had been my grandfather, and said at parting, 'I hope you will win a name among your countrymen.' The ink was hardly dry on the printed sheet when all the city's flags sank to half-mast at his sudden death. Instantly the sketch caught a dignity not its own—stole, I may say, a plume from his hearse. It was simultaneously copied into not less

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than five hundred journals, as if it had been a President's message, only (I trust) not quite so bad. Thus it unexpectedly fulfilled the good wishes of its subject, by lifting the unknown name of its writer out of the shadow into the sun. My critics are welcome to ply a birch switch on all the rest of my bantlings, but, I pray them, to be gentle to my first-born. In my own eyes, the opening leaves of this book wear even yet their spring-time glory. And for the sake of these unfaded few, I can bear to be told that the others are already summer-wilted, or even winter-killed."

The following is the most of the article referred to above.—ED.

"A VISIT TO WASHINGTON IRVING. —I had half an hour last week at Sunny Side—the home of Washington Irving. A ramble to Sunny Side is equal to a pilgrimage to Abbottsford. The quaint, grotesque dwelling, with its old-fashioned gables, stood as solemn and sleepy, among the trees, as if it had been built to personate Rip Van Winkle at his nap. The mansion of Sunny Side has been standing for twenty-three years. When first its sharp-angled roof wedged its way up among the branches of the primeval forest this region was almost a solitude; our busy author secluded himself from everybody but one near neighbor. He has since gathered around him a community of New York merchants, whose country seats, opening into each other by intertwining roads, form what looks like one vast estate, which is fitly called by the honorary name of Irvington. But even within the growing circle of his many neighbors, the genial old Knickerbocker lives in true retirement, and takes his afternoon nap within echo-distance of Sleepy Hollow. He withdrew a year ago from all literary labor, and is spending the close of his life in well-earned and long-needed repose—without thought, and almost without knowledge, how the great world 'is praising him far off.' He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in an antique armchair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me half forget that I was the guest of a patriarch long past his 'three-score years and ten.' But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with Washington Irving? I ventured the question, "Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?" He immediately replied, "I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been; I often wish that I could live twenty years more, to take them down from the shelf one by one and write them over." He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more, his usual hours for literary work were from morning till noon. But though he generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down. 'But,' said he, 'these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in any thing out side of the walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk, with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake.' This literary employment had always been more like entertainments than tasks. 'Some writers,' said he, 'appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Crabbe; but with this difference—Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. 'I remember,' said he, 'taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore and Crabbe; the conversation turned on Lord Byron's poet-

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ic moods; Crabbe insisted that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself he could write as well at one time as at another. 'But,' said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, 'Crabbe has written a great deal that no mortal man can read.' He mentioned that while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write, 'I sat down repeatedly,' said he, 'with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on paper. At length I told my friend, Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets, I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks.' I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy? and he replied, 'Bracebridge Hall.' 'None of your works,' I remarked, 'are more charming than the 'Biography of Goldsmith.' 'And that was written,' said he, 'even more rapidly than the other.' 'When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read.' Sometimes also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shave. 'When I was in Spain,' he remarked, 'searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the 'Life of Columbus,' I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

"He declared that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless, he invariably threw it away, and began again; for, as he observed, 'an essay or chapter that has been only *hammered out*, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow; when his imagination is kindled—these are his precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they come let him make the most of them.' I referred to his last and chief work, 'The Life of Washington.' He said that the work had engrossed his mind to such a degree that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feeble health; that in the midst of his labor he feared he would break down before the end; that when at last the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to conduct it through the press, and threw himself back on his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief. 'You should write one more book,' I hinted. 'What is that?' 'Your reminiscences of those literary friends.' 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'it is too late now; I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing that even my best friend's letters lie unanswered; no more books now.'"

HOME WOMEN WANTED.

JOHN F. WARE, in a recent essay, makes the following terse remarks on the women really wanted at the present time. The spirit of fashion is one of the widespread evils of the times, and its follies are not confined to women:

"Women may depend upon it, that the prevailing disinclination to the drudgery, as it is called, of housekeeping, the unwomanly way of looking at this high art and privilege, is the creating cause of much of which they complain, and of much subtler evil they do not see. The husband knows his business cannot go on without his oversight and knowledge, and the wife understands that. Why is she not as clear-sighted in her own affairs?

He cannot trust to clerks, and take

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to the streets and useless shopping and calling and parade; no more can she trust to cooks and nurses. Her house must betray her ruling hand, or it soon rules her and ruins all things. It is the very healthiest employment, morally, physically, mentally, as our robust, long-lived grandmothers have proved. Our present pinched and puny and would-be fashionable wives, in giving it a bad name and refusing to have to do with it, are like their sister of fable, who killed the goose which laid the golden egg.

Wanted, women to grapple with the question of servants. The staple topic which they meet, as the staple obstacle to their comfort, it ought to get such thought and treatment of them as to culminate in some wise plan and combined action. It is not man's question. As woman is not at home in tariffs, so is not man in domestics. This is her question; this problem she is to solve. She has made the trouble, and should find the cure. Man has not made it; the age has not made it; servants have not made it; emancipation has not made it; neither Biddies nor Dinahs have made it; the woman in the parlor alone has. At her feet lie the laurels of that victory. The habits of negligence, indolence, extravagance, unreasonableness,ill-temper—habits other and worse—have been caught, and are at their work.

Women are reaping of domestics just what they have sown. They have sown a wind; they must not be surprised at a whirl wind. The bad example and injustice of the parlor reacts upon the kitchen, and the whole vocabulary of invective and disgust takes you back to the source of all. Domestics, whether slave or free, have not had fair play, due consideration, justice, let generosity alone, have not had the very thing the sex complains of—their rights. Women have been exacting, hard in requirement, reward, and word, forgetful of a common humanity, selfish in daily little things, thoughtless, tyrannical, regardless of the comfort, even neglecting the means for the decencies of lodging and personal cleanliness which should not merely be allowed but insisted on till the evil has run to that point of rebellion into which all things ultimately run, and we have now the house divided against itself, an autocracy of the kitchen that defies successfully the autocracy of the parlor, and threatens to subvert our very homes. Everywhere people are running from this domestic difficulty, helpless as from an earthquake. The whole fabric of society quivers because of it, and changes rapid and radical go on under our very eyes.

The weary world wants women. It has had enough of those who call themselves so; enough of those who frown on worth and culture, and make fashion and family and position override all other claims; enough of indolent self-indulgence and pretence, and it groans in travail for the genuine woman, representative of all that is possible, high and noble in her sex. It waits for those who shall dare to be true to every womanly instinct, assert and defend every womanly conviction in the womanly spirit, and send out into society and through all the earth the light and grace, the healing and power that come of woman.

Everywhere in society it is women that we want. As the reach and crown of man's life is to be manly, as that sums up and includes all we have to say or to aspire to, so to be womanly is the one worthy object of feminine aspiration; and the true womanliness is not only the culmination of the sex, but the divinest beauty that God gives man to see. I plead for it because so many in the glare of the life that now is, have forgotten the glory it might be made to be; because so many are looking for peace, satisfaction, reward, where they can never be found.

I plead—for every day, and more and more, I feel the want of women for every need and deed of life, women not of genius but of character, not of position but of influence, women saintly, and tender and true. It was a genuine

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outburst that broke from sweet lips, and many a woman says it—"I want to be above the little meanness and follies and frailty that spoil so many women." Only let that be the broad want, only let women see to it that these are uprooted, and flung away, only let womanly grace and virtue abound, and the working is done, and she who is said to have lost us Eden will have gained us Paradise.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY HENRY HARBOUGH.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out into thousand flowers:
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And as fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silver wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies:
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine?

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the holy and true;
He dies, but his life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew?
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

EUROPE, which has so long suffered from Popery and Napoleon, seems by the present war to have hope of deliverance from the power of both.

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

"GOD has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon the face of the whole earth." This is the announcement of a grand fact which has never yet been successfully disproved—the essential underlying identity of the human race, however chequered by the varieties of clime and of language—one deep, constant, ineradicable identity which links man to man all over the world. It is just this principle of universal relationship which thus binds man to man everywhere, which turns the world into a neighborhood, and which founds upon universal affinity, a universal claim. The old Roman, with the far-sighted perception of this great fact, could say, "I am a man; nothing therefore that is human can be foreign to me." And Christianity takes that admirable sentiment and exalts it into a surpassing obligation, and stamps upon it the royal seal of heaven. This, then, is the truth upon which I intend to found the claim this morning—the truth recognised in the Scripture—that every man is my own flesh, and because he is my own flesh, he has a claim upon me which I cannot and dare not gainsay. Of course this general law must be modified by minor and smaller varieties, or it will be practically useless. The sympathy that goes out after the world gets lost in the magnitude of the area over which it has to travel; and the very vastness and vagueness of the object will of itself tend to fritter away the intenseness of the feeling. This is a very serious attachment which clings to nobody in particular, which rejoices no heart with its affection, which brightens no hearthstone by its light. Its words may be loud and swelling, and, like the bleak wind of March, they may sweep noisily about men's dwellings, and drift the dust about in clouds; but men only experience discomfort when it blows; they do not trust it; "it passes by them as the idle wind which they respect not." Hence private affections are recognized and hallowed and commended as the sources from which all public virtues are to spring. There is nothing in them inconsistent with the love of the entire race; they prepare for it, and they lead to it, and they scoop out the channels through which its tributaries are to flow. Who shall sympathise so well with oppressed people as the man who rejoices in his own roof-tree sacred, and in his own altar-home? Who shall be eloquent for the rights of other men, but he who is mainly in the assertion of his own? Who shall succour breaking hearts, and brighten desolate houses, but he who gazes with loving fondness on his children as they climb upon his knees, and who realizes from day to day all the unutterable tendernesses of home?

Now, these two obligations—the claim of private affection and the claim of universal sympathy—are not incompatible; but they fulfill mutually the highest uses of each other. God has taught in the Scriptures the lesson of universal brotherhood, and men may not gainsay the teaching. Wherever there is human need and human peril, my regard must fasten upon the man, although he may have flung from him the crown of his manhood in anger. I dare not despise him, because in his

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filth and in his sin, as he lies before me prostrate and dishonored, there is that spark of heavenly flame which God the Father kindled, over which God the Spirit yearns with intensest yearning, and which God the Eternal Son spilt his own heart's blood to redeem. There is no man now that can ask the infidel question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" God has made man his brother's keeper—we are bound to love our neighbors as ourselves; and if, in the contractedness of some narrow Hebrew spirit, we ask the question, "Who is my neighbor?" there comes the full pressure of utterance to enforce and to authenticate the answer, "Man is thy neighbor—every one whom penury has rasped or sorrow startled—every one whom plague hath smitten or the curse hath banned—every one from whose home the darlings have vanished, or around whose heart the pall has been drawn."

GOOD WORKS.

You cannot possibly, brethren, mistake the testimony which has sounded unfailing from this pulpit, that the salvation of man in every case is of the unmerited grace of God, and that it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but of His own mercy, and of His own mercy alone, that He saves. But while we insist right manfully upon the absence of any meritoriousness in what are commonly called, "good works," we shall not allow ourselves by fear of misrepresentation or of calumny to be deterred from insisting upon the absolute necessity of good works as fruits meet for repentance, as evidences of living faith.

Comes there a man to me with boastful words, strong in sonorous comforts and in the platitudes of an exclusive theology? Makes he a loud profession to me of his personal election, of his safety, whatever betide, of the superiority of the heritage to which his faith entitles him? I ask about his life. Is he lovesome, and pure, and philanthropic, and unworldly? Is he a painstaking Christian,—like the violet, as fragrant in the mossy hedge-row as on the table of the belted earl? Does he love the truth with a right-hearted love? Does he gird himself for the Master's sake to wash the feet of His disciples, and perform with alacrity the duty of every day, as well as mix with elders in the gate and at the synagogue? These are questions which it behoves him to answer to every man that asketh him, not in the lip, but in the life.—*Punshon.*

THEODORE TILTON, though a young man of only about 35 years, has occupied the highest place in the press and lecture room of the nation. Though young, he has taken a bold stand on the great questions of the day. Never since we have been a nation has a man of his youth stood so prominently before the American people. He is now at the head of a paper which is exerting a great influence on the American mind. This paper is bold in its positions on both politics and religion. In view of these facts, without any personal feeling in the matter, we have admitted the criticism in this number. Mr. Tilton, of course, will stand or fall by his own acts, and not by others. We have published so freely from Mr. Tilton's favorite production as to give him a chance to be seen as he is.

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ALL friends who have not paid will please be so kind as to send us the amount in a letter by mail, at our risk. Direct, plain, to

J. K. WELLMAN,
Adrian, Mich.

THE article in this number by Dr. Bushnell, we consider of the highest character. Dr. Bushnell seems always master of his subjects. This discourse is one of a series of very valuable sermons, on "The New Life," published in a book, by C. Scribner. Price, $1.50.

BY reading the 47th page of the July number, referring to the MISCELLANY enlarged, persons who do not yet understand why there was no April, May or June number, will find a satisfactory statement of it, those numbers being in the enlargement.

TO HALF YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS, BEGINNING WITH THE JANUARY NUMBER. —Those who began with the January number, and paid one half of a dollar, received the amount of reading due them when they received the August number. We send them the September number, not for the purpose of forcing it upon them, but because we suppose that they will, generally, wish to continue it through the year. There are two articles, "Josephine" and "Madame Guyon," which are continued from month to month, which we intend to complete with the December number. One half dollar more will pay for the balance of this year. If however, you do not wish to take it the remainder of the year, send us, in a letter, 10 or 15 cents, for this, September number, number, and we will discontinue. We, however, hope you will continue. We want the aid of all who like an elevated literature. It costs much expense and hard work to get subscribers. In all good causes there must be painstaking. Our cause is one of the greatest consequence. We want the encouragement and aid of great and noble disinterested souls.

WE hope to add to our list of contributors soon, Rev. Geo. Duffield, D. D., D. Bethune Duffield, Esq., Prof. Prescott, of Ann Arbor; O. H. White, D. D. of New Haven, Conn.; Prof. J. Estabrook, and others. The following notice of the MISCELLANY, we give from the many favorable expressions from all directions:

From Rev C. F. Wiggins, a subscriber, Angola, Ind.

"WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY should have a hundred fold the circulation that it has. It is just what the times demand, is the richest treasure of the parlor, and next to the Bible, for Sabbath reading."

August, 1870.

THE WHISKEY WAR IN ADRIAN; OR, THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF PROHIBITION IN LENAWEE COUNTY, MICH. A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE M. E. CHURCH, IN ADRIAN, MICHIGAN, JULY 17, 1870. By Rev. J. S. SMART. Published and on sale by *J. M. Arnold & Co.*, Detroit, Mich.

For the last two years Mr. Smart has been in the very center of the temperance movement in this city. He has shown himself to be a man of great independence and courage throughout.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

VOL. 2. ADRIAN, OCTOBER, 1870. No. IV.

THE CONFLICTS OF MIND.

BY EDWARD THOMPSON, D. D.

You will scarce have placed your feet upon the threshold of this busy world, before a troop of difficulties will encompass you. Enter upon any pursuit whatever, you may expect enemies, and competitors, and misfortunes; and, as many of you will go forth without wealth, or friends, or experience, your first efforts may be failures. Judging by the light of experience, we are induced to fear that some of you will abandon your pursuits, and take refuge in the hut of obscurity, the works of fancy, or the haunts of dissipation. With a view to guard you against such a course, I invite your attention to the following proposition, viz:

Difficulties do not justify us in surceasing from the prosecution of a rational, benevolent, and feasible undertaking.

We cannot escape difficulty. The air is tainted, the soil churlish, the ocean tempest-tossed. Whether we are in the field or in the wilderness, on Persian plains or Alpine heights, amid equatorial heats, or temperate climes, or polar solitudes, we are met by a thousand obstacles. Earth is cursed, and everywhere she puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's withering word. True, the curse is tempered with the mercy which yields unnumbered blessings to the hand of toil; nevertheless, it cleaves to all earth's surface, and turns the key upon her hidden treasures. We read of cloudless skies, and sunny climes, and fields which need naught but the sickle; but who finds them? Paradise is always ahead of the emigrant.

Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of indolence and disobedience—these are withering, blasting curses—but the difficulties of industry, of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength. What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of his game. Thus it is with the senses. What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect. Who is the great-

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est reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Do you complain of a feeble intellect? It may be your misfortune, but it is more likely to be your fault. Before you charge the Almighty with an unequal distribution of gifts, try your mind upon some appropriate difficulties. Bear it into the field of mathematics, or metaphysics, or logic. Bid it struggle, and faint, if necessary, and struggle again. If disposed to retreat, urge it, goad it. Let it rest, when weary; bid it walk when it can not run; but teach it that it must conquer. If, after this discipline, your mind be feeble, you may call your weakness an infirmity, and not a fault. Some men have fruitless imaginations, but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The towering oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the skies. Plant your imagination in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor, and upward aspirations.

Difficulties develop resources. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite the aphorism—necessity is the mother of invention. She levels forests; she rears cities; she builds bridges; she prostrates mountains; she lays her iron pathway from river to river, and from sea to sea; she baffles the raging elements, and extends her dominion from earth to air and ocean; she ascends the heavens, and with fearless foot, treads round the zodiac.

Transport the savage, from his woods, to yon island in the sea; show him her crowded harbors, and her metropolis of a thousand spires; point him to her proud trophies, and her glorious triumphs in earth and sky; bid him mark how she brings the fruits of all the earth on her table, and weaves the chains of her authority over every latitude. Then, would you describe the secret of all that his eye beholds, and his ear hears, tell him that Britain resolved to meet the difficulties that lay in her path from barbarism to civilization and refinement. From this simple resolution sprung her arms and her arts, her science and her song.

I have said that difficulties call forth resources. How multiplied might be the illustrations. The revolution created the continental army and the continental Congress, and made dissevered, discordant, and dependent states a united and powerful republic. An inventive nation, unless she plan important enterprises, will find her arts and powers of but little use. Why does China exert so feeble an influence among the nations? Not because her population is small—it is one-third the population of the globe; not because they are idle—no men are no more industrious; not because she has no arts—her manufactures are unsurpassed; not because she is infertile in expedients—she walls her territory to shut out invaders—she unites her rivers with artificial channels—she raises cities upon her waters—she divides her rocks into terraces, and makes them smile, from base to summit, with fairest fruits and flowers—she bridges her valleys with chains, and, as if disdaining the aid of nature, she rears her temples on

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mountains of her own construction. Is the answer found in Providence? Nay. Is learning neglected? Not a nation in which it is so much encouraged. Yet, should an earthquake sink her beneath the waves, what ocean would miss her sails? What land her treasures? What science her contributions? The great instruments to which we usually attribute the march of civilization, viz., gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the art of printing, have all been known to China from remote ages. Although she flashed powder from her "fire-pan in the face of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, yet, never plotting extensive conquests, she made no important use of the terrific instrument of war. Content with navigating along her coasts and inland waters, she kept her compass upon the land; and, never daring to impress the world's mind, she confined her types to the stamping of almanacs."

As with the nation, so with the individual. The fierce armies of Gaul and Britain gave Cæsar his martial skill. The snow-clad Alps made Hannibal fertile in expedients, restless in command. Would you be illustrious? Plunge into difficulty, cross the Rubicon, bind your soul with strong cords of obligation, put on band after band—the greater the difficulties, provided they do not paralyze, the greater the man.

There is scarce any difficulty that can not be overcome by perseverance. Trace any great mind to its culmination, and you will find that its ascent was slow and by natural laws, and that its difficulties were such as only ordinary minds can surmount. Great results, whether physical or moral, are not often the offspring of giant powers. Genius is more frequently a curse than a blessing. Its possessor, relying on his extraordinary gifts, generally falls into habits of indolence, and fails to collect the materials which are requisite to useful and magnificent effort. But there is something which is sure of success; it is the determination which, having entered upon a career with full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. With such a feeling, a man cannot help but be mighty. Toil does not weary, pain does not arrest him. Carrying a compass in his heart which always points to one bright star, he allows no footstep to be taken which does not tend in that direction. Neither the heaving earthquake, nor the yawning gulf, nor the burning mountain can terrify him from his course; and, if the heavens should fall, the shattered ruin would strike him on his way to his object. Show me the man who has this principle, and I care not to measure his blood, nor brains. I ask not his name nor his nation, I pronounce that his hand will be felt upon his generation, and his mind enstamped upon succeeding ages. This attribute is God-like. It may be traced throughout the universe. It has descended from the skies; it is the great charm of angelic natures. It is hardly to be contemplated, even in the demon, without admiration. It is this which gives to the warrior his crown, and encircles his brow with a halo that, in the estimation of a misjudging world, neither darkness, nor lust, nor blasphemy, nor blood

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can obscure. The bard of Mantua, to whose tomb genius, in all ages, makes its willing pilgrimage, never presents his hero in a more attractive light, than when he represents him, "*tot volvere casus*"—rolling his misfortunes forward as a river bearing all opposition before it.

I am well satisfied that it is a sure passport to mental excellence. Science has no summit too lofty for its ascent; literature has no gate too strong for its entrance. The graces collect around it, and the laurel comes at its bidding. Talk not of circumstances. Repudiate, for ever, that doctrine so paralyzing, so degrading, and yet so general—"man is the creature of circumstances." Rather adopt that other sentiment, more inspiring to yourselves, more honorable to your nature, more consonant with truth—man, the architect of his own fortune. I grant that circumstances have their influence, and that often this is not small; but there are impulses within to which things external are as lava to the volcano. Circumstances are as tools to the artist. Zeuxis would have been a painter without canvas; Michael Angelo would have been a sculptor without marble; Herschel would have been a philosopher without a telescope; and Newton would have ascended the skies, though no apple had ever descended upon his head. One of the most distinguished surgeons of modern times performed nearly all the operations of surgery with a razor. West commenced painting in a garret, and plundered the family cat for bristles to makes his brushes. When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music, he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarse instrument had been substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show that the music is *not in my violin*, but *in me*." Then, drawing his bow, he sent forth sounds sweet as ever entranced delighted mortals. Be assured, the world is a coarse instrument, at best; and, if you would send forth sweet sounds from its strings, there must be music in your fingers. Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her; do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grecian poet—

> "I seek what's to be sought,
> I learn what's to be taught,
> I beg the rest of Heaven."

Talk not of genius. I grant there are differences in mind, originally; but there is mind enough in every ordinary human skull, if its energies are properly directed, to accomplish mighty results. Fear not obstacles. What are your difficulties? Poverty? ignorance? obscurity? Have they not all been overcome by a host well known to fame? But, perchance, you climb untrodden heights. Nevertheless, fear to set down any obstacle as insuperable. Look at the achievements of man in the natural and moral worlds, and then say whether you dare set down any difficulty as insurmountable, or whether you are ready to prescribe boundaries to the operations of human power.

Are you destined to maintain the worship of the true God, amid the darkness of infidelity? Daniel in the den of lions, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, in the flames of the furnace, and a long line of illustrious martyrs, shouting hosannas from the flames, put forth their hands from the stakes to beckon you onwards. Are you destined to plant the gospel in heathen lands—an enterprise the most daring and glorious in which mortals can engage? Do you imagine that you can meet a difficulty which the apostle Paul did not vanquish? But he was an apostle, yea, and the most successful of all the apostles. And what was the secret of his success? Was it his learning? The gift of tongues made the other apostles his equals in this respect. Was it his eloquence? Doubtless he was eloquent; but Apollos, too, was eloquent and mighty in the Scrip-

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tures. Was it his inspiration? But were not others inspired, also? It was his firmness and perseverance. When he preached Christ Jesus and him crucified, nothing could drive, or divert, or daunt him: "This one thing I do," etc.

Are you called to meet bigotry and superstition, armed with learning, power and wealth? See Luther braving the thunders of the Vatican, and hear him say, "I would go to Worms, were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses;" and then affirm, if you dare, that it is your duty to succumb to your difficulties. Are you destined, which Heaven forbid, to lead an army to resist invaders, or advance to conquest? Ask Cæsar, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, what kind of difficulties may be overcome by decision of character. Have you undertaken to ascend, from poverty and obscurity, to eminence and wealth? Ask the field or the Cabinet, any profession whatever, or either House of Congress, whether there are any difficulties which will not yield to firmness and perseverance; and ten thousand voices shall respond, in animating accents, "No, no!"

Difficulties are more easily overcome than is generally imagined. The simple resolution to surmount an obstacle reduces it to one-half. It concentrates the powers of the soul. There is much exertion in a retreating army; but it is of little avail, for it makes no impression upon the foe. It is spent in taking care of the baggage and the wounded; gathering up the slain; destroying property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy; preparing the way for escape; and protecting the rear from attack. Let that army, however, resolve to stand its ground; and, though there may be no more energy expended than there was in retreating, how different is the result! Its powers are collected; every hand is placed upon a gun; every bayonet is directed against the foe; and every moment works important issues. So a defeated, staggering soul may make efforts to escape from the disgrace of defeat—effort to rise from beneath the pressure of its own humbling reproaches, effort at planning some new enterprise—but it is effort wasted.

Resolution brings every power to the same point, and moves the whole soul forward like the Grecian phalanx, each part supported and supporting, and every step making an opening before it. It dissipates imaginary terrors. Imagination is a very busy, but very humble, servant of the soul. She obsequiously consults predominant inclination, and paints to suit its taste. She is never more active than when fear (which is generally a usurper in a state of irresolution) sways the scepter over the inner man. Hence difficulties are always magnified, when viewed in the distance. The inner, as well as the outer, optics are subject to illusions. When, upon some unknown coast, we view, through the morning fog, the distant cottage, we deem it a castle. Thus, the sluggard, standing at his door, sees a lion in his way. Though the enemy be a hundred miles off, the coward sees him on the next hill-top. He only who says, "I can and I will," sees difficulties in their true dimensions. How the terrors of the wilderness retreat before the advancing steps of the fearless emigrant! Oh, how I like those words, "I can, and I will!" They are words of magic; they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes; they level the mountains, fill the valleys, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon banners, and, like the vision of Minerva, which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies.

Ye mothers, at your cradles, teach them to your children, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat

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music to them. These words, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then though you put them unarmed, unfriended and unshod into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean, they will exact a rich revenue from its billows; exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

Resolution inspires self-confidence. Before the declaration of independence, the Continental Congress acted with fear and trembling; but, so soon as that instrument was adopted, a noble self-confidence inspired that gallant band of patriots. They found that they had emerged from that dependence in which they they had been reared; and this perception spread a might and majesty over all their thoughts and actions.

The resolution to pursue the path of duty, regardless of enemies or obstacles, begets the conviction that we can place reliance on our own souls. On this conviction, whatever is done is done firmly. Next to a sense of the divine presence, there is nothing so invigorating to the spirit as the consciousness of independence. In some respects, it is not proper that we should be independent. It is wisely ordained that our persons, our tongues, our property, should be, to some extent, under the control of human laws; but there is one little territory over which God designs that man should sway an exclusive scepter—that territory is his own soul. On this, no tyrant dare rattle his chains; into this, no monarch can push his bayonets. It is a holy inheritance; it is celestial soil; it is guarded by the cherubic sword.

Unhappy wretch, that does not rule in the counsels of his own mind! He opens the gates of his paradise. He becomes a vassal, where he should be a king. Instead of heading an army, he can scarce control a finger. I ble being, he who asks his fellow-tals to legislate for him. What do know of the soul? Were they b the laboratory of heaven, when struck it off? or can they measu apprehensions or its anguish? they see it cling to the cross, or a itself to the throne, or cast a within the vail? Can they lift curtain that hides eternity, and t up with it, to see what will be its v in unwasting ages? Poor ruined art thou that embarkest upon the wrecked reason of the world. *plexed* soul, who must obtain co of his fellow worms, before he To whom shall he go? This wor a great Babel, where chaos, um sits,

"And, by deciding, worse embroils the fr

Such a man resembles a boatman mighty river, where it divides i thousand branches. A points t and B to another of the dive streams; and, obey whom he pl the overwhelming majority is a him. Perplexed by the confused every stroke of his paddle is f He is a degraded mortal, whoms he be, that stoops to ask man, or w or waves, or mountains, or stor lightning, whether he may do his and weak as he is degraded. W you be unembarrassed? Have h will, viz., the will of God. In what is duty, then do it; and, th storms may rage around you, all be calm within. From the couns your own soul, you will come for Gabriel from the light, doing n nothing doubtfully, nothing fe and, before you, difficulties will si

Under manly resistance, diffic progressively diminish. If, whe set out in life, we fail, we sha likely to do so throughout our ca but, if we conquer in the first e we shall probably vanquish in the and, after a few triumphs, our n will be as that of the conqueror.

The forty-fourth British regi

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having lost their colors by a dastardly delay in bringing up the fascines at the battle of New Orleans, and, being sent to India to regain them, instead of accomplishing their object, were annihilated by the Affghans. The hero who led the American lines to that memorable field, commenced his career by a fortunate battle, and terminated, in a blaze of glory, a series of brilliant victories. Summon all your energies to the first conflict. As, under reiterated failures, the bold heart sinks, under repeated triumphs the timid one rises. Success gives strength to the hand, and energy to the head, and courage to the heart, and produces the habit of perseverance to successful issue. Its subject goes to the battle as did the Greek, who, being reminded that he was lame, replied, "I propose to fight, not to run." When Bonaparte heard that his old guard had surrendered, he said it was impossible, because they did not know how.

Manly resistance subdues the opposition of the world. The world is a wicked one. It loves to crush the oppressed. I know not how it is, but I do know that so it is. When a man gives signs of failing, his friends forsake him, and his enemies come up; and even they who before were indifferent to his affairs, take an interest in his downfall. Woe to the man who cannot conceal his inadequacy to meet his exigencies. Clearchus, in that memorable retreat of the ten thousand from Persia, though in an enemy's land, and surrounded with millions of armed foes, delivered, to the king's messengers inviting him to sue for peace, that truly Spartan reply, "Go, tell the king that it is rather necessary to fight, as we have nothing on which to dine." While such was his bearing, he marched unhurt through dangerous passes, and over unfordable rivers, and was abundantly supplied with Persian dainties; but, when he went to parley with Tissaphernes, he and the brave men around him fell.

When a designing enemy sees that a man is not arrested by difficulty—that obstacles only develop superior energies—he will take care not to put any in his way. The very men that oppose you with bitterness, when they see you marching onward with accelerated footstep, will soon not only surcease their opposition, but come around you with obsequious smiles, and bow and beg to do you homage.

Difficulty is associated with happiness. The curse which doomed man to toil is among the greatest of human blessings. In itself, it is a curse; relatively, to fallen men, it is a perpetual, universal, unmixed mercy. Though the seraph, soaring on his wings of fire, and triumphing in immortal powers, regards it as a curse; though man in paradise felt it to be such; yet, to man depraved, it is a kind angel which saves him from himself, his greatest foe. Were it repealed, earth would be a thousand fold cursed. Matter and mind would rot; the field would be a wilderness; man would be armed against himself and against his fellow; passion would obliterate reason; iniquity would spring out of all the earth; unmitigated wrath would look down from heaven; hell itself would be anticipated. Wisely has God locked up every blessing, and thrown a curtain over every truth, that, in turning the key, and lifting the veil, man's physical and moral powers might be diverted from their desolating downward tendency.

But exercise not only preserves us, in some degree, from wickedness and woe, it brings us positive pleasure. The exercise of any of the faculties, within prescribed limits, affords enjoyment.

Go to your congress of nations. See those two champion statesmen meet in fierce and final struggle. A nation's arguments, a nation's feeling, a nation's interests, crowd upon each aching head, and press each throbbing heart. The world's wit and wisdom crowd the halls,

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and beauty in the glittering gallery, watches the approaching conflict. The multitudes besiege the doors, and aisles, and windows, anxious to witness the scene, and herald the issue. The champions rise upon the tempest of human passions; they raise storm after storm, and throw thunderbolt on thunderbolt at each other; they soar, wing to wing, into the loftiest regions; they grapple with each other, soul to soul. Then is the purest, deepest, sweetest rapture, that which comes from heaven. It were cheap to buy one draught, with the crown of empire.

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary. The greater the foe, the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio, because he prostrated Hannibal. America honors Washington, because he drove the giant forces of Britain. England awards to Wellington, her highest praise, because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe. Mark the aged Christian pilgrim, as he rises from some fearful conflict, in holy triumph. Hark, methinks I hear him say, "O glorious gospel of the blessed God! Because thou dost task all my powers; because thou dost lead me to the arena; because thou dost bring me to mightiest foes, to principalities and powers leagued for our destruction; to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits panting for our everlasting death; to the world and the flesh; to earth and to hell;—thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds. to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I glory in thee." Go, ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David, on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps, to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life, an honored memory, a blessed immortality, shrink not from conflict.

JOSEPHINE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

JOSEPHINE soon rejoined her husband in Paris, where she very essentially aided, by her fascinating powers of persuasion, in disarming the hostility of those who were jealous of his rising fame, and attaching to him such adherents as could promote his interests. In the saloons of Josephine, many of the most heroic youths of France were led to ally their fortunes with those of the young general, whose fame had so suddenly burst upon the world. She had the rare faculty of diffusing animation and cheerfulness wherever she appeared. "It is," she once beautifully remarked, "a necessity of my heart to love others, and to be loved by them in return." "There is only one occasion," she again said, "in which I would voluntarily use the words *I will*, namely, when I would say, '*I will* that all around may be happy.'"

Napoleon singularly displayed his knowledge of human nature in the course he pursued upon his return to Paris. He assumed none of the pride of a conqueror. He studiously avoided every thing like ostentatious display. Day after day his lieutenants arrived, bringing the standards taken from the Austrians. Pictures, and statues, and other works of art extorted form the conquered, were daily making their appearance, keeping the metropolis in a state of the most intense excitement. The Parisians were never weary of reading and re-reading those extraordinary proclamations of Napoleon, which, in such glowing language, described his almost miraculous victories. The enthusiasm of the people was thus raised to the highest pitch. The anxiety of the public to see this young and mysterious victor was intense beyond description. But he knew enough of the human heart to be conscious that, by

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avoiding the gratification of these wishes, he did but enhance their intensity. Modestly retiring to an unostentatious mansion in the Rue Chantereine, which in compliment to him, had received the name of Rue de la Victoire, he secluded himself from the public gaze. He devoted his time most assiduously to study, and to conversation with learned men. He laid aside his military garb, and assumed the plain dress of a member of the Institute. When he walked the streets, he was seldom recognized by the people. Though his society was courted in the highest circles of Paris, his ambition was too lofty to be gratified with shining among the stars of fashion. Though he had as yet reached but the twenty-sixth year of his age, he had already gained the reputation of being the first of generals. He was emulous not only of appearing to be, but also of actually being, an accomplished scholar. "I well knew," said he, "that the lowest drummer in the army would respect me more for being a scholar as well as a soldier."

Napoleon might have enriched himself beyond all bounds in his Italian campaign had he been disposed to do so. Josephine, at times, remonstrated against his personal habits of economy, while he was conferring millions added to millions upon France. But the ambition of her husband, inordinate as it was, was as sublime an ambition as any one could feel in view of merely worldly interests. He wished to acquire the renown of benefiting mankind by the performance of the noblest exploits. His ultimate end was his own fame. But he knew that the durability of that fame could only be secured by the accomplishment of noble ends.

The effeminate figure of Napoleon in these early days had caused the soldiers to blend with their amazed admiration of his military genius a kind of fondness of affection for which no parallel can be found in ancient or modern story. The soldiers were ever rehearsing to one another, by their night-fires and in their long marches, anecdotes of his perfect fearlessness, his brilliant sayings, his imperious bearing, by which he overawed the haughtiness of aristocratic power, and his magnanimous acts toward the poor and the lowly.

One night, when the army in Italy was in great peril, worn out with the fatigue of sleeplessness and of battle, and surrounded by Austrians, Napoleon was taking the round of his posts in disguise, to ascertain the vigilance of his sentinels. He found one poor soldier, in perfect exhaustion, asleep at his post. Napoleon shouldered his musket, and stood sentry for him for half an hour. When the man awoke and recognized the countenance of his general, he sank back upon the ground in terror and despair. He knew that death was the doom for such a crime.

"Here, comrade," said Napoleon, kindly, "here is your musket. You have fought hard and marched long, and your sleep is excusable. But a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have guarded your post for you. You will be more careful another time."

At the "terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," Napoleon stood at one of the guns, in the very hottest of the fire, directing it with his own hand. The soldiers, delighted at this very unusual exhibition of the readiness of their general to share all the toils and perils of the humblest private in the ranks, gave him the honorary and affectionate nickname of "The Little Corporal." By this appellation he was afterward universally known in the army. The enthusiasm of the soldiers invested him with supernatural endowments, and every one was ready at any moment to peril life for the Little Corporal.

The government at Paris, rapidly waning in popularity, notwithstanding their extreme jealousy of the wide-spreading influence of this victorious general, was compelled, by the sponta-

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neous acclamations of the people, to give him a public triumph, when the famous treaty which Napoleon had effected in Italy was to be formally presented to the Directory. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was embellished with the flags of the armies which he had conquered, and the youthful hero of Lodi, of As cola, and of Rivoli made his first triumphant appearance in the streets of Paris. The enthusiasm of the vast concourse of excitable Parisians overleaped all bounds. The soldiers of the proud army of Italy sang at their encampments, in enthusiastic chorus, a song in which they declared that it was high time to eject the lawyers from the government, and make the Little Corporal the ruler of France. Barras, the friend of Josephine, who had selected Napoleon to quell the insurrection in Paris, and who had secured to him the command of the army of Italy, declared in a eulogistic speech on this occasion that "Nature had exhausted all her powers in the creation of a Bonaparte." This sentiment was received with the most deafening peals of applause.

But how like the phantasmagoria of magic has this change burst upon the bewildered Josephine. But a few months before, her husband, wan and wasted with imprisonment and woe, had been led from the subterranean dungeons of this very palace, with the execrations of the populace torturing his ear, to bleed upon the scaffold. She also, was then herself a prisoner, without even a pillow for her weary head, awaiting the dawn of the morning which was to conduct her steps to a frightful death. Her children, Hortense and Eugene, had been rescued from homelessness, friendlessness, and beggary only by the hand of charity, and were dependent upon that charity for shelter and for daily bread. Now the weeds of widowhood have given place to the robes of the rejoicing bride, and that palace is georgeously decorated in honor of the world-renowned companion upon whose arm she proudly leans. The acclamations resounding to his praise reverberate over mountain and valley, through every city and village of France. Princes, embassadors, and cortiers obsequiously crowd the saloons of Josephine. Eugene, an officer in the army, high in rank and honor, is lured along life's perilous pathway by the most brilliant prospects. Hortense, in dazzling beauty, and surrounded by admirers, is intoxicated with the splendor, which, like Oriental enchantment, has burst upon her view.

Josephine, so beautifully called "the Star of Napoleon," was more than the harbinger of his rising. She gave additional luster to his brilliance, and was as the gentle zephyr, which sweeps away the mists and vapors, and presents a transparent sky through which the undimmed luminary may shine. Her persuasive influence was unweariedly and most successfully exerted in winning friends and disarming adversaries. The admiration which was excited for the stern warrior in his solitary, silent, unapproachable grandeur, whose garments had been dyed in blood, whose fearful path had been signalized by conflagrations, and shrieks, and the wailings of the dying, was humanized and softened by the gentle loveliness of his companion, who was ever a ministering angel, breathing words of kindness, and diffusing around her the spirit of harmony and love. Napoleon ever freely acknowledged his indebtedness to Josephine for her aid in these morning hours of his greatness.

But unalloyed happiness is never allotted to mortals. Josephine's very loveliness of person and of character was to her the occasion of many hours of heaviness. No one could be insensible to the power of her attractions. The music of her voice, the sweetness of her smile, the grace of her manners, excited so much admiration, invested her with a popularity so universal and enthusiastic, that Napoleon was, at times, not a little disturbed by jealousy. Her ap-

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pearance was ever the signal for crowds to gather around her. The most distinguished and the most gallant men in France vied with each other in doing her homage. Some of the relatives of Napoleon, envious of the influence she exerted over her illustrious spouse, and anxious, by undermining her power, to subserve their own interests, were untiring in their endeavors to foster all these jealousies. Josephine was exceedingly pained by the occasional indications of her husband's distrust. A word from his lips, a glance from his eye, often sent her to her chamber with weeping eyes and an aching heart. An interview with her husband, however, invariably removed his suspicions, and he gave her renewed assurances of his confidence and his love.

The plans of Napoleon in reference to his future operations were still in a state of great uncertainty. His restless spirit could not brook inactivity. He saw clearly that the time had not yet come in which he could, with the prospect of success, undertake to overthrow the Revolutionary government and grasp the reins of power himself. To use his own expressive language, "the pear was not yet ripe." To one of his intimate friends he remarked, "They do not long preserve at Paris the remembrance of any thing. If I remain any length of time unemployed, I am undone. The renown of one, in this great Babylon, speedily supplants that of another. If I am seen three times at the opera, I shall no longer be an object of curiosity. You need not talk of the desire of the citizens to see me. Crowds, at least as great, would go to see me led out to the scaffold. I am determined not to remain in Paris. There is nothing here to be done. Every thing here passes away. My glory is already declining. This little corner of Europe is too small to supply it. We must go to the East. All the great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity. We will go to Egypt."

Such was the grandeur of the dreams of a young man who had not yet passed his twenty-sixth year. And these were not the musings of a wild and visionary brain, but the deeply laid and cautiously guarded plans of a mind which had meditated profoundly upon all probable emergencies, and which had carefully weighed all the means which could be furnished for the accomplishment of an enterprise so arduous and so majestic.

Napoleon went to Egypt because he thought it the shortest route to the vacant throne of the Bourbons. He despised the rulers who were degrading France, and placing a stigma upon popular liberty by their ignorance and their violence, and he resolved upon their overthrow. Consequently, while guiding the movements of his army upon the banks of the Nile, his attention was continually directed to Paris. He wrote to Josephine that he intended ere long to return, and directed her to purchase a pleasant country seat somewhere in the vicinity of Paris.

About ten miles from the metropolis and five miles from Versailles there was a beautiful chateau, most charmingly situated, called Malmaison. This estate Josephine purchased, greatly enlarging the grounds, at the expense of about one hundred thousand dollars. This lovely retreat possessed unfailing rural attraction for a mind formed, like that of Josephine, for the rich appreciation of all that is lovely in the aspects of nature. Napoleon was delighted with the purchase, and expended subsequently incredible sums in repairs and enlargements, and in embellishments of statues, paintings, and furniture. This was ever the favorite residence of Napoleon and Josephine.

[*To be Continued.*]

It is a blind man's question to ask, why those things are loved which are beautiful.

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THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

BY REV. T H. STOCKTON.

I SEE him step on Calvary, and not an atom trembles. I see him nailed to the wood. I see his upward look of pitying love, and hear his prayer, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" I see him hanging, faint, in the noonday darkness, I hear his last cry, "It is finished!" and see his head fall upon his bosom in death.

Sudden as the shock of an earthquake, my soul thrills with the truth. Quick as the rending of the vail of the temple, the vail of my mind is parted, and the glory of God shines in upon it.

I see that there was one sacrifice too great for Christ to make. He was willing to leave the throne of the universe for the manger of Bethlehem—willing to grow up as the son of a poor carpenter—willing to be called companion of publicans and sinners—willing to be watched with jealous eyes, and slandered by lying tongues, and hated by murderous hearts, and betrayed by friendly hands, and denied by pledged lips, and rejected by apostate priests, and a deluded populace, and cowardly princes—willing to be sentenced to the cross, and to carry the cross, and to be nailed to the cross, and bleed, and groan, and thirst, and die on the cross—but he was not willing to wear an earthly crown, or robe, or wield an earthly sceptre, or exercise earthly rule. This would have been too great a sacrifice. He did, indeed, endure the crown of thorns, and the cast-off purple, and the reed, and the cry, "Hail, King of the Jews!" But this was merely because he preferred the mockery to the reality; so pouring infinite contempt on the one, not only by rejecting it in the beginning of his ministry, but also by accepting the other at its close.

A God-like sacrifice! I see it—I see it. The blood of Christ was an atonement for the sins of the world! He was wounded for our transgressions—he was bruised for our iniquities—the chastisement of peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed.

I see it. His burial hallowed the tomb; the breaking of the seal on his sepulchre was the breaking of the seal on every sepulchre; the ascension of his humanity to heaven is the warrant of our ascension; and his entire and eternal perfection, exalted as it is, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," is the assurance of our perfection, in all the honors of joint heirship with him, in the many-mansioned house of his Father, where he has gone to "prepare a place" for us.

"While long returned, the angels round him sing,
And saints yet coming, shout to see their King."

The saints, who are they? "The spirits of the just made perfect"—redeemed from the earth! They who have come up "through much tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They, who, in imitation of their Lord and Master, quickened in the spiritual life—have cherished and manifested a readiness to sacrifice fame, office, power, rank, wealth, pleasure, ease, time, health, life—everything, but righteousness, for the one great cause of man's redemption.

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Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, reformers, and millions of humble names, scarce ever heard on earth beyond the hearthstone of love, the threshold of home, and the courts of the house of the Lord, there unite with first born sons of glory in giving praise, "to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever!"

I see a vast multitude around me preparing for the same transit:

"They all of sin were dupes and slaves,
And rushing blind toward hopeless graves!
Then blew the trumpet of God's word!
Then flashed the spirit's two-edged sword!
Then burst their bonds, their freedom won,
And now towards heaven are marching on."

Woman in the Chamber of Sickness.

BY J. W. COMSON, M. D.

It is difficult for those who are constantly occupied with the more active duties of life fully to estimate the sufferings of the victim of disease. We may indeed feel a temporary emotion as we clasp the thin hand, listen to his half-whispered recognition, and survey the shrivelled limbs, the ashy-pale features, and the sunken, listless eye; and we naturally contrast these with the attributes of him who, but a short time previous, we saw with the flushed cheek, the erect form, and the proud step of manly beauty. But we delay not to fathom the more hidden fountains of bitterness. Our feelings are too near akin to the brief, pensive musings with which we gaze on the fallen columns, and sculptured ruins of some splendid edifice. We may see, but we cannot adequately feel. Deep as are the traces of devastation without, they are but signs of unrevealed desolation within. Every sense that once ministered to his pleasure seems now to send a thrill of anguish. The choicest dainties are nauseous to the taste; the softest notes of music are offensive to the ear; and the solitary ray of sunlight that pierces the shutter of his prison is afflictive to the languid eye, and sadly reminds him of the bright world without, which he cannot enjoy.

He is completely wretched. There are moments of delicious rest for the galley slave, there is a nightly magic spell when visions of happier scenes make the culprit dreamer for a while forget his chains and his cell; but to the fevered one there comes no sweet refreshing sleep. His slumber is a delirious forgetfulness that brings no relief. He dreams, perhaps, that he is famishing in a burning desert, a mountain weight is crushing his breast, and an iron band is encircling his head, and he starts into painful consciousness, and finds that he truly has a parched tongue, a constricted chest, and an aching brow. The mind strangely sympathizes with the distresses of its clay tenement. He is tormented with seasons of repining over blasted hopes, regrets for errors past, reflections on the ingratitude of sunshine friends, and all the gloomy forebodings of the uncertain future. As he fails from hour to hour, there is a natural shuddering at the thoughts of death, which an influence from above alone can allay. It is visible in the mingling of despair and agony written upon the pallid features, the faint hurried questions to the physician, the glazed eye that so attentively watches his ominous face,

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and the ear that is feebly turned to catch the least suspicious whisper of the attendants. As the fatal messenger is met in the shock of battle, or the devouring flood, he is doubtless less terrible from the suddenness of his approach; but when the marked victim leisurely surveys the monster from a distance, and, like a bird charmed by a serpent, finds all his flutterings and attempts at escape in vain; when the sinking one feels as if his hideous folds were oppressing the breathing, and palsying the limbs, the sensation must be strangely fearful.

But by the mercy of heaven there are drops of sweetness mingled in the bitterest cup of human sorrow. There is a gentle kindred being, so imbued with the tenderest sympathies, that she seems purposely fitted to be the comforter of the lowly laid. No visitor is to them so welcome. No step is so light as hers to the throbbing brain, and no voice so soothing to the heavy heart. Not a pang can escape her keen perception, and not a sigh can elude her delicate sensibility. Watch her as she breathlessly approaches the prostrate sufferer. Observe for a moment how thoughtfully she shuts out the offensive light, sweetens the nauseous draught, moistens his parched lips, and in countless ways which the heart of woman alone can devise, strives to lighten the load of his misery. There is inimitable grace in every movement. With exquisite tenderness her skillful hands adjust the aching limbs. And then how soothingly she laves his burning temples! You may have secretly worshipped at her shrine at the fireside, as under the busy impulses of affection she has striven to make home happy, or admired her easy elegance and fascinating words, as she has lightly moved at your side in the pleasant walk: you may have been charmed by her sweet voice at the twilight hour, as to some cherished lay it has mingled with the harmony of sounding keys or the enchanting strings; or been dazzled by her queenly beauty as she has shone the brightest star of the gay assembly; but you can never have realized the utmost loveliness of woman, till stretched upon a bed of pain, you have gazed upon her face, as in strange pity and love it has beamed upon you during the weary watches of the night, and sometimes feigned a smile to cheer you, while on it there have been still the traces of concealed tears. A beautiful fiction of antiquity has placed a shining monument to weeping women amid the constellations of heaven, and he over whom she has thus fondly hovered cannot but deem the honor richly merited.

She is not the most able to comfort the distressed, but she is happily the most willing. The duty shares her love. To secure the services of man you commonly appeal to his selfishness or honor, but to enlist the mightiest energies of woman, you have only to move her pity. And for this is required the faintest sigh, or the most stifled moan. As in some of the convincing experiments of the chemist which produce intense light and heat by merely bringing together bodies previously inert and cold, so to excite the deepest yearnings of the female heart it seems only necessary to place her in contact with suffering. Her kindness appears to be the natural prompting of an amiable instinct, without which she would not be woman. Strangely disinterested, she watches with more endearing constancy over the feeblest infant from whom she expects not the least reward, and who appreciates not her caressing words, and returns not even her smiling look of love, than over afflicted royalty itself. She seems indeed the universal good Samaritan. The sun of civilization may cause this characteristic virtue more luxuriantly to expand, but like a beautiful flower adorning many climes, its fragrance is every where the same. It rescued the fainting Park on the burning sands of Africa, and it assuaged the anguish and inspired the eloquence of

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our own adventurous Ledyard amid the snows of Siberia; it replenishes the fire that cheers the shivering emigrant in the lonely forest dwelling of the far west; and it feeds the sickly tapers, that, like signals of distress, faintly beam upon you from the curtained windows, here and there as you grope your way, between midnight and dawn, through the populous city. Rank and condition may change the exterior of woman, but they change not her heart. Its generous impulses lead the mistress of the splendid mansion to prefer the offensive sick room to her bed of down, and subject hands unaccustomed to toil, to kindest menial offices; and they bring the fair prisoner of want in the lowest hut of poverty, to cheerfully stint herself to a more scanty meal that she may better provide a cordial for the suffering inmate over whom she affectionately lingers.

Go with the physician through flooded streets at the midnight hour, and you will find that, without hope of reward, feeble woman will have preceeded him; follow him daily through the wards of the crowded hospital, and you will discover that there are gentler ministering ones who seem fixed to the spot, and constantly to inhale the rank breath of the sick and dying.

"Spurn Not The Guilty."

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Scorn not the man whose spirit feels
The curse of guilt upon it rest;
Upon whose brain the hideous seals
Of crime and infamy are prest!
Spurn not the lost one—nor in speech
More cold and withering than despair,
Of stern, relentless vengeance preach—
For he thy lesson will not bear!

'Twill rouse a demon in his heart
Which thou too late wouldst strive to chain,
And bid a thousand furies start
To life which ne'er may sleep again.
No! better, from her forest lair,
The famished lioness to goad,
Than, in his guilt, remorse, despair,
With watchful threats the Sinner load.

But if a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost-one back to God!
Wouldst thou a guardian-angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod—
Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own,
And by his side, a brother stand
Till thou the demon sin dethrone.

He is a man, and he will yield,
Like snows beneath the torrid ray,
And his strong heart, though fiercely steel'd,
Before the breath of love give way;
He had a mother once, and felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek,
And at her knee at evening knelt
The prayer of innocence to speak!

A mother!—ay! and who shall say,
Tho' sunk, debased, he now may be,
That spirit may not wake to-day,
Which filled him at that mother's knee?
No guilt so utter e'er became
But 'mid it we some good might find,
And virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.

Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him, in kindness, gentlest mood,
And back the lost-one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity and good!
Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;—
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing.—SOLOMON.

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ASTRONOMY.

PROF. O. M. MITCHELL'S LECTURES.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The science which claims our attention to-night is the science of the stars. From the earliest ages these bright and beautiful orbs, which fill the heavens, have fixed the attention—fastened the gaze—excited the curiosity of every contemplative mind. From the Chaldean shepherd, who while he watched his flocks by night, was wrapped in the contemplation of those bright clusters that rose and silently pursued their solemn course through heaven, and quietly sank beneath the horizon,—from the early day, through all ages, down to the modern Astronomer, who, with his mighty instruments, penetrates to the utmost bounds of creation, these objects have ever been regarded with peculiar interest and delight. The science of Astronomy is not a science which has had its origin in necessity, it springs from the curiosity of man—a curiosity that leads him upwards through the works of creation to creation's God; a science which has been increasing, developing, and expanding through all time, until it has become the exponent of the highest powers of the human intellect, sweeping within its range the whole wide creation of God. It has given to the mind its greatest problem, in the resolution of which it has summoned to its aid the most wonderful works of art and the most powerful exhibitions of analysis; and to its prosecution the mightiest intellects that have graced the earth have given their vast powers and their unremitting efforts. I know the difficulty of the position that I occupy to-night—I know that I have but little time to discuss one of the most profound and difficult and extended subjects. If, therefore, I should pass from point to point with rapidity—if I should, as it were, touch but here and there, you will understand the circumstances by which I am surrounded, and forgive the hurried manner in which I may be obliged to pass over many important points of my subject.

In looking out upon the heavens, we find the stars scattered profusely—we find them sending down to us their light, some with greater intensity than others—some but barely visible to the eye. We see them forming beautiful combinations and clusters here and there throughout the heavens; but to the unpracticed eye, that examines these things, there is no system—there is no order. All seems to be confusion and chaos. How is it that Mind out of this chaos has brought order, simplicity and beauty?—has selected those which are linked together by a mighty tie which binds them in one grand system and with one irresistible bond to the great Sun itself? I would answer for the solution of this great problem, that the mind has brought to its aid the most wonderful invention that man has ever created. It has armed itself with the Telescope, an instrument which possesses the extraordinary power of causing objects which are far sunk in space to stand before the eye and there rest, subject to the scrutinizing gaze of man; and not only this, it has the power of marking and measuring with accuracy the most infinitesimal motions of the most distant orbs—of tracing out their career in the heavens and of measuring the vast periods in which they accomplish their revolutions.

Although the telescope has enabled man to make these mighty conquests in the realms of space, they are not sufficient to satisfy his intellect. He goes backward. He begins with a train of reasoning which is based upon the solid rock of truth. He rises, lays one stone upon another, until, from the summit of a mathematical pyramid raised by his own powers, he looks out upon the vast works of God, and all lies clear, and bright and beautiful before him. We have in this course but two points to illustrate; the *first* is the character and power of the telescope; the *second* is the character and power of

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the mental machinery. My first lecture will be devoted to the first topic.

In 1610 the world was astounded by the discoveries made by Galileo. He had succeeded in constructing an instrument which not only assisted the sight, but almost made a new sight. He had constructed an instrument which had the power not only of revealing the characteristics of objects invisible to the naked eye, but absolutely of evoking objects from space which were supposed to have no existence. Copernicus had revealed to the world the true system of the Universe, but he had been compelled to yield to the influence of the iron age in which he lived; and the mighty discoveries he gave to the world were not received. But when Galileo turned his Telescope to the heavens—when he found the moon's surface covered with inequalities—when he found its ragged mountains flinging their shadows far across its surface—when he found it rising and setting, he demonstrated a fact which shook the faith of the old Astronomers. They had believed these mighty globes above to be mere spheres, smooth on their surface—the abodes of the gods, and circulating about their great centre, the Earth. And when Copernicus demonstrated that the sun was the centre, it seemed as if the mind of man would not permit this astonishing revelation to have a lodgment within it. There was a pride which resisted the idea that our own Earth was not the grand centre of the Universe.

But when Galileo turned his telescope upon Jupiter, he found three bright stars occupying a position close to the planet, which struck his attention in consequence of their beauty and brightness. On the following night he again gazes upon these beautiful objects, and finds they have shifted their places. What could this mean! Were they not fixed stars? He watched for their appearance the next night, when lo! all these stars have disappeared, and there is now occupying their places a new star which was not there before. The conviction flashed upon his mind that these stars were *four* moons revolving round this planet, guided by its attraction. Here was a grand discovery. Here was at once revealed by the Telescope, a miniature system, like our own. But Galileo goes yet farther, and he finds by an examination of the planet Venus, that it actually presents the phases which Copernicus had predicted it would one day present, provided human genius could ever reach out into space sufficiently to watch the changes of the planet. Such were the mighty things revealed by the Telescope.

We are told that Galileo, after incredible labor, succeeded in constructing an instrument that magnified *thirty times*. What would that Astronomer have said if some seer, looking deep into futurity, had told him that the time would come when an instrument should be constructed that would magnify 6,000 times, an instrument that would pierce the depths of space and bring out other worlds, other systems, other island universes. But yet all this has been accomplished within a very short time.

I have only time to touch slightly upon this interesting topic. It was found impossible, in attempting to construct powerful refracting Telescopes, to overcome certain difficulties. The light, in passing through the first lens, was refracted and separated into its primary colors, which could not be restored. In instruments of long focal distance it was found necessary to raise long poles to support the instrument and to enable them to turn the object glass to different points in the heavens. Owing to the inconveniences attending the use of these Telescopes, Sir Isaac Newton gave up the hope of ever making them available, and turned his attention to the construction of a different kind of Telescope, the Reflecting Telescope. But the discovery was soon made that by combining two pieces of glass of different character—crown and flint glass, that a double object glass could be formed, and one of the glasses correcting the influence of the other, by the combined action, formed a colorless image. As soon as the discovery was made, nothing stood in the way of perfecting the Refracting Telescope. At this period the genius of Frauenhofer was directed to the mechanical construction of the mounting of the Telescope. He established himself in Munich, where, aided by his skilful partner Utschneider, he constructed a Telescope with an object glass *nine* inches in diameter. Two, three, four, five inches had been the limit previously. But this was not all. When the object glass was finished, it became necessary to mount it, to give it a contrivance which should enable the observer to watch with accuracy the movements of the stars.

There is one difficulty to be overcome

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by the observer, in attempting to mark, with precision, the motion of the stars, namely: When, by applying a higher power to the Telescope, we magnify the object 1,000 times, the *velocity* of the object is increased in the same ratio, which renders it 1,000 times greater than it is to the naked eye. A star, located on the Equator, rises in the east, traverses the heavens, and sets in the west in twelve hours. Now if we magnify that object 12,000 times, the velocity is increased 12,000 times, and it would rise and set in the twelve-thousandth part of twelve hours, which is about the third part of a second. Now to follow the swift motions of these magnified objects, and to measure the minute distances by which some of these stars are separated from each other, required some instrument that would make the object stand still in the heavens, and rest quietly till the observer had finished his observation, and that has been done by adjusting to the instrument a piece of mechanism that will carry the Telescope with precisely the same velocity as the planet moves, and such is the accuracy with which this has been accomplished, that in the instrument I have been employing, I set it upon the sun in the morning, and it holds it there all day long; from morning till night, it keeps the ponderous instrument levelled with unerring accuracy upon the object.

The second great class of Telescopes are Reflectors. Sir Wm. Herschel, whose name is known through all the world as having accomplished more in the investigation of the Sidereal Heavens than any who preceded him, turned his genius and talents to the construction of Telescopes. His early success induced him to construct his forty feet reflector, with a speculum, or mirror, of the diameter of four feet, so arranged with mighty machinery, that the person who had charge of it could give it any position desired. I will not attempt the description of this great instrument, but I beg you to give your attention to the discoveries made with it, when you will be able to form some idea of the wonderful power of the Telescope. The human eye is the standard of comparison. In looking out upon the stars we find them of different magnitudes. The brightest we call the first magnitude. The star Sirius is one of the largest of the stars. Now we know how far we can remove that object back into space, before it will fade from the eye. If we carry Sirius back double it present distance, its size and the intensity of its light will be *one-fourth* of what they are at present. If we remove it three times its present distance, its light will be *one-ninth* what it now is, and if it be removed twelve times its present distance, it goes to the utmost extent of the human eye; and now suppose that I should expand the pupil of the eye to double its dimensions, and let its power be increased in the same ratio, and the star will reappear, and double the size of the pupil once more, and the star will grow still brighter, and then, if the pupil of the eye is contracted, the star will again be removed. Now, although we cannot expand the pupil of the eye, we can increase the size of the object glass of the Telescope, which is a mighty pupil in itself. Now, to compare the power of the pupil of the eye with the power of the Telescope —take the pupil, and take that mighty mirror, sixty-four feet in diameter, and then attempt to cover the mirror with objects the size of the pupil of the eye, cover it all over, and then count the number of objects, and they will show you the vast difference between the powers of the eye and powers of the telescope. Thousands and thousands of times would you find it necessary to repeat the former ere you would cover the surface of the latter. But we must go one step farther in investigating the space-penetrating powers of the Telescope. If we can measure the eye and the Telescope, we can go farther; and I beg you to go with me in this investigation, for it is so wonderful that it may stagger your belief.

When we look out upon objects with Telescopes of different space-penetrating powers, can we tell the relative distances of the objects? I answer, we can. To illustrate this, suppose that in front of me and in a right line, there were erected posts one mile apart, and affixed to them were cards printed in letters of the same size, and that the first is just within reach of the eye. The second would be beyond the reach of the eye, but with a Telescope of moderate powers we can read it. The third is beyond the reach of the instrument, but there is a second Telescope just powerful enough to read the letters to the third, and so I go on in a mighty series which will reveal to me the powers of the instruments. Now you are ready to ask me if we have any mile posts throughout space. I answer, that in one

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sense, they are. We ascertain the distance of a fixed star. We know its brightness. Let it be twelve times removed, and the human eye would still just reach it, and we can without difficulty tell how far that star must be removed, before it fades from the human eye. And thus it is we are permitted to walk through space, and to determine the stepping points that separate one from another.

Having thus prepared himself, Sir Wm. Herschel commenced his investigations, and he it was that first conceived the idea that the stars were grouped together in mighty clusters throughout space. In looking out among the stars, we find a bright belt in the heavens, which with an instrument of the lowest power, is resolved into stars very numerous.

Now, is there no limit to these stars? Do they go on, the one behind the other, without end? I answer, no. Then do you mean to say there is a limit to creation? I answer, no. I mean to say that the stars are grouped together in mighty clusters of millions and millions, as distant from our clusters as is our sun from their suns. Herschel it was that solved this problem. He commenced his investigations by examining the most brilliant part of the Milky Way. He takes a Telescope, and finds that this spot yields to him one hundred beautiful stars, in the distance appearing the size of a hazel-nut. He takes a greater Telescope—four new stars are brought up, and the others grow brighter and more beautiful. He takes his forty-feet telescope, and he sees all clear, the stars shining like bright diamonds, and in the shade beyond, all is blank. This at once settles the question. There are no more stars beyond that limit, no matter how great the depths he has overcome them all. But do we stop here? I answer, no. When we have reached the utmost limits of our own mighty clusters, then it is that we begin an investigation of a far different kind. We pass the confines of our own universe and sweep on through space, millions upon millions of miles, till, looking behind, we see the stars that compose our own system lying in one vast cluster; but before all is blank. Is there nothing there hid in the dark, unfathomable realms? There are some dim hazy spots looming up in the distance. Bring to our aid the Telescope—Lo! there bursts into view tens of thousands suns and stars! Here is another Universe burst in upon us, and there is not only one—they are scattered by hundred and thousands through space. Let anyone look out at night and count the stars. You can do it. It has been done. And no eye has ever been able to count above the horizon, at one time, over fifteen hundred stars. How close do they appear to be, one to another, and how numerous their hosts. Yet there are more of these mighty Universes scattered through space than there are stars in our system. There is one in the constellation Hercules, which, examined with a Telescope of low power, presents the appearance of a milky spot, but with the mighty instrument we use, it is discovered to contain one thousand stars, occupying so small a point in space that it would seem you might almost grasp them in your hands. Yet they are so far separated, that light, which travels twelve millions of miles in a minute, requires ten thousand years to cross the diameter of its orbit. The facts are startling; yet we must receive them, for the evidence is so strong that it becomes perfectly irresistible.

I now come to the investigation of the last point, the instrument of Lord Rosse. When we remember the station of this nobleman, his rank, his high position in society, we cannot fail to be struck with admiration when we remember how he devoted his fortune and his energies to the accomplishment of the grand enterprise which has occupied him for years. Distrusting the power of the Refracting Telescope, Lord Rosse determined to give his energies to the accomplishment of a Reflecting Telescope, that would enable him to make grander discoveries than had hitherto been made. He wanted an instrument that would burst through the barriers that had hitherto bound human vision—that would show him what lay in the vast deep beyond. I need not detail to you the construction of this mighty instrument. Instead of limiting it to four feet diameter, as Herschel, he has given his speculum six feet, with a focal distance of sixty feet. The power of this instrument is almost incredible. Such is its capacity, that if a star of the first magnitude were removed to such a distance that its light would be sixty thousand years in traveling to our earth, this Telescope would reveal it; were it removed so far that its light would be three millions of years in reaching us, this Telescope would show it to the human eye. With such an

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instrument, then, it is not wonderful that grand discoveries should be made. It has but been pointed to the heavens; we have only entered upon the beginning of its career; but it has already accomplished mighty things. There are scattered throughout the heavens objects, nebulous in their appearance, which would not yield up their character to the instruments heretofore employed; but this instrument resolves them complete. Among the different objects that have been subjected to its scrutiny, is the wonderful nebula in the constellation Orion. I have had an opportunity of examining it. It is one of the most curious objects in the whole heavens. It is not round, and it throws off furious lights. This object has been subjected to the examination of every instrument from the time of HERSCHEL, but it grew more and more mysterious, more difficult to understand, more strange and diverse in its character. When Lord RASSE's great Telescope was directed to its examination, it for a long time resisted its power. He found it necessary to wait night after night, and month after month, until, finally a favoring combination of circumstances gave to him a pure atmosphere. He directed his Telescope to the object, and lo! its station revealed itself, the stars of which it is composed burst upon the sight for the first time, and the problem was solved forever. Here is one of the mightiest triumphs of this instrument, but it has gone on from point to point, revealing combinations of stars wonderful beyond what the imagination could receive.

A PILGRIM OF NATURE.

You boast of the grandeur of cities in vain
To one who loves valleys, wild mountain, and plain;
Have you beauties to vie with the river and rill?
Have you fragrance, like morning's, on heath and on hill?
Oh, Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Will you match me the lamps of some festival fine,
With the gems on night's mantle, so pure and divine?
Will you minister music devotion to form
Like the voice of the forest that sings to the storm?
Oh, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's to stifling and narrow for me.

Have you curtains like evening? Can you find hair or eye?
Like the cloud of the thunder, or smile of the sky?
Have you clothes like the lilies? Like the night-winds a kiss?
Or language like summer's pure anthem of bliss?
Oh, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's to stifling and narrow for me.

Keep your gold-moulded mansions, let Pomp have a seat;
To give him all place, I will gladly retreat;
From Vanity's banquet, one guest you may spare,
Brake, meadow, and wilderness, beckon me there;
And a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's to stifling—too narrow—for me.

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LOVE OF NATURE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

LORD BACON speaks of the contemplation of nature as a means of health; and certainly a love of nature is, in its influence on the mind and body, one of the healthiest of our affections. But, my young friends, this love needs cultivation—there are few with whom it is spontaneous, and they are persons of keen sensibility, quick perception, and accurate observation.

This love, like every thing else, is to be acquired by *attention*. If you are in the habit of observing the face of nature, you will certainly grow to love it.

Is it not deplorable that multitudes should live through a long life, and die without touching the feast everywhere spread before them? They are insensible to the

"Sweet approach of eve or morn."

They are blind to the beautiful processes of the season, and the wonder-working changes of the atmosphere. For them in vain is the bloom of spring, and the hues of the summer harvest-fields. In vain for them the magnificent swelling of the ocean, the waterfalls, the flowery brooks; "eyes have they, but they see not—ears, but they hear not." Now, my young friends, that you may not pass through life with the absolute loss of a pure, certain and permanent source of happiness, I pray you to make the beauties of nature a *study*. If you live in the city, you are nearly debarred of the means. The book is closed upon your eye; but even in the city there is here and there a scattered leaf. There are parks and squares where the fresh grass springs, and flowery shrubs give their sweet odors to the air. In every street, amidst brick, mortar, and pavements, that speak only of man, are trees, God's witnesses. Observe them, and they will express to you in characters of beauty, the changing seasons. See their freshening stems and swelling buds in spring, their wealth of leaves in summer, their brilliant hues in autumn, and in winter the naked, graceful forms of those limbs, over which the green garments of summer hung.

Man cannot cover up or efface rivers or bays, those glorious works of God, on which cities are planted. You may occasionally get a glimpse of these, my dear girls, even if you are buried in the heart of a city. Watch the vessels gliding on the water, and the beautiful effect of wind and light upon them. Turn your eyes upwards. Your firmament is circumscribed, but you can see its lights, the most soul-stirring objects that meet the eye of man.

If you are so happy as to live in the country, the book of nature is at your command, and you may con your lessons on every hill-side. The roughest, most barren, most monotonous landscape, has an expansive firmament, sunshine and clouds, a forever-changing and perpetual beauty. You may not have the prairie-gardens of the west, but nature, if you love her, will teach you to make gardens of your own; and kind mother earth will yield you the wherewithal.

But it may be your happiness to live amidst beautiful scenery. Do not, then be like those of whom Byron says,

"Poor paltry slaves! yet born midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?"

Do not be negligent of your great privilege. Next to having friends and books, we esteem it the highest happiness of life, to have a home in a beautiful country, amid tree-crested hills, where the streams, gushing from their mountain sources, leap and dance along their descending channels, the symbols of youth and happy liberty; where the summer-harvest waves on the hill-side; where a quiet river winds through the thick standing corn; where the happy homes of the deep valley just peep through the trees that imbower them; where the secluded lake mirrors the

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silver beauties that cluster round it; and where each season seems to the lover of nature, as to the boy in the fable, the most beautiful.

Each season, I say, for it is only those who are unobservant of nature, that think the winter dreary and devoid of beauty. I do not allude to rare and transient appearances, when it seems as if nature kindly spread her purest garment over her blighted earth, or to those brilliant days when the earth appears sheeted with glass, when every spear of withered grass is sheathed in crystal, and the trees are hung with jewels, but to the ordinary effects of winter in our rigorous climate.

Do you love to mark the wavy outlines of the hills that were hidden by the summer foliage; to see the windings of the river, that now its veil has dropped, gleams, or rather smiles upon you all along its course; to see the lake sparkling up like a gem from the bosom of the valley? Have you never observed the effect of the atmosphere in our cold climate; the excessive brightness of the stars in a clear, cold night; the purple and rose-colored light that steals along the south and western hills at the rising of the sun; the transparency of the air in the middle of the day, when the distant mountains look like walls of sapphire; and above all, the indescribable glories of the sunset, when the mountains seem bathed in showers of molton gold and silver; when every cloud that floats along the horizon has the tints of the rainbow; and the sun, that perhaps a moment before had been obscured, shines forth from his pavilion of glowing clouds, and then disappears in a sea of glory?

There is no hyperbole in this, my young friends. The sunsets are not always so brilliant, but if you will observe, you will admit there is rarely a day that they are not marked by some beauty. Words but feebly express the glories of God which the heavens declare. Nor does it need any peculiar gift to admire them. I have seen school-girls, trained to observation, and out-door pleasures, as much excited, day after day, by a winter's sunset, as a child is by a conjurer's tricks. And is not the excitement more healthy, more ennobling?

These natural pleasures you may always have. In no condition or stage of life will they fail you. Will not, then, a true economy lead you to cherish a love of them? Well might Byron call it a "waste" where they were not enjoyed. They have, too, great moral uses; their tendency is to preserve you from dissipation, from evil-speaking, gossipping and coarse pleasures, for their tendency is elevating. They are the ministers of religion. Madame Roland, a noble woman, who from the crimes and abuses of the times in which she lived, fell into the great misery of doubting the existence of God, said, that when she was alone and looked out on nature, her doubts were gone. The Creator is visible in his works, and if you there draw near to Him, He will draw near to you.

STYLE OF WRITING.

As language is the dress of thought, so it ought to be exactly fitted to it. A splendid and labored method of expressing a plain and common truth, is as absurd and incongruous as an embroidered robe upon a farmer. On the other hand, a sublime idea in paltry language, though it shows its nobility even in disguise, is yet exposed to neglect and low estimation. We should, in many cases, pass a king, without having our attention particularly excited, if he had met us in the garb of a servant. Simplicity is here as beautiful and appropriate as in other things. A gaudy and a mean coat are equally disgusting to a mind of good taste. A spangled and a careless style are equally repulsive to a chastened understanding.

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The object of speaking is to convey our ideas. The end is most effectually gained when we seek for words, not to fill up space or gratify the ear, but for this purpose only, to express just what we mean, be that more or less. Truth, in the language of symbols, is represented by a naked figure. Language (didactic) aims at showing to another that truth which we see ourselves. Lofty words and euphonic sentences, and glittering comparisons. are the mantle in which we are forced to array truth before she will be received into the company of the degenerate inhabitants of this age, who judge from external appearances only. The mantle serves this purpose, it gains attention, and it conciliates; but it clogs and hides the gracefulness and beauty of truth.

Had truth any imperfections, as she has not, then a mantle would be necessary. She must be painted by us—when we would give another glance of her symmetry and elegance—as faithfully as the Venus de Medicis would be sketched by an artist. One touch more or less than is required to portray the exact proportion of the statue is a false touch. Perhaps, however, so bold a representation would be neglected by every eye. In pity of the false taste of the world, and that a scrupulous rigidity of purpose may not defeat our intentions, we add ornament. But let it be added so sparingly as not to give one tint to the picture more than is necessary to secure the good will of the spectator. This tax we are constrained to pay to the men of pleasure and indolence, who will have no knowledge unless it comes decked with all this garniture.

Here then is a medial line to be traced, which, like all of the kind, it is difficult to draw. An inch on the side of decoration destroys the simplicity of the idea; an inch on the side of naked sketching makes the figure imperfect, or so ungainly as not to gain any notice. A good judgment is here, as elsewhere, indispensable. This only can decide when ornament and when mere clearness is necessary. An idea, if completely defined in the mind, will generate appropriate words. He who has no symmetrical and perfect thought to express, will bungle as much in attempting it, as Sully would in endeavoring to paint the Queen's portrait after having forgotten her features. The painter might make a beautiful and splendid picture, but it would not correspond with the ideal which he had imperfectly conceived. The speaker may make a great display and elaborate a round and sonorous and astonishing period, but he has either failed of expressing anything like what he meant, or has distorted it by adding irrelevant ideas.

A clear thinker must be a clear speaker; and he who expects to write an elegant style while he is barren of elegant thoughts, looks for an impossibility. Models may be read with advantage; but they improve the reader in good writing by disciplining his mind to good thinking, and in no other way. They do indeed give many men who pour over them a certain mode of constructing sentences, certain favorite and elegant phrases, and certain peculiarities in manner, which look as though they contained a wondrous treasure of rich thoughts, but which, like the bubbles of a perturbed stream, are empty, while they show all the hues of a rainbow.

MY LIFE.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

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JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

"That cheerful one, who knoweth all
The song of all the winged choristes,
And in one sequence of melodious sound,
Pours all their music."—*Southey's Madoc in Aztlan*

A FEW years ago there arrived at the hotel, erected near the Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance, and deportment, were quite in contrast with the crowds of well dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, stood much in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of either laundress or needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty, tin box on the other, and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse. fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of black, thick hairlocks, that supported themselves upon his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators seemingly half-civilized, half-savage, had a quick glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement, and a sharp face, that would no doubt cut it way through the cane-brakes, both of the wilderness, and of society.

He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visitors, but a word whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts. The stranger took his place among the company; some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright. Yet, reader, there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng; he was an American Woodsman, as he called himself; he was a true genuine son of nature, yet who had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of CUVIER belonged, had bowed down to welcome his entrance; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter, when the fashionables, who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall have utterly perished. From every hill-top, and every deep shaded grove, the birds, those "living blossoms of the air," will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secrets of the forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the evening air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of WASHINGTON, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the Ornithologist.

We wish only to present some phases of his singular and estimable character, as nearly as we can in his own words. Fortunately, he is of a communicative disposition, and we shall not be compelled to wander far from our materials. Those delightful interludes of description and adventure, woven in the woof of his equally delightful sketches of birds, are full of suggestions for us. Be that as it may, we are certain that a

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a great deal of what we shall say and extract will be new to the multitude of ordinary readers. Would that our space were equal to the abundance of our means of interest.

Mr. AUDUBON was born about 1782, in the State of Louisiana, not Pennsylvania, as has been many times stated. His parents, who were French, were of that happy nature which disposed them to encourage the early indications of talent in the minds of their children. They early perceived in the subject of these remarks, that love of the woods and fields, which has since made him so conspicuous as a naturalist among men. "When I had hardly learned to walk," says he, in the preface to the first volume of his Ornithology, "and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents. My father generally accompanied my steps; procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness; pointed out the elegant movements of the former—the beauty and softness of their plumage—the manifestations of their pleasure or their sense of danger—and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter."

Nor did the tastes thus early implanted in the mind of the young enthusiast, desert him in maturer years.

——"The sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood
Their colors and their forms, were then to him
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

"I grew up," he continues, "and my wishes grew up with my form. These wishes were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, no matter how beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest care was bestowed in endeavors to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attentions and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker."

In his sixteenth year, that is, about 1798, he went to France to pursue his education. He received lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. But the "eyes and noses of giants, and the heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture," were not the themes he would be at; and, although he prosecuted his studies sedulously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams and interminable forests of his "native land of groves." He returned home the following year, with a rekindled ardor for the woods, and commenced a collection of designs, destined shortly to swell into the magnificent series of volumes which the world has applauded as the "Birds of America." They were begun on a beautiful plantation which his father had given him, situated on the banks of the Schuylkill. There, amid its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated his simple and agreeable objects, and pursued his rambles, from the first faint streaks of day until, late in the evening, wet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he returned to the quiet enjoyment of the fire-side.

Yet the passion of birds did not seem to seal his heart to the influences of a still more tender and exalted passion. He married, and was fortunate in marrying a lady who in vicissitude has animated his courage, and in prosperity appreciated the grounds and measure of his success. "But who cares," says he, speaking of the event, "to listen to the love-tales of a naturalist, whose feelings

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may be supposed to be as light as the feathers of the birds he delineates?"

For many years the necessities of life drove him into commercial enterprises, which involved him in a series of calamities His mind was so filled with nature, that all his speculations proved unprofitable. From observation and study only could he derive gratification. He was compelled to struggle against the wishes of all his friends,—except of his wife and children,, to their lasting honor be it said,—who strove to wean him from pursuits, which, in the world's eye, are so barren and unproductive. But their importunities had an effect directly contrary to what they intended. Irritated beyond endurance, he broke at last through all bonds, and gave himself up entirely to his favorite pursuits. He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic; he spent years away from his family. "Yet, will you believe it," says he, "I had no other object in view, than simply to enjoy the sight of nature. Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed acquaintance with the Prince of Musignano, (Lucien Bonaparte,) at Philadelphia, to which I had gone with a view of proceeding eastward along the coast." This was the 5th of April, 1824.

But of his public labors we shall speak a word in the sequel. Let us, for the present, follow him in his solitary wanderings. Having lived on his beautiful plantation for ten years, he was induced to remove to the west. With a mattrass, a few prepared viands, and two negroes to assist him in the toils of emigration, he departed, accompanied by his wife and child, for a residence which had been procured for him in the village of Henderson, Kentucky. It was in the month of October that the small party set out. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio, along which they rowed their feeble skiff. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to them; and so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there a lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow. Sluggish flat-boats were overtaken and passed; some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers, that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant points, in search of a "new home." The margins of the rivers were amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in few moments; and the voyagers fared well, for, whenever they pleased, they landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as they were with the necessary utensils, easily dressed a good repast. After jogging on for many miles at this rate, they at last reached their habitation in the wilderness.

The incidents, it must be supposed, of expeditions of this sort, are many and striking, Exposed to danger on every side, by floods, by tempests. by fires, by wild beasts, and by the hands of man, his life was a perpetual scene of vicissitudes and adventures. Some of these it may be entertaining to refer to. At one time, in the month of November, travelling through the barrens of Kentucky, he remarked a sudden and strange darkness issuing from the western horizon. At first he supposed it might be a storm of thunder and rain. He had proceeded about a mile, when he heard what he imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado. He spurred his horse, with a

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view of galloping to a place of shelter, but the animal, apparently more sagacious than the rider, nearly stopped, or rather moved forward slowly, placing one foot before the other, with as much precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. He dismounted to ascertain what was the matter, when the steed fell to groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his forelegs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still. At that instant, all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, and the ground rose fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a sea. It was an earthquake. "Who can tell of the sensations I experienced," writes our naturalist.

Not to the fury of the elements alone was our intrepid man of science exposed. Once—and, singular to say, only once, in wandering for twenty years—was he threatened with death by the hand of man. This was, when returning from the upper Mississippi, he was forced to cross one of the wide prairies of that region. We must let him relate it. Toward the dusk of the evening, wearied with an interminable jaunt over the prairie, he approached a light that feebly shone from the window of a log hut. He reached the spot, and presenting himself at the door, asked a tall figure of a woman, whether he might take shelter under her roof. Her voice was gruff, and her dress carelessly thrown about her person. She answered his question in the affirmative, when he walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated himself by the fire. A finely formed young Indian, his head resting between his hands, with his elbows on his knees, was seated in the centre of the cabin. A long bow stood against the wall, while a quantity of arrows and two or three black raccoon-skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Being addressed in French, he raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. It appeared, that an hour before, in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon, the arrow split upon the cord, and sprang back with such violence into his right eye, as to destroy it for ever. "Feeling hungry," Mr. Audubon continues his narrative, "I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled up in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my vest, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified with a sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a chain would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite. The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew a butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor I suspected to be dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive

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glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us. Never till that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance with my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of the number."

In the mean time, he retired to rest upon the skins, when two athletic youths, the sons of the woman, made their entrance. She whispered with them a little while, when they fell to eating and drinking, to a state bordering on intoxication. "Judge of my astonishment," says he, "when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grind-stone to whet its edge! I saw her turn the water on the turning-machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys: kill yon ———, and then for the watch!" I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life." Fortunately, two strangers entering at that moment, the purpose of the woman was disclosed, and she and her drunken sons secured.

But no earthquakes, nor hurricanes, nor the carving-knife of the denizens of the desert, could afflict him half so much as he suffered in consequence of an attack by a wild and ferocious animal—neither more nor less than—a rat. It was a calamity, the like of which is seldom recorded in literary history. Edward Livingston, it is said, having finished his great code of Lousianian law, beheld the labor of three persevering years perish in an instant in the flames; Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the first volume of his French Revolution, had every scrap of it burned through the carelessness of a friend; and so Audubon, having wandered and toiled for years, to get accurate representations of American birds, found that two Norway rats had in a night destroyed two hundred of his original drawings, containiug the forms of more than a thousand inhabitants of the air All were gone, except a few bits of gnawed paper, upon which the marauding rascals had reared a family of their young. "The burning heat," says the noble-hearted sufferer, "which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the srrength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my notebook, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened." Does not a kindred spirit sing?—

"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the whiding bee hums merrily by.

"There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

He went forth, and in less than three years had his portfolio again filled.

It was in 1824, we remarked, that Lucien Bonaparte suggested to him the idea of collecting and making public the treasures which had been amassed in his wild journeyings. For some time, in the depths of the solitudes, his mind brooded over the kindling thought. He resolved npon a visit to Europe, and with instant action, which has been the secret of his success, he prepared for his departure. He sailed—but maturer reflection taught him to approach the shores of England with despondency and doubt. There was not a friend in all the nation to whom he could apply. When he had landed, his situation ap-

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peared to him precarious in the extreme. He imagined, he says, in the simplicity of his heart, that every individual he was about to meet might be possessed of talents superior to any on this side of the Atlantic. Traversing the streets of Liverpool for two whole days, he had looked in vain for a single glance of sympathy. But how soon did the aspect of things around him change! There are kind, generous hearts everywhere; men of noble faculties to discern the beautiful and true, and women of warm gushings of affection. In a little while, he was the admired of all admirers. Men of genius, the Wilsons, the Roscoes, the Swainsons, suddenly recognised his lofty claims; learned societies, without numbering, extended to him the warm and willing hand of fellowship; the houses of nobility were opened to him; and, whenever he went, the solitary, unfriended American woodsman was the conspicuous object of a wide remark and love. Under such auspices, in 1831, at Edinburgh, he put forth his first volume of Ornithological Biography. Its striking and original merit procured him subscribers to the remaining volumes, from all parts of the kingdom. At once, he took rank as the most worthy Ornithologist of the age,—able as an observer and describer to wear the mantle of the gifted Wilson, and, as a painter of animals, to take his place by the side of the equally gifted Barrabaud.

From England, Mr. Audubon proceeded to France, where he received the homage of the most distinguished men of science of that learned nation; among the rest, of that gigantic but graceful genius, Cuvier, the glance of whose eye into the great valley of death, has infused life into the dry bones of a thousand years.

When he returned to his native land, it was only to renew with more burning ardor, his labors in the woods. His first expedition was to the coast of Florida, where, amid flocks of snowy pelicans and cormorants, tortoises, and flying-fish, he laid up vast treasures knowledge for his forthcoming vo umes.

Above the Clouds.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Oh could we mount above the clouds!
Which o'er our heads so darkly roll,
Could we but burst in twain the bonds
Which bind to earth each weary soul
And mount on wings of faith and love
The cares and toils of earth above.

Oh could we rend the misty vail!
Which hangs in darken'd folds aroun
Could we but catch one ray of light!
Or could we hear the faintest sound
From out that deep unknown, which li
Like darkest clouds before our eyes.

Oh deep mysterious profound!
What mortal can the tale unfold?
Can time alone thy depths reveal,
When ages have on ages rolled?
Oh man! how vain thy powers to see
The wonders of futurity.

But cease thy murmuring, doubting sou
Accept the light already given,
And learn to prize the gifts which mal
On earth each heart itself a heaven;
We sigh for what thou mayest not see
Till God thy Father hideth thee.

THE POET'S MIND.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou can'st not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as lights, and clear as wind.
Dark-brow'd sophist, come not nea
All the place is holy ground;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.

Tennyson.

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., ADRIAN.

ELIJAH stood upon the mount of God,
Above his head, the heavens blue and calm,
No signs of storm or boist'rous wind gone forth.
Far eastward, o'er the hills, the morning sun
Majestic rose, and all the world around,
With gladsome smiling, welcomed his ascent.
Around were rugged rocks and threat'ning crags,
Bright gleaming in the golden light of days.
While far below, the trackless wilderness,
With many an ancient grove of verdant trees,
Beneath the shadow of the mountain slept,
In quiet solitude, a dreamless sleep,
With outstretched arms, and eyes that anxious seemed
To pierce the airy veil that round him hung,
The kneeling prophet prayed to heaven's King:
"Lord God of Hosts! most jealous have I been
For Thee; for Israel, with wicked hands,
Forsaking all Thy covenants, have thrown
Thy altars down; and, with the sword, slain
Thy prophets. I, e'en I, alone remain;
And now, through all the land, my life they seek."
Elijah rose and stood before the Lord,
And for His coming waited silently.
A mighty wind arose, and smote in wrath
The mountain's crest; it clave the rocks in twain,
And rent the strongest cedars; but the Lord
Came not in howling storm. An earthquake shook
The rock-built mountains, but the Lord was not,
In earthquake shock; then red'ning all the sky,
Came fire, and Horeb blazed with lightning's glare.
The Lord came not in fire's consuming flame.
He came at last; a still, small voice it was;
And then the prophet knew the Lord had come,
And bowing down his veiled face, received
In meek humility his gentle words.
Long years have passed. No prophet stands to-day
Before the Lord on Horeb's holy mount,
But now, as then, the still, small voice is heard.
The Lord comes not in wild tumultuous din,
Nor takes the stony heart by fierce assault;
But softens and subdues by influence sweet,
And leads by love divine the willing soul.
In hours of joy it speaks of gratitude;
In grief and sorrow consolation gives;
On hearts despairing sheds the light of hope,
And leads the wand'ring pilgrim home to God.

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A DREAM.

Sometime in the autumn of 184–, on entering the cabin of a steamboat, I was attracted by a newspaper which was lying upon one of the tables, and taking it up, was struck with the appearance of a new word, or one not at all familiar to me. I read the article of which this word was the title, and the thoughts to which it tended still added to the pleasure of the hour.

The author was treating of what he called a "*Palimpsest*," he described it as a parchment, on which were in olden time recorded the thoughts and movements of the actors in those scenes; he spoke of the well known fact of the scarcity of parchment at a particular age of the world, in the place where it was much used, and also of the fact, that the monks, in consequence of this scarceness, removing by a chemical process the old writing from the surface, and then recording the lucubrations of their own minds; this was said to have been done repeatedly, until the same parchment would contain the views, and thoughts, and feeling, of men of different minds, and different eras. on different subjects, none however but those last written appearing to the reader.

The writer went on to state, that by another process recently discovered, all that had ever been on these parchments could be made to appear one after the other in the order of their inscription, thus giving an opportunity of transcribing from these papers all that had ever been written, and displaying the thoughts of the various writers in their different characters of usefulness or otherwise, and thus exhibiting to the present age the views of those, who had passed one after another, long ere this, to their account and to their destiny.

As I have before said, the reflections, to which these facts tended were such as to add to the general enjoyment; I carried out the hints of the writer of the article, and compared it to our own memory, upon which are written all that has ever passed during the years of our being. I could not but anticipate the hour when the writings of this memory are to be deciphered, and all that has ever passed, will strike upon us even like flashing meteors, and in one moment the scenes of bygone years will pass in review with all their sorrows and with all their joys. How easily can we imagine this; how readily can we all remember when small portions of our lives have thus met our view, portions which had been thought lost for ever; and if these small portions of the retrospect can be brought up plainly and vividly, why may we not suppose all can be the same?

Abercrombie, as well as other authors, relate instances where persons supposed to be drowning, or in other ways suddenly called to an apparently dying hour, have had in that one dread moment, every scene of life so vividly exhibited as to seem like the reality, but this reality passing like a dream. Connected with these thoughts was another, which also combined to make the whole subject delightful—I say delightful, for I remembered that in all the revelations made, scenes of enjoyment were remembered fully, while those which were otherwise were seen but as a passing cloud, taking from the prospect a small portion of its brilliancy, but so far from marring its delights, adding to them, even as a pleasing shadow amidst surrounding lights; while these thoughts fell upon my mind, I fell from meditation to reverie, from reverie to drowsiness, from drowsiness to a gentle pleasant slumber, and then I *dreamed*.

Methought I was in a state in which I appeared to possess a perfect happiness, and yet it did not seem as if I had entered into the full glories of the Eternal World; I felt as if I had passed from my mortal life, and had en-

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tered, at least, the Portals of Immortality—ever feeling was calm and peaceful, nay, almost blissful—

——"Earthly things were all too far
To throw their shadows o'er the scene,
But, now and then, a silver star,
An', now and then, a gleam
Of glory from the skies was given
To light my thoughts with dreams of Heaven."

My intellect appeared to have increased in its capacity and strength. to a height I had never known before; my imagination had lost its power, but my sense of the enjoyment of the realities around me was such as to more than compensate for this; and then my memory was quickened into perfect action, and all the past was before me in such a character as to need no anticipation of the future to fill up the measure of my bliss.

As I gazed through the long vista of bygone years, the whole scene was such as to bring nothing to the mind but the joys of life in all its stages; my feelings were such as

"To shed over memory only repose,
And take from it only regret."

My infancy, my boyhood, my youth, my riper years, my old age, were all as present, and as I rapidly surveyed them, I received such impressions as were truly delightful, and I cannot but make an attempt to describe them as they passed before me, even as a splendid moving diarama, which so often outpictures even Nature's self.

And first of all, I was an infant, with my senses perfect, and all prepared to receive impressions of surrounding objects; but of an infancy how can I speak, how detail its reminiscences? Who but the infant knows infantile joys? and so fully to protray it as to be understood or appreciated will be impossible; but it can be looked at for a moment—the cares, the woes, the sins of life can be forgotten, and we can replace ourselves beside our infant days, with all their simple joys, with all their thoughts of spotless purity. It appeared to me as if I could retrace the momonts when the earliest and most simple ideas crept into my mind, and astonished me with their grandeur, appearing even as a phenomena; I felt in its full force the simple breathings of affection which sweetly flowed through my soul, as in full confidence I gazed into a beloved mother's eyes, speaking only of a mother's love; I could vividly remember a fond father's care, as in anxious thought he watched my progress, or with kind sympathy joined me in my pastime; I could dwell upon the tear, forgot as soon as shed, still glistening upon the soft eyelid, and beautifully relieved by the sweet smile, seeming only as a diamond drop, sending out its corruscations for the irradiations of the little, fluttering, happy heart beneath. All this I could remember, but all this is but the bare tracery of the bliss of infancy which arose before me; I saw it in its richest colering, I saw the soul in its full powers placed in a frame of such capacity as only to be able to manifest these powers in a minute degree, but never expanding itself as this capacity increased, and often struggling for freedom when these struggles were rendered vain and impotent by the gradual process of infantile budding.

I could compare it to a chrysalis, with its beautiful inhabitant; as the insect grows, its cage weakens, and by degrees gives way, and allows a small portion of its brightness to appear; the tips of its brilliant wings are already free, and it presses with its utmost strength to take advantage of the opening shell, which is often disrupted by its force, and at length when it does escape in all its beauty, you are surprised that it could ever have been contained within such narrow limits, and I knew, or appeared to know, that the soul experiences not immaturity, but is prevented from full displays of strength by the inadequateness of its humble habitation.

But my thoughts now passed to childhood's hours and youthful days; in retracing the thoughts of these periods, I well remembered how peculiar-

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ly they were the periods of pleasure. Affliction had not often chastened, or disappointment pained; and if even either had overtaken me at times, the buoyancy of my mind was such as to throw off their effects, and render them but evanescent; unity, and peace, and joy were uppermost, while the heavier weights all sunk beneath to show themselves no more.

This was remembered as the sunshine of my life; light clouds but added to its beauty and enjoyment; still heavier were easily dissipated by the sun in its gathering strength, and when they came with all their power, and poured their torrents down with all their dread accompaniment of thunder peals, and lightnings scattering flashes, still even then it was but momentary, and was soon succeeded by the returning sun in its most beauteous rays, accompanied by the soft zeyhpr's soothing influences, refreshing all the powers, and preparing for still further joys.

And now my riper years were all before me, when full in the confidence of my own strength I took direction of my own destiny; the arm of a kind parent was withdrawn, and I only received a helping hand; bright scenes were all before me, and I appeared in mind to throw from my path every obstacle that could impede my onward march; cares accumulated, but they were so attended with corresponding strenth as to lose all power of intimidation, and the vista through which my sight now extended was bereft of all impediment, so that my gaze was unobstructed to the very close, and there such bright gleams of light arose as to seem to urge me onward, that I might realize the pleasing promises it made.

I passed through all the hours when heart met heart reciprocally soft, and felt it as it is, the age of Passion, but I had felt the gracious influences of God's Spirit, and had been able to subdue all undue indulgencies, and myaffections had been placed on proper objects; foundations broad and deep had been laid beneath, and the superctructure had been such as to stand the blasts and storms of life, and secure for me the richest joys.

Now too, and oh what ecstasy did the remembrance produce, I saw the hour when the blessed Saviour was revealed to me, the hope of future glory, the moment was brought back when the heavens of brass gave way, and my agonizing prayer for mercy had reached the ears of the God of grace; a peace which passed all understanding was infused into my mind, and my first, my strongest, my most devoted love, had full possession of my soul.

New object still arose; I remembered my family as it gathered around me, and saw renewed all the enjoyments which followed in the train, and in the general, I saw that this period of my life had been as free from difficulties, real and insurmountable, as any other.

But still my years rolled by, and still the dioramic view continued, varying in phases as it still progressed; now had the age of passion passed, but I enjoyed new associations as they arose, and still were deep feelings engendered, lasting friendships cemented, and mind met mind, and in the collision deep thoughts were elicited, delightful sympathies enlisted, fond and firm connections formed.

Now with matured mind, and still enough of romance, I entered fully into all the enjoyments of the scenes of Nature, and as I scanned her works, with those all fitted for the same delights, revelled in the heart-felt bliss.

But I now appeared to have passed the summit, and my days were on the decline, but still verdant and green appeared the path—yes, even here I seemed to enter again into the feelings of those around me, and re-enjoyed through them old scenes of infancy and childhood, youth and riper years. A chastened pleasure thrilled through my bosom, and as I viewed as nearer "that bourne from whence no traveler

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returns," I dreaded not to enter there, as I saw beyond that vale a fair and happy land, within which I felt I had a possession.

Years now moved on apace, and in my retrospection I could remember when the mind had lost much of its power of action. If the infant had not had capacity to display the power of the soul, so the aged man had become too weak, even to exhibit the same power as was its wont in the strength of manhood; but yet this very weakness but added to the comforts of the time, by taking from these years the cares that had harrassed, and which would be now all too powerful for it to resist.

Still in the position that I now occupied in my dream, I felt as if all my energies of mind, nay more, much more than I had ever known before, had now returned, and the casket which retained the treasure being fitted to its present character, the soul was there perfect as it came from its great Creator's hand; *this* had never been impaired, its strength, its fulness had ever been the same, but the instrument through which it had been displayed, always too weak fully to show its strength, was still more weakened if not riven.

I could not but compare it to a seraph, who with his soul of music all fitted to the harmony of the skies, visits the earth and takes a lyre from a mortal hand; its strings are touched, and exquisite and thrilling is the sound; but as he rises in his strains and reaches beyond the verge of mortal song, the mortal strings give way, and leave him with the swelling anthem half unsung. A mortal instrument could not bear immortal strains.

I at length felt as passing through the dark valley—but it was made light by the dying love of a risen Saviour—I had now arrived where I could see life only as "the bud of being," and to me how beautiful was the thought, that this life was but the "*Bud of Being.*" Look at this bud as it presents itself, warmed by the genial rays of an Eternal Sun, ever invigorating, never destroying; Its modest beauties, opening to the light, expand, and in expanding, gather strength for fresh expansions. Like that rich flower, which, clothed with a radiance of her own, scorns the light of day in which to show her beauties, and bursts from the bud with sudden start, perfect in a splendor all her own; unlike that flower, she dies not with the morning, but, mighty in her perennial strength, the beauty now so suddenly disclosed, increases still, and still increases, illimitable and unbounded.

Now look at intellect in the Eternal World—the power of thought is overborne by the grandeur of the view, and scarcely can the mind, enriched beyond comparison with things of time, bestow a furtive glance beyond its bounds.

Finite and mortal, we are here as captives in the narrow cell of life, but as the pent up fires in the volcano's bed, which suddenly bursts forth in flame, and reaching to the very verge of heaven, illumes all her canopy, we cast off our fetters, overleap our dungeon walls, and breaking forth into space unlimited, pursue that path which widens as we run, and as it widens, displays to our admiring vision, beauties at every step, which still refreshing the exhaustless strength, adds in each moment of our flight, such energy, such ecstasy, and such power, as to prepare us for still higher spheres; and reaching these, we find ourselves as it were but on earth's surface, and in narrow bounds, so endless is the view, and so wide is the expance. But still advancing "onward and upward," our mind at rest, although enhancing its rich treasures, our body freed from its frail particles, and rendered a fit tenement for such a mind, the temple of each science aed each art, iuto the vestibule of which we here scarce entered, there exhibiting each lofty gallery and each

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deep recess, allowing free access to every part, opening to our admiring eyes what had been to us phenomena, and showing that which was to us phenomena on earth, was but the simple surface; but now phenomena rise upon phenomena, leaving us in wonder and surprise at the diminutiveness of what on earth had been our pride.

And now the portals of infinitude being passed,

> "We take our flight from star to star,
> From world to glorious world as far
> As the Universe spreads her fiery wall,"

and holding converse with the intelligences of these upper spheres, having all nature like an open volume spread before us, our intellectual fire so bright as to throw on all its works a beam transcendant, which shall pierce their every mystery and bare them to the eye, we fix our upward gaze; and looking from "Nature up to Nature's God," and knowing now the first Great Cause—His attributes glorious, perfect, harmonious and incomprehensible, and especially displayed in the salvation of the world by a crucified Redeemer, flashing upon our minds with the power and quickness of an electric shock; we catch the seraphic flame, bnd shout forth wild pæans of exalted everlasting joy. All this I saw, I felt, and in the rapture of the thought I woke. T.

Louisville.

MADAME GUYON.

BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM—NO. 3.

God was pleased to send one more messenger. "Oh, my Father!" says Madame Guyon, in connection with the incidents we are about to relate, "it seems to me sometimes, as if Thou didst forget every other being, in order to think only of my faithless and ungrateful heart." There was a devout man who belonged to the religious order of St. Francis. His name is not given, nor will it probably ever be known on earth. This man, deeply impressed with religious sentiments, spent five years in solitude, for the express purpose of spiritual renovation, and of comunion with God. With a heart subdued to the world's attractions, and yet inflamed for the world's good, he went out into the field of labor. He thought that God called him to labor for the conversion of a person of some distinction, who lived in the vicinity of M. De La Mothe. But his labors there proved fruitless,—or rather they resulted only in the trial of his own faith and patience. The humble Franciscan, revolving in his mind where he should next go and announce the divine message, was led by the inward monitor, speaking in connection with the indications of providence, to go to the house of M. De La Mothe, with whom he seems to have had some acquaintance in former times. M. De La Mothe, a man in whom the religious tendency was strong, was exceedingly glad to see him, and to receive his instructions, especially as he was then out of health, and had not much expectation of living long. His daughter, Madame Guyon, who was desirous of rendering him every assistance in his increasing infirmities, was then at her father's house, although her own health was very infirm. Her father was not ignorant either of her outward or inward trials. She had conversed with him with entire frankness on her religious state. She related to him the exercises of her mind, her dissatisfaction with her present spiritual condition, and her earnest desire to avail herself of every favorable opportunity to receive religious instruction. Her father, influenced by the represention she made, as well as by his high sense of the piety and religious wisdom of the Franciscan who had visited him, not only advised but strongly urged her to consult with him.

Attended by a kinswoman, as seemed

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to be proper under the existing circumstances, she visited the room of the Franciscan, and stated to him her conviction of her need of religion, and the often repeated and long continued efforts she had made without effect. When she had done speaking, the Franciscan remained silent for some time, in inward meditation and prayer. He at length said: "Your efforts have been unsuccessful, Madame, because you have sought without, what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find him."

It may be interesting to hear Madame Guyon state the effect of this conversation in her own words. "Having said these words," she says, "the Franciscan left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this instant deeply wounded with the love of God;—a wound so delightful, that I desired it never might be healed. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or rather they made me discover what was there, and which I did not enjoy for want of knowing it. Oh my Lord; thou wast in my heart, and demanded only the turning of my mind inward, to make me feel thy presence. Oh, infinite Goodness! Thou wast so near, and I ran hither and thither seeking thee, and yet found thee not. My life was a burden to me, and my happiness was within myself. I was poor in the midst of riches, and ready to perish with hunger near a table bountifully spread and a continual feast. Oh Beauty, ancient and new! Why have I known thee so late? Alas, I sought the where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast! It was for want of understanding these words of thy Gospel: 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo! here. or lo! there; for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.' This I now experienced, since thou didst become my King, and my heart thy kingdom, where thou dost reign a Sovereign, and dost all thy will.

"I told this good man, that I did not know what he had done to me; that my heart was quite changed; that God was there; for from that moment he had given me an experience of his presence in my soul,—not merely as an object intellectually perceived by any application of mind, but as a thing really possessed after the sweetest manner. I experienced those words in the Canticles: 'Thy name is as precious ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee.' For I felt in my soul an unction, which, as a salutary perfume, healed in a moment all my wounds. I slept not all that night, because thy love, oh my God! flowed in me like delicious oil, and burned as a fire which was going to destroy all that was left of self in an instant. I was all on a sudden so altered, that I was hardly to be known either by myself or others. I found no more those troublesome faults, or that reluctance to duty, which formerly characterized me. They all disappeared, as being consumed like chaff in a great fire.

"Nothing was more easy to me now than to practise prayer. Hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do anything else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and of possession, wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of the soul into a profound recollection, a state of confiding and affectionate rest in God, existing without intellectual effort. For I had no sight but of Jesus Christ alone. All else was excluded, in order to love with greater purity and energy, without any motives or reason for loving which were of a selfish nature."

One of her religious poems, which Cowper has translated, expresses well the feelings which we may suppose to have existed in her at this time.

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LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

"All are indebted much to Thee
But I far more than all;
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above,
Daily with thy boundless love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel,
No language can declare;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear.
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return Thee love for love?

Spirit of Charity! Dispense
Thy grace to every heart;
Expel all other spirits thence
Drive self from every part.
Charity divine! Draw nigh!
Break the chains in which we lie.

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign.
Have still a slavish lot;
They boast of liberty in vain,
Of love, and feel it not.
He, whose bosom glows with thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is love;
All other lessons fail;
We learn its name, but not its powers,
Experience only makes it ours."

A NAME.

THE card-built house amused our infant age—
The child was pleased—but is the man more sage?
A breath could level childhood's tottering toy;
See manhood, effort, art, and time employ,
To build that brittle name, a whisper can destroy!

There is a BOOK where nought our name can spot
If we ourselves refuse to fix the blot;
'Tis kept by ONE that sets alike at nought
The tale with malice or with flattery franght—
HE reads the heart, and *sees* the whisper in the thought.

The Dignity of Human Nature.

BY LUTHER LEE, D. D.

NOTHING can be plainer than that, in the very conception of the Divine mind, man was distinguished from every other portion of this creation, and was designed by God as the crowning piece and peculiar glory of his six days' labor. It is easy to see the marked difference in producing the inferior portions of creation from the process of producing man, which distinguishes him amid the swarming millions that hasten at the Divine command to inhabit every element of the new created world. When God produced the lower orders of beings, he made no prior announcement of his design, as he did when he was about to produce man, upon whom he was to set the signet of his own image. It is only said, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth; and let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing; and it was so." God said, Let the waters and the earth bring forth, and it was so; but when man was to be produced, he did not say, Let the earth bring forth a man, but, "*Let us make man in our image;*" and then the process is described: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." How marked is the defference in the process! God said, Let the waters bring forth the fish, and let the earth bring forth the cattle and

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creeping things; but He *formed* man. And when God said, let the waters and the earth bring forth, "it was so;" but when He had formed man, the work was not finished until from the fountain of His own life and immortality he breathed into his nostrils a living soul.

But what particularly dignifies human nature is the fact, that in contradistinction from all the other creatures, man was created in the image of God, after his likeness. But the question arises at this point, what constituted the image of God, in which man was created? It did not, as every one must admit, consist in the form of his body, nor in the complexion which distinguished the father of our race, what it was, white, red or black. That God has, in some of his manifestations of himself to man, appeared with the physical form of human beings, is not denied; but there are two principles upon which this is to be accounted for, rather than to suppose that it is really the form or image in which God's essential nature exists.

This assumption of the human form, on the part of the Divine Being, doubtless had reference to the incarnation of Christ, by which he was, in the fulness of time, to appear in the world "God manifested in the flesh."

It would be more reasonable to suppose that those manifestations of the Divinity, in human form, were merely condescensions, suited to man's incapacity to conceive of infinity, and to his idea of the human form as the most perfect phyiscal structure of which he had any conception, than to suppose that they were real exhibitions of the shape and stature of the infinite God.

God created man in his own image, by rendering him immortal in the quenchless fires of his soul. While he formed the brutes wholly of the grosser materials of this lower world, and gave them a "spirit that goeth downward to the earth," he formed man's body only of the earth, which he animated with a "living soul," breathing it into him of his own immortal fires; thus giving him a "spirit that goeth upwards," so that man may look up and claim affinity with the spirit world. God only has immortality in himself; and time was —rather eternity was—when immortal fires glowed only in his own nature; but in the process of creation, he lit up other intelligencies of those fires; and in that he made the soul of man of this never dying flame, he modeled him after his own image. How dignified, then, is human nature, of which we may say, though time has been when it was not, yet the time shall never come when it shall not be! How grand and sublime the thought that man is destined for an immortal career; that life is only the commencement of his existence; that here human souls are merely kindled into being, to flash their light on the darkness of this world like a transient meteor. and then expire in appearance to those who are on this side of the curtain that at present conceals the great drama of the universe, while in fact they only retire to burn with increased glory, as sun and stars in the immortal spheres of that drama! If we were to reflect more upon our immortality, and reflect more and deeper upon our relation to the future world, it would doubtless give us higher views of the dignity of human nature, and of its importance to itself.

But in conclusion of this article, may I not inquire, how unworthy of man's true nature and dignity are most of his thoughts and feelings, and even his higher aspirations? How inconsistent is man's treatment of man with the dignity of his nature and his higher destiny as an immortal being? And how unworthy is the part he acts for himself, of a nature stamped with immortality?

> From human conduct, if we judge of man,
> We must conceive he feels himself a brute;
> Both live to sense; both transient, frail and vain;
> Draw the same breath; alike return to dust,
> And sleep in the cold bosom of the earth.

And though all know, and many at times confess,

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"The nobler part of man, 'tis true, survives
The frail coporeal frame;"

Yet we are forced to inquire,

"But who regards
The difference? Those who live like beasts, as such
Would die and be no more, if their own fate
Depended on themselves. Who once reflects,
Amidst his revels, that the human soul,
Of origin celestial, mounts aloft,
While that of brutes to earth shall downward go?"

Reader, remember the difference between humanity and the mere animal, and reflect upon the dignity of thy nature and upon thy destiny to an endless being, and see that you give to that being a right direction here in its opening scenes.

☞ THOSE WHO have not paid as agreed will be so kind as to send us the amount by mail and oblige.

WE CAN furnish back numbers to all who wish them, both of volume one and volume two. Those who prefer to begin with the new, will receive a gift of two numbers of the present year, if they subscribe before December; and one number as a gift if they subscribe any time between the 1st and 25th of December. Under this liberal offer to our subscribers and all who act as agents can do a big business for two months to come on the new years subscription.

THE assertion that the "common people" heard Christ gladly, seems to imply that the higher classes cared but little for him.—*Beecher.*

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know;
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years,
Past all our dream-land hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days.
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,—
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

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ANY PERSON who will send us three new subscribers will be credited a year extra paid on their own. We want agents in every part of the country, to whom a good percentage will be given. If our good friends will only work with energy within four months, our list might be increased three thousand.

THOSE WHO paid for the first-half of this year will please send in pay for the remainder of the year. We presume, as you have not informed us, that you wish us to continue the year out. If, however, you do not wish to continue longer, send us 25 cents for the September and October numbers, and we will discontinue your name.

THIS NUMBER of the MISCELLANY has been delayed some three weeks, by the great pressure of other work in the establishment where we hire our printing done We have pushed it out as fast as we could under these circumstances. We always try to be as prompt and regular as possible. There is one satisfaction, however: the printing is of the very best kind done in the nation.

By the lateness of this number, the November and December numbers will be out the last, instead of the first of the month. We intend to issue the January number some time in December, and in that way start promptly with the new year. We are glad to announce that the MISCELLANY is growing very much in public favor. We have received more subscribers through our friends who act as agents, since September than all before.

SORROWS are like clouds, which, though black when they are just passing over us, when they *are* overpast, become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the horizon. —*Beecher.*

MERCHANTS who play at snatch and grab, or at pinch and squeeze games, have need to be taught the first principles of the Gospel. —*Beecher.*

NO ESTABLISHMENT can be of more benefit to a country than a healthy Book Depository. Our old friend, Rev. JOHN M. ARNOLD, of 133 Woodward Ave., Detroit, is conducting a very extensive book establishment. He does not sell books of a doubtful character. He has a grand assortment of solid works on all important subjects. He has extra advantages for furnishing works of Theology. Mr. ARNOLD is a good scholar, is well acquainted with authors, and is a man of excellent judgment, and just the man to do good in the book business. If ministers wish to replenish their libraries or Sabbath schools, or individuals wish to purchase valuable books at the lowest rate, JOHN M. ARNOLD, of Detroit, is the man. He is accomodating, and honorable to the last degree.

THERE IS a very perfect woolen mill, at Delhi, 5 miles west of Ann Arbor. It is owned by H. and D. MCCOLL. They manufacture fancy cassimeres, beavers and flannel, and yarns of all colors at very low rates. We intend to give this establishment a notice in our next number.

MEN should all have their feet on the same level, with leave to grow as high as they can from the charter God put in their soul. Oregon pines are three hundred feet high—how *solitary* their tops must be; but they start from the same place that the shrub does. —*Beecher.*

BEFORE men we stand as opaque beehives. They can see the thoughts go in and out of us; but what work they do inside of a man they cannot tell. Before God we are as *glass* beehives, and all that our thoughts are doing within us, he perfectly sees and understands. —*Beecher.*

NOBLE SOULS. —What would the world become, if it were not for the *few noble* outgoing souls? These keep the world from *total* depravity, and make society tolerable. May God give us more of such.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 2. ADRIAN, NOVEMBER, 1870. No. V.

THE LAWS OF NATURE.

BY HON. E. C. SEAMAN.

THE series of worlds comprising the Universe, are composed of matter of various kinds; each possessing distinct properties, affinities and powers, by which the several kinds act and react upon each other with perfect uniformity, form combinations, and produce dissolutions, and cause the motion of the heavenly bodies, and the action of what we usually term the elements, upon the face of the earth. Man was constituted by the Supreme Being mostly of the same materials, as the material world, and partakes of its properties, and is subject to, and adapted to the same general laws; and while some things are congenial to his nature, and necessary to sustain life, others are destructive to his existence as an organized being. There seems to be a living principle pervading organized beings, which is the basis of life, and the active agent which is the builder of all organic structures; and in addition to this, man is endowed by his Creator with an intellect, adapted to his physical and organic constitution and nature. Though the intellect or mind is an intelligent and active principle of itself, capable of originating action, possessing freedom of action, or freedom of will, as it it usually termed, yet it is perfectly dependent upon, and can act through the medium of physical organs only.

The earth and all its products are spread before mankind, to be equally enjoyed by all; this constitutes a community of interest among the whole human family; hence equality, to some extent, of natural, not acquired rights, such as a right to life, liberty, and to pursue one's own happiness in a proper manner, lies at the foundation of justice; and hence the duty of each to respect the rights of his fellow beings. The community of interest, and the moral duty of man to man, would form but a feeble bond of union among mankind, if the Deity, in the formation of man, had not placed in him a desire of conjugal union, and fixed in his constitution a principle of sympathy for his fellow beings, and his family and associates in particular, which acts as an instinctive propensity of his nature, impelling him to social intercourse as a means of enjoyment; also impelling him to do good and relieve distress. This sympathy is the source, if not the very essence of what some call moral sense; and constitutes the basis of the domestic affections, of our social feelings, and of every feeling of benevolence, charity and philanthropy. This instinctive propensity, or feeling of sympathy, results partly from our intellectual and partly from our physical or organic constitution and nature; or more probably from the intimate union and combination of the two; and constitutes our moral nature and the prin-

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cipal bond of union between man and man. Certain relations, therefore, exist between man and his Maker; between man and man; between man and the material world, of which he constitutes a part, and between the intellectual and physical, or organic part of man. All these relations, and the properties and powers of matter and of spirit upon which they depend, have been nicely adapted to each other by the Infinite wisdom and benevolence of the Deity; they comprise the physical organic, spiritual and moral laws of the Universe; and constitute what are usually called the Laws of Nature.

All physical laws and physical agencies being governed by powers and properties inherent in matter, and not by intelligence, their constant tendency in action is to change and vibrate from one extreme to another—from heat to cold, and from cold to heat; from wet to dry, and from dry to wet, &c., &c.; one extreme tends to produce the opposite extreme. These constant changes are necessary to furnish a sufficiency of water upon all parts of the surface of the earth to promote vegetation; and though some of the direct effects of these changes are prejudicial to the health of man when he is much exposed to them, yet they are equally necessary to the life of man as to vegetables, by reason of their supplying him with water, as well as with vegetation. Man needs the benefits resulting to him from these frequent changes produced by physical laws; but in order to secure his health, he finds it necessary to resist, as much as possible, the direct effects of these changes upon his system, and to maintain, by means of clothing, dwellings and fires, a uniform temperature, a uniform and dry atmosphere, and uniformity, to a considerable extent, in his diet, drink, exercise, sleep, and all his habits.

Mind or intellect is therefore necessary to direct all the movements of man; to enable him, not only to avoid and resist the pernicious effects upon him of the elements of the material world, and to use these elements as instruments and agents to promote his comforts; but also to prevent the appetites and passions of his physical nature from running into excess, and eventually undermining his health, and constitution, bringing on debility and disease, and leading him into vice and crime. Man is endowed with intellect to watch over, protect, provide for, govern and direct his physical nature, and to check and to control his physical appetites and propensities, and prevent them from running into excess and leading to pernicious consequences, vice and crime. A just medium, which can be maintained only by a constant exertion of intellect, avoiding extremes in all cases, un juste milieu, as the French express it, is not only the path of virtue, but is the only mode to secure the general welfare and happiness of man.

The mind of man is constituted with capacities for development and improvement to an almost unlimited extent, by means of its own activity; and it is generally supposed that he is placed in this world as a state of probation, to exercise and develope his faculties, and fit him for a higher and more important state of existence. Longevity to a certain extent, is necessary to effect this object; and in order to promote longevity, it is necessary for man to develope his physical as well as his mental faculties, and to provide himself with all the physical comforts in his power, to secure him against the diseases and ills of life, as far as practicable.

Man should study the constitution and nature of things, and the laws of the material world, so as to make them instruments and agents to promote his welfare; and not become the victim of their operation, and be swept by them down the current of time, without much influence over his own destiny; as is the case with every savage and barbarous people. He should study them in order to avoid physical causes and agencies which he cannot control, and to learn to use material things, not only for food, clothing, dwellings and fuel,

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but also to make use of them, and of the laws of nature, as instruments and agents to aid him in his labors to increase the fruits and products of the earth, and enable him to supply himself with all the necessaries and comforts of life which tend to promote his health, physical welfare and happiness.

It has been stated, that while some things are congenial to the nature of man, and necessary to sustain life, others are destructive to his existence as an organized being. Caloric is necessary to the existence of animal as well as vegetable life, but too much of it, causing an excessive degree of heat, will destroy life. Some combinations of matter, and conditions of the atmosphere, so filled with carbonic acid gas and heated with caloric, as to be prejudicial to health, and destructive to animal life, tend in a high degree, to promote the growth of vegetation, and indirectly, and in the final result, promote animal life and the welfare of man. Thus, even those elements and laws of nature, whose immediate effect is to destroy the life of man when exposed to them, in their general and ultimate effects, tend to provide the materials to furnish him with food, clothing, fuel, and a shelter, and to promote his general welfare.

Man's intellect and understanding was given to him to enable him to judge of, learn from experience, and understand, the properties, tendencies, and effects of all the elements of matter, and of all their various combinations; that he might avoid such elements, combinations, and quantities, as are injurious and dangerous to him, and whose evil tendencies he cannot control, and use such materials, and in such combinations and quantities, and in such a mode, and conditions of the human system, as to promote his health and general good. In hot climates, he promotes and secures his general health and welfare, and that of his family, by planting shade trees, and building a house to protect them from the burning heat of the sun during the day; in very cold climates, he is constantly struggling with the cold, instead of the heat, and is obliged to build a house or hut as warm as possible, and to provide himself with a large amount of fuel and of clothing, of leather, furs and skins, or of cloth made of wool, to protect himself from the severity of the cold; in changeable, and what are usually termed temperate climates, he finds it necessary to resort to all these means, and to use these and many others, some to protect himself from the excessive heats of summer, and others to defend himself against the cold of winter; and in all climates, he must use means to protect himself against rains, storms, dews, winds and bad air; and must also provide himself with a sufficiency for every day's use of wholesome water as well as food.

Man is born in perfect helplessness and ignorance, and yet he is required to conform to the laws of God as unfolded in the volume of nature; and must learn them before he can do so. His whole life should therefore be constant effort to learn these laws; to prevent the physical appetites and propensities of his nature from running into excess and vice; to resist and avoid the influence of the laws of nature, and of the elements and combinations of matter which are dangerous, or injurious to him; to subdue and regulate properly his own appetites and passions; and to subdue the earth, and convert its products into useful instruments and materials for securing and promoting his health, enjoyment and general welfare. Hence one of the first and most important duties of parents, is to give their children as much instruction as is in their power, and adapted to their station and condition, to fit them in the best manner to discharge their duties, provide for and satisfy their own wants, and for the great business and duties of life, upon which they have entered.

It must have been designed by the Deity, and probably forms the basis of His moral law and government, that man should be subject to a constant struggle with the physical laws of na-

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ture, and required to make great efforts to support life and satisfy his own wants and provide for his own comforts, as a suitable discipline to develope his faculties, and fit him for a higher state of existence. The moral law and government of God, which may be called the moral law of nature, therefore, requires man to develope his faculties; to struggle against the physical laws of nature, and provide for his own wants and comforts; and to act under all circumstances, in such a manner as to promote his own general welfare and happiness, and that of his fellow beings, and particularly of those depending upon him, to the greatest extent possible. This conclusion is deduced from the consideration, that the Deity, being an omniscient and benevolent being, must have established all the physical, as well as the spiritual and moral laws of the universe which comprise the law of nature in such a manner as to promote the general welfare and happiness of man; when he conforms to them, as far as is in his power. Moral virtue may therefore be defined, perfect obedience to the moral laws of nature, or in other words to the will of God; and the distinction between right and wrong, lies in conformity, or non-conformity to this great rule. By acting in accordance with the moral laws of nature, mankind will not only avoid many evils, but promote their own welfare and happiness to the greatest extent, of which their constitution and nature will admit. The principle of sympathy for his fellow beings, was implanted in the organic and physical constitution of man, in order to give him a physical propensity, to act in accordance with the moral law, and government of God, so far as to do his duty to his fellow beings.

THE SUN.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Thou lookest on the Earth, and lo! it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy charging car is borne;
They wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake:
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plow the lonely lake,
And in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
Of all the power that brooded in the urn
Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When on a dewy morn thou darest there
Rich waves of gold to wreathe with fairer light the fair.

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The vales are thine; and when the touch of Spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water, in his winding flight
And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shore;
The vales are thine, and when they wake from night,
The dews, that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine; they catch the newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream
That flows from out thy fullness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters—so thy rays
Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as ever glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift
In darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by,
Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,
Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell glance looks there,
And when below thy hues of beauty die,
Girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear
Anto the high dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine and all their magic hues
Are penciled by thee; when thou bendest low
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving folds with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain
Hung roung the verge of Heaven, that as a bow
Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain
All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train.

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thine arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march;
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form with perfect curve a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air: man looks and feels
How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

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THE HUMAN VOICE.

THIS noble instrument, the human voice, so liberally bestowed upon us, should be cultivated, so that all its powers may be brought out. Are we not guilty of a practical inconsistency, in taking so much pains, and incurring so much expense, in teaching our children an artificial music, while we neglect this natural music, which is capable of giving us a far higher and more enduring pleasure? There is nothing that exerts a more bewitching fascination over us than fine conversation. Personal beauty is not to be compared to it. The young and the beautiful will cluster round an eloquent talker, while Apollo himself, if he be silent, will be left to admire his own face in the glass. There is an unbought grace, a natural charm, in conversation, which wins our confidence, and opens a way to our hearts.

To be in the presence of a cultivated and accomplished man, who tasks his faculties to entertain us, seems like the enjoyment of the gifts of fairies. We have but to listen and the treasures of learning, reflection, and experience, are poured into our souls. In one moment the beautiful web which has taken a life to weave, is unrolled under our eyes. A succession of lovely pictures is made, as if by magic, to pass before our minds; our faculties are roused into the most exhilarating activity; unexpected combinations of wit startle us with electric surprise; our souls expand beneath the rich rays of humour; our taste is charmed by harmonious periods, well-chosen language, and musical intonation; and all this is effected by so little a thing as the human tongue. But little as it is, it is a mighty instrument for good or for evil; and, in saying this, I leave out of the question the power of an eloquent public orator, and speak of its effects, merely in colloquial intercourse.

It was in conversation that Socrates uttered those discourses upon the nature of Beauty and Truth, which Plato and Xenophon have recorded. Dr. Johnson owes the better part of his fame to the indefatigable chronicler of his talk. His life, by Boswell, will be read long after his Rambler is forgotten. Mr. Burke put forth all the treasures of his magnificent mind in conversation. It was said that you could not stop with him under a shed, to escape the rain, for five minutes, without going away with the impression that he was the greatest man in England. Mr. Jefferson says of Franklin, that no one could be in his presence, for however short a time, without learning something valuable—a remark eminently true, from all accounts, of Mr. Jefferson himself. And to come a little nearer to our own times, Sir James Mackintosh and Madame de Stael were instances of persons of the highest order of minds, who regarded conversation as a noble intellectual exercise, affording ample scope to the most creative genius, and the proper vehicle for the most profound and original thoughts.

What are the qualifications necessary to form a good talker? In the first place, he must have a full mind; for he can no more talk well without it, than a river can flow to the ocean without a fountain. Let me not be understood to say, that he must be a learned man. It matters not from what sources intellectual wealth be derived; it comes equally well from reflecting and observing, as from reading. Some have a luxuriant creativeness of mind, so that thought and images arise in it as naturally as flowers spring from the ground. These, of course, are the most brilliant and gifted talkers: these are they "who set tables in a roar;" who charm and fascinate the listening ear; who condense into minutes the pleasures of hours, and yet make hours pass away with the rapidity of minutes. Others, too, can afford an entertainment as gratifying, though not as stimulating, from the acquired treasures gained by extensive and well-digested reading, or by long and sharp observation of men and manners. But there must be moving power from within, or, however much the operating instrument be cultivated, it will not work to any purpose.

Another essential requisite for a good talker is a delicate tact in discovering the tastes and habits of thought in others, and the power of adapting his conversation to them. The perfection of this quality consists in the rare gift, the art of drawing out—the ability to make others, unconsciously to themselves, display, in a natural manner, their faculties and acquirements. Nothing is more delightful than to witness its exercise, when it arises from a benevolent motive; to see a young and timid spirit gently enforced

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to draw aside the veil of reserve which shrouds its individuality, to put forth its free and natural movements, and to glow with a warmth which is partly caught and partly spontaneous. One such mind acts upon another as fire upon figures traced in sympathetic ink—bringing out, every moment, warm tints of feeling, lights and shadows of character, and bold, original strokes of shaping imagination, which had before slumbered in the gloom of diffidence and distrust. This is a faculty as rare as it is beautiful; and it confers upon its possessor an almost unbounded power in social intercourse, for he is by far the most agreeable man who can make others agreeable. Many of those who possess it, abuse it to the gratification of a malicious wit, or a restless vanity.

The charm of conversation, like that of letter-writing, consists in its being the natural expression of natural thoughts. It is difficult, in this as in all other things, to find the proper medium between two extremes. Some men, aiming at correctness and precision, cultivate a grandiloquence and pomp of expression which are quite ludicrous, especially if the thoughts bear no proportion to the cumbrous vehicle in which they are transported. Others, seeing the folly of this, affect a careless, slipshod style of talk, which nothing but great originality and raciness of thought will render tolerable. The language of conversation should be plain, but not homely; idiomatic, but not vulgar. Other things being alike, he who has written most will talk best; for a writer's ideas naturally form themselves into harmonious periods, and he will be most apt to avoid a redundancy of words.

If my observations be true, it follows that conversational powers are, in some measure, natural, and some acquired. There is certainly some scope for education here. Every one may be taught to speak grammatically, to enunciate distinctly, and to look in the face of the person he addresses. These are trifles, to be sure; but for this very reason they are easily observed as neglected.

MAN is the most important thing created on the earth. Rulers, societies, and systems are but his servants and protectors.—*Beecher.*

THE ATHEIST AND THE FLOWER.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France, he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned and profound man, and as he walked to and fro in the small yard into which his prison opened, he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and to the moon and stars which he ordained, and exclaimed, "All things come by chance."

One day, while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion of his thoughts. No other green thing was within his inclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it there?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew, other queries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stock, neither too near another, nor too much on one side."

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner's teacher, and his valued friend. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple and rose-colored, with a fine, silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed to shelter it from pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him on the wall, just above where the flower grew. Its gentle reproof, as it whispered: "There is One who made me, so wonderfully beautiful, and He it is who keeps me alive." shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that, "He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Charney's love for his flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailer. The story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress, Josephine. The Empress said:

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"The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower, can not be a bad man." So she persuaded the Emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home, and carefully tended it in his own greenhouse. It had taught him to believe in a God, and had delivered him from prison.

TRUE PRAYER.

FROM HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Prayer covers the whole of man's life. There is no thought, feeling, yearning, or desire, however low, trifling, or vulgar we may deem it, which, if it affects our real interest or happiness, we may not lay before God and be sure of his sympathy. His nature is such that our often coming does not tire him. The whole burden of the whole life of every man may be rolled unto God and not weary him, though it has wearied the man.

Some may be content to regard God as a being of crystalline purity and awful majesty, to be worshipped afar off, and not troubled with the details of daily life and conflict; but others need a God to whom they can come *near*, and on whose bosom they can lean their heads, and be welcome there. They think of him nine times with a gush of filial love, where they do so once with solemn and shivering awe. They know that he loves each one of his children with a separate and a peculiar love, and that he knows each one by name.

Pray out your life to God. "Be instant in prayer," and the only way to do this, is to go to him in all moods; in joy and sorrow, in depression and mirth, in hope and fear; with everything that is in you, or that touches you. *Confide in God*—make him your familiar friend. Keep open the path from your heart to the heart of God, and let airy feet be always treading its trackless way.

There is a prayer that is too deep for words, or even groans. Have you never lain prostrate before God in the consciousness that his eye was reading all that you could not tell him?

No need to explain things to God, as one must do to the *dearest* human friend. No fear of his betraying what we pour into his ear. Come boldly and gladly to his feet; let him be to you as sunshine on the mountains, to attract and warm, rather than as the shadows of those mountains which can only awe.

The heart that cannot open to the eye of man goes naked and open into the presence of its God. There, all the sealed fountains are unclosed; there, all the secrets which must ever be secrets from the nearest and most beloved earthly friend, are disclosed, and the shrinking and sensitive soul has no reserve. Thus, we have sat down in the forest on a summer's day, and as long as men and boys tramped by, and the clatter and clash of business was heard, there was no movement in the forest; but when the din had ceased, when the footsteps had died away, and we sat motionless as the tree which supported us, there was a twitter overhead, and then an answer from another tree-top. Then out hopped a bird, and lifted up its voice in song, and then a squirrel ran along the ground, and one by one all the mysteries and confidences of the forest were revealed to us. Thus unfolds the soul of man when none but God is near; when it is hungering and thirsting after either the higher or the lower wants of life; when it is yearning for its Father, or when it is home-sick for heaven.

There be ecstacies in prayer, when the soul exults like birds on a fair morning in spring; and there be agonies of prayer, when the burden of the soul cannot be even groaned out. We must bear the burden of Christ, the burden of souls; this he permits, and when we are before God, wrestling for the brother, the child, the loved friend of whatever name, when we think of that dear soul, glowing amid everlasting light, or wailing amid everlasting shadows, *what words can ease us!*

It is not truth nor philosophy to say that prayer alters nothing, that the laws of nature are fixed, and that entreaty cannot change them. The laws of nature *are fixed on purpose to be used for the granting of prayer.* Any *man* can use the laws of nature to grant the requests of his child. Does he say that God, who made those laws, cannot do as much with them as *he* can?

Spontaneity in prayer we claim, as that which is most natural to us; but far be it from our thought to condemn form for

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those who can thus pray best. Let no man bind or shackle another man's conscience, or try to walk by another man's light. Let each be true to himself. Oh! let the soul alone; respect its moods and impulses. Judge not each other. Let each sinner pray as best as he can, come unto God as best he may, but *let him come.*

The soul of man sways hither and thither like the sea, tossed by restless yearnings, and passions, and fears; and there is no shore against which it may break and rest, but the bosom of its God.

"The Bonnie Brown Cottage."

BY ADDIE L. PEGGS.

Far away from my home
I'm a wanderer to-night;
Yet I think of the loved ones,
And pray for a sight
Of the absent,
Of those I love fondly and well,
At the "bonnie brown cottage"
Just under the hill.

'Twas there that my mother
First taught me to pray,
'Twas there that I heard her
In stricken tones say,—
God bless you, my boy,
My own darling Will,
As I left the brown cottage
Just under the hill.

Let memory paint me
A picture to-night,
Of our circle at home
So cheerful and bright.
Do they miss me this hour,
Do they miss roving Will
At the "bonnie brown cottage"
Just under the hill?

There the wild rose and woodbine
Together have grown,
O'er the low open porch
Of my own mountain home,
There's the old mossy bucket
That hangs in the well,
At the "bonnie brown cottage"
Just under the hill?

Nov. 2

There's the grove of old elms,
Where in childhood I've played,
There's the path where with friends
Of my youth I have strayed.
To the bank of the river
Where stands the old mill,
Near the "bonnie brown cottage"
Just under the hill.

There's the old mossy seat
'Neath the jessamine bower,
Where with loved ones I've lingered
At twilight's soft hour;
There's the grave, neath the willow
Of dear sister Nell,
At the "bonnie brown cottage"
Just under the hill.

But the picture is finished,
It fades from my sight,
I am weary of wandering,
And lonely to-night,
For long years have passed
Since I bade them farewell,
At the "bonnie brown cottage"
Just under the hill.

ASTRONOMY.

PROF. MITCHELL'S LECTURES.

In the course of the last lecture, I attempted to give some idea of the power of the telescope, by unfolding to you the results which have been achieved through its mighty instrumentality. My object was, to convey to your mind some notion of the range which we are permitted to take though space, when carried by this mighty instrument. But it will be remembered that I only moved outward in one direction. I penetrated from point to point, from object to object, from star to star, from cluster to cluster, until the distance become so great that light, upon its tireless wing, almost refused to pass the mighty interval. All this has been accomplished by the science, the skill, and the mechanical ingenuity of man; and it is with this instrument that he ha prosecuted his explorations of the vast universe of God. But in all this

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we have said nothing of the laws which govern the material universe. We have said nothing of the mighty globes that wheel their mystic flight through space, making the melody of motion, if not the fancied music of the spheres. Are these globes governed by law; or do they sweep through space regardless of any bond uniting to the centre of the universe? Is it law that reigns, or chaotic confusion? For more than 3,000 years the eye gazed upon these far distant and beautiful orbs; it watched their motions through the heavens; it determined, comparatively, their relative distances, and, approximately, their periodic time. But for that entire period, the law regulating these motions was locked up—it was a sealed book.

COPERNICUS announced to us, as I have already said, the true system of the Universe; but it was not until the powerful genius of KEPLER was turned to the subject, that any law was evolved by which it was possible to account for and determine with certainty the movements of the planets. After long years of toil and study this most extraordinary of all the geniuses that ever graced our earth—the first in point of time and the first in point of talent—revealed to us the laws that govern the heavenly bodies. I have only time to announce these laws to-night. Would that I had time to unfold to you the workings of that mighty mind; but its results are all that I can give you. He found that the old idea that the planets revolved in circles round the sun, was false. This idea had become so stamped upon the minds of the old astronomers that it resisted every investigation that tended to conflict with it. Its grasp had been so fastened upon them, that they could not loose its hold. But KEPLER, by his genius, rose to the true comprehension of the orbs of the planets. He found that these orbs performed their revolutions, not in circles, but in elliptic curves. This was his first grand discovery. The true orbit of the planets was now known; and the next thing to be done was to discover the law regulating their motions, and by which they could be traced in their journeyings, and their progress marked. He found that if a line were drawn from the sun, which occupies a point in the centre, out to the planet, that as the planet moves round the sun, this line will sweep over equal surfaces in equal times.

Here was the second grand discovery, and now it was found possible to trace the planets round the sun, and to account for all their movements. Here, it would seem, the mind of any man might have remained satisfied, after revealing these two great truths, that have been continually more and more verified, as we have penetrated into space. It was not so, however, with the mind of KEPLER. Having discovered that all the planets revolve in elliptic curves around the sun, and that the sun occupied the focus of all these revolutions, his mind was so impressed with the beauty of these laws, that the thought occurred to him, that possibly there might be some law uniting all these bright worlds together in one grand system, and that some relation existed between their periodic time and their relative distances, which, if ascertained, would enable him when knowing the one to discover the other. For seventeen years he examined this matter with unremitting attention. He formed every possible hypothesis—he exhausted his ingenuity in attempting to discover this law. At the close of this long period, he reached his final grand result. He demonstrated this truth—that the squares of the periodic time of the planets are always proportioned to the cubes of their distances. Perhaps this language is not clear to all who hear me. One moment for explanation: The square of a number is produced by multiplying it into itself—thus the square of 4 is 16; the cube of a number is found by multiplying it into itself three times; the fourth power, by multiplying the number four times, &c. This is a very simple law, and with its aid, if we know the periodic times of

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the planets, and know the distance of a single one of them, belonging to this mighty brotherhood of worlds, we can in a moment reveal the distances of all the others in succession. When KEPLER reached these grand results, nothing more remained to be done. The great problem of the universe had been resolved. But something more was to be accomplished. How was it that the planets were retained in their orbits? What power was it that bound them to the sun? It required the genius of NEWTON to resolve this great problem. And he, centering all the energies of his mighty mind upon this great idea, from year to year, finally rose to the great truth—finally reached the discovery of the great law of gravitation. Here again I wish it were possible for me to explain the reasonings by which he reached this grand result; but again I am forced to give you only the result. He found this to be true—that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, and that this attraction increases in a ratio corresponding to the amount of matter contained in the body, and diminishing in a ratio corresponding to the distance between the bodies. Suppose, for instance, two bodies to be located in the heavens, a certain distance apart. The distance between these bodies, we will call 2, and the attraction which one exerts over the other, we will represent by 1. Now, if you remove one of these bodies twice its original distance from the other, its attraction will be but 1-4, and if you remove it three times its distance, its attraction will be but 1-9, and as you continue to move it, its attraction will be expressed by a fraction, the numerator of which will be 2, and the denominator the square of the distance.

As soon as the law of gravitation was discovered, the whole movement of the universe became a new problem. As soon as NEWTON found that it regulated the movements of the moon, he extended it to the planets, and he went still farther—he attempted the resolution of another problem. If, said he, the sun exerts an influence upon all the planets which is equal to the inverse ratio of its distance, what will be the curve of their revolution? He computed that when he reached the expression of the orbit, it would be the expression of ellipse; but to his astonishment, he found that was not the expression. He found a general expression not only of the elliptic curve, but of three other curves, the ellipse, the parabola, the hyperbola and the circle. He employs the telescope for the purpose of verifying the result. He finds the example of the circle in the orbit of the four moons of Jupiter. The ellipse in the orbits of the planets, and in the orbits of the comets, he finds examples of the parabola and the hyperbola.

The next great point was this: If all the bodies in space are mutually operated upon by each other, then we must examine the influence produced—we must weigh the sun and all its planets, and determine the matter they contain, and their relative distances from each other.

Let us wing our flight in imagination to the sun; there we find a mighty globe, 880,000 miles in diameter—here we fix our position. 96,000,000 of miles from the sun, we fix our eyes upon a globe, fastened in space and stationary. If a force should set that body in motion, it would move off in a straight line through space; but the attraction of the sun seizes it, and lo! a planet, bathed in the light of its parent sun, wheels in an undeviating orbit around its great centre.

Now, if we had but this sun, and this planet, it would move on forever in the same path. Centuries, ages might roll away, and yet our solitary planet would be found whirling through the same orbit. But now let us make a change—around this planet let us fling a circling moon. This, too, if it were not under the influence of any other object than its own centre, would take up its unvarying circles. But as the primary planet takes its course round the sun, the latter draws the moon away

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from the earth, and here are introduced disturbances; one of these bodies interferes with another—yet it matters not how complex these disturbances may be; analysis can trace them, but add other planets and other satellites, and yet the mutual disturbances of these upon each other have been computed in the most absolute manner. The mathematician has gone so far as actually to write out, in symbolical characters, the history of the universe. We have not only the present and the past, but what is more wonderful still, roll back the curtain of futurity, and predict with absolute certainty, changes that are to take place in the marshaling of the hosts of the Universe.

Three thousand years ago an astronomer who was then located upon the tower of Babylon, announced that the sun was sinking in eclipse. We know the year, we know the circumstances. we know the fact, and now the mathematician and the astronomer take up this problem, and running backward through all the movements of the moon and sun, dertermine the relative distances of these bodies at that period, and when this is ascertained, it is found that the mean motion of the Moon is not what is was 3,000 years ago. The observations of our day prove that the Moon is now moving more rapidly in its orbit than at earlier periods. This fact, for a long time perplexed astronomers. Some conceived that it would be necessary to reject the old tables of computation; some that the law of gravitation could not account for it; and after much toilsome examination it was almost abandoned in despair, when fortunately, La Place stepped in, and applying his mighty mind to the solution of the problem, rescues Science from the dilemma in which she seemed to be placed. I mention this fact, and I shall now explain it, to show you how far the mind has carried its investigations. By a strict observance, we find that the figure of the Earth's orbit is slowly changing. From year to year, we find it gradually opening out and becoming nearly circular. The Moon being disturbed in its movement by the Sun, is not permitted to move so completely under the influence of its centre, the Earth, as it would otherwise be. The Sun, by its attraction, retards the movement of the Moon around the Earth, but as the Earth is gradually removing from the Sun, as it orbit grows more and more circular, the Moon is carried farther from its disturbing influence, and being thus left more under the immediate control of the Earth, its motion is accelerated from year to year, and from age to age. But mark the result. The Moon, in 3,000 years, has got in advance of its old place only about thirty-six times its diameter. Minute as this is, it has been detected, its origin and its cause have been assigned, and we know it will go on increasing for thousands and thousands of years. But there is a limit to its acceleration. That time will be when the Earth's orbit shall become exactly round. Then its pace will be retarded, and as the Earth's orbit begins to grow elliptical, the motion of the Moon will decrease, and thus oscillating backward and forward, this mighty pendulum will continue to strike the hours of eternity.

We are indebted to Bode, of Berlin, for the discovery of a law which determines in a very singular manner the relative distances of the Planets. There was found to be an interval between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, the law was broken—there was no Planet to fill the space. The idea occurred that there might be a Planet revolving within the orbits of these two planets; and Astronomers were watching eagerly for any phenomenon that might present itself in that part of the Heavens. It so happened, that at the begiening of the century, and on the very first day of the century, Piazzi of Palermo finds entering that portion of the Heavens an object that ought not to be there if his charts are true. It had the appearance of a fixed star, but by its motions it ought to be a Planet. For forty days

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he followed it up, noting its position night after night, till finally a sufficient number of observations were obtained to enable him to determine the limits of its orbit—and behold! it filled the space in the extraordinary series, completing and making it a perfect scale from beginning to end. I will but advert to the other discoveries. In a few years another body was added, and then another, and then a fourth, making four small Planets between Mars and Jupiter. It was believed that there would never be another found. It seemed that the whole Heavens had been explored, and so thoroughly that no object could have escaped the scrutiny. But on the 12th of December, 1845, we find it announced by Encke of Driessen, in Germany, that he had added a fifth star to the number, and now we have five small planets revolving between Mars and Jupiter.

The system being now complete, we go out at once by means of this series to the most distant of all the old Planets—the Planet Saturn. Before the close of the last century it was noticed that there appeared to be some disturbing influence exerted upon this Planet. It was found that it was not even in its motions; it was irregular, and its irregularities were induced by influences lying, possibly, upon the exterior of the orbit of the Planet. But no mind was found bold enough to enter into an investigation of the causes of these phenomena at that day. In 1781 a fortunate accident revealed the cause. Sir Wm. Herschel finds a new Comet. But when the mathematician takes up his apparatus and examines it, he finds that this Comet is in fact no Comet, but a Planet. He finds that the object which Herschel had revealed to the eye was a large Planet, far distant from the sun. This seemed to be the last link in the mighty chain that Science had been so long forging. It seemed to be impossible to reach beyond this limit, for this star or planet is not visible without the aid of a Telescope. It is 1,800,000,000 miles from the central Sun. In a little time it was found that this planet had already been seen years before. It was found that the old Astronomers had remarked it, but had believed it to be a fixed star. This gave great advantages to the modern Astronomers, for they found it possible to avail themselves of the computations of the ancients in their investigations. Its movements were watched, and it was found utterly impossible to reconcile the old observations with the new ones. In 1781, Bouvard, a French Astronomer, turns his attention to the subject. He finds it impossible to reconcile the new with the old computations, and it is impossible for him to settle whether the discrepancy grows out of the imperfections of the instruments or the action of some unknown force in the Heavens. At length he said, 'I will reject the old—I will adopt the new. I will compute the elements of this planet, and compute the tables by which I shall be guided.' These tables were computed; but in a few years we find the computed and the observed places of the Planet again disagreeing. The Planet was getting in advance of its computed place—it was getting farther from the Sun than it ought to be.

As early as 1833, we find the Astronomer Roual observing with great accuracy the fluctuations of this Planet, and after attempting the influence of every force that could be brought to bear upon its movements, he found that the Planet had increased its distance from the Sun twice the distance of the Moon from the Earth. What power was there concealed in the vast depths of space, that could exert such an influence over the Planet?

For a long time no mind dared to touch the problem. At length a young Astronomer rises, unknown to fame, but with a mind capable of grasping all the difficulties involved in any of these questions. I refer, of course, to Leverrier. He began by taking up the movements of Mercury. He was dissatisfied with the old computations and the old tables, and he ventured to be-

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gin anew, and to compute an entirely new set of tables. With these new tables he predicted the *precise instant* when the planet Mercury, on the 18th of May, 1845, would touch the Sun, and sweep across it. The time rolls round when the Planet is to be seen, and his prediction verified or confuted. The day arrives, but alas! for the computer, the clouds let down their dark curtains and veil the Sun from his sight. Our own Observatory had just been finished, and if the audience will permit, I will state briefly my own observations upon the Planet. I had ten long years been toiling. I had commenced what appeared to be a hopeless enterprise. But finally saw the building finished—I saw this mighty Telescope created—I had adjusted it with my own hands—I had computed the precise time when the Planet would come in contact with the Sun's disk, and the precise point where the contact would take place; but when it is remembered that only about the thousandth part of the Sun's disk enters upon the field of the Telescope, the importance of directing the instrument to the right point will be realized. Five minutes before the computed time of the contact I took my place at the instrument. The beautiful machinery that carries the Telescope with the Sun was set in motion, and the instrument directed to that part of the Sun's disk at which it was anticipated the contact would take place. And there I sat, with feelings which no one in this audience can realize. It was my first effort. All had been done by myself. After remaining there for what seemed to be long hours, I inquired of my assistant how much longer I would have to wait. I was answered *four minutes*. I kept my place for what seemed an age, and again inquired as before. He told me that but one minute had rolled by. It seemed as if Time had folded his wings, so slowly did the moments crawl on. I watched on till I was told that but one minute remained, and within sixteen seconds of the time I had the almost bewildering gratification of seeing the Planet break the contact, and slowly move on till it buried itself round and deep and sharp in the Sun.

I refer to this fact for two reasons: first, to verify Leverrier, and second to impress upon your minds the desirableness of locating our Observatories in different parts of the earth. No European astronomer could have made this observation, because, in their longitudes, the Sun would have set previous to the contact of the Planet with its disk. I had the gratification of furnishing these observations to Leverrier himself, who reported upon them to the Academy of Sciences. The triumph of Leverrier was complete. It was after this that Arago, seeing the characteristics of his mind, said to him, 'Take up the movements of the planet Herschel, watch them, analyze them, and tell us what it is that causes them.' Leverrier throws aside all other employments, and gives his mind to the investigation of this subject. He begins entirely back. He takes up the movements of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, and investigates them anew—he leaves nothing untouched. Finally, after having in the most absolute manner computed all the influence they exercise upon the planet Herschel, he says, 'I now know positively all existing causes that disturb the Planet, but there is an outstanding power that disturbs it, not yet accounted for; and now let me rise to a knowledge of that outstanding cause.' He did what no other man ever had attempted. He cleared up all difficulties, he made all daylight before his gaze. And now how shall I give you an account of the train of reasoning by which he reached out into unknown space, and evoked from its bosom a mighty world? If you will give me the time, I will attempt to give you an idea of his mighty workings in the fields of Science.

In the first place, let it be remembered that the planets circulate through the Heavens in nearly the same planet. If I were to locate the Sun in the cen-

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re of the floor, in locating the Planets around it, I should place them upon the floor in the same plane. The first thing that occurred to Leverrier, in looking for the Planet, was this: he need not look out of the plane of the elliptic. Here, then, was one quarter in which the unknown body was to be found. The next thing was this: where is it located, and what is its distance from the Sun? The law of Bode gave to him the approximate distance. He found the distance of Saturn was about double that of Jupiter, and the distance of Herschel twice that of Saturn; and the probability was, that the new planet would be twice the distance of Herschel; and as Herschel's distance is 1,800,000,000 miles, the new Planet's would be 3,600,000,000. Having approximated its distance, what is its periodic time?—for if he can once get its periodic time, he can trace it out without difficulty. According to the third of Kepler's laws, as the square of the period of Herschel is to the square of the period of the unknown Planet, so is the cube of the distance of Herschel to the cube of the distance of the unknown Planet. There is only one term unknown. The periodic time of Herschel we will call 1, and its distance 1, and by resolving the equation we find the periodic time of the new Planet to be a fraction less than three times that of Herschel, or about 220 years. Now, if it be required to perform 360 degrees in 220 years, it will perform about a degree and a half in one year. Only one thing more remains to be accomplished. If it is possible to get the position of the unknown body at *any* time, we can trace it up to where it should be in 1847.

First, then, let us suppose the Sun, Herschel and the new Planet in certain fixed positions, which we will represent as follows:

SUN. HERSCHEL UNKNOWN OR LEVERRIER PLANET.

It will be observed that a line drawn out from the Sun to the right will pass through Herschel, and if continued, will intersect the new Planet. It is very apparent, that when these three orbs occupy the position assigned them above, the influence of the unknown Planet upon Herschel will be exercised in the highest degree, and consequently, that Herschel will be drawn farther from the Sun at that juncture than at any other; and if we know where *Herschel* is, when this effect is produced, by prolonging the line through Herschel outward, it must pass through the new Planet. The delicate observations upon Herschel gave this result, and showed when it was that it was swayed farthest from the Sun. By taking the place occupied by the new Planet at that time, and increasing it onward one degree and a half per annum, we can point out the place it must occupy at any given period. In September last we find Leverrier communicating these results to his friends in Berlin. They are provided with charts, on which every observed star is mapped down, and if any new object presents itself in the Heavens, it is immediately subjected to a rigid scrutiny. On the very night on which Leverrier's letter had been received, we find the Telescope directed to the designated point in the Heavens. A stranger appears, but has only the aspect of a fixed star. Long did the eye watch, that night, but no motion was found. When twenty-four hours rolled round, and it was once more possible to fix the instrument upon this strange body, it had moved in the precise degree and direction computed. The new Planet was found. The news spread with the utmost rapidity throughout the world, all Europe was electrified, and soon the intelligence crossed the waters. Our Telescope was directed to this object. All had hitherto failed, no eye had ever seen it round and planet-like from its disk. The evening finally came round for the examination. Time moved on its leaden wings, but twilight faded away at length, and I took my seat, with my assistant, at the instrument. I directed the Telescope to that point

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of the Heavens. I found four stars on the field of view. The first was brought to the field of view of the instrument, and pronounced to be a fixed star, and so with the second. The third was brought forward, and before it had reached the centre of the field, I heard the exclamation, 'There it is!' And there it was, as beautiful as Jupiter himself. Here was a result not attained by any other instrument in the world. When we know a body is a Planet, then, and not till then, do we find the disk. The great rival of our instrument had seen it, but did not recognize it.

Before five minutes had elapsed the micrometical wires pronounced its diameter to be 40,000 miles. Here were results such as no previous one had attained. I mention it, because I think it right that our own country, which has but just commenced its career in this science, should know what is her due, and I trust that the day is not far distant, when we shall become as distinguished for our proficiency, for our learning, for our researches, and for our efforts in behalf of Astronomy, as we have hitherto been for our profound neglect of every thing belonging to this sublime science.

The Celebrated Isaac T. Hopper and His Young Crow.

It seemed as if animals were in some way aware of his kindly feelings, and disposed to return his confidence; for on several occasions they formed singular intimacies with him. When he was six or seven years old, he spied a crow's nest in a high tree, and, according to usual custom, he climbed up to make discoveries. He found that it contained two eggs, and he watched the crow's movements until her young ones were hatched and ready to fly. Then he took them home. One was accidentally killed a few days after, but he reared the other, and named it Cupid. The bird became so very tame, that it would feed from his hand, perch on his shoulder, or his hat, and go everywhere with him. It frequently followed him for miles, when he went to mill or market. He was never put into a cage, but flew in and out of the house, just as he pleased. If Isaac called "Cu! Cu!" he would hear him, even if he were up in the highest tree, would croak a friendly answer and come down directly. If Isaac winked one eye, the crow would do the same. If he winked his other eye, the crow also winked with his other eye. Once when Cupid was on his shoulder, he pointed to a snake lying in the road, and said "Cu! Cu!"—The sagacious bird pounced on the head of the snake and killed him instantly; then flew back to his friend's shoulder, cawing with all his might, as if delighted with his exploit. If a stranger tried to take him, he would fly away, screaming with terror. Sometimes Isaac covered him with handkerchief and placed him on a stranger's shoulder; but as soon as he discovered where he was, he seemed frightened almost to death. He usually choose to sleep on the roof of a shed, directly under Isaac's bed-room window. One night he heard him cawing very loud, and the next morning he said to his father, "I heard Cupid talking in his sleep last night." His father inquired whether he had seen him since; and when Isaac answered, "No," he said, "Then I am afraid the owls have taken him." The poor bird did not make its appearance again; and a few days after his bones and feathers were found on a stump, not far from the house. This was a great sorrow for Isaac. It tried his young heart almost like the loss of a brother."

Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly fiddled on by the fingers of joy.

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MADAME GUYON.

BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

"I WAS very assiduous," she remarks in her Life, "in performing deeds of charity. I had feelings of strong compassion for the poor, and it would have been pleasing to me to have supplied all their wants. God, in his providence, had given me an abundance; and in the employment of what he had thus bestowed upon me, I wished to do all that I could to help them. I can truly say, that there were but few of the poor in the vicinity where I lived, who did not partake of my alms. I did not hesitate to distribute among them the very best which could be furnished from my own table. It seemed as if God had made me the only almoner in this neighborhood. Being refused by others, the poor and suffering came to me in great numbers. My benefactions were not all public. I employed a person, whose business it was to dispense alms privately, without letting it be known from whom they came. There were some families, who needed and received assistance, without being willing to accept of it as a gratuity. And I reconciled their feelings with their wants, by permitting them, in the reception of what was needful for them, to incur the formality of a debt. I speak of giving; but looking at the subject in the religious light, I had nothing to give. My language to God was, "*Oh, my Divine Love, it is thy substance: I am only the steward of it; I ought to distribute it according to thy will.*'"

Her efforts for the good of others were not limited to gifts of food and clothing. Those who are acquainted with the state of France during Louis Fourteenth's reign know that ruinous vices prevailed at that period. The profligacy of the Court, though less intense than that which was exhibited subsequently in the time of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans and in the reign of Louis Fifteenth, could hardly fail to find imitators among the people. This will help to explain some further statements, which she makes in connection with her efforts to do good. In a number of instances, with a forethought creditable to her sound judgment as well as her piety, she informs us that she caused poor young girls, especially such as were particularly characterized by beauty of person, to be taught in some art or trade; to the end, that, having employment and means of subsistence, they might not be under a temptation to adopt vicious courses, and thus throw themselves away. And this was not all. Inspired with the sentiments which animate the hearts of some pious females of later times, she did not consider it inconsistent with religion to endeavor to reclaim those of her sex who had fallen into the grossest sins. She says, that God made use of her to reclaim several females from their disorderly lives, one of whom was distinguished by her family connections as well as her beauty, who became not only reformed, but truly penitent and Christian in her disposition, and died a happy death. "I went," she says, "to visit the sick, to comfort them, to make their beds. I made ointments, aided in dressing wounds, and paid the funeral expenses incurred in the interment of those who died." And as one of her methods of doing good, she adds, "I sometimes privately furnished tradesmen and mechanics, who stood in need of assistance, with the means that were requisite to enable them to prosecute their business."

"There was a lady of rank," she relates among some other incidents, "whom I sometimes visited. She took a particular liking to me, because, as she was pleased to say, my person and manners were agreeable to her. She said, that she observed in me something extraordinary and uncommon. My

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impression is, that my spiritual taste reacted upon my physical nature, and that the inward attraction of my soul appeared on my very countenance. And one reason of this opinion is, that a gentleman of fashion one day said to my husband's aunt, 'I saw the lady your niece, and it is very visible that she lives in the presence of God!' I was surprised at hearing this, as I did not suppose that a person so much addicted to the world, could have any very distinct idea of God's presence, even in the hearts of his own people. This lady, I say, began to be touched with the sense of God. The circumstances were these. At a certain time she proposed to me to go with her to the theatre. I refused to go, as, indipendently of my religious principles and feelings, I had never been in the habit of going to such places. The reason, which I first gave to her for not acceding to her proposition, was of a domestic nature, namely, that my husband's continual indisposition rendered it inconvenient and improper for me. Not satisfied with this, she continued to press me very earnestly to go with her. She said, that I ought not to be prevented by my husband's indispositions from taking some amusement; that the business of nursing the sick was more appropriate to the older persons, and that I was too young to be thus confined to them. This led to more particular conversation. I gave her my reasons for being particularly attentive to my husband in his seasons of ill health. But this was not all. I told her that I entirely disapproved of theatrical amusements; and that I regarded them as especially inconsistent with the duties of a Christian woman. The lady was far more advanced in years than I was; but whether it was owing in part to this circumstance or not, my remarks made such an impression on her, that she never visited such places afterwards."

"But our intercourse with each other did not end here. I was once in company with her and another lady, who was fond of talking, and had read the writings of the Christian Fathers. They had much conversation with each other in relation to God. The learned lady, as might be expected, talked very learnedly of him. I must confess that this sort of merely intellectual and speculative conversation, in relation to the Supreme Being, was not much to my taste. I scarcely said anything; my mind being drawn inwardly to silent and inward communion with the great and good Being, about whom my friends were speculating. They at length left me. The next day the lady with whom had previously had some conversation, came to see me. The Lord had touched her heart; she came as a penitent, as a seeker after religion; she could hold out in her opposition no longer. But I at once attributed this remarkable and sudden change, as I did not converse with her the day previous, to the conversation of our learned and speculative acquaintance. But she assured me it was otherwise. She said, it was not the other's conversation which affected her, but my *silence;* adding the remark, that my silence had something in it which penetrated to the bottom of her soul, and that she could not relish the other's discourse. After that time we spoke to each other with open hearts on the great subject."

"It was then that God left indelible impressions of grace on her soul; and she continued so athirst for him, that she could scarcely endure to converse on any other subject. That she might be wholly his, God deprived her of a most affectionate husband. He also visited her with other severe crosses. At the same time he poured his grace so abundantly into her heart, that she soon conquered it, and became its sole master. After the death of her husband and the loss of most of her fortune, she went to reside on a small estate which yet remained to her, situated at the distance of about twelve miles from our house. She obtained my husband's consent to my going to pass a week with her, for the purpose

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of consoling her under her afflictions. The visit was attended with beneficial results. God was pleased to make me an instrument of spiritual good to her. I conversed much with her on religious subjects. She possessed knowledge, and was a woman of uncommon intellectual power; but being introduced into a world of new thought as well as new feeling, she was surprised at my expressing things to her so much above what is considered the ordinary range of woman's capacity. I should have been surprised at it myself, had I reflected on it. But it was God, who gave me the gift of perception and utterance, for her sake; he made me the instrument, diffusing a flood of grace into her soul, without regarding the unworthiness of the channel he was pleased to make use of. Since that time her soul has been the temple of the Holy Ghost, and our hearts have been indissolubly united."

"When the world saw that I had quitted it, it persecuted me, and turned me into ridicule. I became the subject of its conversation, of its fabulous stories, and of its amusement. Given up to its irreligion and pleasures, it could not bear that a woman who was little more than twenty years of age, should thus make war against it, and overcome it." Her age was not the only circumstance that was remembered. That youth should quit the world was something, but that wealth, intelligence, and beauty, combined with youth, in the same person, should quit it, was much more. On merely human principles it could not well be explained. Some were offended; some spoke of her as a person under some species of mental delusion; some attributed her conduct to stupidity, inquiring very significantly, "What can all this mean? this lady has the reputation of knowledge and talent. But we see nothing in it."

But God was with her. She relates that, about this time, she and her husband went into the country on some business. She did not leave her religion on leaving her home. The river Seine flowed near the place where they staid. "*On the banks of the river,*" she says, "*finding a dry and solitary place, I sought intercourse with my God.*" Her husband had gone with her into the country; but he did not accompany her there. There is something impressive in this little incident. She went alone to the banks of the Seine, to the waters of the beautiful river, and into the dry and solitary place. It was indeed a solitary place; but can we say that she who went there, went alone? *God was with her.* God, who made the woods and the waters, and who, in the beginning, walked with his holy ones amid the trees of the garden. "The communications of Divine Love," she adds, "were unutterably sweet to my soul in that retirement." And thus, with God for her portion, she was happy in the loss of that portion which was taken away from her.

"Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

"Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest."

Happy would it have been, if she had been exposed only to the ridicule and the opposition of those who were without. Among the members and relatives of her own family still less than ever, with the exception of her father, did she find any heart that corresponded fully to her own. It seems to have been the great object of her step-mother, who was exceedingly desirous to retain the influence over her son which she had exercised previous to his marriage, to weaken and destroy his affections for his wife. Her object was cruel as it was wicked, although she probably justified herself in it, from the fear that the benevolent disposition of Madame Guyon, both before and after experiencing religion, might result in a waste of the property of the family if she should possess all that influence with her husband, to which such a wife

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was entitled. "My mother-in-law," she says. "persuaded my husband that I let everything go to wreck, and that, if she did not take care, he would be ruined." The step-mother's plan of alienating her son's affections from his wife, was seconded by the maid-servant, who has been mentioned,—a laborious and artful woman, who had rendered herself almost absolutely necessary to her master in those seasons of sickness and physical suffering of which he had a large share. The result of their combined efforts was, that he became unsettled and vacillating in his affections, —not constant in his love; sometimes, and perhaps we may say always, when separated from their influence, truly and even passionately affectionate; at other times, and more frequently, he was distrustful and cruel.

In this perplexed and conflicting state of mind, it is not surprising that we find his language and his conduct equally conflicting, equally inconsistent. Sometimes he speaks to her in the language of violence and abuse, sometimes in a relenting spirit and with affection. He was not pleased with the religious change which appeared in his wife. "My husband," she says, "was out of humor with my devotion; it became insupportable to him. '*What!*' says he, '*you love God so much that you love me no longer.*' So little did he comprehend that the true conjugal love is that which is regulated by religious sentiment, and which God himself forms in the heart that loves him." At other times, when left to his better nature, he insisted much on her being present with him; and frankly recognizing what he saw was very evident, he said to her, '*One sees plainly, that you never lose the presence of God.*'

And thus in her beautiful poem, she sings of Divine love:

"*Yes! I will always love;* and as I ought,
Tune to the praise of love my ceaseless voice;
Preferring love, too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand, thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine!
If thou approve,—the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! Can such a fire decline?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze;
Eternal love, a God must needs inspire,
When once he wins the heart and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismissed;—'tis then we live indeed;
In *her* embrace, death, only death is found;
Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of SELF, with which thy soul is bound.

Oh! I would cry, that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone;
Let his unequalled excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own."

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Unanimity Among Christians.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

FAVORABLE for the Protestant cause as are the signs of the times, infidelity rejoices, and Romanism triumphs. The reason is obvious. Efforts at union press upon the world the question, "Why disagree?" the stumbling-block of the skeptic—the palisade of the Pope. It is to this we ask attention.

It is necessary, however, to make some preliminary observations. Every man of sound mind, with the Bible in hand, can as readily maintain a proper relation to the *moral* world as he does to the *external*. The great truths that there is a God, that man is a sinner, that Christ is a Savior, that repentance and faith are the conditions of salvation, that obedience to God is the way to heaven, are as easily understood from revelation as that fire will burn, and water drown, and food nourish, or that when the buds put forth we have spring, and when the leaves fall from the forest there is autumn. And, so far as these truths are concerned, Christians—few exceptions—harmonize—perhaps much farther.

The points in which Christians *agree* are more numerous than those in which they *differ*. While we are constantly seeking for differences, and turning our eyes from correspondences, we may fancy ourselves far apart; but place two different Protestant Christians in Pekin, or on the banks of the Nile, and they will run to each other's embrace. As they lift the standard of the cross in the sight of heathen abominations, they stand shoulder to shoulder; and as they proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, they are scarce conscious of any discord in their instructions.

The points in which they agree are in the Bible; those in which they disagree are out of the Bible, and in creeds and confessions of faith.

The points in which Christians agree are fundamental; those in which they disagree are of secondary importance. In the terraqueous globe, we see transition, secondary, and tertiary rocks overlapping one another in a long series; yet, at the profoundest depths, and the loftiest hights, we find the granite; so, though infinite the strata, and diversified the forms, in which the revolutions of ages have deposited secondary doctrines, they all repose upon the flanks of primitive mountain truths, which underlie and overtop them.

It is matter of little consequence to a dying sinner how, or how many, God has elected, if he has made his own calling and election sure. He that persevereth to the end, will not be damned because he has mistaken concerning the doctrine of "final perseverance." Would that we could draw the attention of the Church more to fundamentals—the region of disturbance is that of nonessentials. It is said that there is a bay in Lake Huron over which the air is so charged with electricity, that no person has ever traversed it without hearing peals of thunder; but that bay is out of the ordinary paths of commerce.

The points in which Christians agree are *facts;* those in which they differ are *theories*. There is a God; this is a fact. None denies it but the fool, and he denies it in his heart, not head. But if we venture into the fathomless question, *how* he exists, we may expect storms. There are three persons in the Godhead—another fact. Admitted. But the moment we begin to inquire how the Trinity is in unity, we speculate—we dispute. It is a fact that Jesus saves. Agreed. How? How many? Now we theorize. Beware, or we shall differ. The Holy Spirit operates in regeneration—a fact—a concord. The disagreement is on the question, how? wherefore?

But we recur to the question, why,

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since Protestant Christians agree that the Bible is the only and sufficient rule of faith, and that whatever is not contained therein, or may not be proved thereby, ought not to be received, do they differ even in minor points?

There are original differences in mind. Variety beautifies all the Creator's works. In the mineral world we have hill, valley, desert, and plain: in the vegetable, the lichen of the reef, and the oak of the mountain, united with intermediate vegetation, blending by imperceptible gradations; in the animal, a similar series, from the polypus to the mammoth; so in the rational, minds range one above another; so in heaven, one star differeth from another star in glory. But unanimity on all subjects would imply *equality of mental power*. True, near objects, in strong light, may be seen with sufficient distinctness to prevent dispute, by men possessing optics of different degrees of perfection; but let the objects be removed farther, or the light diminished, and the superiority of the sharp-sighted will be manifest.

We do not all survey things with *equal advantages*. Our *secular avocations* place us in various positions, plunging some through the shafts of the mine, and raising others to Chimborazoan hights. Our *training* differs. Some are left to look out merely with the mental eye-balls which nature has given them; others are furnished, by *education*, with every variety of intellectual optical instruments. Some can scarce find *time* to reflect that there is a God; others have nothing to do but, in outer or inner temples, to gaze, and reason, and wonder, and adore.

Minds differ *in capacity*. Some like sponge, are soon satiated; others, like water, which, all through the scale, has an undiminished appetite for heat, however high their attainments in science, are never without an ardent thirst. Some are *achromatic;* they refract light without dispersion: so that, however feeble the ray, or distant the object which radiates it, the vision is distinct; others, like the prism, decompose every simple beam they transmit, and hence array every thing in rain-bow plumage. Happy souls, to them all is beautiful—nothing clear.

Minds differ in *tenacity*. On some, facts are inscriptions on the sand, on others pyramids in dog-tooth spar. So in *temperament*. One shoots his pistols with an icicle, another, like phosphureted hydrogen, takes fire at every puff, and always rises in a wreath of vapor. Thus, also, in regard to *consistency*. One, like asbestos, remains fixed even in the furnace, another, like the bay, fluctuates with every wind.

Among the most operative and widespread influences that warp the judgment are the *moral feelings*. Their power is frequently alluded to in the Scriptures. Mark the effect of rebellion in the following passage: "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened: professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." Romans i, 21, 22. Mark the influence of obedience: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Behold the blinding effect of avarice: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not," etc. No man can see truth through a gold bandage. If one take up the Bible to refute it, ought we to expect that he will be convinced? A man has no right within a jury-box when a prisoner whom he has prejudged is at the bar. The influence of passion upon judgment is discoverable every where and every day. The sluggard always sees a lion in his way. How difficult to convince the coward of a necessity for the sword, or to find an object of charity sufficiently forlorn to loosen the miser's purse-strings! Rooted hostility to God im-

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pairs the sinner's vision, while the increasing spirit of obedience clarifies the medium through which the saint looks at God's word. As he treads the path which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, he is more and more qualified to read; and pages which he could not decipher at all, at setting out, he can readily comprehend as he nears the plains of light. But we need not argue this point, since it is one so generally admitted. How common are such expressions as these:

> 'Convince a man against his will,
> He's of the same opinion still."

"The wish was father to the thought!" When we consider how various are men's moral states, how many are the degrees between the lowest and the highest grade of piety, we need not wonder that there should be various opinions in regard to moral truth.

Allied to the feelings are some mental habits which strongly influence the judgment. *Credulity* is a tendency to believe a statement without sufficient proof. This is natural; indeed, no child could be reared without it. What evidence has the child that water will drown? Our credulity in relation to matters of religion is stronger than in regard to any thing else: hence, we find the faith of the father generally adopted by the son. Thus are transmitted many errors and absurdities. Some minds, when convinced that they are too credulous, run to the opposite extreme, and either deny the Bible, or rationalize its statements, till they make its miracles optical illusions or mesmeric phenomena. This is the more dangerous and unphilosophical, and, in our day, more common extreme.

Superstition—considered subjectively—is a mental habit to which we are naturally prone, in the inverse ratio of our knowledge. It leads us to believe, without adequate reason, in the supernatural—ghosts, specters, apparitions—phenomena often nothing more than the illusions of the fancy or the sense—or to ascribe to supernal or infernal agency events traceable to secondary causes, or which may, by reasonable analogy, be inferred to result from such causes. Disease, for instance, is often ascribed to witchcraft. Any thing which is clearly demonstrated by experience, or asserted in the word of God, we are bound to believe; and whatever is traced in the sacred Scriptures to supernatural power, it is madness to ascribe to physical causes. But we must guard against that tendency of our nature, which induced the heathen to trace every thing to superhuman power, and populate every mountain, and valley, and plain with divinities.

Superstition has given rise to much error and confusion in the Christian Church, by leading to a false interpretation of the Bible, and by perverting true doctrines. Lord Bacon has the following just observations on this subject:

"It is better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: 'Surely, I had a great deal rather men should say there was no such man as Plutarch, than that they would say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born, as the poets speak of Saturn.' And as the contumely is greater toward God, so the danger is greater toward men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men; therefore, Atheism did never perfect states, for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further—and we see the times inclined to Atheism civil times, as the time of Augustus. But superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, which ravisheth all the spheres of government."

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THE UMBRELLA GIRL.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A YOUNG girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." She was just at that susceptible age when youth is ripening into womanhood, when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At a hotel near the store for which she worked, an English traveler, called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned enough money? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?"

The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me."

"What *could* I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects.

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The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas, her wretched forebodings proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly. On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted Friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is no one to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he. Allaying her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.

He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he. "The girl is young, and she is the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he had known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case," replied Friend Hopper. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The kind-hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger, in the plain Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony" against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that

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the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered to pay her expenses.

"Nay," said Isaac. "Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied the Quaker, "Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means, her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Stuart, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out. "I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a senator of his native state. Being on a visit in Friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter her courage failed.

"But I must return home to-morrow," said she, "and I could not go away without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you!" she bade her benefactor farewell.

JOSEPHINE.

On the 18th of May, 1804, by a decree of the senate, Napoleon was declared Emperor of France. The decree was sent out to the various departments for the action of the people. The result was, that 3.572,329 voted in the affirmative, while but 2,569 were in the negative. A more unanimous expression of a nation's will history never has recorded. The day after his elevation to the imperial throne, the emperor held a grand levee at the Tuilleries, and Josephine, with many fears darkening this hour of exaltation, made her first appearance as the Empress of France.

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The decree announcing Napoleon Bonaparte to be the emperor of France also declared that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. The empress struggled againt her fears, but her heart was heavy, and she found but little joy upon this high pinnacle of power. She also plainly foresaw that the throne of her husband, apparently so massive and gorgeous, was erected upon a very frail foundation.

At the grand levee held upon this occasion, the assembly was the most brilliant and numerous that had ever yet been witnessed in Paris. The renown of Napoleon now filled the world, and noted men from every land thronged his salons. Josephine found herself elevated to the position of the most illustrious of the queens of Europe. The power of her husband was superior to that of any of the surrounding monarchs, and she received the homage of all as occupying an elevation such as no queen had ever attained before.

The second of December, 1804, was appointed for the ceremony of coronation. The pageant was to take place in the church of Notre Dame. The Pope came from Rome to place the crown upon this lofty, though plebeian brow. For ten centuries such an honor had not been conferred upon any monarch The day was clear and brilliant, but intensely cold. The venerable walls of Notre Dame had never before witnessed such luxury and such magnificence as was now displayed. Carriages glittering with gold and purple trappings; horses proudly caparisoned; officers in the richest uniforms, and in court dress sumptuously embroidered; servants in most gorgeous liveries; and a waving sea of ostrich plumes, bewildered the multitude with the unwonted splendor.

The empress appeared in a robe of white satin, embroidered with gold, and profusely ornamented with diamonds. A mantle of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and ermine, floated over her shoulders, and golden bees were clustered over the dress. The coronation jewels consisted of a crown, a diadem and a girdle. The coronation crown consisted of eight golden branches, four in imitation of palm, and four of myrtle leaves. The dew drops glittering upon this foliage were brilliant diamonds. A golden-corded band surrounded the crown, embellished with eight very large emeralds. The bandeau enclosing the head glittered resplendent with amethysts. This was the coronation crown, which was used only upon state occasions. The diadem, which was for more ordinary service, was composed of four rows of pearls interlaced with diamonds. In front were several large brilliants, one of which weighed one hundred and forty-nine grains. The ceinture, or girdle, was of pure gold, so pure as to be quite elastic, embellished with thirty-nine rose-colored diamonds.

Napoleon wore a close dress of white velvet, embroidered in gold, with diamond buttons. His stockings were of white silk. The robe and mantle were of crimson velvet, richly embroidered in gold and embellished with diamonds. Napoleon seemed to regret the vast expense attending this display, while at the same time he was conscious of its importance to impress the minds of the Parisians. The emperor was profuse in expenditure to promote the grandeur and glory of the nation, but very frugal in his personal expenses. The imperial carriage, constructed expressly for the occasion, was the most exquisite piece of workmanship Parisian ingenuity could devise. It was drawn by eight bay horses. The paneling was entirely of glass. As the emperor and empress entered the carriage, they both, by mistake, sat down with their backs toward the horses. Josephine, immediately perceiving the error, lightly changed her seat, at the same time saying smilingly to her husband, as she pointed to the rich cushion at her side, "Mon ami! unless you prefer riding vis-a-vis, this is your seat." Napoleon laughed heartily at the blunder, and changed his seat. Double files of infantry lined the route of more than a mile and a half, extend-

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ing from the Tuilleries to Notre Dame. Ten thousand horsemen, in most gorgeous uniforms, attended the carriages. Half a million of spectators thronged the way, crowding the windows and balconies, clustered upon the housetops, and filling up every space from whence any view of the cortege could be gained. The air was filled with the martial strains of a thousand bands, with the thunders of innumerable pieces of artillery, and with the enthusiastic acclamations of the vast multitude. A pageant more sublime this world perhaps has never witnessed.

The throne, which was hung with crimson velvet, was overarched with a canopy of the same rich material. It was ascended by twenty-two circular steps, which were covered with blue cloth, studded with golden bees. The most illustrious officers of the empire crowded the stairs. Napoleon and Josephine sat side by side upon the throne. The religious ceremony occupied nearly four hours. It was interspersed with the most soul-stirring music from martial bands and from more than three hundred vocal performers. When the pope was about to place the crown upon the brow of the emperor, Napoleon took it from him, and placed it with his own hands upon his head. He then took it off and crowned the empress, also with his own hands, fixing his eye proudly, yet most tenderly upon her. The heavy crown was soon after laid upon a cushion, while a smaller diadem was placed upon the head of Josephine. She kneeled before her illustrious consort as he placed the crown of France upon her brow. After remaining for a moment in silence in the posture of prayer, with her hands folded over her bosom, she then gracefully rose, her eyes swimming in tears, and turned to her husband with a look of gratitude and of love which the emperor feelingly recognized. It was a touching scene, and in that moment were clustered the memories of years.

But the day was not without its moments of anguish for Josephine. In the brief speech which the emperor made upon the occasion, he said, "*My descendants will long sit upon this throne.*" These words were as a dagger to the heart of the empress. She knew Napoleon's intense desire for an heir. She knew how strong the desire in France was that he should have a son to whom to transmit his throne. She knew how much had been said respecting the necessity of a divorce. The most infamous proposals had been urged upon her by pretended friends, even by one of the brothers of Napoleon, that she might, by unfaithfulness to him, obviate the necessity of Napoleon's seeking another bride. This sentiment, uttered upon the day of coronation, filled her heart with fear and anguish.

The shades of evening had fallen upon the swarming city, and all the streets of the metropolis and the broad facade of the Tuilleries were glittering with illuminations when the emperor and empress returned to the palace. Josephine, overcome with the conflicting emotions which the day had excited, retired to her apartment, and, falling upon her knees, with tears implored the guidance of the King of kings. Napoleon hastened to his room, exclaiming impatiently to an attendant as he entered, "Off, off with these confounded trappihgs!" He threw the mantle into one corner of the room, and the gorgeous robe into another, and thus violently disencumbering himself, declared that hours of such mortal tediousness he had never encountered before.

Josephine, in her remonstrances with Napoleon against assuming the crown, predicted, with almost prophetic accuracy, the consequences which would ensue. "Will not your power," she wrote to him, "opposed, as to a certainty it must be, by the neighboring states, draw you into a war with them? This will probably end in their ruin. Will not their neighbors, beholding these effects, combine for your destruction? While abroad, such is the stat

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of things, at home, how numerous the envious and discontented! How many plots to disconcert, and how many conspiracies to punish!" Soon after the coronation, Josephine was one morning in her garden, when an intimate friend called to see her. She saluted the empress by the title of your Majesty. "Ah!" she exclaimed, in tones deeply pathetic, "I entreat that you will suffer me, at least here, to forget that I am an empress." It is the unvarying testimony of her friends, that, while she was receiving with surpassing gracefulness the congratulations of France and of Europe, her heart was heavy, She clearly foresaw the peril of their position, and trembled in view of an approaching downfall. The many formal ceremonies which her station required, and upon which Napoleon laid great stress, were exceedingly irksome to one whose warm heart rejoiced in the familiarity of unrestrained friendship. She thus described her feelings: "The nearer my husband approached the summit of earthly greatness, the more dim became my last gleams of happiness. It is true that I enjoyed a magnificent existence. My court was composed of gentlemen and ladies the most illustrious in rank, all of whom were emulous of the honor of being presented to me. But my time was no longer at my command. The emperor was receiving from every part of France congratulations upon his accession to the throne, while I myself sighed in contemplating the immense power he had acquired. The more I saw him loaded with the gifts of Fortune, the more I feared his fall." The court of France had for ages been the scene of the most voluptuous and unblushing vice. The whole nation had been corrupted by its influence. Dissipation had been rendered attractive by the grace with which it had been robed. The dissolute manners which had prevailed at Versailles, the Tuilleries and St. Cloud no pen can describe. Napoleon determined that, at all hazards, his court should be reputable at least in outward morality. He was more scrupulous upon this point even than Josephine herself. Believing that the downfall of the Bourbons was caused, in no inconsiderable degree, by the dissolute lives of the nobles and the courtiers, he would give no one an appointment among the royal retinue whose character was not, in his judgment, above reproach.

The Duchess d'Aiguillon had been a fellow captive of Josephine, and, after their liberation from prison, had greatly befriended her. During the license of those times, in which all the restraints of Christian morality had been swept away, her character had not remained perfectly spotless. She and her husband had availed themselves of the facile liberty of divorce which the laws had encouraged, and had formed other unions. Josephine felt grateful for the many favors she had received from the duchess, and wished to testify this gratitude by receiving her at court. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine wrote to her in the following terms:

"My Dear Friend.—I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I am able to obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must suppose that I have forgotten the past. Alas! it is not so. I remember it too well, and my thoughts dwell upon it more than I would have them. The more I think of what my friends did for me, the greater is my sorrow at being unable to do now what my heart dictates. The Empress of France is but the first slave in the empire, and cannot pay the debts of Madame Beauharnais. This constitutes the torture of my life, and will explain why you do not occupy a place near me. The emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns. Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, and unable to change the laws appointed by her observances, his intention is, at least to keep at a distance from his court all who may have availed themselves of the opportunity for a divorce. Hence the cause of his refusing the favor I asked of having you with me. The refusal has occasioned me unspeakable regret, but he is too absolute to leave even the hope of seeing him retract. I am thus constrained to renounce the pleasure I had promised myself of being constantly with you, studying to make you forget the sovereign in the friend. Pity my lot in being too public a personage to follow my own inclination, and cherish for me a friendship, the remembrance of which gives me now as much pleasure as its reality afforded con-

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solation in prison. Often do I regret that small, dark and dismal chamber which we shared together, for there, at least, I could pour out my whole heart, and was sincerely beloved in return."

During the whole mouth succeeding the coronation, Paris was surrendered to fetes, illuminations and all manner of public rejoicing. One morning the empress found in her apartment, as a present from the municipality of the capital, a toilet service, with table, ewer and basin of massive gold, wrought with most exquisite workmanship. An enormous balloon, in the form of the imperial crown, brilliantly illuminated, was launched, the evening of the coronation, from Paris. The vast structure, weighing five hundred pounds, floated most majestically over the city, for a time the object of the gaze of a million of eyes, till, borne away by the wind toward the south, it disappeared. The next evening it fell near the city of Rome, nine hundred miles from Paris. "Sire," said a courtier, announcing the fact to Napoleon, "your imperial crown has appeared in the two great capitals of the world within the space of twenty-four hours."

As soon as Napoleon was crowned emperor af France, the senators of the Italian Republic, over which he had been elected president, sent an earneot petition that he would be crowned their king at Milan. Napoleon had rescued them from the hated dominion of the Austrians, and they regarded him as their greatest benefactor. The emperor was in the habit of setting out on his various tours without any warning. One evening, when the festivities of the baptism of the second son of Hortense had been kept up until midnight, Napoleon said, quietly, upon retiring, "Horses at six, for Italy." Josephine accompanied her husband upon this tour. The road bridging the Alps, which Napoleon subsequently constructed, was then but contemplated. It was only by a rugged and dangerous footpath that the ascent of these awful barriers of nature could be surmounted. Two beautiful sedans had been constructed in Turin for the emperor and empress. The one for Napoleon was lined with crimson silk, richly ornamented with gold. Josephine's was trimmed with blue satin, similarly ornamented with silver. The sedans were, however, but little used, except in places where walking was dangerous, as the empress very much preferred leaning upon the arm of her husband, and, in conversation with him, gazing upon the wild sublimities with which they were surrounded. This must have been to Josephine, independently of those inward anxieties which weighed so heavily upon her heart, as delightful a journey as a mortal can enjoy. All Europe was bowing in homage before her illustrious husband. He was in the possession of power such as the proudest of the Cæsars might have envied. Illuminations, and triumphal arches, and enthusiastic acclamations met them every step of their way. Josephine was in the possession of every possible acquisition earth could give to make her happy, save only one—her husband was not a father. But Josephine forgot her solicitudes in the exultant hours when her husband, from the pinnacles of the Alps, pointed out to her the glories of sunny Italy—the scenes of past perils, and conflict, and renown—the fields in which he had led the armies of France to the most brilliant victories. Napoleon was in fine spirits, and in these gilded hours he looked lovingly upon her, and they both were truly happy. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive any thing more attractive for a warm-hearted and an enthusiastic woman than to pass over these most sublime of the barriers of nature, with Napoleon for a guide and a confiding friend. Pope Pius VII., who had formed a very strong friendship for Josephine, accompanied them as far as Turin. When parting, the empress made him a present of a beautiful vase of Sevres china, embellished with exquisite paintings of the coronation.

CAUTION and conservatism are expected of old age; but when the young men of a nation are possessed of such a spirit, when *they* are afraid of the noise and strife caused by the new applications of the truth, Heaven save the land! Its funeral bell has already rung.—*Beecher.*

A MAN'S religion is not a thing all made in Heaven, and then let down and shoved into him. It is his own conduct and life. A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life.—*Beecher.*

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GONE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We paused beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well beloved of ours.

CORAL.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, ADRIAN.

Coral, although so abundant as to form vast ocean reefs and extensive islands, is composed of the bony skeletons of tiny polyps. These minute creatures are all marine, and belong to the Radiata, the lowest of the four great types of the animal world. The Radiata embrace about ten thousand living species, and are usually divided into three classes, viz: Echinoderms, Jelly Fishes and Polyps. This last named class embraces all those Radiates that have a tubular, or sack-like body, crowned with a circular summit, in the center of which is an opening, surrounded with one or more rows of tentacles, called the mouth. The mouth opens into an inner sack, or stomach, and this also opens at the bottom into the interior of the body. The body itself is divided into many verti-

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cal compartments by vertical plates, through all of which there is a free circulation of water, bearing food for the animal's use. The Polyps increase by eggs, by budding and by division, hence large communities may arise from a single parent. They readily reproduce a lost part, and, in some cases, when cut into pieces, each piece becomes a separate individual. They are of various sizes, from the little microscopic point to those of a foot in diameter. They live only in shallow waters, being seldom found at a greater depth than one hundred and eighty feet. The coral which they form is not built up by them, as bees build comb, but is rather a part of the polyp itself, and is formed in a manner analogous to the formation of bones in the vertebral animals. The coral has often been considered as a kind of house built up by those tiny architects of the deep, but this is not true, as it is wholly inside the polyp, and is not seen until the creature dies and disappears. The natural home of the polyps seems to be in the tropical seas. Here they exist in the greatest abundance, but they are also found in the waters of more temperate climes. The red coral of commerce is found in the Mediterranean Sea. In some seas the coral gardens, as they might be called, vie in beauty of color, form and variety, with the richest gardens of tropical culture; trees, flowers, lichens, ferns, mosses and fungi, being all represented in most glowing colors. The extent of these formations are truly wonderful. Through the uncounted lapse of ages these little silent workers, each one depositing a few atoms of carbonate of lime, drawn from the ocean's great storehouse, have built up the most enduring and extensive structures the world has ever seen; structures which as far surpass in strength and greatness the Pyramids of Egypt as the mountain the cottage that nestles in its shadow.

Coral formations have various names. Those near the shore are called fringing reefs, while those at a distance of from five to fifteen miles are called barrier reefs. Barrier reefs often partially, or wholly, surround an island, and in some cases a group of islands. The water inside of the reef is shallow, while on the outside it is generally of a great depth. Good harbors are frequently found between the reef and the shore. The width of a reef may vary from a few hundred feet to a mile, and may have a depth of several thousand feet. Barrier reefs sometimes form coral islands, or atolls. These are low circular islands, and usually enclose a lagoon. Coral polyps flourish in great abundance both in the enclosed lagoons and in the shallow waters between the reef and the shore.

The theory in regard to the formation of coral islands and atolls, is that the polyps began their work upon ocean bars and near the shores of lofty mountain islands, which gradually subsided as the coral formations rose. Since the polyps cannot exist in deep water, this accounts for the great depth of some formations. This also explains the formation of an atoll and the enclosed lagoon. Suppose the summit of a mountain lifted to some hight above the surface of the sea, and that a barrier reef has been formed around it, like a low broad wall; suppose, further a gradual subsidence of the sea bottom corresponding to the upward growth of the coral reef, and in process of time there will be a circular reef surrounding the spot where once stood a circular island. The subsidence ceases, the reef rises to the surface; the action of the sea breaks down the outer portions of the reef and heaps it up further in upon the broad limestone. The winds, waves and birds bring seed, and vegetation springs up and we have an atoll. The polyps still flourishing in the lagoon may, in time, fill it up with coral, and cause it to disappear, thus making an ordinary coral island. The extent of coral formations are truly wonderful. Florida, south of St. Augustine, is wholly of coral formation. The Florida Reefs, the Bermudas, and a large number of the is-

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lands of the Pacific, are of coral growth. The greatest coral region of the world, however, is found east and northeast of Australia. A reef four hundred miles in length skirts the western shore of New Caledonia. Another, one thousand miles in length, skirts the northeast coast of Australia. All the islands between New Caledonia and Australia have been built up by these little masons.

So much for the coral polyps of the present, but far back in the dim distance of uncounted ages, when the present continents were not in existence, these creatures were working on a vast scale, and greatly modifying the crust of the earth. Fossil coral is found abundantly in nearly all parts of the world, sometimes embedded in rocks, and sometimes lying loosely in the drift. The plow-boy turns it up in the field, and the quarryman breaks it from the rocks, and if it is a fine specimen it is laid on the center-table, and called a petrified cob, a deer's horn or a wasp's nest, but, probably, a far larger portion, worn away by the action of the elements, has lost its coralline form, and now exists simply as carbonate of lime. The vast deposits of limestone, although resulting, to some extent, from the calcareous skeletons, shields of mollusks, infusoria and other testaceous animals, are largely due to the growth of coral.

What a grand part in the economy of nature is performed by these insignificant polyps. The smallest of God's creatures are not to be despised. They all have their work to do, and their work is most surely done, though millions of lives may be required for a single ounce of infusorial deposit, or one sprig of a coral forest. God works by means and according to law, and his works are not done in a hurry. However small or weak his laborers may be, Time and numbers are sufficient for his work. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: The earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and mighty sea, wherein are creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts."

Nov. 5

"DIVINE ELECTRICITY."

Those who have compared the recent movements and indications upon the map of the world, with the prophetic declarations of the Word of God, must be conceived that he is making signal, rapid, and grand preparations for the universal and triumphant reign of Christ. We are daily learning how to understand the bold and sublime imagery used by the holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and thus our faith is strengthened. As an illustration of this idea, contemplate for a moment that comprehensive prediction of Isaiah—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;" these are indeed pregnant words, and lead us to look for bold and sublime movements, upon the surface of the world, in their fulfilment, and we are not disappointed. True, the language is figurative—and it may not always have been easy to determine what was meant by the valleys, and mountains, the crooked, and rough places, referred to in the prophecy; nor could faith have anticipated how these impediments to the progress of the Gospel should be overcome.

But, for the present point of observation, we discover a reality, which has all the vividness and grandeur of the prophetic imagery.

The love of lucre—the adventurous spirit of Discovery and Commerce—these agencies, supported and strengthened by rapid improvements in the arts and sciences of civilized and christianized society, have already brought the ends of earth together, and the valleys are indeed "exalted." The pride of conquest and of territorial acquisition, on the part of a powerful nation, justifying itself in a manner which will not bear scrutiny, lays siege to the walls of China, and straightway a "mountain" is "made low."

A difficult language is acquired by patient toil, and reduced to written form: the word of God and the religious tract are stereotyped in it; and thus a "crooked" is "made straight."

The distinctions of caste, which have long been an obstinate barrier to the

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spread of the Gospel, now melt away before the combined influence of Commerce, Literature and Christianity, and thus "the rough places" are becoming "plain."

Reflect for a moment, upon the recent Governmental Edicts, which have opened the door for the proclamation; of the Gospel to the Three Hundred and Fifty Millions of China, and for the spread of European Education throughout British India, among many millions more; and say if these things do not herald the Millennial glory of God, which "all flesh shall see together."

There is indeed a moral grandeur in the aspect of the age; in the upheavings and overturnings that are going forward in the world. In addition to the features already glanced at, there is the growing evidence of the weakness and decay of the prominent forms of Polytheism, which have prevailed over large portions of the world for ages; the waning of the Arabian impostor's power; the ominous movements in France and Germany; the begining of a motion among the Jews—for, in this wide valley of vision, bones are indeed moving—bone touching bone, waiting only the Spirit's Breath; and in our own land too, and especially in the Western portions of it, mighty influences are conspiring to accelerate results of vast importance to us and to the world.

Art, and Science, and Commerce, and Ambition—all are busy, and GOD, OVER ALL, is bringing order out of confusion, and turning the jealousy, pride, and even the bigotry of man, to his own praise.

I am reminded, said he, of a remark made by one of our beloved Missionaries, in which he compared the opening lines of intercommunication between Christian and Heathen lands, to telegraphic wires, waiting only the touch of God's finger to send the news of salvation round the globe. The thought is soul-stirring and a sublime one. Look now at the many central points of Christian influence throughout the globe; see the Missionary stations dotting here and there the map of the world; the press is echoing the preacher's voice, as well as uttering the word of God, in a new language, almost every day. The telegraphic wires are laid, not only through our streets and from city to city, but the innumerable and measureless channels of Divine Truth are opening, radiating, and intersecting, till even now the earth is well nigh covered as with a net-work of wires, which the Holy Spirit, the Divine Electricity, can render efficient for uniting the World to Christ.

Oh! if the united, fervent cry of the church was now, and continually ascending to God, that He would touch these wires, that He would send forth the breath of the Spirit, what might another year bring forth?

But we ought to guard against being diverted from our individual duties and relations by these general views. There ought to be a full and cordial understanding between the ministers and private members of different churches, in reference to the present state of the cause of religion among ourselves.

These brethren in the ministry occupy their several pulpits from Sabbath to Sabbath; we preach and exhort, and, mingling with the people of our respective congregations, we divide the word of God. Thus we touch, with the medium of Divine Power, thousands of hearts; but the saving power is not in us; in God alone resides the Divine Energy; and until His Spirit be poured out, we labor in vain. But He invites us to ask this gift—and this is his audience chamber. Let then His promises, and the way of His marvellous working, inspire us with strong faith.

SCENES ON THE OCEAN.

FROM ISAAC T. HOPPER.

"THERE were many poor emigrants on board the merchant ship, in which Friend Hopper returned home. He soon established friendly communication with them and entered with sympathy into all their troubles. He made frequent visits to the steerage during the long voyage, and always had something comforting and cheering to say to the poor souls. There was a clergyman on board, who also wished to benefit them, but he approached them in an official way, to which they did not so readily respond. One day, when he invited the emigrants to join him in prayer, an old Irish woman replied, "I'd rather play a game o'cards, than hear you prache and pray." She pointed to Friend Hopper, and added, "*He* comes and stays among us, and always spakes a word

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o'comfort, and does us some good. But you come and prache and pray, and then you are gone. One look from that Quaker gintleman is worth all the praching and praying that be in you."

The vessel encountered a dense fog, and ran on a sand bank as they approached the Jersey shore. A tremendous sea was rolling, and dashed against the ship with such force, that she seemed every moment in danger of being shattered into fragments. If there had been a violent gale of wind, all must have been inevitably lost. The passengers were generally in a state of extreme terror. Screams and groans were heard in every direction. But Friend Hopper's mind was preserved in a state of great equanimity. He entreated the people to be quiet, and try to keep possession of their faculties, that they might be ready to do whatever was best, in case of emergency. Seeing him so calm, they gathered closely round him, as if they thought he had some power to save them. There was a naval officer on board, whose frenzied state of feeling vented itself in blasphemous language. Friend Hopper, who was always disturbed by irreverent use of the name of Deity, was peculiarly shocked by it under these solemn circumstances. He walked up to the officer, put his hand on his shoulder, and looking him in the face, said, "From what I have heard of thy military exploits, I supposed thou wert a brave man; but here thou art pouring forth blasphemies, to keep up the appearance of courage, while thy pale face and quivering lips show that thou art in mortal fear. I am ashamed of thee. If thou hast no reverence for Deity thyself, thou shouldst show some regard for the feelings of those who have." The officer ceased swearing, and treated his adviser with marked respect. A friendship was formed between them, which continued as long as the captain lived.

The clergyman on board afterward said to Friend Hopper, "If any other person had talked to him in that manner, he would have knocked him down."

In about two hours, the vessel floated off the sand-bar and went safely into the harbor of New-York. At the Custom-house, the clergyman was in some perplexity about a large quantity of books he had brought with him, on which it was proposed to charge high duties. "Perhaps I can get them through for thee," said Friend Hopper. "I will try." He went up to the officer and said, "Isn't it a rule of the Custom-house not to charge a man for the tools of his trade?" He replied that it was. "Then thou art bound to let this priest's books pass free," rejoined the Friend. "Preaching is the trade he gets his living by, and these books are the tools he must use." The clergyman being aware of Quaker views with regard to paid ministry, seemed doubtful whether to be pleased or not, with *such* a mode of helping him out of difficulty. However, he took the joke as good naturedly as it was offered, and the books passed free, on the assurance that they were all for his own library.

THE HEART'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Oh give me back my childhood!
My childhood years once more;
And the cot beside the wildwood,
Oh will ye not restore!

Oh give me back my flowers!
The flowers I loved so well;
Those nooks and shady bowers,
Where memory loves to dwell.

Oh give me back the friends
Which mem'ry still can trace!
Naught; naught can make amends;
None; none can fill their place.

Yes! give me back the loved ones
My heart in anguish craves!
Oh tell me not that flowers
Now bloom above their graves!

Oh give me back my treasures!
I cannot yield them yet;
Those by-gone priceless pleasures,
I never can forget.

Alas, how vain my pleadings!
Ye will not come to me!
'Tis only in my dreaming,
That I the past may see.

But hope points to the future,
And joy my soul doth fill!
While faith is sweetly smiling;
And whispering peace be still.

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REFORMED BY KINDNESS.

In the neighborhood of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, there lived a man whose temper was vindictive and badly governed. Having become deeply offended with one of his neighbors, he induced his two sons to swear falsely that he had committed an infamous crime. One of the lads was about fifteen years old, and the other about seventeen. The alleged offence was of so gross a nature, and was so at variance with the fair character of the person accused that the witnesses were subjected to a very careful and shrewd examination. They became embarrassed, and the flaws in their evidence were very obvious. They were indicted for conspiracy against an innocent man; and being taken by surprise, they were thrown into confusion, acknowledged their guilt, and declined the offer of a trial. They were sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Penitentiary of Philadelphia.

Isaac T. Hopper, who was at that time one of the inspectors, happened to be at the prison when they arrived at dusk, hand-cuffed and chained together, in custody of the sheriff. Their youth and desolate appearance excited his compassion. "Keep up a good heart, my poor lads," said he. "You can retrieve this one false step, if you will but make the effort. It is still in your power to become respectable and useful men. I will help you all I can."

He gave particular directions that they should be placed in a room by themselves apart from the contagion of more hardened offenders. To prevent unprofitable conversation, they were constantly employed in the noisy occupation of heading nails. From time to time, the humane inspector spoke soothing and encouraging words to them, and commended their good behavior. When the Board of Inspectors met, he proposed that the lads should be recommended to the Governor for pardon. Not succeeding in this effort, he wrote an article on the impropriety of confining juvenile offenders with old hardened convicts. He published this in the daily papers, and it produced considerable effect. When the Board again met, Isaac T. Hopper and Thomas Dobson were appointed to wait on the Governor, to obtain a pardon for the lads possible. After considerable hesitation the request was granted on condition th worthy men could be found, who wou take them as apprentices. Friend Hop per agreed to find such persons; and kept his word. One of them was bou to a tanner, the other to a carpente But their excellent friend did not lo sight of them. He reminded them th they were now going among strange and their success and happiness wou mainly depend on their own conduct. I begged of them, if they should ever g entangled with unprofitable company, become involved in difficulty of any kin to come to him, as they would to a co siderate father. He invited them spend all their leisure evenings at h house. For a long time, it was their co stant practice to take tea with him eve Sunday, and join the family in readi the Bible and other serious books.

At the end of a year, they expressed strong desire to visit their father. So fears were entertained least his influen over them should prove injurous; a that being once freed from retraint, th would not willingly return to constant dustry and regular habits. They, ho ever, promised faithfully that they wou and Friend Hopper thought it might ha a good effect upon them to know that th were trusted. He accordingly ente into bonds for them; thinking this ad tional claim on their gratitude wo strengthen his influence over them, a help to confirm their good resolutions.

They returned punctually at the and hour they had promised, and th exemplary conduct continued to give tire satisfaction to their employers. short time after the oldest had fulfil the term of his indenture, the tan with whom he worked bought a farm, a sold his stock and tools to his former prentice. Friend Hopper took him the Governor's house, dressed in his n suit of freedom clothes, and introdu him as one of the lads whom he had pa oned several years before; testifying th he had been a faithful apprentice, a much respected by his master. The G ernor was well pleased to see him, sha hands with him very cordially, and t him that he who was resolute enough turn back from vicious ways, into paths of virtue and usefulness, deser even more respect than one who had n er been tempted.

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He afterward married a worthy young woman with a small property, which enabled him to build a neat two-story brick house. He always remained sober and industrious, and they lived in great comfort and respectability.

The younger brother likewise passed through his apprenticeship in a manner very satisfactory to his friends; and at twenty-one years of age, he also was introduced to the Governor with testimonials of his good conduct. He was united to a very respectable young woman, but died a few years after his marriage.

"TEACH ME THY WAY."

O thou unseen, eternal One,
Whom myriad worlds obey—
Whose being is—whose will be done,
Where'er the rays of star or sun
Through the wide realms of ether run:
"Teach me Thy way."

At morn, when first the golden beams
Thy glorious works display,
When o'er the hill thy sunlight streams,
And earth with life and beauty teems,
Like some bright isle in happy dreams:
"Teach me Thy way."

At evening, when the shadows fall
Around departing day,
And lowly vale, and mountain tall,
And stream, and lake, and forest—all
Grow sombre with thy mantling pall;
"Teach me Thy way."

Nor less, when in life's solemn hour,
Are sleeping silently,
The weary bee, in tiny flower,
The wild bird, in his green wood bower,
And souls, 'neath thatch or princely tower:
"Teach me Thy way."

When, by the smile of summer blest,
The fields and woods are gay,
All in a robe of verdure dressed;
When the wild winds have sunk to rest,
Thy waves are still, on ocean's breast:
"Teach me Thy way."

Or when Thou stretchest forth thine arm,
In awful majesty,
In wintry skies, or climate warm,
Robing about the unseen form
With clouds and darkness, fire and storm:
"Teach me Thy way."

Maker of all—earth, sea, and air,
Ruler of night and day,
Long as I live beneath Thy care,
While goodness keep and mercy spare,
Be ever this my heartfelt prayer:
"Teach me Thy way."

And when life's fleeting hours are past;
When in eternity
The undying soul on Thee is cast,
O, take me to Thyself at last,
And through that endless, Unknown vast:
"Teach me Thy way."

THE POWER OF MAN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THIS everlasting twaddle of infidelity about fixed natural laws, is simple foolishness.

I should like to know, now, if man even has not as much power over natural laws, wherever they touch him, as natural laws have over him. True, God says to man, in one place, "Obey," but in other places, he says, "Command!"

Nature can work roughly and coarsely in generalities; but she needs men's intellect and will to give effect to what she does.

Through hundreds and thousands of years she tried her hand at making apples, and they were but crab-apples at last.

Man said, "I will help you;" and by his industry and wisdom, the sour, miserable fruit soon covered all the hills with luscious apples.

I have power over nature's laws to

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make them work for my own and my children's good. I can make the lightning my amanuensis and my messenger. I can make the sun himself my artist; but when did ever the unassisted sun paint a picture? Man whispers to him: "Come down here, and I will tell you something that thou knowest not," and the sun obeys. "Go through there," says man, and the sun goes through, and finds himself painting pictures. I should like to see him try to do that alone. I can say to the sea, "Wait on my will," and it obeys me; to the stream, "Thou lazy thing, flow no longer down hill, but up," and it flows up. When I turn it into a machine, I say to the water, "Grind," and it grinds my food. Natural laws are God's horses, and he says to man, "Vault," and he who can ride them is their master. By working them according to their nature, we can make them do a million things that they could never do without us. By obeying, we command. They are the blind giants which our will and wisdom guide. Is not this true? Have I perplexed you with metaphysics? Have I not rather showed you plain facts, which you can follow out to almost any extent?

Remember, the question between me and the infidel naturalist is not, "Does God disturb natural laws in order to answer the prayers of his people, or does he do violence to nature that he may do any man good?" but it is this, "Is it, or is it not, likely that he is able to do for those who call upon him and whom he loves as well as man can do by means of natural law for those dear to him?" In other words, "Is it likely that one who has given to his creatures such wonderful power over laws of his own creating, should be himself so bound and hampered by them that there should be with him no possibility of any modification of their working to suit circumstances? The idea is absurd, and they are fools who indulge it. That man who says and believes that there is no effect on God's feelings and actions by prayer, is not a Christian. I'd rather a man would do as Martin Luther did—lay down his hand on a promise and say to God, "Now, here is thy word, O, Lord! fulfill it to me, or I never will believe thee again, as long as I live." God will interfere and help us, no matter what laws we have broken. If we didn't break laws we shouldn't need his help; because we have broken, and do break them, he does help all who trust in him and even most of those that don't. When it is proved that praying alters nothing, I will say of the Bible, "It was a pleasant book; but it has passed."

Not all prayers are answered. When you ask for what would take away motive for exertion; when you ask for what you do not really need, or for what would hurt you, you will not, probably, get what you desire.

But when a man, out of his deep want, goes to God for a good gift which he is powerless to gain for himself, he shall have it. This is the seal. God is more willing to give good gifts unto them that ask him, than parents are to give good gifts unto their children. Do you believe that?

THE PROFIT OF KINDNESS.

RELATED BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

In one of the families where he visited, they told him an instructive story concerning a Quaker who resided in Dublin, by the name of Joseph Torrey. One day when he was passing through the streets, he saw a man leading a horse, which was evidently much diseased. His compassionate heart was pained by the sight, and he asked the man where he was going. He replied, "The horse has the staggers, and I am going to sell him to the carrion-butchers."

"Wilt thou sell him to me for a crown!" inquired Joseph. The man readily as-

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sented, and the poor animal was led to the stable of his new friend, where he was most kindly tended. Suitable remedies and careful treatment soon restored him to health and beauty. One day, when Friend Torrey was riding him in Phœnix Park, a gentleman looked very earnestly at the horse, and at last inquired whether his owner would be willing to sell him. "Perhaps I would," replied Joseph, "if I could get a very good master for him."

"He so strongly resembles a favorite horse I once had, that I should think he was the same, if I didn't know he was dead," rejoined the stranger.

"Did he die in thy stable?" inquired Joseph.

The gentleman replied, "No. He had the staggers very badly, and I sent him to the carrion-butchers."

"I should be sorry to sell an animal to any man, who would send him to the carrion-butchers because he was diseased," answered Joseph.

"If thou wert ill, how wouldst thou like to have thy throat cut, instead of being kindly nursed?"

With some surprise, the gentleman inquired whether he intended to compare him to a horse. "No," replied Joseph; "but animals have feelings, as well as human beings; and when they are afflicted with disease, they ought to be carefully attended. If I consent to sell thee this horse, I shall exact a promise that thou wilt have him kindly nursed when he is sick, and not sell him to have his throat cut."

The gentleman readily promised all that was required, and said he should consider himself very fortunate to obtain a horse that so much resembled his old favorite. When he called the next day, to complete the bargain, he inquired whether forty guineas would be a satisfactory price. The conscientious Quaker answered, "I have good reason to believe the horse was once thine; and I am willing to restore him to thee on the conditions I have mentioned. I have saved him from the carrion-butchers, but I will charge thee merely what I have expended for his food and medicine. Let it be a lesson to thee to treat animals kindly, when they are diseased. Never again send to the butcher a faithful servant, that cannot plead for himself, and may, with proper attention, again become useful to thee."

Without frugality none can be rich.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

"And God said, Let there be light, and light was."

Let there be light! the Almighty said,—
The darkness heard His voice and fled:
There is a darkness of the mind
As thick, as deep, as undefined
As that which wrapped the world in night,
Ere God exclaimed, "Let there be light!"
But as the womb of chaos nurst
The germs from whence creation burst,
When He, on whom archangels wait,
Bade the rude atoms congregate,
Which, but for his Almighty skill,
Had rolled in useless darkness still—

So doth the mind of man unfold
The ore of true Religion's gold,
Which, when the blood of Him who died
Upon the Cross hath purified,
Shall be laid up beyond the sky,
In heaven's eternal treasury;
There, at the coming of the just,
God will requite the Holy trust
With pleasure knowing no alloy,—
A boundless heritage of joy.

This holy, bright, immortal page,
Shall light us to that heritage;
And if at times across our way
The clouds of doubt a moment stray,
If Mercy seems to hide her smile
In gloom and mystery awhile,
Shall we despair? Forbid it, Heaven
The darkness shall again be riven:
All that our ignorance concealed,
Shall stand in glowing words revealed:
All that our doubts had veiled in gloom,
Eternal radiance shall illume.
A beam shall pierce our *moral* night,
From Him who said,—'Let there be light.'

Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance.

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Mr. C. T. Bateman, our popular Superintendent of the schools of this County, has done us the great favor of furnishing us an original article—prose or poetry—for every number since our beginning. Mr. Bateman's articles are always of a high order. We feel greatly indebted to him for the noble, disinterested service he has rendered us. He is one of the rising men of the country. Mrs. J. B. Shrigley has sung us a beautiful, original song from the banks of the Cass, for every number but the first. Sing on, forest bird, to charm the country and the city full. The original article in our August number, by Mary V. Hale, entitled "Parallax," has received the highest praise from the very best minds all over the country. It was the graduating address of Miss Hale, at the Adrian College. We hope to receive other articles from the gifted authoress of "Parallax."

We now publish between two and three thousand copies monthly. We have about two thousand regular subscribers, some fifteen hundred of these we have obtained by our own personal canvassing. Now if all of our friends would only take hold and work for a few months, our subscription might be run up to five thousand.

Lecture Course.—The Young Men's Christian Association of Adrian, has made arrangements for a course of six lectures this season, as follows: November 22d, Hon. Charles Sumner; December 8th, Mrs. E. Cady Stanton; December 21st, Wendell Phillips; February 6th and 7th, Prof. W. C. Richards; February 15th, John B. Gough. Tickets for sale at the shoe store of Mixer, Cornelius & Aldrich, and at the book stores. These lectures are first-class.

For two months to come, it will b fine time for our subscribers to get n subscribers, as a new volume be with the January number. To th who subscribe for the new year be December 15th we will make a pres of two of this year's numbers. Th who subscribe between the 15th the last of December, shall receive number as a gift.

In our January number we sh commence an original history of M tin Luther. It will be written J. Fred Meyer, Esq., of the Treas Department, at Washington. M Meyer is an able writer, who will be forth from the great Reformer thi new and old.

Those who have not paid us, agreed, will do us a *very great* favor sending us the amount due in a lett at once.

To any one who will send us th new subscribers, with the money, will send the Miscellany as a rewa You may obtain names as subscrib and send them to us, without the mon being paid at the time, and we will f ward the Miscellany at once, wh persons have not the money on han if you can forward it promptly with two weeks. It is best, however, ways to take the advance pay if pos ble. It will do to vary this rule on with persons of promptness.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 2. ADRIAN, DECEMBER, 1870. No. VI.

DESPONDENCY.

BY PRESIDENT E. O. HAVEN.

By despondency I mean that state of mind directly opposite to hope. It is an absence of exhilarating buoyancy of feeling. It is an expectation of disaster and defeat. It is a tendency to look on the dark side of things. It clothes the heavens and the earth in an unnatural blue. It makes its victims peevish and fretful. It fills the imagination with dismal forebodings. It gives a man the nightmare when awake and under self-control. The despondent man if engaged in business expects to fail. The price of the stock that he owns will certainly fall; his creditors will never pay; his debts will wreck him. Is he a farmer? The winter will certainly kill his wheat and his sheep; an early frost will destroy his corn; insects are much more destructive now than ever before; farming is the worst of all business, and never so bad as now. Is he a student? There is no prospect in this country for a well-educated man; quacks and charlatans take all the offices; the people never see and acknowledge genuine merit; the ranks of the professions are all full; knowledge is becoming so universal now that it is no distinction, and its possession is of no use. Is he a minister? The world was never so wicked before. Good men are despised now; the proud and the hypocritical are exalted. Men prefer tinsels to gold; a little show is worth far more than solid merit. Aged ministers are like poor old horses turned out to die. Such will be my fate.

These are no fancy sketches. They are but surface skimmings of a deep, dark, blue sea of despondency, that rolls over many a soul.

In looking at these cases many striking facts are to be observed.

As I have already intimated, there is no peculiar zone of age to which these dark clouds are confined. It is seldom that boys and girls, perhaps, exhibit or feel for any appreciable length of time this painful condition, except in a very few instances of unnatural precocity, produced by the modern hot-bed style of civilization. But after childhood is passed, earlier and later youth has its full proportion of despondent victims. As the years roll on many of them either die as a consequence of their low spirits, or learn better, and therefore the new cases occurring do not make the number any greater. Indeed, I think that the proportion of hopeful, cheerful persons is decidedly greater among old people than among young people; for, perhaps, cheerful persons have the best prospect of long life. Yet instances of despondency are not wanting in any age.

Again, observe that this habit of feeling is not affected perceptibly by condition, or rank, or prospects. The rich

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are, if there is any difference, more liable to it than the poor; the very rich than the very poor. The very strong and athletic do not escape; the feeble and pining sometimes do. Sometimes a poor man, toiling hard for his daily bread, is cheerful, while the inheritor of wealth groans and sighs amid all the luxuries that money can purchase. Genius is peculiarly exposed to despondency; education seems often to induce it.

Another remarkable characteristic of this evil is that it is intermittent. It is not exactly, like mysterious agues and fevers, a periodical visitant, coming at intervals of twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or other well-defined terms, but remittent, irregular, capricious. People subject to despondency have generally their seasons of great exhilration. They keep up the equilibrium by fits of exultation. Perhaps this fact gave origin to the proverb,

"Great wit's to madness near allied."

Indeed it is a psychological fact of some interest, that many persons remarkable for wit, productive of great laughter in others, have been subject to almost uncontrollable despondency. Such was the case with Dean Swift, and Lamb, and Hood, and Hook; but such was not the case with Sydney Smith.

This disposition has sometimes been called the poetical temperament, because those who indulge the imagination are more than others inclined to excesses of joy and sorrow, to ecstacies of delight or despair. Instances of this are seen in Cowper and Byron and Goethe, and not unlikely in Alexander Smith and Tennyson. But this is far from being universal. Such men as Milton and Shakspeare and Gray and Wordsworth and Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, are too wise and well rounded out in their mental nature to go, by turns, moping and complaining and leaping through life. If this be the poetical temperament it is the poetry of disease, not of health; it is the music of the dying swan, not of the living nightingale.

Akin to despondency, but deeper darker in its hue, is despair. Des dency, I have said, is the exact opp of hope; despair is the exact opposi faith. The Bible says, "Hope i anchor to the soul, sure and steadf In like manner despondency is a weight to the soul, like a water-lo vessel, constantly dragging its fr beneath the waves. The Bible "Faith is the substance of things h for, the evidence of things not se The Bible here means *good th* Faith is the very substance or fou tion of all *good things* hereafter t enjoyed. In like manner despair i substance of *evil things* expected, evidence of *evil things* not seen. to us these are absolutely opposite sions: Hope and despondency, and despair. Hope is a great bles faith a greater blessing; yes, faith the Christian sense, is the greatest o blessings. Despondency is a great despair greater; nay, despair is greatest curse on earth or in hell.

No tongue can describe the hor of despair. No artist can depict hu lineaments sad enough to suggest half of its woe. It is the absence o good, the apprehension of all evil; a inasmuch as expectation is often w than fact, despair is worse than agony of body or pain of soul, thro positive evil, that could possibly be dured. Often it has paralyzed the b and chilled the very heart. The gift of God is faith; the very crisis completion of evil is despair.

What a sad thought it is that d pondency, at least in its incipient vances, has so many victims. Co we see them together what a collecti of wretches should we behold! W a dead sea of human souls! How u looking at them should we be incli with Voltaire, to exclaim, "The wo contains carcasses rather than men, a I wish that I had never been born!" better, with Jeremiah, "Oh that head were waters," etc.

Having observed the nature of th terrible kindred evils, despondency a

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despair, which differ from each other in intensity only, as the storm differs from the tornado, let us inquire into their origin. What causes despondency? What causes despair?

When we speak of causes, various ideas may be suggested. We may inquire into the final cause, thus: Why did God make the human soul capable of despair? This is a mysterious question, and only one of a general class. Why did God make man capable of pain? What is the use of pain? What motive in God caused him to create the capability of pain in man? Why may that which produces the most exquisite pleasure produces the most excruciating pain? The eye in delirium tremens, the ear, the whole brain? I do not know, except that the possibility of pain seems to us to be necessary to make the possibility of pleasure. There can be no day without the possibility of night; no peace without the possibility of disturbance; no order without the possibility of anarchy; no hope without the possibility of despondency; no faith without the possibility of despair.

As Wordsworth well says:

> O life! without thy checkered scene
> Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
> Success and failure, could a ground
> For magnanimity be found?
> For faith 'mid ruined hopes serene?
> Or whence could virtue flow?
>
> Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
> Nor while sin lasts must efforts cease;
> Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
> But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
> Mercy has placed within our reach
> A portion of God's peace.

But what are the efficient causes of despondency or despair? What are its invariable antecedents, which, knowing, we may guard against them?

First, they may be bodily.

Some of these bodily causes are organic, or originate with the constitution. The ancient physiologists divided all human beings into four classes, according to the temperament, which they called the sanguine, the melancholic, the choleric, and the phlegmatic. Modern physiologists add another class, the nervous, making five. Persons of the melancholic temperament have either a sluggish circulation of the blood, or an excess of bile, or some abnormal action of the brain, which brings them constantly into a physical condition similar to that diseased state which produces in sleep painful dreams, and in wakefulness moroseness, unsociableness, and a tendency to despair.

Those who have been of this temperament have in their happiest moments eloquently eulogized its advantages. Dr. Martyn Paine says: "The melancholic is the man of men. I had almost said, in moral constitution, he is perpetuated, unchanged, from the model of his race. Here is witnessed the highest intellectual renown at the very dawn of manhood; and here it is that we often meet with genius struggling with those adversities which arrest the ambition of other temperaments." "This imagination, therefore, is of the highest order, being disciplined by the sterner faculties. It is such an imagination as is always an element of genius; such as contemplates the realities of life and the truths of revelation. He is thoughtful, grave, or sad, but may tune his mind to great elevation, and great sublimity and enthusiasm, and often soars on poetic wings through the regions of heaven." Elsewhere he says: "Hence it is that hypochondriacism and insanity are apt to supervene on the melancholic temperament."

Sometimes the bodily condition tending to despondency, instead of being a temperament, or an organic abnormal condition, is a temporary disease, having its beginning, its tendency to a crisis, and a cure; sometimes it becomes chronic and habitual.

Sometimes its victims not only become accustomed to it, but even learn to take a sort of pleasure in it. Men may be so habituated to pain as to feel unnatural and unhappy if they are relieved from it, just as the human body may become so inured to poison as to seem to require it. Some men would be still more unhappy than they are, seemingly, if they could not fret and complain and render others unhappy.

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Such is the power of habit; such also is often the wonderful influence which the body exerts over the soul.

Of course, so far as despondency is caused by bodily condition, it can be remedied primarily by medicine and proper regimen and diet, which is one of the most valuable departments of physiological science. In its incipient stages the unhappy sufferer can, if he understands his own difficulty, seek the aid of a physician, and often obtain relief. Precisely where self-control and responsibility cease, and what may properly be called insanity begins, is a very delicate question, and one which I do not propose now to investigate.

Despondency is often caused by irregular habits and intemperance. Every stimulus is followed by reaction. The miserable opium-eaters, though occasionally one lives to a good old age, are generally wrecked into idiocy, impotency, and an early death. Habitual drinkers of alcohol, in proportion to the strength and frequency of their potations, are the victims of fancied sorrows and indescribable wretchedness in the intervals of their intoxication. Disorder of every kind induces despondency.

Another prolific source of this trouble is idleness. Labor is not a curse; it is a blessing. The curse pronounced upon Adam was not labor, but the sterility of the earth and its production of weeds. Even mental toil is rewarded more by the health and joy it engenders than by its result. This is true also of bodily toil. God works. Incessant benevolent activity is his nature. So man should work. An idle person is either an imbecile and undeveloped human being, or the victim of wretchedness.

I need not dwell upon the consequences of sudden disappointments, severe bereavments, great afflictions. There are many persons who are not able to bear sudden and violent shocks of sorrow. The loss of property, the loss of friends, the loss of reputation, have sometimes prostrated their victims at a blow, and hurled them into incurable despair. When, through the connection of the soul with the body, the sh is followed by a physiological cha sometimes the difficulty is incura but if confined to the soul, such is wonderful elasticity of human nat the crushed spirits revives, and i again puts forth the tender shoot hope, ere long to blossom into joy ripen into peace. No man is thorou ly disciplined, and the subject of largest Christian faith, who is not to rally from any earthly shock. said in his calamity, "Though he me, yet will I trust in him;" and J miah well said, "It is good that a should both hope and quietly wait the salvation of the Lord."

I am constrained to believe that greatest source of low spirits, especi among educated and refined person the want of the true Christian religi

Infidelity is essentially and ne sarily productive of dissatisfact This is true theoretically, and practically. It can be demonstrate the reason; it can be illustrated by tory; it can be confirmed by alm every person, to some extent, by own experience.

Infidelity is a want of faith in w ought to be regarded as the stable lars of the universe. How can a m be happy in a building that may fall to ruins and destroy him in an inst Is there any pleasure in being depri of faith in God? In supposing o self to be a mere outgrowth of mat like a fungus? What is there desir in reason, if it shall expire to-morro What in imagination, if it must be t to a hundred and fifty pounds of ca and water, to be melted into vulgar d and disappear forever in a few da What is there pleasant in suppos that all the best of men have been ceived, and are now nothing, and s we shall be like them, only not dec ed?

But I need not reason on the mat Facts prove it. Irreligious men generally discontented. Especially d this apply to men who are determine ly hostile to Christianity. There i

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secret as well as an open history to such men. There are hours of sorrow and repining and dissatisfaction never described. Solitude is wretchedness to the man who has no hope in God; meditation is madness, sober thought is pain. The autobiographies and letters and conversations of rejecters of divine revelation demonstrate this assertion.

Allow me, then, to show you what is the proper and only efficient remedy for despondency in its full fruit of despair.

I have already said that so far as it is the result of physical organization or disease, it must be reached and overcome largely through medical means, though the wisest of physicians now appreciate the fact that the body can often be benefitted most through the mind. It is also evident that all intemperance and irregularities of living must be avoided if we would escape this sorrow.

But the most effectual and only sovereign remedy is Christian faith, Christian experience, and Christian character. This—for the three elements constitute but one possession—is offered to all, and is attainable by all; and, so far as it is attained, directly nullifies and annihilates despondency.

Carlyle once said, "Christianity is the religion of sorrow." Carlyle never wrote a greater falsehood; and he has written perhaps as many falsehoods as any other writer of the present generation in our language. His views of human nature in general, of government, and society, and of men, are false. Born of Christian parents, he inherited much of the genuine Scotch integrity and manliness which only a Christian education could give, and which gave him some attractiveness in his early life; but having rejected the actual Christian experience and life of his fathers, he has been a giant floundering in the mud of metaphysics, uttering strange doctrines and mystifying what is simple, perverting the truth, and battling with fancied foes in the dark, all his life; and his career threatens to end in pernicious fault-finding and despair. Christianity is not a religion of sorrow. Christ, indeed, was a man of sorrows; but he changed his sorrows into triumphs, his pain into joy. And, moreover, his sorrow and his pain were designed to bless the whole world. And this is the great power of Christianity, that it takes real sorrow and makes it sooner or later productive of real joy. Sorrow and affliction, if they come to a Christian, are by the mysterious chemistry of the Gospel converted into character, into excellence, into eternal good.

The religion of Christ makes no new sorrow. It discloses some evil that before was unknown, but it immediately provides a remedy. Its very center and substance is love. Is there any pain in love? "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, patience, temperance." Is there any sorrow in them?

The true Christian cannot despair. He ought never to despond.

But I hear the practical objection, that many professed Christians are seemingly unhappy, discontented, and even despondent. "Why is this, if Christianity is peaceful, and even joyous?"

It is because professed Christians are not informed as to their duty. Preachers dwell too much upon doctrine, too little upon life. They forget that their function is to be preachers of the Gospel. Gospel is another word that needs to be demagnetized before it can be understood. Gospel is a good spell, a good story or announcement, or good news. Good news has no tendency to make men despondent, unless they are determined to reject it. The Gospel is an announcement of immortality, of the essential and everlasting integrity of virtue and love of God. Whoever receives the Gospel is comforted, enlightened, elevated, cheered.

It is a positive sin for a Christian to cultivate or indulge morbid despondency. He thereby dishonors the Saviour and robs God. When men come to see it as a sin they will not boast of it, but rather contend against it, and use means

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for its removal, and pray to be delivered from it. A good practical remedy for despondency is to make efforts to live a Christian life, even though destitute of hope and faith. It is related of a wealthy man of Paris, that being desolate and alone, having exhausted all the gratifications of society, and being unstrung in soul and body, and weary of life, he finally resolved, on one dark and dreary night of winter, to put an end to his life. He accordingly made all the preparations, left his house and walked out toward the river Seine, with a full purpose of casting himself into the water. On approaching the bank he observed a poor, miserably clad woman with two children stealthily creeping down toward the bank, evidently trying to elude the vigilance of the police. His curiosity was excited, and he inquired of her what she was doing. He learned that she, too, was weary of life. She was one of the victims of a stern iron civilization, which Rousseau justly thought worse than the savage state. Her two children were starving for want of food, and she had eaten nothing for several days. No virtuous way of obtaining a livelihood was opened to her, and she was now about to end her own life and her children's. The rich hypochondriac's heart was touched. Here, said he, is real misery, greater than mine. I am about to die by my own act, but this woman and her children need not die. I have money enough, and will supply their wants. The result was that he commenced a course of benevolent life from that time, and many years afterward died in an honorable old age, after a long career of benevolent usefulness, followed to the grave by many who had been comforted and blessed by his Christian benevolence.

In considering this question, observe, first, that the Bible describes no instance of suicide by a thoroughly good man, and no instance in which it seems to be commended or justified. Samson consented to slay himself with his enemies. The miserable Saul, first king of Israel, when hopelessly defeated, overcome by remorse and despair, ed another man to take his life, dared not himself commit the David in all his troubles seemed to dream of it. Job in his supreme rows, is not represented as even te ed of Satan to end his life. In the Testament, of all who ever prof love to Christ, Judas alone was l perish by his own hands.

Suicide is directly opposed to fundamental principles of Christia which are, that this life is design furnish opportunity to prepare fo other, and that, therefore, this li inexpressibly valuable, and is nev be terminated except by the app ment of God.

Sorrow must be borne heroically, with patience, because it is the mea of endless joy. "I reckon that sufferings of this present time are worthy to be compared with the g that shall be revealed in us." "F these light afflictions, which are bu a moment, work out for us a far m exceeding and eternal weight of gl while we look not at the things w are seen, but at the things which not seen; for the things which are are temporal, but the things which not seen are eternal."

The man who believes this cannot permanently unhappy. The disea conquered; the temptation is crea out.

Christianity teaches us that the g object of human life is usefulness, the opportunity for usefulness ne ends.

Milton well expresses his thought that sublime sonnet which he wrote his own blindness:

"When I consider how my life is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wid
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul were l
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labor, light denied?
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his st
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

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How nobly did Milton more than verify this truth in his own experience. Look at that noble scholar so terribly afflicted in the very prime of his career. Remember his course of life. He was bred as a Christian scholar from his childhood; early taught to pray and praise God. At the age of sixteen he entered college; and at the age of twenty-three he graduated master of arts, and left the university, and then spent five years more in rigid orderly reading and study, occasionally for recreation writing some short productions in poetry and prose. This brought him to the age of thirty, when he spent nearly two years in travel. All this time he cherished an ambition of writing a poem of a moral and Christian character, that should for all time to come honor God and bless man. It was a wonderful ambition. For this he read, meditated, observed, and studied. At the age of thirty-two the great political troubles of the English revolution broke out, comparable to the American civil war, and Milton, though a retired scholar, was forced to enter the lists. He was a Republican and a Puritan, and brought his vast mental stores and thorough mental discipline to bear in the production of some of the noblest essays and treatises extant in human language. The great doctrine of universal toleration of conscience he first announced, which alone should make his name immortal. For fifteen long years he toiled, the most conspicuous man in England, except perhaps Cromwell; probably, so far as we can estimate, the most useful man in the world. But then came the terrible blow. His eyesight at forty-five was wholly gone. And shortly, as if to prove that evils never come singly, but in battalions, a counter-revolution was effected, he was outlawed, and compelled to live in seclusion and in domestic trouble. Pain, disease, obloquy, blindness, overwhelmed him. What would you expect of him but despair? Had he sunk down into premature old age, a broken-hearted man, the world would not have wondered; had he ended his own life, he would have died as nobly as Cato, Brutus, or even Demosthenes! But still he would have been a coward. But no; he knew too well the Christian doctrine: "They serve God who fly o'er sea and land; they also serve who stand and wait!" He was content, if God asked it, to stand and wait; and soon he found that standing and waiting, he could be useful still; and the blind man, excluded from the world of colors and outward sights, saw within, heaven, paradise, earth, hell, and heaven again, and gave to the world, from his own soul, a panorama of vision and thought that has ennobled his mother tongue, and clothed the sublime story of man's Paradise Lost and Regained with the undying glory of poetic speech.

If there be one truth which every man should know, it is this: Christianity protests that to the Christian there is, there can be, no such thing as evil. What men call evil is to the Christian always converted into good. Therefore the Christian should never despair.

If, then, we are determined to be Christians, let us adopt these maxims in their fullest extent: *Nil desperandum est*, We must never despair; *Dum spiro, spero*, While I breathe, I hope.

"I cannot always trace the way.
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

"When mystery clouds my dark'ned path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

"Yes, God is love! a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
For God is love."

—*Pillars of Truth.*

God remembers that you are dust, and feels the tenderest parental compassion for those who fear Him.

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AUTUMN LEAVES

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

THE summer leaves have fallen,
The summer birds have flown,
And e'en the breezes hasten by
With many a fitful moan.

For the summer days have ended
With their sunshine and their showers;
And the clinging vines have fallen
From off their native bowers.

Ah! why is all this changing,
This fading, this decay?
Is it to teach us mortals
We too must pass away?

Then let us heed the lesson
Taught by the faded flowers;
And nobly fill life's mission,
While still the day is ours.

For soon, oh soon! life's summer,
Life's seed-time will be o'er,
Then as we've sown, so shall we reap,
A rich or stinted store.

For who would win must labor,
And who would reap must sow,
Nor idly stand with folded hands,
While weeds unbidden grow.

Then waste no precious moments,
Lay by a golden store;
For soon, oh soon! life's summer,
Life's seed-time will be o'er.

No nation, however earnest in spirit and full of genius, without the Bible and the religion of the Bible, can become otherwise than alternately the subjects of a grinding despotism, or of a still worse popular chaos,—blind, frenzied, brutal mobs.

CURE OF HYPOCHONDRIA.

Founded on a Real Incident.

BY SEBA SMITH.

As Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morning in his lower haying field, and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun, Mr. Woodsum looked up towards his house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, running up toward him with her utmost speed. As she came up, he perceived she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough left to speak.

"Oh, father," she faintly articulated, "mother is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she shall die before you get there."

Mr. Woodsum was a man of sober, sound mind, and calm nerves; but he had what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obediah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing the unusual movement of his father, dropped his fork, and ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost at the same time.

Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bedside, and took his wife's hand. "My dear Sally," said he, "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan, "I shouldn't think you would need to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you were dying. What *is* the matter? How do you feel?"

"Oh, I shan't live till night," said

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Mrs. Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; "I am going fast."

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump on to the horse, and ride over after Dr. Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he could come. "Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse, and come right away over, while you go and catch his."

Obediah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes time was mounted upon Old Gray, and galloping with full speed toward Dr. Fairfield's.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, "how *do* you feel? What makes you think you are dying?" And he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"Oh, Samuel," for she generally called him by his Christian name, when under the influence of tender emotions, "Oh, Samuel, I feel dreadfully. I have pains darting through my head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy, and can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. And besides, I feel as though I was dying. I am sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children?" And she sobbed heavily, and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had no appearance of a dying person; but still her earnest and positive declarations, that she should not live throughout the day, sent a chill through his veins, and a sinking to his heart, which no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do anything to relieve his wife, except to try to sooth her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the doctor arrived. The half hour which elapsed, from the time Obediah started, till the doctor came, seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bed-side to the door, to look and see if the doctor was anywhere near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many minutes longer.

At length Dr. Fairfield rode up to the door, on Mr. Woodsum's Old Gray, and with saddle-bags in hand, hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her, and told her although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

"Oh, doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs. Woodsum; "don't you see I am dying? I can't possibly live till night; I am sinking very fast, doctor. I shall never see the sun rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops its beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I *must* see my children once more; do let 'em come in and bid me farewell." Here she was so overwhelmed with sobs and tears as to prevent her saying more.

The doctor, perceiving it was in vain to talk or try to reason with her, assured her that as long as there was life there was hope, and told her he would give her some medicine that he didn't doubt would help her. He accordingly administered the drugs usually approved by the faculty in such cases, and telling her he would call and see her again in a day or two, he left the room. As he went out, Mr. Woodsum followed him, and desired to know in private his real opinion of the case. The doctor assured him he did not consider it at all alarming. It was an ordinary case of hypochondria, and with suitable treatment the patient would undoubtedly soon be better.

"This is a case," continued the doctor, "in which the mind needs to be administered to as much as the body. Divert her attention as much as possi-

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ble to cheerful objects; let her be surrounded by agreeable company; give her a light, but generous and nutritive diet; and as soon as may be, get her to take gentle exercise in the open air, by riding on horseback, or running about the fields and gathering fruits and flowers in company with lively and cheerful companions. Follow these directions, and continue to administer the medicines I have ordered, and I think Mrs. Woodsum will soon enjoy good health again."

Mr. Woodsum felt much relieved after hearing the doctor's opinion and prescriptions, and bade the kind physician good morning with a tolerably cheerful countenance. Most assiduously did he follow the doctor's directions, and in a few days he had the happiness to see his beloved wife again enjoying comfortable health, and pursuing her domestic duties with cheerfulness.

But alas! his sunshine of hope was destined soon to be obscured again by clouds of sorrow and disappointment. It was not long before some change in the weather, and changes in her habits of living, and neglect of proper exercise in the open air, brought on a return of Mrs. Woodsum's gloom and despondency, in all their terrific power. Again she was sighing and weeping on the bed, and again Mr. Woodsum was hastily summoned from the field, and leaving his plough in mid-furrow, ran with breathless anxiety to the house, where the same scenes were again witnessed which we have already described. Not only once or twice, but repeatedly week after week, and month after month, these alarms were given, and followed by similar results. Every relapse seemed to be more severe than the last, and on each occasion Mrs. Woodsum was more positive than ever that she was on her death- bed, and that there was no longer any help for her.

On one of these occasions, so strong was her impression that her dissolution was near, and so anxious did she appear to make every preparation for death, and with such solemn earnestness did she attend to certain details preparatory her leaving her family, for ever, tha Woodsum almost lost the hope that ally attended him through the a and felt, more than ever before, what he had so often feared, was about to become a painful and awf ality. Most tenderly did Mrs. W sum touch upon the subject of her ation from her husband and children

"Our poor children—what will b of them when I am gone? And dear Samuel, how can I bear the th of leaving you? I could feel reco to dying, if it was not for the tho of leaving you and the children. will have nobody to take care of as a mother would, poor things; and you will be so lonesome—it breal heart to think of it."

Here, her feelings overpowered and she was unable to proceed an ther. Mr. Woodsum was for some too much affected to make any At last, summoning all his fortitude as much calmness as he could, he to if it was the will of Providence tha should be separated from them, he her last hour would not be pained anxious solicitude about the futur fare of the family. It was true, the would be a dreary place to him wh was gone; but he should keep the ren with him, and with the bless heaven he thought he should be a make them comfortable and happy.

"Well, there's one thing, dear uel," said Mrs. Woodsum, "that I my duty to speak to you about." she pressed his hand in hers, and l most solemnly and earnestly in his "You know, my dear," she conti "how sad and desolate a family of ren always is, when deprived of a m They may have a kind father, and friends, but nobody can supply the of a mother. I feel as if it wou your duty—and I could not die in if I didn't speak of it—I feel, dear uel, as if it would be your duty, a after I am gone as would appear d to marry some good and kind w and bring her into the family to l mother of our poor children, and to your home happy. Promise me tha will do this, and I think it will r me of some of the distress I feel a thought of dying."

This remark was, to Mr. Wood most unexpected and most painful threw an anguish into his heart, su

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never experienced till that mo- It forced upon his contemplation that never before occurred to the idea of being bereaved of the his bosom, whom he had loved for fifteen years with the attachment of a fond husband, overwhelmed him with all the bitter- woe; but the thought of transfer- that attachment to another object, it with it a double desolation. His before had all clothed his his wife with a feeling of immor- She might be removed from him world, but he had not felt as that would dissolve the holy bond them. His love would soon to those eternal realms of bliss, upon her like a mantle for ever. new and startling idea, of love came to him, as comes to the the idea of annihilation of the idea, compared with which, no of misery imaginable, is half so A cloud of intense darkness a moment to overshadow him, sank within him, and his whole trembled with agitation. It was minutes before he could find power And when he did, it was only his wife, in a calm and solemn to allude to so distressing a sub- a subject which he could not nor speak of, without suffering a thousand deaths.

mental anguish of Mr. Wood- to have the effect to divert attention from her own suffer- by turning her emotions into a gave her system an oppor- rally. She grew gradually bet- she had done in like cases before, before night was able to sit up, quite composed and cheer-

her malady was only suspended, ; and again and again it returned , and again and again her friends summoned to witness her last sick- to take their last farewell. And occasions, she had so often slight- delicately hinted to Mr. Woodsum of his marrying his second even he could at last listen to tion with a degree of indiffer- he had once thought he could

, the sober saddening days of came on. Mr. Woodsum was in of his "fall work," which had several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough, to help him "break up," an old mowing field He was exceedingly desirous not to be interrupted, for his neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the eouse, with strict charges to take ca.e of their mother, and see that nothing disturbed her through the day. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team, and his neighbor was holding the plow, and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock, in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadful sick," and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still, the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness *might* be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his goad stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately toward the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house, and found his wife as he had often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her beloved husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bed-side, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of extreme sickness or approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best; and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my

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anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum. "I have sometimes thought about it, since yo've had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty."

"Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. Everything depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one, that I have thought for some time past, I should marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression, a little more of earth than heaven, returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You hav'nt named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but my dear, we had better drop this subject; it agitates me too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never could die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and was i ing on her elbow, while her sear glance was reading every muscle i husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I i upon it."

"Well then," said Mr. Woodsum a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my d I have thought if it should be the w Providence to take you from us t here no more, I have thought I sh marry for my second wife, Hannah L joy."

An earthly fire once more flashed Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped the bed like a cat; walked across the and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trem voice, almost choked with agitat "what! marry that idle, sleepy slut Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, is too much for flesh and blood to b I can't endure that, nor I won't. Ha Lovejoy to be the mother of my chil No, that's what she never shall. S may go to your ploughing, Mr. W sum, and set your heart at rest. Sh she continued, turning to one of the "make up more fire under that di pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field when he returned at the dinner hou found the family dinner well prep and his wife ready to do the hon the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health that 'day continued to improve, an was never afterward visited by the ble affliction of hypochondria.

THE MUSICAL BOY.

One day when Friend Hopper visit prison, he found a dark-eyed lad w very bright expressive countenance. right side was palsied, so that the hung down useless. Attracted b intelligent face, he entered into co sation with him, and found that h been palsied from infancy. He had sent forth friendless into the world an alms-house in Maryland. In P delphia, he had been committed to p as a vagrant, because he drew c about him in the street by his wond talent of imitating a hand-organ, m

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by whistling tunes through his fingers. Friend Hopper, who had imbibed the Quaker idea that music was a useless and frivolous pursuit, said to the boy, "Didst thou not know it was wrong to spend thy time in that idle manner?"

With ready frankness the young prisoner replied, "No I did not; and I should like to hear how you can prove it to be wrong. God has given you sound limbs. Half of my body is paralyzed, and it is impossible for me to work as others do. It has pleased God to give me a talent for music. I do no harm with it. It gives pleasure to myself and others, and enables me to gain a few coppers to buy my bread. I should like to have you show me wherein it is wrong."

Without attempting to do so, Friend Hopper suggested that perhaps he had been committed to prison on account of producing noise and confusion in the streets.

"I make no riot," rejoined the youth. "I try to please people by my tunes; and if the crowd around me begin to be noisy, I quietly walk off."

Struck with the good sense and sincerity of these answers, Friend Hopper said to the jailor, "Thou mayest set this lad at liberty. I will be responsible for it."

The jailer relying on his well-known character, and his intimacy with Robert Wharton, the mayor, did not hesitate to comply with his request. At that moment, the mayor himself came in sight, and Friend Hopper said to the lad, "Step into the next room, and play some of thy best tunes till I come."

"What's this?" said Mr. Wharton. "Have you got a hand-organ here!"

"Yes," replied Friend Hopper; "and I will show it to thee. It is quite curious."

At first, the mayor could not believe that the sounds that he had heard were produced by a lad merely whistling through his fingers. He thought them highly agreeable, and asked to have the tunes repeated.

"The lad was committed to prison for no other offence than making that noise, which seems to thee so pleasant," said Friend Hopper. "I dare say thou wouldst like to make it thyself, if thou couldst. I have taken the liberty to discharge him."

"Very well," rejoined the mayor, with a smile. "You have done quite right, Friend Isaac. You may go, my lad. I shall not trouble you. But try not to collect crowds about the streets."

"That I cannot help," replied the youth. "The crowds will come, when I whistle for them; and I get coppers by collecting crowds. But I promise you I will try to avoid their making any riot or confusion."

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

Ask'st thou why, the world despising,
Unsatisfied with joys terrene,
The Christian's soul delights in rising
To the world of bliss unseen?

'Tis not that earth affords no pleasures
Which he may taste with pure delight;
It is that brighter far the treasure
Known to faith but not to sight.

'Tis not that there are none around him,
Whom his soul delights to love,
It is that stronger ties have bound him,
To the Holy One above.

'Tis not that he would bear no longer
The toil that is man's portion here;
'Tis that he longs with powers for stronger,
To labor in a higher sphere.

'Tis not that here, in darkness shrouded,
The present God he fails to trace;
'Tis that he longs, with eyes unclouded,
To view his Maker face to face.

Reason is like a telescope—you can arrange it so that with it you can see only the things near to you, but it has other powers. By drawing it out and properly adjusting the glasses, you can make what is near you to grow dim, and the things far off to come near, and by and by, when the lenses are all right you can see beyond the stars and into the heavenly city, and the magnificent background to your view, is the glory of God.

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MARY GARVIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTER.

From the heart of Waumbeck Methna, from the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervales;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its water foam and flow,
As when Darby Fields first saw them, two hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams, and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom of the hills,
Since travevelled Jocelyn, factor vines and stately Champernoon,
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet of the loon,

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward, far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own akin;
And, in the tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
Tradition, snowy-bearded, leans on Romance, ever young.

O, sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-day!
O, mill-girl, watching late and long the shuttle's restless play!
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working hand beguile,
And lend my old provincial tale, as suits, a tear or smile!

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort Mary's walls;
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spurwinks blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crackling walnut log;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside him on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years!" said Goodman Gorvin, speaking sadly, under breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who speaks of death.

The good wife dropped her needles: "It is twenty years to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child away."

Then they sank into silence, for each knew the other's thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The dorr was open thrown;
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear skin from his head:
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I am he," the Goodman said,

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night is chill with rain.'
And the good wife drew the settle, and stirred the fire amain.

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The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire light glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It is Mary's self I see!
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell me, has my child come back to me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the stranger sobbing wild;
"Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary Garvin's child!

"She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far away.

"And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,
She Said, "May God forgive me! I have closed my heart too long.

"'When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother's call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and ths Father of us all.

"'Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no ties of kins apart;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

"'Tell me not the Church must censure: she who wept the Cross beside
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims of blood denied;

"'And if she who wronged her parents, with her child atones to them,'
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother! thou, at least wilt not condemn.

"So, upon her death bed lying, my blessed mother spake;
As we came to do her bidding, so receive us for her sake."

"God be praised!" said Goodwife Garvin, "He taketh, and he gives;
He wounded, but he healeth; in her child our daughter lives."

"Amen," the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearth-stone, said, "Let us pray."

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

"What is this?" cried farmer Garvin. "Is an English Christian's home
A chapel or a mass house, that you make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried,
"O, forbear to chide my father; in that faith my mother died!

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard; and the dear God watches all!

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee;
"Your words, dear child," he answered, "are God's rebuke to me.

"Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope be one;
Let me be your father's father, let him be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray frock, shading down;

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From the pulpit read the preacher: "Goodman Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter from the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God's peace) has sent to them her child;

"And the prayers of all God's people they ask that they may prove
Not unworthy through their weakness, of such special proof of love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stoood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is Paptist born and bred;"
Thougt the young men, "'Tis an angel in Mary Garvin's stead.

The Scriptures as a Specimen of Literature.

BY E. C. COGSWELL.

In simplicity and purity of style, and in originality of sentiment, the Bible stands unrivalled. Its purity and eloquence are unsurpassed by any production, ancient or modern. Its material for the exercise of deep thought, for cultivating the taste, for invigorating the imagination, and for eliciting the best feelings of the soul, is rich and unsurpassed. Its weighty doctrines, the hope it enkindles, the fear it arrays, alike prove its divine original.

No *human* composition is so exquisite as *always* to please. Its stores of wisdom are quickly exhausted; the eye soon perceives the end of created perfection; but the beauties of the Bible are none the less lovely, though the charm of novelty may have passed away.

He who can read the inspired narration of Moses with diminished interest, can have no beauty in his own soul. Cold must be that heart which does not kindle at his eloquence and melt at his pathos.

Mose's account of creation is unique. It is abrupt, simple, sublime. The volume of destiny is suddenly thrown time is proclaimed; creation arises; new race of intelligence appears o scene. The Almighty voice is add to chaos. "Confusion hears it, an uproar stands ruled." The water side; the verdant landscape is seen; burst from every grove; and stars, rolling, silent beaming, are hurled from the Almighty's hand.

The story of Jacob's darling boy, ed in his coat of many colors, sol Egypt by jealous brothers, rising second in power in that mighty saving by his foresight a famishing especially the chosen people of God dying the most beloved of prince surpass the most sublime concepti poet or novelist.

The style of Moses as a Histor the best model, both in the vigoro the sublime, the pleasing and the t His history is clothed with the gr eloquence, the charms of poetry, an fascinations of fictions.

Poetry is the breathing out of tha ciple which is deepest and sublim human nature; the expression of th piration for something more powerf more thrilling than ordinary life a

The Bible is replete with poetry. Hebrew poets rouse, warm, and tra the mind in strains the sweetest an est that bard ever sung; in numbe loftiest that imagination ever di No poetry extant equals that which to us from the rapt patriarchs of I

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and the inspired prophets of Salem; from the schools of Bethel and Jericho. The Bible is the prototype; the unrivalled model and inspirer of all that is elevated in poetry. It has been a fountain from which later poets have drawn their richest thoughts, their boldest figures, their grandest imagery.

The Psalms of David are an elegant specimen of poetic literature. The character of their diction and expression is vivid, the thoughts animated, passionate. They communicate truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which uninspired poetry can never equal. The Hebrew literature itself contains nothing more lovely.

Among the prophetic writers, Isaiah stands unrivalled. His language possesses surprising beauties. His triumphal song upon the fall of the Babylonish monarch is complete with imagery, diversified and sublime. The conception is bold, the characters are introduced with wonderful art. Nothing is wanting to defend its claim to perfect beauty. In every excellence of composition, it is unequalled by any specimen of Greek or Roman poetry.

The strains of Ezekiel break forth like the gushing of a mighty fountain. He is deep, vehement, tragical. He rouses every energy of the soul; overwhelms the mind by his bold figures, abrupt transitions, fervid expressions. But he who astonishes us by his graphic images, possesses, at the same time, the loveliness of the sweetest poet. For invigorating the imagination, for giving energy of thought and boldness of expression, the writings of Ezekiel are unequalled.

The Bible has stood the test of ages. The closeness of inspection, keenness of investigation or strictures of criticism, have been able to defeat its claims to the highest excellencies of language. Here the man of taste may find every variety of material to discipline the mind, enrich the imagination and polish the taste.

Of the men that have shed a lustre over times and nations, the purest and noblest were those who have been most deeply imbued with the literature of the Bible. The divines of the seventeenth century, those gigantic pillars of English literature, have been celebrated for their love of the Scripture composition. At this fountain the most distinguished poets and orators have drank deepest. What but the literature of the Bible, has rendered immortal the writings of Milton and Young? or those of Chatham and Burke, the models of modern eloquence? What else has given interest and power to the writing of Jones, Butler, Hall and Edwards, the admiration of every scholar? It is the literature of the Bible which has sent out a redeeming influence through our whole literary system—an influence which pervades and strengthens the public mind. There is a spirit in the literature of the Bible, before which the lurid fires of impure passion, kindled at the shrine of heathen literature, go out. The whole atmosphere of the Bible is pure and salutary; its clime, a region of strong thought; the place for giant minds to thrive in. It is an exhaustless treasury of truths—

> "Truths that have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of eternal silence; truths that wake
> To perish never."

Let the Bible be studied in its original, as we study the Iliad of Homer, or the history of Livy, and giants in intellect will rise up, to surpass the loftiest geniuses of past ages. Let the student study the incomparable histories of Moses and Luke, and the sententious writings of Solomon—men of wonderful grasp of mind, of strong massive style, of deep reflection—also the writings of Paul, another name for the perfection of condensed eloquence—the unrivalled poetry of David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Habakkuk; and he will find such a discipline adapted to indurate his mental constitution; to give it muscle and energy; to gird the intellect with power; and to aid him in concentrating its energies so as to bring vast regions at once to the mind, to comprehend almost the infinite in the finite, as the "hope of heaven is imaged in the dew-drop."

Such is the literature of the Scriptures. Written by its numerous authors, during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judah, in the rustic schools of the prophets, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offspring of sanctified intellect, the highest effort of genius, the effusions of truth and nature, the overflowings of genuine feelings, the utterance of undisguised sentiments. It is essential truth, the thoughts of heaven. The volume was conceived in the councils of eternal mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love. It blazes with the lustre of Jehovah's glory. It it calculated to soften the heart; to sanctify the affections; to elevate

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the soul. It is adapted to pour the balm of heaven into the wounded heart; to cheer the dying hour, and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb. The force of its truth compelled the highly-gifted but infidel Byron to testify that

> "Within this awful volume lies
> The mysteries of mysteries.
> O! happiest they of human race
> To whom our God has given grace
> To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
> To lift the latch and force the way;
> But better had they ne'er been born,
> Who read to doubt or read to scorn."

MILTON.

MANNER IN WHICH HE LOST HIS SIGHT.

In the works of Milton, there are many afflicting references to the loss of his sight; a calamity which must have been extremely painful to a man of his literary taste and habits. In regard to the immediate cause of this affliction, he say: "When I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defense of the royal cause; when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the remaining eye; and when my medical attendants clearly announced that if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the heavenly monitors within my breast. My resolution was unshaken; though the alternative was, either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty.

In a letter addressed to Leonard Philaria, the Athenian, and written in the year 1654, he thus describes the manner in which he lost the power of his sight;—"It is now, I think, about ten years since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull. In the morning, if I began to read as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little corporeal exercise. The blaze of the candle which I looked at seemed, were, encircled by a rainbow. Not after, the sight of the left eye (wh lost some years before the other) ha quite obscured, and prevented me discerning any object on that side. sight of my other eye had now gradually and sensibly vanishing for about three years. Some mo before it entirely perished, thos stood motionless, everything whi looked at seemed in motion to and A stiff, cloudy vapor seemed to have tled on my forehead and temples, w usually occasions a sort of somno pressure upon my eyes, and particul from dinner till evening. So that I c recollect what is said of the poet P eas, in the Argonautics:

> A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,
> And when he walked he seemed as whi round,
> Or in a feeble trance he sleepless lay

I ought not to omit, that while I any sight left, as soon as I lay down my bed, and turned on either sid flood of light used to gush from closed eyelids. Then, as my sight came daily more impaired, the colors came more faint, and were remitted ward, with a certain crackling sou but at present every species of illumi tion being, as it were, extinguished, th is diffused around me nothing but da ness, or darkness mingled and streak with an ashy brown. Yet the darkn in which I am perpetually immers seems always, both by night and day, approach nearer to white than black; s when the eye is rolling in its socket, admits a little parcel of light as throu a chink. And though your physici may kindle a small ray of hope, yet make up my mind to the malady as qui incurable; and I often reflect, that, the wise man admonishes, days of da ness are destined to each of us. T darkness which I experienced, less o pressive than that of the tomb, is owi to the goodness of the Deity, pass amid the pursuits of literature, and th cheering salutations of friendship. A if, as is written, "man shall not live b bread alone, but by every word that pr ceedeth out of the mouth of God," wh may not any one acquiesce in the priv tion of his sight, when God has so ampl furnished his mind and conscience wit eyes? While he so tenderly provide for me, while he so graciously leads m by the hand, and conducts me on the way,

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, since it is his pleasure, rather re- thou repine at being blind. And r Philaria, whatever may be the , I wish you adieu with no less and composure than if I had the of a lynx."

this great man was thus enclosed penetrable darkness, speaking of , he says, "So little do they be- an external appearance of injury, they are as unclouded and bright as of those who most distinctly

VISION OF GOD IN GLORY.

BY EDWARD PAYSON.

ou see, indeed, no form or shape; yet your whole soul perceives, with ive clearness and certainty, the im- awe-inspiring presence of Jeho- You see no countenance; and yet feel as if a countenance of awful y, in which all the perfections of y shone forth, were beaming upon wherever you turn. You see no and yet a piercing, heart-searching an eye of Omnipotent purity, every e of which goes through your souls a flash of lightning, seems to look you from every point of surround- space. You feel as if enveloped in atmosphere, or plunged in an ocean istence, intelligence, perfection and ; an ocean of which your laboring can take in only a drop; an ocean, depth of which you cannot fathom, the breadth of which you can never ure. But while you feel utterly un- to comprehend this infinite Being, r views of Him, as far as they extend, perfectly clear and distinct. You the most vivid perceptions, the most ply engraved impressions of an infi- , eternal, spotless mind, in which the ngs of all things, past, present and to e, are most harmoniously seen ar- ged in the most perfect order, and de- ed with the nicest accuracy; of a mind ich wills with infinite ease, but whose illions are attended by a power omni- ent and irresistible, and which sows rlds, suns and systems through the ds of space with far more facility than husbandman scatters his seed upon e earth—of a mind, whence have flow- ed all the streams which ever watered any part of the universe with life, intelligence, holiness and happiness, and which is still full, overflowing and inexhaustible. You perceive also, with equal clearness and certainty, that his infinite, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise, all-creating mind is perfectly and essentially holy, a pure flame of holiness, and that as such, he regards sin with unutterable irreconcilable detestation and abhorrence. With a voice which reverberates through the wide expanse of his dominions, you hear him saying, as the Sovereign and Legislator of the universe, Be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy. And you see this throne surrounded, you see heaven filled by those only who perfectly obey this command. You see thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of angels and archangels, pure, exalted intelligences, who reflect his perfect image, burn like flames of fire with zeal for his glory, and seem to be so many concentrations of wisdom, knowledge, holiness and love; a fit retinue for the thrice holy Lord of Hosts, whose holiness and all-filling glory they unceasingly proclaim.

THE SOCIAL CONSTITUTION.

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

THE study of mind is involved in peculiar difficulties. The chief source of our external knowledge is observation. Nature has amply furnished us with the means of observing the objects with which we are surrounded. Despite of the fall, our senses possess considerable perfection; and, through them, the mind acts upon the visible universe. Whatever strength they lack has been almost entirely compensated by the inventions of art. Thus, the telescope and microscope atone for the limited power and range of vision. If, however, we forsake the eternal world, and turn our faculty of observation on the world within, we find that we are at once embarrassed. In the one case,

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we have senses to aid us; in the other we have none. In the former, we act like spectators; in the latter, we are the subjects of our own examination. Let a man investigate a fact in the material universe, and then apply the same power to the examination of his own processes of thought and emotion, and he instantly perceives that there is no parallel between them.

The science of the mind has, consequently, remained in a state of imperfection, and never approached the clearness and certainty of other branches of philosophy. So far as the mode of investigation is concerned—so far as the great principle of the inductive philosophy is involved—mind and matter have been both contemplated in the same light; but the results are entirely dissimilar. The philosophy of Lord Bacon became a wonderful instrumentality of power in the hands of Boyle and Newton; and all inanimate nature started into new life and beauty beneath its influence. The boundless firmament was the theater of its magnificent discoveries. No altitude was too high for it to reach; no splendor was too dazzling for it to analyze. Had a new creative fiat gone forth through the vast fields of nature, it only could have excelled the developments of this simple but sublime philosophy. Genius conceived at once the idea of employing the inductive philosophy in the study of mind. It made the attempt, but failed. The metaphysics of mind are yet in obscurity. The English and German philosophies are at issue on fundamental points. Though the illustrious names of Locke, Reid, Stewart and Brown, are associated with it, the subject still baffles investigation.

It would, therefore, seem that the most correct and satisfactory method to study the internal constitution is, to look at the manifestations it makes, and, instead of forming a metaphysical theory, to take these manifestations as they are—to paint man as he appears, and to be contented, without tracing the laws of thought and emotion. To test the comparative merits of these plans, let any one take up the most philosophy of a standard author, the biography of a man of genius, properly-written fiction, illustrative character and conduct, and he will, assuredly, gain more knowledge of human nature from the latter than from the former. The sphere of human intelligence comprehends two departments, the knowledge of facts themselves, and the reasons of facts, are embraced in it. No necessary connection exists between them. They may be, or they may not be, found together. If, in mental science, we take facts alone, we cannot succeed; but, when we endeavor to analyze the operations of the mind, and assign laws to every one of its exercises, doubt and difficulty will follow.

Though mental science is far in the rear of the other sciences, there are certain great facts in it that all perceive and recognize, The leading truths of every science may indeed be grasped by the most common minds. But when you pass to minutia—it is when you run to the remote boundaries of knowledge—that mystery darkens and difficulty occurs.

The constitution of the human mind evinces that we were designed for society. It is the earliest and strongest want of our nature. It comes before thought; it continues, often, when thought had fled. The most opposite features of our nature demonstrate its social tendency. Our feebleness and our power, our pride and our humility, our wisdom and our ignorance, all prove it. Exalted as he is above the beasts, there is not a lion in the forest but what could dispense with society more easily than man.

The love of natural objects is one of the most ennobling affections of the human heart. Man communes with them. They form society for him. The illusive power of imagination invests them with life, and fancies them to be in a state of friendship with us. The youthful poet, Pollock, powerfully describes this sentiment in Byron:

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"With nature's self
ed an old acquaintance, free to jest
w th all her glorious majesty,
his hand upon the 'ocean's mane,'
ved, familiar, with his hoary locks,
n the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
h the thunder talked, as friend to friend,
ve his garland of the lightning's wing."

Byron speak for himself, now a brother poet, a younger and a r one, has spoken for him:

hat the desert were my dwelling-place,
ome fair spirit for my minister,
might all forget the human race,
hating no one, love but only her!
ements in whose ennobling stir,
yself exalted, can ye not
ri me such a being? Do I err
ing such inhabit many a spot?
h with them to converse can rarely be our
lot.

e is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
n is a rapture on the lonely shore;
is society where none intrudes,
the deep sea, and music in its roar.
e not man the less, but nature more,
from our inter views, in which I steal
m all I may be, or have been before,
ngle with the universe, and feel
I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal."

f this sentiment exists in poets, it is use it is natural to man. It is not stinct and separate sentiment, but a fication of the social principle. not man love his fellow, by strong lasting instinct, he would love na-. There are defects in the sociable ciple. There are circumstances that lify and restrain it; and man brings ature to aid its exercise and gratify rident demands.

he social principle is an original ciple of nature. Did civilization ist it, it would be seen only in civ- d society; did circumstances impart it would only be witnessed in cumstantial connections. It belongs man as man. The argument for fination is based on our social senti- nt. No other reason can be con- ved to induce us to adopt the requisite asures for refinement and education, t that which springs from this native position of our hearts. If examples quently occur of a love of solitude; if the desert has, in all ages, had its hermits; if misanthropy has again and again vented its harmless spleen upon the institutions of domestic life.—these facts, so far from disproving the existence of a social law, absolutely establish it. Motives of self-denial have often led to seclusion. Does not self-denial pre-suppose the operation of the social dispositions? If man were not social by nature and habit, it would assuredly be no triumph of fortitude, to separate himself from the world, and enter into companionship with the wild scenes of the material universe. Had misanthropical spirits no beings on which to lavish their contempt; had they none to witness their indifference to social union and communion, had they none to wonder at their heroism, and applaud their independence, we should find them content to obey the common sense dictates of humanity, and ready to leave the wilderness to the original possessors, the lower order of creation. The most unselfish passions and habits of human nature, anomalous as it may appear, are the most selfish; and misanthropy could no more exist, if the social principle were unknown, than lightning could exist if electricity were wanting in the natural kingdom. Let any one read the misanthropical effusions of Lord Byron, and how clearly will he perceive the constant struggling of social dispositions, amid all his assumed scorn of the world! Had he hated society, as pretended, strange that he should have so often sought its ear, and solicited its sympathies for his misfortunes!

MEN should all have their feet on the same level, with leave to grow as high as they can from the charter God put in their souls. Oregon pines are three hundred feet high—how solitary their tops must be; but they start from the same place that the shrub does.

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DeSOTO'S GRAVE.

BY C. T. BATEMAN.

T'was evening's dimlit hour; with lonesome gloom
Beneath and o'er the verdant canopy
Where giant trees, in wildest grandeur flung
Thick robed in green their brawny arms aloft
With noisless tread the long dark shadows crept.
O'er mighty Mississippi's turbid flood
Deep rolling ocean-ward, o'er tangled swamp
And reedy fen, o'er densly wooded hight
And prairies green in summer's em'rald plumes
They softly glided wrapping all below
In the dark drapery of dreamy night.
Beneath yon tow'ring grove where faintly shines
The watchfire's glim'ring light, DeSoto lies.
The death-sweat stands upon his haggard brow;
Unearthly gleams his lustrous eye; his cheek
Once pale as death its wonted color brings.
He dreams. Again in far off Spain he lives
His youth; again is pressed his young heart's love;
Bright visions dance of future fame, and hope
Around him throws her rainbow tinted robe.
Ambition fires his brain and nerves his heart.
He braves the raging deep and threads his way
Through forests vast, through wild and swampy plains,
Deep rivers traced before unknown. Again
The Indian's war-whoop rings; with sudden start
He grasps his sword, then sinks with feeble groan
Upon his wild-wood couch. The dream had passed
And death's cold hand now paled his radiant brow
And glazed his beaming eye. With sighs and tears
His comrades saw their smitten chieftain lie
And slowly yield to death his waning life.
Within that Spanish camp, deep silence reigned,
Sad change had wrought the busy hand of death.
Full many a noble heart had beat its last
Among those cruel western wilds. Disease
At human strength had mocked, had blanched the cheek
Had dimmed the eye and lain the strong man low.
The Indian's shaft had culled his victims too
And now while standing round DeSoto's corse
They hear amid the dark impending gloom

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With fearful sound, the Indian's war-whoop break
Then in the distance slowly die away
And see afar, his watchfires faintly gleam
Like some portentous meteor boding ill.
Beneath the darksome flood they made his grave
Where never foe might find his wasting form
Or loving friend might decorate his tomb;
Beneath that mighty stream himself had called
From out the ambushed secrets of the West
A monument sublimer far than stone
Or brass, though graven by a master hand
He calmly sleeps uncoffined and unknelled.
With ceasless flow, the murmuring waters come
From Alleghany slopes, from blooming dells
Among the Rocky Mountain's snowy cliffs
From prairies green, on far Dakota's plain,
From silver lakes in Minnesota's realm
To chant above his low and humid couch
In watery chimes DeSoto's endless dirge.

GENIUS AND ITS REWARD.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

WHAT a glorious gift is that of eloquent utterance! The laurels of the warrior are only achieved on the field of blood; the honors of the the statesman depend on the fickle breath of the multitude; but the author—the creator—he who in the seclusion of his closet can commune with the sacred majesty of truth, whose oracles he has been chosen to interpret; he who can people the narrow limits of his solitary chamber with images of beauty; he who, amid the sands of worldliness, has found the "diamond of the desert," while its sweet waters are welling up in all their freshness and purity—what a noble power is his! And what a strange and mystic faculty is that which gives to "airy nothings" such shapes as make them seem, even to the coarse-minded worldling, like familiar friends; which imparts to unsubstantial dreams a visible and life-like presence; which invests the impalpable shadows of the brain with the attributes of humanity, and demands for these fairy creatures of the fancy our kindliest and warmest sympathy! What a god-like gift is that which enables the lonely student to sway the minds of the myriads on whom his eye may never rest with a glance of friendly recognition; to move as if by one impulse the hearts of thousands; to stir up high and holy feelings in bosoms which the commerce of the world and the exigencies of life had chilled and hardened!

Yet it is with the mind as with the body; the exercise of our physical energies is delightful in proportion as it is the act of unfettered volition. The man who, in the sportiveness of health and spirits, will go into the woodland and make the stroke of his axe ring through the forest aisles, would find little pleasure in the same labor if necessity had driven him to become a hewer of wood. The well trained

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dancer, whose lithe form moves to the voice of music as if she were an embodiment of the spirit of harmony, feels none of the pure joy which once possessed her, when, in the freedom of childish mirth, her dance was but the evidence of a lightsome heart. It is only when the will is left free to direct the faculties that we can derive full gratification from our consciousness of power; and if this be true of the body —that mere machine which, from its earliest sentient moment, is submitted to restraint and subjection—how much more so is it of the free and unchained mind! It matters not whether the fetters that are laid upon the soul be forged from the iron sceptre of necessity, or wrought from the golden treasures of ambition; still they are but chains, and he who would feel the true majesty of mental power must never have worn the badge of thraldom.

It is not the triumph of satisfied ambition which affords the highest gratification to the truly noble-minded. Intellectual toil is its own exceeding great reward. The applause of the world may gladden the heart and quicken the pulse of the aspirant for fame, but the brighest crown that was ever laid on the brow of genius imparts no such thrill of joy as he felt in that delicious moment when the consciousness of power first came upon him. It is this sense of power—this innate consciousness of hidden streugth, which is his most valued guerdon; and well would it be for him if the echo of worldly fame never resounded in the quiet, secluded chambers of his secret soul! Well would it be if no hand ever offered to his lips the cup of adulation, whose magic sweetness awakens a thirst no repeated draughts can slake! Well would it be if the voice of a clamorous multitude never mingled with the sweeter music of his own gentle fancies! Well would it be if he could always abide in the pure regions of elevated thought, leaving the mists and the darkness, the lightnings and tempests of a lower world, beneath his feet? Titian, living amid weal: honors, and dying in the arm weeping monarch, presents to t of thought a far less noble pictur the poor, unfriended, humble C gio, when, at the sight of some g works of art, the veil which ha den his own resplendent geniu suddenly lifted from his eyes, a exclaimed, in the ecstacy of lightened spirit, "*lo anche son pi* I too am a painter!

With the first knowlege of power to the mind of genius come the desire of benefiting humanity at that moment, when the fire God has lighted within the soul upward with a steady light to heaven, while it diffuses its pure dors on a darkened world aroun such a moment man is indeed but tle lower than the angels.

> "Could he keep his spirits to this pitch
> He might be happy;"

but, alas! the mists of earth ris around him; the light is dimmed the altar; less holy gleams athwart the growing darkness, an often, the fading flame of spiritua istence is rekindled at the pale-fi the nether world.

There is something fearful in t sponsibility which attaches to th pression of human thought and fe "We may have done that yester says Madame de Stael, "which ha ored our whole future life." Ap ing as this idea is, the reflection in some idle mood and in some unc ed moment, now gone past recall may have uttered that which has i enced the opinions, the feelings, haps the fate of *another*, is even terrific to the conscience. Who not remember some single word, careless remark, which, coming lips fraught with eloquence, or ut from a heart filed with truth, has a ed our early fortunes and perhap life-long destiny? Who cannot back upon some moment in life the unconscious accents of another withheld the foot which already pr

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the verge of some frightful precipice? Who cannot recall, in bitter anguish of spirit, some hour when the voice of the "charmer," has won the soul to evil influences and late remorse? If such things come within the experience of each one of us (and that they do no one can doubt), may not every human being, however humble, feel awed before the simple power of human expression? Oh! it is a fearful thing to pour out one's soul in eloquent utterance! fearful because it opens the inner sanctuary to the gaze of vulgar eyes; fearful, because its oracular voice is rarely interpreted aright; doubly fearful, because even its most truthful saying may be of evil import to those who listen to its teachings.

"When the gifts of genius inspire those who know us not with the desire to love us, they are the richest blessings that Heaven can bestow upon human nature." This is a woman's sentiment, but it is one to which every gifted soul will respond. I once heard it asserted by one, who had but to look within himself to behold the richest elements of the grand and good most harmoniously commingled, that "there is something essentially feminine in the mental character of a man of genius, while there are decidedly masculine traits in the intellectual developments of a gifted woman." The idea was at first startling, but it is undoubtedly true. The delicacy of perception, the refinement of thought, the tenderness of fancy which mark the man of genius, approach very nearly to the finest traits of womanly nature; while the vigor of thought and magnanimity of feeling which belong to the enlarged and occupied mind in the nobler sex, are certainly borrowed from the stronger nature of man. There is an assimilation between them, which, while it does not prove the assertion, that "there is no sex in genius," goes far to establish a theory and account for apparent incongruities. It is those lofty faculties, compelling each, as it were, to trench upon the privileges of the other, which involve and almost insure the social unhappiness of genius. How difficult it is for thought to fold its wings beside the household hearth, or brood with fostering care over the petty duties of life! How much more difficult for the delicate and sensitive nature to assert its manly strength, when every pulse is thrilling with refined emotion! Yet the diligent culture of the affections—the unselfish devotion to social duties—may and do preserve to each its true nature. Hence it is that while others seek for palpable and tangible rewards, the children of genius find so much to prize in the distant and far-off affection which their gifts awake in loving and humble hearts.

What can impart more pure delight than the consciousness that we have given consolation to the wretched; that we have deepened the thrill of joy in the breast of the happy; that we have elevated the thoughts of an awakened mind, by the expression of unconscious sympathy? How many hearts, aching with excess of feeling, have found vent for their fulness in those exquisite lines of the poet of nature—those lines which contain an embodiment of all the romance, I had almost said of all the poetry, of life:

> "Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken hearted."

How many have felt the wild surges of feeling heave with a calmer swell when they listened to the solemn music uttered by the great master of passion:

> "Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
> Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
> Ave Maria! may our spirit dare
> Look up to thine and to thy Son's, above."

How many "nel tempo dei dolci sospiri," have echoed the strain of that passionate emotion which thrilled the heart of Petrarca when he exclaimed:

> "Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e 'l anno,
> E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e 'l ora, e 'l punto,
> E 'l bel paese, e 'l loco ov' io fui giunto,
> Da duo begli occhi, che legato m'hanno."

How many, while listening to the voice of nature's great high priest, learn to love the gifted beings who have power

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to interpret the vague oracles of God within their souls; how many would fain utter in nobler language the sentiment which dictated this grateful burst of feeling to one of our country's greatest bards:

To W. C. B.

My thanks are thine, most gifted one! to thee
I owe an hour of intellectual life,
A sweet hour stolen from the noise and strife,
And turmoil of the world, which, but to see
Or hear of from afar, is pain to me.
I thank thee for the rich draught thou hast brought
To lips that love the well-springs of pure thought
Which from thy soul gush up so plenteously
The hymnings of thy prophet voice awake
Those nobler impulses, that, hushed and still,
Lie hidden in our hearts till some wild thrill
Of spirit-life has power their chains to break;
Then from our long, inglorious dream we start,
As if an angel's tone had stirred the slumbering heart.

It is true, such thanks may come from one whose "name is writ in water"—from a mind which is only endowed with power to enjoy a music it never can create; yet surely it is pleasant to feel that we have imparted pure and intellectual gratification to one of God's creatures, however humble; and that we have awakened, for one brief hour, the joy of inner life.

Well may such things be prized, for they are among the few earthly joys which cheer the heart of genius when the darkness of self-distrust gathers around him. The smile of Heaven may beam upon him with unfading brightness, but he must tread an earthly path, and dangers and sorrows beset him on every side. They who are his daily companions are those who see not into the mysteries of life. They weigh him in the balance of wordly prudence and he is found wanting; they watch his moods and bring them up in judgment against him, as if every variation of sentiment was a deviation from a moral principle; they try him by tests from which even the enduring spirit of calculation would shrink; they stand afar off and then wonder why he is not of themselves; they seek to despise that which they do not comprehend, and they receive his teachings rather as the ravings of the Delphian Pythoness than as the solemn voice of a prophet. Weary and heart-sick, how often does h on his lonely way! how often faint in very heaviness of so often does he long to fold his w ions in the still chamber of de

Yet comfort is still for hi multitude may know him not; rel may never wreath his brow it from the lightning which hal en while it scathes; yet will hi voice be heard afar off, and whi pause to catch its tones who n tened to his household words, echo widely through the dim of the future.

MADAME GUYON.

Translated from the Fren

BY PROF. J. C. UPHAM.

During the life of her husban generally journeyed in a carriag with such attendants and equip was thought suitable to her posit society, or as her husband's desir tastes might dictate. And as sh eled from town to town, in the C oise and down the banks of th Loire, the Loire known in histo song, her eye betrayed her hear she found the spirit of worldly in again waking up within her. B company of others, involving as the suggestions and solicitations sanctified nature, is sometimes dangerous than the sight of citi the works of nature and art. part of France her father's fami her husband's had been known, her movements were not likely

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kept secret. Her personal reputation had preceded her. Her powers of conversation were remarkable; and were always felt when she was disposed to exert them. Men were taken also with her beauty and her wealth. "In this journey," she says, "abundance of visits and applause were bestowed upon me; and I, who had already experienced the pangs of being unfaithful to God, found emotions of vanity once more springing to life within me. Strange as it may appear, and after all the bitterness I had experienced, I loved human applause, while I clearly perceived its folly. And I loved that in myself which caused this applause, while in the conflict of my mind's feelings, I desired to be delivered from it. The life of nature was pleased with public favor; but the life of grace made me see the danger of it, and dread it. Oh, what pangs the heart feels which is in this situation! Deep was the affliction which this compact of grace and nature cost me! What rendered my position the more dangerous was, that they not only praised my youth and beauty, but passed compliments upon my virtue. But this I could not receive. I had been too deeply taught that there is nothing but unworthiness and weakness in myself, and that all goodness is from God. My trials were connected, in part, with the fashions of those gay times, the modes of dress, and methods of personal intercourse. It seemed to me, that the dress of the ladies' with whom, in my journey to Orleans and Touraine, I was led almost necessarily to associate, was hardly consistent with Christian, or even natural modesty and decorum. I did not wholly conform to the prevalent modes, but I went too far in that direction.

"It is true, that my associates, seeing that I covered my neck much more than was common for females at that time, assured me that I was quite modest and Christian-like in my attire; and as my husband liked my dress, there could be nothing amiss in it. But there was something within me, which told me it was not so. The Christian knows what it is to hear the voice of God in his soul. This inward voice troubled me. It seemed to say, whither art thou going, thou 'whom my soul loveth?' Divine love drew me gently and sweetly in one direction; while natural vanity violently dragged me in another. I was undecided; loving God, but not wholly willing to give up the world. My heart was rent asunder by the contest."

She went at a certain time, from her residence, to attend some religious services which were to take place in the celebrated church of Notre Dame, at Paris. As the weather was inviting, she did not take a carriage as she usually did, but decided to walk, although her house was some miles distant. She was attended, however, by a footman, as she generally was at this period of her life whenever she went abroad. Just as they had passed one of the bridges erected over the river Seine, a person appeared at her side and entered into conversation;—a man religiously solemn and instructive in his appearance and intercourse, but so poor and almost repulsive in his attire, that, at their first meeting, thinking him an object of charity, she offered him alms.

"This man spoke to me," she says, "in a wonderful manner, of God and divine things. His remarks on the Holy Trinity were more instructive and sublime than I had heard on any other occasion or from any other person. But his conversation was chiefly personal.

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I know not how it was, but he seemed in some way to have acquired a remarkable knowledge of my character.—He professed to regard me as a Christian, and spoke especially of my love to God,and of my numerous charities to the poor. And, while he recognized all that was good and Christian-like in me, he felt it his duty to speak to me plainly of my faults. He told me that I was too fond of my personal attractions; and enumerated, one after another, the various faults and imperfections which characterized this period of my life. And then, assuming a higher tone of religious precept, he gave me to understand that God required not merely a heart of which it could only be said it is forgiven, but a heart which could properly, and in some real sense be designated as holy; that it was not sufficient to escape hell, but that he demanded also the subjections of the evils of our nature, and the utmost purity and height of Christian attainment. The circumstance of his wearing the dress of a mendicant, did not prevent his speaking like one having authority. There was something in him incapable of being concealed by the poverty of his outward appearance, which commanded my silence and profound respect. The Spirit of God bore witness to what he said. The words of this remarkable man, whom I never saw before, and whom I have never seen since, penetrated my very soul.

At this time she makes a new and more full offering of herself to God. A great affliction came upon her at this time in being taken down with that loathsome disease, the small-pox. On the 4th of October, 1670, (she is particular to mark the month and the day,) the blow came upon her like lightning from heaven. This dreadful disease was not then shorn of its terrors by that merciful Providence, which directed the philosophic mind of Jenner in the discovery of its wonderful preventive. And she was thus smitten when she was a little more than twenty-two years of age,—a period of life when beauty of person does not cease to be prized. When it was discovered that the hand of the Lord was laid upon her, her friends, not excepting those in all probability who had endeavored to lead her into the follies of fashionable life,exhibited great emotion. They came around her bedside, and almost forgetting that her life was in danger, deplored in feeling language the mysterious and fatal attack, which had thus made upon charms which had been so much celebrated.

Alluding to the temptations she experienced, and to her temporary indulgence in the displays of fashionable life, she says, "before I fell under the disease I resembled those animals, destined for slaughter, which on certain days they adorn with greens and flowers, and bring in pomp into the city before they kill them." She represents the disease as having been very severe. "My whole body," she says, "looked like that of a leper. All who saw me said they had never seen such a shocking spectacle. But the devastation without was counterbalanced by peace within. My soul was kept in a state of contentment, greater than can be expressed. Reminded continually that one of the causes of my religious trials and falls, I indulged the hope of gaining my inward liberty by the loss of that outward beauty which had been my grief. This view of my condition rendered my soul so well satisfied and so united to God, that it would not have exchanged its condition for that of the most happy prince in the world.

"Every one thought I should be inconsolable. Several of my friends came around me, and gave utterance to their regret and sympathy in view of my sad condition. A sad condition indeed, as it appeared to them; but far from being sad, as it appeared to them. As I lay in my bed, suffering the total deprivation of that which had been a snare to my pride, I experienced a joy unspeakable. I praised God in profound silence. None ever heard me

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complaints from me, either of my pains or of the loss which I sustained. Thankfully I received everything, as from God's hand; and I did not hesitate to say to those who expressed their regret and sympathy, that I rejoiced at that in which they found so much cause of lamentation."

"When I had so far recovered as to be able to sit up in my bed, I ordered a mirror to be brought, and indulged my curiosity so far as to view myself in it. I was no longer what I was once. It was then that I saw that my heavenly Father had not been unfaithful in his work, but had ordered the sacrifice in all its reality. Some persons, thinking to do me a favor in my supposed affliction, sent me a sort of pomatum, which they said would have the effect to fill up the hollows of the small-pox, and to restore my complexion. I had myself seen wonderful effects from it when tried upon others; and the first impulse of my mind was to test its merits in my own case. But God, jealous of his work, would not suffer it. The inward voice spoke. There was something in my heart, which said, "If I would have had you fair, I would have left thee as thou wert."

But the work of God was not yet accomplished. If he had smitten and demolished one dear idol, there were others which remained. God had given her two sons. The eldest was in the sixth year, the youngest in the fourth year of his age. She loved them both; but one was especially the son of her affections. Certain it is, that, in the favorable opening of his young affections and intellect, he filled the measure of a mother's fondness and hopes. Her heart was fixed upon him. But God, who knew on which side danger lay, took her Jacob, and left her Esau.

He was seized with the same terrible disease which had so nearly proved fatal to his mother. "This blow," she says, "struck me to the heart. I was overwhelmed; but God gave me strength in my weakness. I loved my young boy tenderly; but though I was greatly afflicted at his death, I saw the hand of the Lord so clearly, that I shed no tears. I offered him up to God; and said in the language of Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be his name."

She says that it was a consolation to her to experience the rigors of God. It was about this time that we find the first mention of her attempts at poetry. Poetry is the natural expression of strong feeling. How few sermons equal in depth of religious thought and experience, this heaven-inspired effusion:

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

Thou hast no lightnings, O thou Just?
Or I their force should know;
And, if thou strike me into dust,
My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease,
Than it adorns thy ways,
In Thine avenging anger sees
A subject of its praise.

Pleased I could lie, concealed and lost,
In shades of central night;
Not to avoid thy wrath, Thou know'st,
But lest I grieve thy sight.

Smite me, O Thou, whom I provoke,
And I will love Thee still.
The well deserved and righteous stroke
Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy to sustain
The worst Thou canst devise!
And dare I seek Thy throne again,
And meet thy sacred eyes?

Far from afflicting, Thou art kind,
And in my saddest hours,
An unction of Thy grace I find,
Pervading all my powers.

Alas! Thou sparest me yet again.
And when Thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou sooth'st me with Thy love.

I have no punishment to fear;
But, ah! that smile from Thee
Imparts a pang far more severe
Than woe itself would be.

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[When we commenced, in the August number, the Biography of Madame Guyon, we intended to complete it in this number. This we have found impossible, and do justice to so noble and Christ-like a character. After about one or two numbers more we shall come to the history of her imprisonment, by the Pope and the King of France. It will be of thrilling interest. We shall publish in the January or February number a synopsis of her early history, so that those who begin with 1871 may know something of her childhood and early years. We have published, in the last year, several of her poems, which have been much admired, but her most marked poems, as well as the most wonderful events in her life, will appear in the next volume of the MISCELLANY. Any one will be well paid for the next year's subscription in this biography alone.—EDITOR MISCELLANY.]

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

"I have seen an end of all perfection."—BIBLE.

I've looked upon the sky serene, with its unsullied hue,
I've looked on this ethereal vault, and loved its heavenly blue;
But soon, ah! soon, o'er this bright scene, a gath'ring gloom is spread,
And my sad heart, but now so gay, is filled with solemn dread.

I've seen the sun, proud king of day, careering in his might,
Smiling upon all nature fair, and beaming with delight;
But soon his gilded chariot wheels sink slowly down the west,
And a bright train of fleeting clouds attend him to his rest.

I've gazed upon the lofty oak—I loved its majesty—
The ivy twined about his trunk, in graceful modesty;
But sere and withered are its leaves, its branches have decayed—
The mighty monarch of the wood low in the dust is laid.

I've gazed upon the mountain bird, I've watched its airy flight—
I've heard the rushing of its wing, I've seen its eye of light—
The fowler shot! alas, 'tis dead—a cold and lifeless thing;
And is it thus ye fell, proud bird, bird of the lofty wing?

I've seen the gallant warrior press amidst the battle's rage,
Thirsting for glory and renown—a name on history's page!
He charges on—the victory's his, the clarion swells the lay—
Alas! alas! he falls! he falls! as die the notes away.

And O, I've seen earth's fairest flower, the loveliest of the dell,
With a mind of spotless white, pure as a lily's bell;
I've seen this bright one pass away, as fading hues of even,
To her home of light beyond the skies, her resting place in heaven.

And is it thus ye fade, old Earth; thus, thus, thy glories fly?
The fairest thing upon thy face created thus to die?
Turn, weary one; let not thy thought to this poor world be given;
Nor let it ever be forgot—thy better home 's in heaven.

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JOSEPHINE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

LUSION has already been made to trong attachment with which Na- cherished his little grandchild, of Hortense and of his brother . The boy was extremely beau- and developed all those noble and d traits of character which pecu- delighted the emperor. Napo- had apparently determined to the young prince his heir. This so generally the understanding, in France and in Holland, that phine was quite at ease, and serene dawned upon her heart.

rly in the spring of 1807, this child, whom such destinies were depend- , then five years of age, was seized ddenly and violently with the croup, in a few hours died. The blow fell the heart of Josephine with most ding power. Deep as was her at the loss of the child, she was rwhelmed with uncontrollable an- in view of those fearful conse- ces which she shuddered to con- plate. She knew that Napoleon d her fondly, but she also knew the gth of his ambition, and that he ld make any sacrifice of his affec- , which, in his view, would subserve interests of his power and his glory. three days she shut herself up in room, and continually bathed in .

The sad intelligence was conveyed to poleon when he was far from home, the midst of the Prussian campaign. had been victorious, almost miracu- ly victorious, over his enemies. He d gained accessions of power such as, the wildest dreams of youth, he had dly imagined. All opposition to his y was now apparently crushed. Na- leon had become the creator of kings, d the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine, and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity was fearful.

She watched, with most excited apprehensions, every movement of the emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved, absented himself from her society, and the private access between their apartments was closed.

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The emperor and empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentment that her doom was sealed, and all that day she had been in her retired apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached she bathed her swollen eyes and tried to regain composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak. Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither ate a mouthful. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, struck the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal probably was never witnessed. The attendants around the table seemed to catch the infection, and moved softly and silently in the discharge of their duties, as if they were in the chamber of the dead. At last, the ceremony of dinner was over, the

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attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising, and closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. Another moment of almost painful silence ensued, when the emperior, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, approached the empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and in faltering accents, said, "Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France."

Eugene was summoned from Italy. He hastened to Paris, and his first interview was with his mother. From her saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the emperor if he had decided to obtain a divorce from the empress. Napoleon, who was very strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply, but pressed his hand as an expression that it was so. Eugene immediately dropped the hand of the emperor, and said:

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly, "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene replied, firmly; "the son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Napoleon was not without feelings. Tears filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied, "Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure, and will you forsake me? Who, then, should I have a son, the object of my desires, and preserver of my interests, who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene was deeply affected, and, taking Napoleon's arm, they re and conversed a long time toge The noble Josephine, ever sacrifi her own feelings to promote the piness of others, urged her son t main the friend of Napoleon. " emperor," she said, "is your benefa —your more than father, to whom are indebted for every thing, an whom, therefore, you owe a bound obedience."

The fatal day for the consumma of the divorce at length arrived. was the 15th of December, 1809. poleon had assembled all the ki princes, and princesses who were m bers of the imperial family, and the most illustrious officers of the pire, in the grand saloon of the T leries. Every individual present oppressed with the melancholy gr eur of the occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOD IN HISTORY.

THE ruins of kingdoms! The re of mighty empires that were! The erthrow or decay of the master-wo of man is, of all objects that enter mind, the most afflicting. The h wrought perfection of beauty and seems born but to perish; and *deca* seen and felt to be an inherent la their being. But such is the natur man, that even while gazing upon relics of unknown nations, which h survived all history, he forgets his o perishable nature in the spectacle of during greatness.

We know of no spectacle so well culated to teach human humiliation, convince us of the utter fragility of proudest monuments of art, as the ics which remind us of the vast popu tions that have passed from the ea and the empires that have crumbled to ruins. We read upon the ruins the *past* the fate of the *present*. feel as if the cities of men were built

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foundations beneath which the earthquake slept, and that we abide in the midst of the same doom which has already swallowed so much of the records of mortal magnificence. Under such emotions, we look on all human power as foundationless, and view the proudest nations of the present as covered only with the mass of their desolation.

The Assyrian empire was once alike the terror and wonder of the world, and Babylon was perhaps never surpassed in power and gorgeous magnificence. But where is there even a relic of Babylon now, save on the pages of Holy Writ? The very place of its existence is a matter of uncertainty and dispute. Alas! that the measure of time should be doomed to oblivion; and that those who first divided the year into months, and invented the zodiac itself, should take so sparingly of immortality as to be, in the lapse of a few centuries, confounded with natural phenomena of mountain and valley.

Who can certainly show us the tower that was "reared against heaven?" Who were the builders of the pyramids that have excited so much the astonishment of modern nations?

Where is Rome, the irresistible monarch of the east, the terror of the world? Where are the proud edifices of her glory, the fame of which has reached even to our time in classic vividness? Alas, she, too, has faded away in sins and vices. Time has swept his unsparing scythe over her glories, and shorn this prince of its towering diadems.

> "Her lonely columns stand sublime,
> Flinging their shadows from on high,
> Like dials which the wizard Time
> Hath raised, to count his ages by."

Throughout the range of our western wilds, down in Mexico, Yucatan, Bolivia, &c., travelers have been able to discover the most indisputable evidences of extinct races of men highly skilled in learning and the arts, of whom we have no earthly record, save the remains of their works which time has spared for our contemplation. On the very spot where forests rise in unbroken grandeur, and seem to have been explored only by their natural inhabitants, generation after generation has stood, has lived, has warmed, grown old and passed away; and not only their names, but their nation, their language has perished, and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes. Who shall unravel to us the magnificent ruin of Mexico, Yucatan and Bolivia, over which hangs the sublimest mystery and which seems to have been *antiquities in the days of Pharaoh*? Who were the builders of those gorgeous temples, obelisks, and palaces, now the ruins of a powerful and highly cultivated people, whose national existence was probably before that of Thebes or Rome, Carthage or Athens? Alas! there is none to tell the tale; all is conjecture, and our best information concerning them is derived only from uncertain analogy.

How forcibly do these wonderful revolutions, which overturn the masterworks of man, and utterly dissolve his boasted knowledge, remind us that *God is in them all!* Wherever the eye is turned, to whatever quarter of the world the attention is directed, there lie the remains of more powerful, more advanced, and more highly skilled nations than ourselves—the almost obliterated records of the mighty past. How seemingly well founded was the delusion, and indeed how current even now, that the discovery of Columbus first opened the way for a cultivated people in the "new world." And yet how great reason is there for the conclusion, that while the country of Ferdinand and Isabella was yet a stranger to the cultivated arts, America teemed with power and grandeur; with cities and temples, pyramids and mounds, in comparison with which the buildings of Spain bear not the slightest resemblance, and before which the relics of the old world are shorn of their grandeur.

All these great relics of still greater nations, should they not teach us a lesson of humiliation, confirming, as they do, the truth that *God is in history*

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which man cannot penetrate? If the historian tells us truly that a hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which is almost by way of derision one would suppose, styled the "*new world*."

[We have refused several well-written poems on the following subject, on account of the great number which have appeared in the public prints; but the originality and loftiness of thought which this embodies, has induced us to publish it.—Ed. Miscellany.]

NIAGARA.

BY. MRS. F. H. GREEN.

High archetype of dread sublimity
Defying imitation—I have gazed
On thy unpictured greatness, 'till the soul
Was overwhelmed with grandeur—every sense
Hushed itself in deep astonishment,
To read thy revelation of that Power—
Mighty in all things—mightiest, still, in thee!
All imagery is weak—all language cold—
And thought, in thy unuttered majesty,
Shrinks, like a stricken eagle from the sun,
Wing-broken—overpowered—with too intense
Perceptions of the ever-present God!
Upward I gaze upon thy radiant crown—
Woven of terror and magnificence—
Where the bright sun-bow glitters; then, beneath,
I look into the wild and dread abyss—
Unmeasured—unexplored—where, age by age,
Thou sittest on thy deep, rock-pillared throne,
In single greatness ever unapproached,
Mocking with thine, all other majesty!
There, mortal never went, and came again
To tell the wonders of thy dwelling place—
There, but the eye of God may look, and live!

All highest forms of beauty—all that stirs
The soul with grandeur, and magnificence,
May find their full expression best in thee.
And, when the shades of sombre evening fall,
Softness is gathered round thee as a veil;

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And to the Terrible comes the Beautiful—
Like Mercy stealing to the rigid arms
Of stern-eyed Justice. Then, above thy brow
Bendeth the lunar-crescent—fairest type
Of beauty that e'er woke to gladden Earth—
A circling group of angels it may be;
And, in the changing light and shadow's play,
We catch the glory of their burnished wings—
The dazzling whiteness of their glancing feet—
Moving in solemn cadence to the roar
Of thine eternal music—as they watch,
Lest harm should happen to the sons of men.

All depth of tone that dwelleth in the winds—
All language, and all music of the angels,
The voice of Ocean, Tempest, Hurricrne,
Are poured into the volume of thy voice,
Deep chanting, ever, without stop, or pause,
The awful anthem of Eternity?
The simple Red Man listened;—and his soul
Bowed down in wonder at thy mightiness;
And the Great Spirit spake to him in thee!
He saw thy floods, forever pouring out
Their still exhaustless treasures, and his eye
Beheld the Image of the Infinite!
Pronounced he then thy deep, euphonious name—
The WATER THUNDER—that shall be to him
Sacred memento—and an epitaph—
Telling to future ages of the time
When a wild race of monarchs trod the earth;
Then, yielding to the dark decree of Fate,
They fell—they perished—and they passed away!

Not without meaning was thy radiance set,
Thou regal gem, upon the royal brow
Of the young Queen of Nations—"LIBERTY"
Is writ in all thy deep, translucent light—
And since that hour, when first the rising sun
Of young Creation shone into thy heart,
Waking its depths to music, thou hast been
Day unto day, and night succeeding night,
Chanting, for ever, thine eternal hymn,
To Liberty—for ever, Liberty!
And when the morning stars together sang,
Breaking the silence of the new-born Earth,
Thy voice rolled up to meet the heavenly choir,
Deep thundering along the vast expanse

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That held the unwrought elements of Life—
Owning the voice of God that spake in thee.
From her long dream astonished Chaos woke—
Labored—and brought forth BEING!—Loud and clear
Rang the great anthem on from star to star;
'Till every bright-eyed sister silent hung
Over her golden lyre, with earnest thought.
To listen to thy wondrous melody!—
Singing the song of Freedom—Freedom still—
Through years unnumbered—ages undefined—
The wheeling centuries found thee. Nations heard,
And sped the tidings through the peopled earth,—
Then wondering sages sat down at thy feet,
As children by their teacher. Ray by ray
Shone the great TRUTH, all perfect. Note by note,
The melody went home to every heart.
Uprisen, then, and girded, they went forth;
And, in the face of an astonished world,
Proclaimed the Charter of Humanity—
The simplest, clearest, the divinest truth
That human lips e'er uttered; and set forth
The great ascending scale, that gathers
To the same group, with angels and with God.

Thy mission is to preach, majestic Flood!
Before a slavish, and enslaving world,
Glad tidings of a higher Liberty!
Let the proud Tyrant, and the trembling Slave,
Come to thy feet and listen. They shall learn
That He who fashioned Man, and fashioned Thee,
Never created that which should be wrought
To the remotest semblance of a chain!

WHAT can more effectually frustrate the grand object, which we all ought to have at heart, of assisting to reform the world, than that those who in their different stations should be aiming at this only, should ever be found suspecting and traducing each other? What should we think of soldiers who, when one corps was stationed for the defence of a particular town, and another sent out to attack a post, or to scour the country, if instead of attending to their distinct appointments, they should be engaged in weakening and betraying each other, and thereby the cause itself, into the hand of the common enemy?] the common enemy who has a ch in these divisions of heart; an those who are really intent on cess of the common cause shoul bate and watch against, as one deepest devices. Oh! may that which suffereth long and is ki which is opposed to evil surmisi perverse disputings, be more con in exercise: then would discord mar the services of those who this alloy would be distinguish effectual laborers in the vine- our Lord!

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THE STILLING OF THE WATERS.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

'Twas midnight on the waters, and there rode
A slender bark upon the swelling flood:
The moon and stars had vanished from the sky,
And tempest-nourished winds were hurrying by,
Bestowing in their wild and wayward wrath,
Sad, fearful desolation in their path.
The waves were tossed in mountains to the sky,
And danger banished sleep from every eye;
The thunder roared tempestuously loud,
And thunder broke from out the surcharged cloud.
It was a time to fear, as tossed to heaven
The slender sails by furious winds were driven;
It was a time to fear, and those who stood
Upon the vessel when they saw the flood
Come on in angry majesty, were bowed
In agony. The seamen wept aloud,
And lifted up their voices, turned to grief,
To Him that was their Master and their Chief.
He heard not, for he lay in gentle sleep,
And heeded not the terrors of the deep;
He rested sweetly, and there dwelt a smile
Upon his holy lips that might beguile
The cares and sorrows of the world away;
He had been wearied by a toilsome day;
The rich dark locks were curled upon his brow,
The flush upon his cheek was deepening now—
He stirred and whispered some delightful word—
'Twas like the music of a fairy bird—
And then a smile came on, as if a gleam
Of heaven might mingle with his midnight dream.
Might not the Saviour dream, and smile to see
Although in vision, what his end would be?
They came and woke him. As he ope'd his eyes
They beamed a radiance as if from the skies;
"Save, Lord, we perish!" was their fearful cry,
While glancing upwards to the angry sky,
It was enough: the Saviour gently rose,
And kindly bid his followers calm their woes.
"Peace, peace, be still!" The rolling waves were stayed,
The storms were over, and the winds allayed.

Peace, troubled soul! The Saviour bids thee rest,
And calm the tumult raging in thy breast;
Into thy heart let his sweet smile descend,
For he will be thy brother and thy friend!

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TRUE religion is not a matter of mere feeling and strong emotion, but a matter of judgment, and conscience, and practical principle. You must recollect that the minds of men are variously constituted as regards susceptibility of emotion. Some persons are possessed of far livelier feelings than others, and are far more easily moved; we see this in the common subjects of life as well as in religion. One man feels as truly the affection of love for his wife and children as another whose love is more vehement, though he may not fondle, caress and talk of them so much; he may not even suffer those paroxysms of alarm when anything ails them, nor of frantic grief when they are taken from him; but he loves them so as to prefer them to all others, to labour for them, to make sacrifices for their comfort, and really to grieve when they are removed. His love and grief are as sincere and practical, though they are not boisterous, passionate and noisy; his principle of attachment is as strong, if his passion be not so ardent. Passion depends on constitutional temperament, but principle does not. Mere emotion, therefore, whether in religions or other matters, is no test of the genuineness of affection.

WHEN I was in Paris, I used to rise early and sit at my open window. I always knew when the stores beneath me were open, for one was a flower store, and from its numberless roses, and heaps of mignionette, arose such sweet, sweet fragrance, that it proclaimed what was done. It seems to me that Christians should be as a flower store, and that the odor of sanctity should betray them wherever they are. Not that they should go about obtruding themselves and their actions on others, with the cant of usefulness, but that they should live the purity and joy of religion, so that men might see the desirableness of it, both for the sake of nobleness, and for the enjoyment both of this world and that which is to come.—*Beecher.*

THIS number closes the first year of the MISCELLANY. We commenced a year ago with less than ten subscribers. We close the year with nearly two thousand. It has been a year of very severe toil and great anxiety, but through the favor of God, and many kind and noble friends, we have arrived to the close of the year safely. Now, if all of our subscribers will work for the MISCELLANY, before the close of 1871 it will acquire a very large circulation.

As an inducement for a great effort for 1871, we will allow each of our subscribers thirty cents on each yearly, and fifteen cents on each half-yearly subscriber. You see, by this very liberal offer, that in getting five new subscribers you get your own free for the year.

We wish to make all our subscribers agents for the MISCELLANY, and we will allow any one to take out one-fifth of all the money taken from sub-subscribers, at the regular subscription rates, viz: $1.50 per year, or seventy-five cents for half a year.

In getting subscribers, always have the person you call on, first read the Prospectus of the MISCELLANY. Don't give up if you do not succeed at first or second call, persevere and you will be sure to succeed. To show you our confidence in your success at getting subscribers, make ten calls where you think they would be most likely to subscribe. Do the best you can, and if you do not get any, we will allow you thirty cents on your own subscription. If you do succeed we will allow thirty cents on each yearly subscriber as stated above. What a noble work, to aid in circulating literature so calculated to inspire the soul to the higher and holier life. It is just this grand end which has given us inspiration and courage for the last year.

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Our dependance, under God, is on the sympathy and earnest efforts of the truly good and noble. With the aid of such we have made a successful beginning for the last year, and, with your extra efforts for 1871, we will make the MISCELLANY a permanent moral force in the nation.

WHAT a fine New Year's gift to a friend—the MISCELLANY for 1871.

RAILROADS.—Adrian, it seems, is about to have another railroad. This is a new road to Detroit, by way of Saline and Ypsilanti, in connection with the Michigan Central. It is also to go southwest, by Morenci, into Ohio and Indiana, in connection with the Eel River road. This will be of great advantage to our beautiful city.

The Michigan Air Line has been completed from Jackson to Three Rivers. They run a train each way now, fram Jackson to Three Rivers. Leaves Jackson about 3 P. M., and Three Rivers about 7 A. M. It runs through Concord, Homer, Union City, Colon and Centerville. When completed, in the spring, to Niles, it will shorten the Central from Detroit to Chicago about 22 miles.

The Peninsular railroad, running from Battle Creek to Lansing, is now doing a fine business. Mr. L. D. Dibble, its President, has done himself great credit in building this railroad, without a bit of aid from other roads. It is independant, not having, as we hear, a single mortgage upon it.

The Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw road is now completed. It has a good track. They run two trains a day each way from Jackson and Fort Wayne, and three trains daily from Jackson to Angola. It runs through a fine country all of the way.

The railroad from Kalamazoo to South Haven, has just been completed.

The Detroit and Milwaukee railroad has much improved within the last three years, and is doing a large business. Mr. Bell is still its popular Superintendent.

Mr. Joy, President of the Central road, is making great headway in building a great number of feeders to the Michigan Central. It is yet a matter of doubt which will be Railroad King, Commodore Vanderbilt or James F. Joy.

WE hope all whose time of subscription closes with this number will continue for 1871. With many of you we have formed personal acquaintance. We appreciate your patronage and should hate to lose it. Thus far we have had but few discontinue. Believing that you will continue we shall send you the MISCELLANY next year, unless you order it discontinued before the January number is sent out. A dollar and a half will be but little to you, while it will be everything to us.

WE want every one who has not paid according to promise, to send what they owe by mail at once. Don't delay. If you are short for funds send what you can, and all will be satisfactory. We will be satisfied with two-thirds the regular price from any person of very limited means. We know that our subscribers who are able to pay the full price will be willing, in this way, to help those less fortunate. And we will say right here, that any subscriber who may wish to have the MISCELLANY sent as a gift to their friends, will be supplied, in such case

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of benevolence, at two-thirds the regular subscription price. How much good might be done in this way, and how grateful would the recipient of such a gift be to the benevolent giver. Always be particular in giving full post office address. Our subscribers, generally, treat us in a most honorable way, but a very few, when they order it stopped don't pay any attention to what they owe us at the time.

In speaking of that peace which passeth understanding, we allude not to those illuminations and raptures, which, if God has in some instances bestowed them, he has no where pledged himself to bestow; of that rational yet elevated hope which flows from an assured persuasion of the paternal love of our heavenly Father; of that "secret love of the Lord," which he himself has assured us, "is with them that fear him;" of that life and power of religion which are the privilege of those "who abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" of those who "know in whom they have believed;" of those who "walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit;" of those "who endure, as seeing him who is invisible."

'Tis not safe for any man, whether Christian or not, to measure himself by any other than God's own rule. Let him measure himself by God, and let him judge of himself by how he looks *there*. Let him hold up in the light of God's word the thoughts and intents of his inmost soul.

PROSPECTU

OF

Wellman's Miscell

This work is designed to cultiva pand and elevate the mind, and in to the heart the love of virtue a right.

Articles of a trashy and sickly lo character will find no place in its It will be Intellectual, Moral and ous, in the highest sense, but not rian.

It will be eclectic, containing th gems of thought from the rare works world.

It will contain *original* articles c selections from the following, as w others of the most gifted:

John G. Whittier,	Prof. B. F. Te
Bishop Thomson,	Rev. Dr. Wh
H. W. Beecher,	Luther Lee, D
Dr. Cheever,	Elihu Burritt,
President Mahan,	C. T. Bateman
C. M. Croswell,	Hon. Chas. Su
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Rev. T. L. Culyer,	Wm. R. Willia
Prof. J. Estabrook,	W. E. Caldwell
Rev. N. B. Knapp,	J. F. Meyer, E

January, 1871, begins the 3d volu
Agents wanted to work for the Mi
LANY.

It is said of the celebrated Howard, that once, when he had up his accounts at the end of the and found he had more than he tho he said to his wife, "My dear, I treat you with a journey to Lond She smiled and said, "My dear, money would build a pretty cottag a poor person." The hint was rece and acted upon accordingly.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3. ADRIAN, JANUARY, 1871. No. 1

Life and Opinions of Socrates.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

FEW subjects of study reward our pains so well as the lives of the greatly good, in past ages. The example of those who are eminent in virtue among ourselves, has not an equal influence; for beside a suspicion of their sincerity, which men cherish from an unwillingness to confess themselves outdone by others in the same circumstances, there is a real imperfection in everything human which will not bear to be looked at too closely. Good character, like a good picture, is seen to the best advantage from such a distance that the shadows of present jealousy may not fall upon it, and after time has mellowed the coloring, which, to be impressive and lasting, must be strong. This led Lord Bacon to say that "death extinguisheth envy, and openeth the gate to good fame;" and the great dramatist of his time to put into the mouth of an honest man, oppressed by wrong, the bitter exclamation:

"Oh, Antiquity!
Thy rare examples of nobility
Are out of imitation, or at least
So lamely followed, that thou art
As much before this age in virtue
As in time."

But among the "rare examples" of moral dignity, which the history of heathen nations affords us, Socrates deserves the highest place, whether we consider the disinterested and firm devotion of himself to the true welfare of mankind, the singular modesty of his searches after truth, or the remarkable agreement of many of the doctrines which he taught, with that better wisdom, now shed upon our souls by light from above. The best of the ancients freely rewarded his memory with this honor, and the greatest of modern poets, "who," Mackintosh observes, "from the loftiest eminence of moral genius ever reached by mortal, was alone worthy to place another crown upon his brow," says:

"Him well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men!"

"Sophocles was wise, Euripides wiser,
But Socrates wisest of all."

Yet, notwithstanding the greatness of his fame, it is only after much and cautious study that we can form any just opinion of his character and phi-

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losophy. His very virtues made him enemies, not only in his own day, but in subsequent times; and some pious fathers of the church, unduly fearful lest his character for wisdom and goodness might seem to disprove the necessity of revelation, have most uncandidly repeated their foul and baseless slanders against him; while, within a few years, a learned translator of Aristophanes, in his zeal for his favorite poet, whose matchless power of language but ill atones for his indecent scurrility, has virulently, though unsuccessfully assailed him. On the other hand his admirers have been excessive in his praise; so much so, indeed, that another early defender of our faith, in a transport of admiration, pronounces him a Christian. Beside, as he carefully abstained from making any record with his own hand, we are indebted for our knowledge of him principally to his two eminent disciples, Xenophon and Plato, both of them professedly his eulogists. Xenophon, except when he is speaking of arts, or historically of scenes in which he himself figured so gloriously is well known to have been a romancer. While Plato, the father of mystical philosophy, (from whom, indeed, the modern Kant and Coleridge have derived most of their ingenious but useless abstractions,) delighted to put his extravagant theories into the mouth of his modest and cautious master; so that Socrates upon hearing one of his dialogues read, exclaimed, "What does not this young fellow make me say!" A careful comarison of their two accounts will, however, give us much that may be relied upon.

Socrates was born at Athens, in the four hundred and sixty-eighth year before Christ, and lived, from infancy to his death, during that period which may be termed the Augustan age of Greece; the age of Pericles, of Phidias the sculptor, of Zeuxis the painter, Herodotus and Thucydides the historians, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, the dramatists, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and the splendid though luxurious Alcibiades. These were all known to our philosopher, and in his own time he was the greatest among the great. Though the son of poor parents, his father, Sophroniscus, gave him an excellent education, and he enjoyed the instructions of a very remarkable man, the philosopher Anaxagoras. Early relinquishing the calling of his father, that of a sculptor, he devoted himself to the study of human duties. This did not prevent his proving himself practically a good citizen, and a brave man in fighting the battles of his country, saving by his devoted valor at one time the life of Xenophon, and at another that of Alcibiades. Afterward, however, he mingled little in public affairs, though he served once in the counsel of the five hundred, believing himself called by the divinity to persuade his countrymen to virtue and rational religion. For this end, he chose, though not ostentatiously, a life of poverty and self-denial, looking for his best reward to a consciousness of integrity in this life and a happy immortality. Original in thought and eloquent in language, though so ungainly in person as to resemble a satyr, he soon drew around him many followers, and among them the noblest in

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birth and character of the Athenians. Yet this blamelessness and usefulness of life soon excited against him many enemies in the vicious and turbulent democracy of his native city. The sophists, or false philosophers, who have given their name to the vexatious quibbles in which they delighted, were especially enraged against him, for he fearlessly exposed their mercenary quackery: and because he taught that there was one overruling Providence, whose "just eyes could not be blinded by the smoke of sacrifices," but loved virtuous actions better than sumptuous forms, they accused him of impiety against the gods. Taking advantage also of the fact that he was peculiar in teaching young men, they charged him with an unnatural crime then lamentably prevalent. This prompted Aristophanes, a comic poet, whose gross blackguardism shows the baseness of his soul, to hold the teacher of virtue up to ridicule, in his comedy of the "Clouds," showing the venerable man hanging ridiculously in a basket and teaching the most disorganizing doctrines. The comedy indeed was not very successful at first, Socrates himself laughing at it; but few characters can bear up against ridicule; and the poison then began to work, which three-and-twenty years after resulted in a grave public indictment against him for impiety and corrupting the youth. Against these charges he made an eloquent and dignified defence, retracting none of his sentiments, denying the charge of crime and asserting that his countrymen owed him reward, not punishment. It availed him nothing against the cruel hate of wicked men. Some say the multitude believed the charges; others say that they were exasperated against him because Critias, a renegade disciple of his, whom he openly rebuked for his oppression, was one of the thirty tyrants that the Spartan Lysander set over the Athenians, and who deluged the city with blood. But alas! we know too well the treatment which wise and good men receive when they oppose the will of a blind and brutal populace, and need only to be told of the integrity of Socrates, to account for his condemnation by a people who had already banished Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him called the just. Athens has not been the only state where virtue has been the least claim to popular favor; or where it were not easier to gain power by flattering the people than by serving them. Alas! again, it is human nature, which loves tyranny better than honest counse; for, in the language of the modern Euripides, the pure, classical Talfourdl.

"The cloven hearted world
Is ever eager thus to own a lord,
And patriots smite for it in vain."

The best defence of Socrates is found in the remorse of the Athenians. They prosecuted his accusers as enemies to the state, putting Melitus, one of the two most active, to death, and banishing the other, Anytus, who was so universally execrated that he found no place of refuge, but was stoned by the people of Heraclea, after they had cast him out of their city; and it is said that when the Palamede of Euripides was performed, and an actor pronounced the lines:

"You have given to cruel death the best of all the Greeks!"

the whole audience, reminded of Socrates, burst into tears, and the theater resounded with lamentations; for which reason they made a decree that his name should not be spoken in public any more.

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A high testimony to the purity of his character is also found in the confession of Alcibiades, who, though he left his great teacher, that he might pursue projects of ambition and luxurious pride, declared, that he "blushed at his way of life, whenever he thought of Socrates, and at times almost wished him dead, and no longer a witness of his pupil's shame."

Condemned, however, he was to drink the fatal hemlock. Thirty days, owing to some religious ceremonies, elapsed between his sentence and his death, which were not only worthy of his life, but the summit of its admirable virtue. He spent these mournful days, (mournful to those who loved him but full of calm and unfailing hope to the martyr himself,) in conversation cheerfully with his disciples, exhorting them to remain steadfast in the virtue he had taught them, and confidently to expect a happy immortality in the divine presence as the reward of it. An account of this sad interval is given us in the Phædon of Plato, the simplest and most affecting of all his writings. It were in vain to attempt translating the dying scene from the Greek, for the very words seem to sob, and the sentences moan as if they came from a broken heart, so that it has won from the learned of all ages the tribute of tears, as if our original nature suffered in him. Crito, his friend, at one time, by bribing the jailer, had made every arrangement for his escape; but the consistent friend of social order smiled at his zeal, and refused to fly from a mortality which he would soon meet, wherever he might go; declaring, that the injury done him, under color of the law, was no reason why he should do wrong by rebelling against the public authority. Speaking kindly to the executioner, who prepared the poison, and presented it to him, not without tears, he calmly drank it amidst the loud sobbings his friends could no longer restrain, and walking up and down the cell, he greatly comforted them, until the torpor seized his limbs; then lying down, he wrapped his around him, and with a sligh "the best, the wisest, and just of Athens," breathed his l ing to all ages the blessed a that

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hu
Surprised by unjust force, but not entl
Yes, even that which mischief meant
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most g

The opinions of Socrates w sidering the age and country he lived, as remarkable for th ty and elevation, as his life. him, the inquiry of philosop been chiefly into physical cau though some most interesting of the wise men of Greece, an agoras in particular, are recor it is generally admitted that was the first to study and teac as a science.

Cicero expressly says: "Soc the first who brought down phy from the skies, placed it i introduced it into families, and it to examine into life and mor and evil." Indeed, he seems had an unjust contempt for all thinking it better for us to what we ought to do, than w Deity had done. He was prov this by the vain and quibbling t of his day; but could he have the moral dignity which in times the sciences have acqui have been surrounded by such tors of physical truth as now ad world, he would never have de necessary to deny their studies, might exalt his own. Socrat however, as he has been descri the ingenious, though often er historian of Ethical Philosophy, a teacher of virtue, than even a er after truth." Hence his op though remarkable, were few.

He believed most firmly in th tence and providence of one su self-existent, and spiritual God. him he often speaks in the si number, delighting to give hi name of the *Superintendent* God,

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God who wisely and tenderly cares for us. This God, he believed, could only be served by sincere virtue, having more regard for the heart of men, than the most costly sacrifice; quoting, with high commendation, an oracle which declared that "God loved the thanksgivings of the Lacedæmonians better than all the sumptuous offerings of the Greeks; for," said he, "it is absurd to think that Deity, like a false judge, can be bribed by presents." He taught the duty of prayer, which he said required much attention and precaution, and gave his followers what he considered a most excellent and safe form of petition, which was: "Great God! give us the good things that are necessary for us, whether we ask them or not; and keep evil things from us, even when we pray to thee for them." He believed that virtue consisted in obedience to the supreme will of God, which we were to learn from the fitness of things; and there can be little doubt that he would have rejected, as a vexatious dispute of the sophists, the question, which some have started, whether there is not a radical distinction between right and wrong, antecedent to the divine will. Virtue, he believed, was always rewarded, and vice always punished, by the Supreme Governor; and though in this life wrong might seem to be more successful, the seeming inequality would be compensated in another. For he believed also in the immortality of the soul, and declared that though he knew nothing of the manner of our existence after death, it could not be otherwise but that the Deity would take just men to be happy with himself, and banish the wicked to a correspondent misery.

These were the principal and fuudamental articles of his belief, upon which he based all his instructions, and from which he derived that lofty courage, which sustained him through life in his virtue. Plato, his ingenious disciple, less modest than his master, has carried them out still farther; but, as we have said before, his speculations are not to be taken as the sentiments of Socrates.

It will doubtless be asked if the opinions of Socrates, respecting the unity of the Sovereign God, were so pure, how it was that he himself engaged in the worship of the many gods of Athens, composing hymns to some of them, during the interval he spent in prison, and ordering a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius, the god of health, as Plato says, in his last moments? Several things ought, however, to be considered here. In the first place, it has always appeared to me not an improbable opinion that his disciples, eager to vindicate his fame with the multitude, for their own sakes, invented of him, in this respect, what was not strictly true. And then again, Socrates, though convinced of the Supreme Divinity, was yet, as we shall show, confessedly ignorant of the manner in which he should be publicly honored, and might have thought it unwise to distrust the existing modes of worship, or to neglect them himself, until some better way was discovered, lest he should be thought to favor an atheism which he detested. Certainly, if he had not been sincere in his opinions, he need not have died under sentence of the law; as he might have averted his condemnation by timely recanting. Beside, it is not fairly honest to condemn a man for what he did in the last moments of mortal weakness. Socrates wished his last act to be an act of piety; and if that act was ordering a sacrifice to a false god, because he knew no better, it is, I repeat, most uncharitable to condemn so good a man for one such act, at such a time.

A little examination will also convince us, that the great doctrines of Socrates were by no means original discoveries of his own. It is commonly, but erroneously, supposed that idolatry is the early commencement of religion among a people, upon which they improve as they advance in knowledge and civilization, until they attain a better and more rational faith. The fact, however, is that all false religions are corruptions of the true faith, which was common to man in the first ages. This

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was the opinion of St. Paul, who was well acquainted with classic history. For, speaking of the heathen, he says: "When they knew God they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four footed beasts, and creeping things." In this he is sustained by history, and the opinions of the ancients themselves. So far from purifying their religion, as they increased in knowledge and refinement, the Greeks added to the number of their gods every year, until they became countless. Their best philosophers, in latter ages, had a high reverence for the opinions of antiquity; and the higher up we follow the stream of moral sentiment, the purer does it become, which is a strong indication that it flowed originally from a pure fountain. Their poets sang, too, of a happy period which the world at first enjoyed, and which they called the golden age, "before," as Virgil says, "impious men learned to feed upon the slaughtered herds," and when, according to Ovid,

Man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted wisdom knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue;
And teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
All unprovoked did fruitful stores allow."

Thus we find, before the time of Socrates, records, not faint nor few, of the same doctrines which he systematized. Anaxagoras, his great master, undoubtedly taught that "pure, intelligent, active MIND was the first cause of all things," for of this Aristotle and Plato both assure us; and indeed it is thought by many, that we should name a school of philosophy after Homer, who lived at least four hundred years before our sage, and among whose poetical fictions much remarkable truth is apparent. In one of the fragments called Orphia,—because by some supposed to have been written by Orpheus, but more appropriately attributed to Cecrops, a philosophic founder of a colony in Attica, 1556 years before Christ, or more than a thousand years before Socrates,—we find this sentence: "There is one Power, one Deity, one Great Governor of all things." The reader is aware, also, that the learned Greeks (as Pythagoras and Herodotus) before and about the Socratic period, were accustomed to travel in Egypt, as the then treasure-house of ancient wisdom, and there, though the common people were so degraded as to worship not only beasts and birds, but vegetables, (the onion being one of their gods,) the priests preserved in their secret and guarded mysteries certain great truths, with which the stranger student was permitted to become acquainted. What some of their doctrines were, we may learn from a verse sung in the mysteries of Eleusis, which were copied from those of Egypt: "Pursue thy path rightly and contemplate the King of the world. He is One and of himself alone; and to that One all things have owed their being. He encompasses all things. No mortal hath beheld him, but he sees all things." Over the statue of Isis, the chief deity of Egypt, was this wonderful inscription: "I am all that has been and all that shall be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I need not ask the reader to mark the parallelism between this and the words of God to Moses, "I AM THAT I AM." This view of the subject is made still more clear from chronology, which fixes the date of the Phœnician colonies under Ivachus, who settled Greece, it is said, about fifty years after Abraham, who lived in the days of Shem, the son of Noah, and one of the survivors of the old world, according to Moses. The same historian gives us reason to believe that the worship of the true God was then prevalent in Egypt, (for he declares the reigning Pharoah worshipped him,) and probably universal; for Melchisidek, (whom many suppose, with much reason, to have been Shem,) was the royal priest of Jehovah. And

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…is much absurd contradic-…Chinese chronology, they al-…Brahmins of India, fix the …ir religious opinions in a …antiquity; while their god …seems to have been no oth-…h. Our own Indians, too, …the Unity and spirituality …declared by the late veneer-…t, whose work entitled …in the West," proves his la-…rches among them, to have …t traditions of the deluge. …, we find the opinions of all …nverging upward to one pe-…iod where truth prevailed. …philosophy of Socrates may …pposed to be the gathered …of a better and revealed re-…h were too mighty, not to …ed the concussions of the …which preceded him.

…fables of the classic poets …e their prevalent opinions …ted by the muddy stream …. Homer makes water to …the principle of all thing, and …r to an original chaos,

> …void of light, and earth unstable,
> …t abyss unnavigable,
> …n on any was impreet,
> …and each disturbed the reet.
> —*Ovid.*

…y of Pandora is very strik-…ve, according to Hesiod, the …n made from clay, and ani-…e was given as a wife to …, who stole fire from heav-…ented her husband with a …h being opened, there flew …merable evils, such as sick-…death, which have ever since …e world, one blessing, hope, …ing. Now Plato tells us, …ning of this fable is, that …of forbidden luxuries was …of all mortal evil. We see …s story comes from the tra-…e fall, and the promise of …which immediately succeed-…when he describes Jupiter …his commands to Neptune, …uld allay the storms which threatened the destruction of the Grecian fleet, he makes Iris, the *rainbow*, the messenger who carried the divine will. I will give one more instance of such agreement. Socrates and Plato and others of the ancient, believed that Divine Providence was administered by inferior agents of the Grand Deity. This was the origin of their multiplicity of deities, so that we may say,

> The Naiad bathing in her crystal spring,
> The guardian nymph of ev'ry leafy tree,
> The rushing Œolus on viewless wing,
> The flower-crowned queen of every cultured lea,
> And He who walked with monarch-tread the sea,
> The awful Thunderer threatening them aloud,
> God! were their dim imaginings of Thee,
> Who saw Thee only through the misty cloud,
> Which sin had thrown around their spirits like a shroud?

This belief in inferior yet good demons, I have already said, appears to have been a corruption of the Scripture doctrine of ministering angels. To show the probability of this opinion, the reader is requested to compare two extracts—the first from our Christian poet, Spenser, the other from Hesiod, who lived before Homer:

> "And is there care in heaven, and is there love
> In heavenly spirits to us creatures base,
> That may compassion of our evils move?
> There is, else much more wretched were the race
> Of men than beasts; but oh, th' exceeding grace
> Of Highest God, that loves his creatures so,
> And all his works with mercy doth embrace;
> The blessed angels he sends to and fro,
> To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.
>
> "How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
> To come to us who succor want;
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave,
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militants
> They for us fight, they watch and duly guard,
> And their bright squadrons all around us plant;
> And all for love, and nothing for reward;
> Why should heavenly God for men have such regard?"

But thus Hesiod, after speaking of the golden age:

> When in the grave this guiltless race were laid,
> Soon was a world of holy demons made;
> Aerial spirits, by Jove designed
> To be on earth the guardian of mankind;
> Invisible to mortal eyes, they go,
> And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
> The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
> And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide;
> They can reward with glory or with gold,
> A power they by divine permission hold."

Instances of these interesting resem-

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blances of classic fable to sacred story might be greatly multiplied.

Thus it is, that in studying the character and opinions of him for whom unassisted reason did the most, we are the most convinced of the necessity of revelation. All that he knew, which was valuable, was derived from it; and he was himself most fully persuaded, that what he desired yet to know, he could only learn from a heavenly instructor. Alas! that many who profess such a veneration for the sage of Athens, should neglect to learn from him this most important lesson which he taught. It is not necessary to take from Socrates the due credit for virtue and wisdom which the candid scholar must award him, to prove that we need a better wisdom than man can teach. Socrates in the height of his fame is one of the best witdess that that apologist for Christionity can summon to his cause.

THERE are a thousand things which between the right persons are pure, but which are so sacred and delicate that the merest touch from the world can not be given without causing the utmost pain. One who would go eavesdropping to catch the confidences of parent and child, husband and wife, or lover and lover, and would then, to the distress and confusion of those concerned, report what he had heard, is a scoundrel.

THERE are no troubles which have such a wasting and disastrous effect upon the mind, as those which must not be told; but which cause the mind to be continually rolling and turning over upon itself, in ceaseless convolutions and unrest.

The Bankrupt Merchant's Dwelling.

BY ANNA RIVERS.

The flowers bloom for another;
The fountain floweth there
With cool and quiet murmur,
Upon the summer air;
But no fond heart is near it
To listen to its play;
The hand that nursed the roses
Is far, oh! far away!

The sad deserted dwelling
Stands lonely by the stream;
The windows shuttered closely,
Close out the sun's glad beam;
And grass grows o'er the foot-path
Where once the happy trod,
Nor children's steps pass lightly
Across the bright green sod.

And he who reared the homestead—
Comes not the thought to him
Of this old place of meeting,
When life looks drear and dim;
While the city's hum is round him,
In his low pent-up home,
Where scent of summer roses
And cool winds never come?

Oh! oft his heart must linger
On days when hope was bright,
Nor seemed upon his fortunes
A sign of change or blight;
When he stood here at evening
Beneath his own roof-tree,
His gentle wife beside him,
His children at his knee.

Earth! thou art full of changes,
From hope unto despair,
And darkness cometh ever
To all whose hopes are there.
And yet thou bringest tidings
Of shores where change is not,
Where blessings vanish never,
And sorrows are forgot.

Look up! ye sons of sorrow!
Ye children of the earth!
Care cometh sadly ever
To all of mortal birth!
But there the flowers are fadeless,
The fountains never cease;
Look up from change and trouble
Unto that shore of peace!

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NATURAL HISTORY.

It has ever been the custom of mankind, in estimating knowledge, to set the highest value upon that which may be practically applied to their temporal advantage,—their convenience, their wants, or their luxuries; and to estimate science in proportion as it leads to academic honors, popular applause, or lucrative reward. The day has not yet passed when every pursuit beyond this range is met by the question of "*cui bono?*" and unless the enquirer is told that some tangible good will be the result, he turns in silent pity from the man who is so unprofitably employed.

No science has suffered more from this mode of reasoning than Zoology. Its application to the wants of man is slight, and generally so remote as not immediately to be perceptible. It has not, like Chemistry, been employed to the improvement of manufacturies; nor can it furnish much to assist the never-failing invention of man. It cannot, like Mineralogy, direct us to the discovery of subterraneous wealth, or assist Astronomy in giving power and increased confidence to the mariner. It cannot contend with Botany, either in adding to the luxuries of the palate, or to the elegancies of taste. Neither, in conclusion, does it lead, as all these kindred pursuits do lead, to pecuniary recompense or public professorships.

Great as these disadvantages undoubtedly are, there is another which is infinitely greater. This arises from the erroneous idea so generally prevalent, as to the real object of this study. Nor is this ignorance confined to the many; for even naturalists, who enjoy no small popularity, have fallen into a similar error. By these it has been constantly inculcated, that the true object of Natural History is to acquire a knowledge of the species, and to make that knowledge subservient to the benefits of mankind. That this definition has been most prejudicial to the cause of truth, can admit of no doubt. It has taught the student to believe, that when he had examined an animal or plant, ascertained its name, and arranged it in his collection, it could teach him nothing more, and that the true end of Natural History, in this instance, had been accomplished. On the other hand, this mistaken view of the subject has strengthened the popular prejudice. It was seen that collectors aimed at nothing higher than the possession of a museum labelled with hard names; and that those whose pursuits led them to expound the works of Divinity, dwindled into compilers of systems, or collectors of beetles.

Other naturalists, again, have rested the importance of these studies on their connection with the self-interests of man, and appeal to the discovery of the silkworm, the cochineal insect, and the pearl oyster. They insist, with reason, on the intimate connection between Natural History and Agriculture. This is undoubtedly true; but had this science no higher object, whatever might be its utility, its claims as an intellectual pursuit would not be very high. It would, in fact, derive all its importance from a selfish or interested consideration, and would inculcate the principle, that a knowledge of the works of God was only desirable, when it could be applied to the artificial wants of man.

To adopt, therefore, either of the preceding views as definitions of Natural History, is to make the means for the end, and to leave off at that point, where, in fact, we should begin. Such expounders of Nature view her works through a medium the most contracted; they examine with microscopic eye the several parts of a complicated machine, without bestowing a thought upon the principles by which these parts are reciprocally connected, the power by which the whole is regulated, or the effect it is intended to produce.

I mean not, by these remarks, to diminish the force of those arguments which have been employed, with great truth and eloquence, to show the ad-

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vantages of Natural History to the mind, when it is merely limited to a consideration of an individual object. The plumage of a bird, the tints of an insect, even "the poor beetle that we tread upon," are of themselves calculated to excite admiration, and to raise the thoughts to Him who made them. But what I wish to inculcate, is, that the study of nature has higher, immeasurably higher demands on our attention; that beyond all this, which speaks only to the eye, there is, as it were, an invisible world of order, harmony and connection, the most wonderful; and that it is only when we look beyond the individual, and enter into this intellectual region, that the true object of the study takes its commencement. It is then that we begin to perceive, that the Book of Nature, no less than that of Revelation, is throughout a volume of types and symbols. The one, teaches us, in part, the mysteries of God in the redemption of mankind. The other is opened to us, that we may gain some insight into the wonders which everywhere surround us—wonders which all indeed can see and admire, but which few can comprehend—and even these most imperfectly. It is only when the mind takes a higher range, and seeks to obtain a glimpse of the vast plan of creative Wisdom, that we can have the least conception of those mysteries which can never, in this world, be fully comprehended. Sufficient, however, will be revealed, both to the eye and to the understanding, to give us the most sublime ideas of the whole; and while we trace the wisdom of God in earthly things, which we ourselves can see, our faith will be strengthened in heavenly things, which are at present hid from our sight.

It may further be remarked, that Natural History, as professing to expound the works of Omnipotence, becomes from that very cause one of the most dignified that can employ the human mind. It seems, in short, to be that peculiar study, which above all others, has been designed for giving us the greatest insight into His ways. In this respect it is even superior to Astronomy. The grandeur of the heavenly bodies may speak more immediately to our senses, and their periodical movements more readily excite our wonder. But all inquiry into their nature is futile. We know not whether those distant worlds are inhabited by mortals or by spirits, or whether they are the abodes of happiness or misery; all this is hidden from human research. But with Natural History the case is different. The myriads of organized beings that cover the surface of our globe, are continually before our eyes; we can distinguish their races, examine their structure, and even explore their habits and economy. And if our knowledge of the system of their creation will bear no comparison with that which is known on the general laws which regulate the planets, it is only because the minds of most men have dwelt on details, instead of grasping at general principles.

There may be some who think, that even to attempt such a discovery, as the plan which the Almighty has pursued in creation, is altogether vain, if not bordering upon impiety. Might not the same argument be used against Astronomy? And was it not actually used in the infancy of science? In regard to spiritual things, we not only know that the human mind is limited, but we also know the extent of those limits. But in natural science, although we feel the impossibility of even comprehending the nature of things in perfection, we are utterly ignorant of those limits which invisibly circumscribe our understanding. The discoveries of this age, in every branch of science, would no doubt have appeared perfectly visionary to those who lived in the last; while that knowledge upon which we may now pride ourselves, will no doubt, in the estimation of future ages, appear as comparative ignorance. In Astronomy, indeed, we feel how hopeless it is to gain any information on the true nature of the heavenly bodies; yet we

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have been permitted to understand the great principles by which they are regulated. We know to a certainty that our own planet daily and annually revolves in two descriptions of circles, and that numerous others move in all directions on the same principles. Now, however unintelligible such a complicated system may at first appear, yet the discoveries of science have made it both plain and undeniable; and that an assemblage of stars, which to the uninformed observer seem promiscuously scattered in the firmament, are nevertheless regulated by a plan the most beautiful and wondrous that can possibly be conceived.

Now there is incontestible evidence to prove, that the same system which is found to govern the heavenly bodies —a system plainly circular—is typically represented on earth, and is that upon which the whole of organized matter has originally been planned. If either the animal or the vegetable kingdom be attentively considered, they will each present a certain number of primary divisions, following each other in a series of affinity. They will also have this remarkable peculiarity, that the last will so intimately resemble the first, that the series returns again to the point from which the investigation commenced; and thus by the union of the first division with the last, the whole can only be represented under the form of a circle. Again, if any one of these primary divisions be examined singly, the same disposition will be found; each of these secondary groupes will form their own circles of affinity; these again are found to contain smaller circles, till at last the inquiry becomes limited to the individual species.

But the discoveries of those few, who have pursued this line of inquiry, have not ended here. It is found, notwithstanding this complicated system of circles, that each is connected to another, and to all, either by direct affinity or relative analogy. An example may explain this part of the subject more fully, and I shall give one which the most philosophic naturalist of the age has pointed out. There is a particular group of beetles, characterized by feeding upon living vegetables only; these exhibit five variations of form, very distinct in the typical examples, but in those insects which constitute the intermediate links, these variations are so diminished that one form insensibly blends into the next. On the other hand, there is another group of beetles, all of which derive their sustenance from decayed vegetables; their construction, no less than their food, is strikingly different from the former race; these likewise are composed of five subordinate families, and like the others, are connected among themselves by a circular series of affinity. Now upon comparing the two races, they present such a wonderful resemblance in respect to analogy, that not only the five principal families in each agree in one or more striking peculiarities; but it may even be said that every insect in one race finds its representative in the other. In short, not only in this instance, but throughout nature, their reigns a symbolic relationship from the highest to the lowest of created beings. Their very forms and colors are not only important to their peculiar habits or economy, but are employed as types and symbols to designate something more. Thus, whether our attention be directed to the animal or vegetable kingdom, to the terrestrial or celestial world, one plan alone is discernible; and that itself is typical of Eternity—an attribute which proceeds alone from the Great Architect of all.

It is only under this view that Natural History assumes her true dignity, and detaching herself from all those pursuits which point to earthly advantages, takes her station by the side of Religion; and like her, directs mankind to the contemplation of Omnipotence.

The French philosophers of the present age have acquired great and deserved fame by their splendid discoveries in Physiology, Geology, and comparative Anatomy; but as regards the Natural System, or that which is to develope the plan of Creation, it is not too much to say, that the book of nature to them has been hermetically sealed. Their discoveries will indeed remain; for these regard things which are immutable; but their systems and theories, formed either without any reference to religion, or in direct opposition to its greatest truths, are even now fast tumbling to decay. They may indeed be remembered, but only as lamentable instances of the infirmity of our nature, which taking not God for its guide, perverts His works or inculcate the baneful principles of materialism and infidelity.

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LOVE OF TRUTH.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

He who cultivates a love of truth for its own sake, will soon have his attention riveted upon some beautiful form of truth that will captivate his soul. To this his visits become frequent and long, till at length the fair enchantress is his life, and inspires him with a love for her stronger than death. You inquire, will he not grow tired of her? Nay, he sees new beauties every day, and fancies that she has excellences which angelic minds could not fathom. What is the consequence? If he have any mind he becomes eminent. One fell in love with Music—heavenly maid; his love grew more and more intense, at length it occupied all his attention and absorbed all his heart—he seemed to know nothing but Music's power. Now, mark! he touches the strings, and mankind are entranced; he touches again, and the tide of life almost stops. Another becomes enamored of Philosophy; so devoted does he become to her, that he is little better than a fool in everything else. But he sheds lustre on his age, is gazed on as a supernal being, and becomes immortal as his language. One falls in love with Christ and him crucified; and, though the idea is to the Jew a stumbling-block and to the Greek foolishness, being deeply loved, it is fully grasped, and, being fully grasped, it fills his soul and provokes his firm resolve to shut out everything that would interfere with its supremacy. "I determined to know nothing among you," etc. Other thoughts this apostle had, numerous and grand, but, like the planets of the solar system, they were held, governed, warmed, and illuminated by the central fiery orb—thought of the cross. This truth palsies all the ordinary passions of man—sensuality, ambition, avarice—and transmutes the alluring objects of earth into "dung and dross." It bears up the spirit under labors, watchings, fastings, and perils; it robs prisons, chains, reproach, pain, and persecution of their power to disquiet or alarm, and vacates the charms of the most glorious objects and most glowing associations of both nature and art. This one thought produces one line of action. Mark the course of that man who is under its power! Whether on a wreck in the Mediterranean, or in the imperial palace; before the Ephesus, or the tribunal of the court of the Areopagus, or ed by the inhabitants of a land; sailing under the limbs ossus, or chased by pirates up musing in full view of the A singing hymns in the Philip ask him what he is doing! H "this one thing I do, forget things which are behind," etc. forward." Indeed external ces seem to have but little him; he must have passed th Lycurgus and Solon, and the of Apelles, Hippocrates, Pyth must have followed the tra blind old man of Scio's rock stood before the most gorgeo and most noble statuary of the yet, with a mind fitted to take glorious scenes of classic renow not intimate that he had ever What was the consequence? Paul, the apostle of the Gen in accounting for his success b of thought and purpose, am I of assigning a false cause? else will you account for it learning? But the gift of tong the fishermen of Galilee, in the college, upon a level, in respe guages, with Paul himself. quence? Doubtless he knew sweep the chords of the hum But his speech and his preachin with enticing words of man's but in demonstration of the sp power. He forebore to exercis of oratory, lest the excellency the power might appear to be o not of God. Moreover, Apollo quent, and mighty in the script yet he was no Paul; his soul ha to its full extent the expulsive sing power of the evangelical a

It promotes purity of thoug osophy was once encompassed rested by false theories and hu judices. How came she to eme the cloud, and proceed on her joicing? Bacon fell in love wi physical truth. His first worl point out the delusions of hum osophy, which he justly des idols, and divided into four *idola tribus*, or prejudices comm men; *idola specus*, individual p tions; *idola fori*, idols mutually

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ated by mankind; *idola theatri*, or the prejudices of the schools. His next step was to teach men to cast away these idols. His third step was to bid men enroll the pure phenomena; his fourth was to make men compare their tables of instances; and his last to arrive at real knowledge by full and honest induction. The emancipation of the world from the systems of false philosophy, and the splendid achievements of modern science, are traceable to Lord Verulam's love of pure, physical truth. This principle operates in a similar way in all cases; it is to error and prejudice, what the sandal tree is to insects—it demands death or departure.

It promotes moral purity and simplicity. I say not that without grace it will purify the soul, yet such is its tendency; it predisposes to the Bible; for truths, like the stars, are reciprocally attractive.

It inclines also to that simplicity of expression and design which abhors scheming, falsehood, tergiversation. The lover of truth, like truth itself, prefers transparent garments. The world once was shrouded in religious night; the Church seemed to have lost her power of revolution under a starless heaven. What brought in the light? Luther saw a Bible; turned away his eye from the clouds, and fell upon his knees. Erelong the bosom of the Church warmed beneath the rays of a moral sun.

Love of truth promotes comfort. It may lead us into conflict, but not with conscience or with reason. Our foes will be all external; no discord, nor fear of discord, within the breast; but harmony, sweeter than of lutes, more stirring than of trumpets.

It promotes usefulness, by promoting decision, activity and confidence. Without decision no man was ever greatly useful; with it a man must be a madman, a devil or a fool, if he be useless. But what, save the love of truth, can make the truly decided character? If a man be governed by interest, he is liable to change as the chameleon; if by popularity, as the passing breeze, which comes, we know not whence, and goes, we know not whither. Truth only, in this world, like God, is immutable.

It asks not protection from civil government; as soon would it ask it for the sun, moon and stars. As Luther said, the good man looks up into God's beautiful arch and fears not lest it should fall, though he see not and feel not any pillars; so he looks up to truth; and though it be encompassed with clouds, and without visible support, he knows there is a bow of promise to span it, an eternal arm to bear it up.

> "Truth struck to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers."

Truth must eventually prevail. Let a man take a truth against the world, and proceed to conflict; and within a single lifetime he may bring the whole human race over to his side. Harvey said, the blood circulates—the rest of the world said, it does not; the priesthood cried, blasphemy; the schools grinned in contempt; conservatism, in holy veneration of antiquity, cried out against modern madness; but ere the great anatomist died, he saw his profession revolutionized. Galileo was twice persecuted by the Inquisition, and compelled to abjure the Copernican system; but he lived long enough to say, "it moves," and yet breathe freely. Columbus, inferring from the lunar eclipses that the earth was a sphere, concluded that it might be traveled over from east to west, or from west to east. With this great truth, and the means of its demonstration, he was for years little better than a wandering pauper; but he at length kissed the ground of San Salvador, and was led in triumph through his native land as admiral of Spain, and the discoverer of a new world.

Thus, also, with moral truth. Wesley seized, in his solitary musings, a glorious truth; but he found himself in opposition to priests, and colleges, and nobles; to the Church, patronized and fortified by the state, and ornamented by the talent, learning, wit and wealth of the nation. He went into the highways and hedges, the mines and coal-pits; and before he lay down his trumpet, his name was pronounced with veneration half over Europe and America, and the islands of the sea, and his disciples were as the stars for multitude. Clarkson found a precious truth, but it was resisted by almost every man in the United Kingdom. It was opposed, more or less, to every man's interests and prejudices; it was barred by the strong battlements of antiquity and law, and assailed by matchless eloquence and wit. Steadily, prudently, does the great apostle of liberty preach his doctrine, and gradually does the whole nation fall before it, till, at an expense of

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one hundred thousand millions of dollars, it sends across the ocean the mighty word that slavery should exist in her colonies no longer.

O, 'tis wonderful, what one mortal, with one truth, can achieve in this wicked world; and yet, not wonderful, for truth is omnipresent. "Do you think the Pope fears Germany?" said the legate of St. Peter's chair, to the humble but honest monk at his feet. "Do you think the princes will defend you with arms? Most certainly they will not; whither, then, will you find refuge?" "Under the wide heavens," was the noble reply.

It were a miserable thing to sacrifice truth, even to save life. Cranmer was enticed by the Papists to do so. They promised him the restoration of his dignities, and the favor of the Queen if he would but sign a brief and ambiguous renunciation. This he did; it was sent to the council and returned; another was presented, more full and with less reserve. Ashamed to retreat, and unwilling to lose the benefit of his first subscription, he signed this also. It was forwarded, and returned as not satisfactory; another was offered more full and express. This process was continued till the sixth paper was signed; in which he anathematized and renounced what he believed to be true, and acknowledged as true what he believed to be false. And now, when he looked for the reward, his enemies, without any warning to him, led him to the stake, and announced that it was expedient for him to die, although he had become a good Catholic, because no confidence could be reposed in him. No tongue can describe the agonies of soul that he felt as he listened to the declaration; sometimes lifting his streaming eyes to heaven, and sometimes in uttermost dejection casting them to the ground. At the close of the announcement he fell upon his knees and uttered a prayer commencing with the following words: "O, Father of heaven; O, Son of God, Redeemer of the world; O, Holy Ghost, proceeding from them both; three persons and one God; have mercy upon me, most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner! I, who have offended both heaven and earth, and more grievously than tongue can express! Whither then shall I go, or where shall I fly for succor! To heaven I am ashamed to lift up mine eyes, and on earth I find no refuge."

On rising, he said, among other things, "and now I come to the great thing that so much troubleth my conscience, more than anything I ever said or did in my whole life; and that is, the setting abroad a writing contrary to the truth, which I here renounce as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death." Being chained to the stake, he raised his right hand, saying, "This is the hand that wrote; therefore it shall first suffer punishment." Fire being applied, he stretched out his right hand to the flame, and held it there unmoved—except that once he wiped his face with it—till it was consumed; crying with a loud voice, "this right hand hath offended, this unworthy right hand!" O, how different this martyrdom from that of Ridley or Latimer! What a lesson for the young! The traitor to the truth loses the confidence of friends, the respect of foes, the consciousness of rectitude, the favor of God, the might of truth, and often the promised reward of treachery; and is in the end forsaken, despised and burned by the very men for whom he has sacrificed his all.

LESSONS.

How bright are the dew-drops, the tears of the night!
They beam in morn's sunbeams like globules of light,
They will melt into mist; bubbles brighter than they
In the garden of life flee in vapor away.

As the stream swiftly dashing through flower-chequered meadows,
May repose in some pool that the willow o'ershadows,
So the heart that in youth has through pleasures run riot,
In the shadow of age, grows enamor'd of quiet.

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THE HEART.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

"Come, sister Anna, 'tis a very pleasant evening; get your bonnet, and go with me to Mr. Marlowe's," said Horace Gray, to a fine-looking woman, apparently five and twenty.

"No, brother," she replied, "I am really engaged for the evening; but, since you have introduced the subject, permit me to say that I am sorry to see you so devoted to the Marlowe's."

"And I am truly sorry, sister, that you should suffer your mature judgment to be biased by any malicious reports; or is my sister infected by the general envy of Miss Marlowe's queenly beauty?"

"It would be strange, Horace, if I should envy one who moves altogether in a different sphere from that in which I find my happiness; but, dear brother, there is, I fear, much of truth in the reports which you attribute to malice. Clara Marlowe is, certainly, a haughty, high-spirited girl, of violent and ungovernable temper, and an unscrupulous coquette. If any thing worse can be added to a woman's character, it belongs to her, and is an utter disregard of all the observances of religion. I have myself heard her ridicule Christianity, by caricaturing its most sincere followers. Do not be offended, brother; an earnest interest in your happiness has alone prompted me to speak thus severely of Miss Marlowe. Yet I own that I have another for uneasiness, in this infatuation of yours. I need not tell you that Ellen Knapp loves you, or that the exclusive attention which you have paid her during the last year amounts, even in the eyes of the gossiping public, to a virtual engagment. Ellen is all that a woman should be; and your desertion will give her great pain. Do now, Horace, cast off your infatuation, and return to little Ellen, before her gentle heart is tortured by the knowledge of your wandering."

Horace Grey made no reply, but flung himself pettishly out of the room, and, in no very amyable mood, proceeded to Mr. Marlowe's. He found Clara in the parlor, chattering, with great animation, to a very fashionably dressed gentleman, whom she presented as Mr. McEntire, an old acquaintance from the city; for Mr. Marlowe had recently removed his family from New York, to our quiet village. Mr. Grey soon discovered that he was a person of small consequence, in presence of a city gentleman; while Miss Marlowe indulged in all manner of ill-natured and contemptuous remarks upon a rural life, as she was pleased to term life in a village. Stung by her sarcasms, and pointed neglect of himself, Grey felt the full force of all his sister had so recently told him, and, leaving Mr. Marlowe's, proceeded directly to the neat cottage of Mrs. Merrill, who well performed a mother's part toward her orphan niece, Ellen Knapp.

As Mr. Grey approached the house, he saw the fair girl leaning against a pillar of the portico, almost covered by the beautiful wreath of the white rose bushes, which her hand had trained to the very roof, and which drooped with rich clusters of fragrant blossoms, kissing, as the breeze touched them sportively, the brow and shoulder of her who seemed like themselves, in her pure and delicate loveliness. Horace paused, and looked a moment upon her. Her face was meek and sweet, as usual; but he could not but observe that there lay a pensive shadow about her perfect mouth; and his heart whispered that his long absence had cast it there; and when she raised her clear, expressive eyes, and caught his admiring glance, oh! the joy that sprang up from their blue depths!

"I thought that you had utterly forsaken us," she said, as he clasped her trembling hand, and led her gently to a seat within the porch.

That evening Horace Grey proffered his hand and heart to Ellen Knapp, and was accepted. But, as he held her

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to his heart, and blessed her for her love, a feeling of anguish passed through his soul, and he grew sick with the sense of the wrong he was doing her, in thus hypocritically pledging her that affection which he felt he could never bestow upon her. He went home, that evening, wretched and dissatisfied; but Ellen, as she communicated her engagement to her aunt, said, with that deep tone of blandness which thrills the listener's spirit.

"Oh! aunt, I never dared to hope for so much happiness."

And, that night, in her chamber, she poured out a fervent thanksgiving to her heavenly Father, who had thus crowned with felicity the dearest wish of her young heart.

Horace Grey had insisted on her naming an early day for the wedding; and, as the city acquaintance continued to visit at Marlowe's, he so urged his suit that Mrs. Merrill consented to give him her gentle niece, her only treasure, in the fall. During the interval, he was most of his time absent from the village; and Ellen could not but imagine that a great change had come upon him. She had known him for years, had been his school-fellow, and had always seen him cheerful, and happy-hearted; now he was unnaturally gay or unreasonably sad. He seemed capricious and irritable; and she wept in secret, she knew not why, only she felt that he was unhappy. Ellen Knapp was of that affectionate and dependent nature which lives upon love, and loves truthfully, and with a heart-worship. She had never known father or mother, brother or sister; and, thus isolated from all the ties of nature, her spirit had yearned for some object on whom it might expend its treasures of affection; and she loved Horace Gray as few men are loved, as few men would wish to be loved, because, not being able to reciprocate or understand such sensitive devotion, they are uneasy under its demonstrations.

Horace Gray was haughty, selfiish and impetuous. He had lavished attention on Ellen, becaus pleasure in his society, she paid him, and the with which she rested on opinions, flattered his vani she was the idol of the vil partiality gratified his p this there was no love. low, he conceived, at first sion, violent and irrationa keeping with his nature. imperious and bold. She his devotion, ridiculed his scoffed at the name of affec pride and self-will impelle every endeavor to win s creature. In his pique, he himself to Ellen; yet the si name of Clara, gave him tense bitterness and humili he in a spirit to wed so g ture as Ellen Knapp?

Yet the marriage was co and, on his nuptial day, friend informed him that lowe's city acquaintance brother of Mrs. Marlowe Clara did most certainly lo withstanding her raillery beaux. This intelligence r supremely miserable; and ver, induced by mental him, for many days, upon t der of time. Ellen was h and unwearied nurse throug leaving him, except at the e itation of his sister Anna, her vigils, and would gent to leave him sometimes, a hour's repose, although, as ary in small villages, wher community is linked togeth family, the young people we them, present every night, ers.

It was a beautiful night comes only in the autumn-t as we gaze into the pure eth seems so near the earth that presence of the spiritual cre rejoice in the calm bliss of less existence, and feel our h quiet in the sweet communi

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night, I sat, a watcher, in a chamber adjoining the sick room, in which Ellen was keeping vigil by the sufferer's pillow. He had lain quiet a long time; and the chamber was so silent that I grew apprehensive that Ellen had fallen asleep, and that the sick man might be neglected. I arose, and silently entered the room.

Ellen was kneeling by the open window. She had been offering up, for her beloved, the meek prayer of pure affection, and now seemed sleeping, with her face resting, in her clasped hands, upon the window-sill. The moonlight lay trembling, like a veil of silver tissue, over her soft, brown curls; and my soul went up in an inward ejaculation of prayer for her happiness; for I had known her long, and loved her well. I then threw aside the curtains of her bed, and looked upon the fevered patient. His face was flushed, his brow contracted, and his bosom heaved with labored respiration. I fancied him in great pain, and bent over him, when, suddenly opening his eyes, he fixed them wildly on my face, and muttered a few incoherent syllables.

"What would you have?" I whispered, bending my face still nearer to his own.

Suddenly, he threw his arm over my neck, exclaiming, "Oh! Clara, Clara! see what I am suffering for your sake. There is fire within my breast, and ice upon my forehead. My soul is in agony. I never loved woman but you. Oh! my impetuous jealousy made me do a cursed deed—to marry her, while my whole being was full of your loveliness. Forgive me; oh! forgive me. It is irrevocable; but you may forgive."

Exhausted by his agony, his arms fell, and his words become inaudible. His disordered fancy had mistaken me, in the dim light, for Miss Marlowe; and I was only conscious of one thought, to hope that Ellen had not heard him. I glanced around. She was standing just beside me. The rays of the night-lamp streamed full upon her face, revealing such an expression of anguish as no language can depict. Years have passed by since then; yet often, as I walk with memory, in the moonlight night, does that white face, with its compressed lips and staring eyes, meet me, and throw the warm, throbbing blood back, in curdles, on my heart. She had been aroused by his first murmur, and, approaching the bed, had heard every syllable he uttered. Transfixed, she stood with both hands pressed on her heart, and her cold, wide-opened eyes riveted on me. As soon as my glance caught hers, she made an effort to speak, but merely gasped; and I was only in time to catch her, as she sunk down, apparently lifeless. I laid her gently upon the carpet, and sought restoratives amongst the medicines upon the table; but she had not fainted. She struggled convulsively; and the fresh blood gushed up from her cramped heart, and ran, in a small quantity, from her mouth. I felt how terrible must be the agony which had thus prostrated the young creature, and given so fearful an expression to her beautiful face; for I almost shrunk from her, as I looked on her writhing features, white and ghastly as those of the dead, with the dark blood gurgling over the quivering lips, and dabbling the livid cheek. She was conscious through all; and, clutching me with both hands, made me understend that I should not call assistance. So I used my best endeavors to releive her; but fearful was the strangling struggle with which she drew breath sufficient to say, "Promise me, dear Lydia—promise me, that you will bury what you have heard in your deep heart, until the clods are laid above my breast." I did promise; and then she suffered me to call Anna.

That excellent lady, though of a strong, well-balanced mind, lost all self-possession, as she looked on the scene before her. The family was aroused, and the doctor called hastily; and, in the morning, Ellen again took her station by her husband's pillow. But she was changed—oh! how fearfully! Those who knew her best could hardly

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recognize her. Yet she smiled meekly, and answered all inquiries, by simply saying, "I suppose I have watched too much for my health."

That day Mr. Grey's fever came to a crisis, and took a favorable turn. Within a few days, he was able to sit up, and not till then did Ellen absent herself from his chamber; and then I heard that she was very ill. I called, at her request, to see her; and, as soon as we were alone together, she laid her head on my bosom, and gave vent to violent weeping. I was deeply affected; and the big tears fell silently from my eyes, upon her glossy hair. At length, she said, "Now I feel relieved, I could not weep, till now; but you know all, and will sympathize with me. Dear Lydia, those cruel words quite broke my heart. I felt it break, with a pang indescribably keen; and, ever since, it aches with a constant, heavy pain. I can not endure long. I know that, in a few months, I shall cease to stand between him and his beloved. Heaven grant that she remains unengaged till then. Oh! I would have him happy. Do not think, dear friend, that I am sacrificing my life to passion, or cherishing a rebellious spirit. I am not weary of life; I am not so romantic as to deem it heroic to die for love. But I am sinking under a real disease. Indeed, my heart is broken. The life blood flows constantly, but slowly, and I am wasting away. This is a beautiful world; and I love all its innocent loveliness. Yet I am willing to close my eyes upon it, and go down to the dark grave; for am I not a bitter burden to the soul of him whom I have loved too well? Oh, Lydia! I had been praying fervently to the Ever Blessed, that he would spare my husband to me, and grant us many years of conjugal felicity; and in my prayer I forgot that my happiness was not wholly dependent upon him. I implored heaven to spare his life; and I felt that he would be spared. A calm came over my spirit, and sleep stole upon my weary senses. I dreamed that I stood beside a dark, sluggish stream, and upon the opposite side o a country of indescribabl There were groves of such graceful trees as never grew o and fruits, and flowers, a creatures that were not bi filled the air with melody any thing that ever came fr lips, or the finest instrume has formed; and there were people all radiant with youth happiness, walking amid the b ers; and I felt a longing t them, and stretched my arm that happy land. Just then, that Horace pushed me sud the black water. I awoke. to what. Oh! it is dreadful the cherished hopes of the yo stricken down at once. I ha treasure on earth. Oh! ma mercy with the Lord!"

And so she wept, and soug that consolation which no e ing could bestow. She neve chamber after that day. Ho recovered; but toward his brid the utmost indifference—hard ing her chamber once a day, to her health. When he did c gave him her hand eagerly, a with lively interest, about hi and success in business, as if sh to draw him into conversatio beguile him to give her his for a little while. But he w swer coldly and in monosylla leave her to weep, though, wi burst of grief, the blood swel her vitals to her lips. Anna her closely, and, at last, penetr truth, and essayed every means and console her loved and lovin Moved by zeal, she sought to m brother's heart; but, when sh that Ellen would die, he answe

"Oh, may it not be too lat completely was he hardened aga unoffending wife.

Spring had assumed her b garlands, and was pouring her fragrance and melody, when I w with Ellen for the last time. S

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more shadow; yet she was
then. She was too weak
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, at her request, many
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husband. I aroused a
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Mr. Grey. After an un-
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," and would have you sup-
a little while. I would
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laid in the still grave. I
you support me for a little
ld gaze on your face, and
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are sealed forever."
well," he said, "and have
You have watchers, who
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, and arose no more in life.
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rning.

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It was again autumn—early autumn. I sat, with a friend, at a parlor window, and we were speaking of the dead, when Mr. Grey appeared upon the street, with the mourning weed, unfaded, on his hat; but his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes sparkling with happiness; for on his arm rested the delicate hand of Clara Marlowe, She was decked out in all the pride of fashion; and as they passed the window at which I sat, her merry laugh rose gaily; and the smile of love and joy was on his face, as he bowed me a good evening. Neither my friend nor myself remarked upon the circumstance; for our hearts were both full.

* * * * *

"Dear me!" cried a gossiping little lady, when autumn came yet again, "have you heard how miserably Mr. Grey and his wife live together? Why, they quarrel outrageously; and the other day Clara told him that he poisoned his first wife, and would serve her the same, yet. And all this before company. He looks as if he had the consumption; and it is all her miserable temper. He is very irritable, and could never bear contradiction. Ellen was just the wife for him. She was so patient and sweet-tempered. He could not have quarreled with her."

"And what do you think became of Horace Grey?" said a friend to me lately, (for I have been many years a stranger to that quiet village.) "He lived so unhappily with Clara, that, in less than two years after his marriage, he became a common tavern-lounger, and swept the downward path, until he was a drunkard. His inebriety affected his brain; and many a night he passed in the grave-yard with his head pillowed on Ellen's grave, raving and calling upon her by every endearing epithet, till the hearts of those that heard him melted with pity even for him. At length, he became a confirmed maniac; and, as he had squandered his whole estate, and Clara had returned to her parents, he became a burden to his friends, who sent him to an insane asylum, where he soon died. People say that he deranged his mind by intemperance; but it was agony of mind that drove him to the bottle. If ever a man died of a broken heart, that man was Horace Grey."

Praise is the hire of virtue.—CICERO.

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THE CONTRAST.

I stood beside the gentle stream,
Whose glassy surface gave
An imprint, of the heavens above
Unbroken by a wave.

Bright flowers grew upon its banks,
And tall dark trees stood near,
With clustered leaves of brightest green,
And all was mirrored there.

Darkness manteled round me,
The bright stars, one by one,
Came forth, a whispering breeze arose,
With gently stirring tone.

The waters then grew eloquent
And waves went rolling by,
And lights glanced upward from its bed,
And downward from the sky.

I stood again by that same stream,
And years had glided by,
The varied years of happiness and woe,
Their changing clouds and sky.

Now darkly dashed its foaming waves;
A turbid flood, grown strong
With swelling rains, with wind and cloud
Swept in their strength along.

The muttering thunder's sullen roar,
The vivid lightning's play
But made distinctly visible,
The storms terrific sway.

So passes life, awhile as calm,
As moonbeams on the lake,
Then, lashed into fury, like
A storm-wrought ocean's wave.

M. I. S.

Paul was converted as the germ of a peach sprouts. It splits its shell clear off, and has free room to root and grow. Many conversions only crack the shell; and it is worn so long that the man's Christian character is stunted and shallow for his whole life.

SECRET MEMOIRS OF PRESS JOSEPHI

TRANSLATED FROM THE F

BY HON. JACOB M. HO

The dangers and fatigue not divert Napoleon from h renouncing me. Calmly di the hours to flow on, which my society. But now the l ror must needs see whethe ways to be the same Bonapa Fortune had wrought so m He thought himself at the glory; he could defy the uni

It was six o'clock in the moon was directing her qui course towards the western dawn of day had just begun tops of the houses; the lam in the court of the Carrouse and languid ray. The Em tired into his cabinet with T when his attention was ar slight noise in a room tha apartment. He endeavored what it was, but saw nothin ment afterwards I presente fore him. "Pardon me," naparte, but think what a t is this to a heart as sensitive am afraid to offend your d my anxiety overcomes me.— I am devoted to you forever; I would pour out my bloo permanently happy. But, presentiment teaches me th is no longer ours.—Deign, a member there is still a wo world who lives only for you— you with her whole heart, you are to her;—a women ever ready to perform your sli and who would willingly p tachment to you at the ex life!" I prepared to leave husband, left to his own refle ifested a simulated sorrow. gles took place within him!— unfortunate man!" I excla whelmed with anguish. "W

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Thou rushest to thy ruin. Yes, I shall see thee again—I shall yet behold thee, ungrateful man! object too dear to my heart.—Yes, in spite of the cruel future which thou art preparing for Josephine, I shall at some future day be able to support and succor thee, by my well-weighed counsels." "Stop, Josephine," said he, "and pity me. I regret to imitate on this occasion the conqueror of the League; but I owe all that I am to my people; I belong wholly to glory; I confess it costs me many a pang to separate from you; but so colossal has become my power, that I must rest it upon foundations whose solidity shall be in harmony with the weight they have to sustain. The Emperor Napoleon needs an heir, and the blood of kings must be proud to mingle with my own."

Such was the language employed by the Emperor on the evening of the day that he signified to me, for the last time, that he had determined to sunder forever the ties which bound him to me.

"You wish, then, still to add to your glory by means of an august alliance with a great monorch. Tis then that you will behold jealously, envy and hatred arming themselves against you.—You will daily exalt yourself in the hope that you are sheltered from all danger, when suddenly a new bolt, as yet hidden in the depths of the clouds of heaven, will leap forth and prostrate you in the dust."

I then revealed to him what had been told me relative to his design. He paid the greatest attention to what I said, and when I had done, he walked to and fro for some moments, in silence; then, a violent agitation was depicted upon his countenance, and finally he stopped short and asked me particularly who the person was that had discovered his secret?

"Bonaparte," said I, "you will yet learn how to appreciate men more correctly; you will yet know the danger of asking advice of any but wise and upright persons, who govern their counsel by existing circumstances, and enable you to weigh them in a just balance."

He replied, with a grave and serious air—"All the powers of Europe will soon cringe under my dominion;—I repeat it, I want children to sustain it. Nature does not permit you to fulfill this, my most cherished wish. You are wrong, madame, and your cause is lost.

Pierced to the heart by this black ingratitude, I was constrained to appeal to the future. "My friend," said I, "when men refuse to take the counsels of friendship, it proves that they are unworthy of them; henceforth you will come to misfortune, the wisdom of experience." Our conversation was about to close, when he pretended to convince me of my error, and vowed that no other woman should ever become his companion, and that he was only trying me."

"No, no," said I, with emphasis, "dissimulation is now useless; my anguish will cease only with life; the project is seriously entertained, and circumstances teach me that you have long been struggling against the desire to communicate it to me." He remained thougtful; his countenance was clouded over with the deepest sadness; and with a bitter sigh, I then added: "You propose to enter the august family of one of the greatest monarchs in Europe. Conqueror, ally, or the terror of the other powers, you will then, more than ever, be persuaded that you can undertake everything with impunity. Seduced by appearances, carried away by unlimited desires, Napoleon wishes to separate from Josephine. Alas, the unwise will see, but see too late, that he sleeps upon the brink of a volcano;—his errors will one day produce a terrible eruption. 'Tis true, the blood of kings circulates in the veins of your future companion; you will believe yourself a demigod, proud mortal! You aim, seconded by your countless legions, so often invincible, to overrun all the countries in the world; but the north wind will blow upon you, and, like an atom, you will disappear from the face of the earth. You wish to enslave nations and sovereigns; alas, beware they do not arouse from their slumbers! They will unite to combat you, and though unconquered, you will be pursued to the very walls of your capital. There, a desire for the peace of Europe, and a sense of their own power, will dictate a treaty which, while it precipitates this Colossus from a throne which he fondly imagined to be unassailable, will banish him beyond the seas, and proscribe even his name:—this, this is the arrow which most keenly pierces my afflicted heart! This is the deep wound which will give me unceasing agony!"

I was in despair. Bonaparte, becoming at length touched by what I said, repeated his vow that no human power should ever sunder a band which was so sacred;—that he had sworn it before God

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and man. "Ah!" said I, on leaving him, "fear to perjure yourself, and remember that Josephine, at all times and in all places, shall be your truest friend."

I passed some days in sorrowful apprehension. I observed that he seemed to take particular pains to avoid me, fearing, as he told Fouche and other confidential friends, another tragical scene.—"I tried," said he, "to trace out for myself a line of conduct from which I was not to deviate, and to maintain my resolution; but the moment I was with Josephine, I became the feeblest of men. I forgot my purpose, and thought only of the heroic attachment which that woman had evinced for me ever since we were united.

Returned from Fontainbleau, my husband could no longer dissemble his real position. I loved him too sincerely not to shudder at the idea of an eternal separation. I saw it approaching, and painfully calculated the consequences. The thought of the culpable indifference of that man for whom I had done everything, could not fail to afflict, deeply, the heart as tender as my own. A stranger to court intrigues, I knew nothing of that mental torment, that unquiet activity, which leads those who lust after dignities to attempt any enterprise, however perilous. Alas! tears of sorrow, and not of repentance alone, moistened my eyelids. Let me, if I must, be miserable; but I shall forever remain united in thought to the fortunes of my husband. 'Tis true, the too great elevation to which his pride hath raised us, and which it was certainly difficult to maintain, testifies in favor of the maxim, "*that ambition must ever advance with the same ardor.*" But, alas, filled with deep humility, I sometimes pray the Eternal to cast upon Napoleon a look of mercy!

THE REFORMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art, implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with palmy locks of gold:
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
What'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

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Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm.
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same

As idly as, in that old day,
Thou mourn'st, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY LYDIA M. CHILD.

From the numerous cases under Friend Hopper's care, while Agent of the Prison Association, I will select a few; but I shall disguise the names, because the individuals are living, and I should be sorry to wound their feelings by an unnecessary exposure of past delinquencies.

C. R., about twenty-nine years old, called at the office, and said he had been lately released from Moyamensing prison; having been sentenced for two years, on account of selling stolen goods. When Friend Hopper inquired whether it was his first offence, he frankly answered, "No. I have been in Sing Sing prison twice for grand larceny. I served five years each time."

"Thou art still very young," rejoined Friend Hopper; "and it seems a large portion of thy life has been spent in prison. I am afraid thou art a bad man. But I hope thou seest the error of thy ways, and art now determined to do better. Hast thou any friends?"

He replied, "I have a mother; a poor, hard-working woman, who sells fruit and candies in the streets. If you will give me a start, I will try to lead an honest life henceforth; for I want to be a comfort and support to her. I have no other friend in the world, and nobody to help me. When I left prison I was advised to come to you. I am a shoemaker; and if I had money to buy a set of tools, I would work at my trade, and take care of my mother."

Necessary tools were procured for him, and he seemed very grateful; saying it was the first time in his life that he had found any one willing to help him to be honest, when he came out of prison. Great doubts were entertained of the success of this case; because the man had been so many times convicted. But he occasionally called at the office, and always appeared sober and respectable. A few months after his first introduction, he sent Friend Hopper a letter from Oswego, enclosing seven dollars for his mother. He immediately delivered it, and returned with a cheerful heart to enter it on his record, adding, "The poor old woman was much pleased that her son remembered her, and said she believed he was now going to do well."

After that C. R. frequently sent five or ten dollars to his mother, through the same channel, and paid her rent punctually. He refunded all the money the Association had lent him, and made some small donations, in token of gratitude. Having behaved in a very exemplary manner during four years and a half, Friend Hopper, at his earnest request, applied to the Governor to have all the rights of citizenship restored to him. This was readily obtained by a full and

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candid statement of the case. It is entered on the record with this remark: "C. R. has experienced a wonderful change for the better since he first called upon us. He said he should always remember the kindness that had been extended to him, and hoped he should never do anything to make us regret it."

He afterwards opened a store, with a partner, and up to this present time, is doing well, both in a moral and worldly point of view. Five years and a half after he began to reform Dr. Russ, of New York, sent a discharged prisoner to him, in search of work. He wrote in reply, as follows: "I have obtained good employment for the bearer of your note; and it gives me much pleasure at my heart to do something for him that wishes to do well. So leave him to me; and I trust you will be gratified to know the end of charity from a discharged convict." A week elapsed before the man could enter on his new employment; and C. R. paid his board during that time.

A person whom I will call Michael Stanley, was sentenced to Sing Sing for two years; being convicted of grand larceny when he was about twenty-two years old. When his term expired, he called upon the Prison Association, and obtained assistance in procuring employment. He endeavored to establish a good character, and was so fortunate as to gain the affections of a very orderly, industrious young woman, whom he soon after married. In his register, Friend Hopper thus describes a visit to them, little more than a year after he was discharged from prison: "I called yesterday to visit M. S. He lives in the upper part of a brick house, nearly new. His wife is a neat, likely-looking woman, and appears to be a nice housekeeper. Everything about the premises indicates frugality, industry and comfort. They have plain substantial furniture, and a good carpet on the floor. Before their door is a grass-plat, and the margin of the fence is lined with a variety of plants in bloom. He and his wife, and her mother, manifested much gratification at my visit."

In a little more than two years after he began to retrieve the early mistakes of his life, M. S. established a provision shop on his own account, in the city of New York, and was successful. He and his tidy little wife called on Friend Hopper, from time to time, and always cheered his heart by their respectable appearance, and the sincere gratitude they manifested. The following record stands in the register: "M. S. called at my house and spent an hour with me. He is a member of the society of Methodists, and I really believe he is a reformed man. It is now more than four years and a half since he was released from Sing Sing, and his conduct has ever since been unexceptionable."

Another young man, whom I will call Hans Overton, was the son of very respectable parents, but unfortunately he formed acquaintance with unprincipled men when he was too young and inexperienced to be a judge of character. Being corrupted by their influence, he forged a check on a bank in Albany. He was detected, and sentenced to the State Prison for two years. When he was released, at twenty-two years of age, he did the best he could to efface the blot on his reputation. But after having obtained respectable employment, he was discharged because his employer was told he had been in prison. He procured another situation, and the same thing again occurred. He began to think there was no use in trying to redeem his lost character. In this discouraged state of mind, he applied to the Prison Association for assistance. Inquiries were made of the two gentlemen in whose employ he had been more than a year. They said they had found him capable, industrious and faithful; and their distrust of him was founded solely on the fact of his being a discharged convict. For some time he obtained temporary employment now and then; and the association lent him small sums of money whenever his necessities required. At one time he was charged with being an accomplice in a larceny; but upon investigation it was ascertained that he had become mixed up with an affair which made him appear to disadvantage, though he had no dishonest intentions in relation to it. Finally, through the influence of the association, he obtained a situation in a drug-store. His employer was fully informed concerning his previous history, but was willing to take him on trial. He remained there five years, and conducted himself in the most exemplary manner. Having married meanwhile, he was desirous to avail himself of an opportunity to obtain a higher salary; and the druggist very willingly testified that his conduct had been entirely satisfactory during the time he had been with him. But

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in about eight months his new employer discovered that he had been in prison, and he immediately told him he had better procure some other situation; though he acknowledged that he had no fault to find with him. Friend Hopper sought an interview with this gentleman and represented the youthfulness of H. O., at the time he committed the misdemeanor, which had so much injured the prospects of his life. He urged his subsequent good conduct, and the apparent sincerity of his efforts to build up a reputation for honesty. He finally put the case home to him, by asking how he would like to have others conduct toward a son of his own, under similar circumstances. It was a point of view from which the gentleman had never before considered the question, and his mind was somewhat impressed by it: but his prejudices were not easily overcome. Meanwhile, the druggist was very willing to receive the young man back again; and he returned. It seems as if it would have been almost impossible for him to have avoided sinking into the depths of discouragement and desperation, if he had not received timely assistance from the Prison Association. How highly he appreciated their aid may be inferred from the following letter to Isaac T. Hopper:

"My dear friend, as business prevents me from seeing you in the day-time, I take this method to express my thanks for the noble and generous mention made of me in your remarks before the Association; which remarks were as pleasant and exciting to me as they were unexpected. I need scarcely assure you, my kind and generous friend, (generous not only to so humble an individual as myself, but to all your fellow creatures,) that it is out of my power to find words to thank you adequately, or to express my feelings on that occasion. I was the more gratified because my dear wife was present with me, and also my brother-in-law. Oh, what a noble work the society is engaged in. My most fervent prayer is that your name may remain on its list for many years to come. Then indeed should I have no fears for those poor unfortunates, whose first unthinking error loses them unconditionally within the miasma of vice and crime. That you may enjoy a very merry Christmas, and many happy New Years, is the sincere desire of my wife and myself."

H. B., who has been for several years in the employ of the association, was raised by their aid from the lowest depths of intemperance, and has become a highly respectable and useful citizen.

J. M., who was in Sing Sing prison four years, for grand larceny, was aided by the association at various times, and always repaid the money precisely at the appointed day. His industry and skillful management excited envy and jealousy in some who had less faculty for business. They taunted him with having been a convict, and threw all manner of obstacles in the way of his making an honest living. Among other prosecutions, a suit at law was instituted against him, which cost him seventy-five dollars. The charge was entirely without foundation, and when brought before the court, was promptly dismissed. It is now about six years since J. M., resolved to retrieve his character, and he still perseveres in the right course.

Jan. 4.

What Constitutes True Happiness in the Conjugal State.

BY REV. A. A LIPSCOMB.

One of the most serious errors that can occupy the mind, is that which regards marriage as an end in itself. Such is not a correct view of this important relation. If it be so contemplated, each party will inevitably feel that nothing more remains to be effected. The object was possession. That secured, all vigilance of thought ceases; the disposition to please vanishes; affection relapses into indifference; and kind-hearted attentions become unknown. The true idea of marriage is, that it is a means, and not an end. Providence designed it to sustain this character. If it have most responsible duties, if it bring the most solemn of all engagements, it is with reference to our happiness; and, consequently, wedded bliss is only to be sought in the faithful discharge of wedded obligations.

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The husband and wife virtually separate themselves, in a measure, from the outer world, and covenant before God to promote each other's pleasure. The first and last sentiment should be, that they are to be a mutual blessing. To look to the external world for their happiness—seek it in the crowded saloon—to repair to the next neighbor's to find it, is a sacrifice of the great principle on which such a union is based. Let the parties be thrown upon themselves for pleasure, and marriage will be constantly viewed as a means to secure it. Every thing will be avoided that would tend to mar domestic tranquility. The business of each day will be to remove all grounds of irritation to soothe asperities of temper, to cultivate increasing nearness of relation, and to form their own natures in the same mold. Married persons should ever remember that their happiness hangs on the perpetuation of those sentiments and feelings which originally drew them together. The interesting days that preceded their union ought to be unceasingly lived over and over, until their spirit becomes the spirit of life. Who can recur to those moments, when love had been but recently enshrined in the heart, when fancy had but one image before her vision; when memory was lost in hope, and hope merged in the certainties of reality, and not realize that the past has a wondrous power over human emotions? Blissful was the prelude season, bright and beautiful, like the days that steal upon us in the wintry time as sweet harbingers of the soft spring. Anxiety quickened the play of feeling; and affection, tender and fervent, made every heart-string give forth the richest melody. The intensity of romance was equaled, without its follies; and the valor of chivalry was realized without its vices. Was there a moment then, when an unkind word would have been uttered? Was there an hour then, when the society of the chosen one would not have been preferable to any other fellowship? Let the married preserve those fervent feelings, generous sentiments, and noble principles; let them be corrected by experience and matured by wisdom; let them reign supreme in the bosom without changing into reserve and indifference, and it will be found, that, though flowers wither and foilage fades, the joys of the spirit have the elements of immortality within them.

The respective spheres of husband and wife ought to be kept sacred by each other. Any attempt to destroy the line of separation between them will be succeeded by the same results that always follow an infringement of natural law. Each one has a prescribed part to perform. To vary from it, is to produce disorder. A meddlesome disposition is the bane of domestic comfort. It is invariably associated with narrow views and captious feelings. As a feeble member of the physical frame is ever drawing disease to itself, so this temper is continually attracting circumstances of peevish excitement. It has as many eyes as Argus; and they are all cross eyes, in a double sense. A strict watch should be exercised over the mind, in respect to this besetment. It grows so rapidly that it must be checked in its incipiency. The strength of conscience must be made to bear upon it. The minds of numerous individuals are so constituted that infirmities are not felt to be evils. Moral principle is, therefore, not called in to aid in their extermination. Strange fallacy of judgment! Nothing is beyond the jurisdiction of conscience; nothing is unworthy of close attention, that involves correct sentiment and elevated feeling. A pin may destroy life as well as a dagger. A small substance in the eye may affect the sight. We call these things insignificant; they are little matters. Are they, indeed? So much the greater blame is to be attached to us, if they be suffered to distract domestic life. Are they little? Try to overcome them, and you will see that omnipotence will have to aid you in the effort. The serenity of the fireside is seldom endangered by vice. Fortun-

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stely for the world, the most vicious of human creatures are not generally found in the bonds of marriage. Petty trifles form the trial and the exposure. The very things that public opinion can not reach are the things that wreck the hopes of wedded blessedness. To have the entire control over them is an important feature in domestic culture.

If it be desirable to cherish an affectionate spirit, it is equally desirable to cultivate such manners as will accord with it. One has lived in the world to little purpose who has not observed the effect of agreeable behavior. Persons who have no other pretensions to recommend them often win their way through society by this means alone. However erroneous the criterion may be, there are but few who do not regard manners as expressive of character. A good temper and disagreeable manners are sometimes strangely found together. The rough bark of a tree may cover a smooth skin. Domestic life should present a happy union of a kind spirit and kind manners. Nothing should be overlooked that can promote elevated sentiments. If perfect politeness should be anywhere exhibited, it should be in the relation existing between husband and wife. There are constant opportunities occurring for the display of an affectionate and fervent attachment. There are innumerable little attentions that may be shown to each other with no inconsiderable advantage. A tender look, a soothing word, a trifling act expressive of esteem are not without influence. They strengthen love. They impress the memory. They render intercourse pleasant. Manners have a reflex action upon the spirit of their object. If there were no other reason, this should lead to their diligent cultivation. The truth of these observations applies especially to the sterner sex. Good husbands are not always fortunate in their manners. The feelings of their wives are frequently hurt by their hasty words and inconsiderate acts. A source of unpleasantness is thus kept constantly open. Discord not seldom arises from these apparently insignificant causes. When we remember that the ills of life fall the heavier upon delicate woman; when we remember that the trials of marriage oppress her the more severely, can any carefulness of manner be too great in our conduct toward her? No rules can be laid down on the subject of manners; but this may be said, that if the mind of each party subordinate its gratification to the will of the other, and manifest an appropriate and corresponding style of action, the end will be obtained. The duties of marriage are both negative and positive. We are to abstain from every thing that would lessen the power of affection, and, also, exert all our agency to add to the pleasure of the wedded state. The united pair should live for one another, in humble subjection to the law of God, and with ceaseless reference to the glory of God. Inferior to that highest and holiest sentiment of religion, this conviction should be enthroned with them. If adversities should overtake them, if fortune should, in the language of the world, frown upon them, and if the firmament above, and the landscape below, should be dark and dismal, such a principle, associated with all that is tender and endearing in human feeling, will only bind them the nearer to each other, as the storm that strips the foliage from the tree seems but to make its roots strike the deeper into the firm earth. Impulse is short-lived; romance soon decays; but such love expires only in the grave. It partially renews the faded scenes of Eden, and almost images the communion and companionship of heaven.

The benign influence of Christianity should be sought to consecrate the domestic relations, to hallow the love of husband and wife, and to breathe its blessed benediction over their daily intercourse. The office of this benevolent agent is two-fold; it implants a new affection, love to God, and it purifies and ennobles the natural affections of the heart. If its glory is seen in the

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former, it is also seen in the latter. Oh! how holy is human love under its operation! The thought of immortality adds joy to every other joy. A common heaven animates husband and wife by its hopes; a common Saviour is their constant guest. Could we look on the objects of our regard in the light of infidelity, what encouragement should we have to cherish affection; If they are to perish so soon, if they be but little better than the beasts that descend to the dust, then what is there to call forth our love? The heart can not bear such mockery. It will not endure it. Never, never, never! Better not love at all, if there be no hereafter. Better never form an attachment, if death is to triumph over soul aud body. Thus Christianity chimes with our natural instincts and affections. It sanctifies human love, and enshrines it within the same sanctuary that contains the love of God. The altar within the vail, where the shekinah rests, and the cherubim watch, is dedicated to the chosen object of earthly affection.

Hints to Young Ladies, on the Society of Young Men.

No period of life is more decisive of a female's character than that in which she enters the society of the opposite sex, as a woman. Her manners and conversation at that time usually do much to determine her condition for life. The ideal which she carries with her into the world becomes the presiding star of her destiny. On her general estimate of man, and the views she entertains of his sex, every thing now depends. If she can penetrate character, and has resolution to form high purposes, blessed is her lot.

First, then, I can not join with those who advise a young lady to banish entirely from her mind every thought of love, until she receives overtures for particular attention. Providence designed her for the exercise of her affections; why, then, seek wholly to suppress them, or to expend no thought whatever upon them? "Nature," says a recent writer, "will assert her rights over the beings she has made. She avenges all attempts to force or shackle her operations. We ought, long ago, to have been convinced that the only power allowed to us is the power of direction." Yet "to girls have been denied the very thoughts of love, even in its noblest and purest form." They "know nothing at all of it, or nothing but what they have clandestinely borrowed from corrupt sources." Is not this evidently doing violence to one of the strongest, and, I will add, the holiest, impulse of our nature? If it be true, as some affirm, that the marriage service is the first part of the liturgy perused by a young lady, I do not regard it as a matter for surprise, derision, or censure. She who forces her mind wholly off this subject will be ill qualified, when the occasion demands it, to listen to proposals of marriage. Ignorance or blindness can do little to give her the sound judgment, and true discrimination, which alone should dictate her reply. No; let this rather be done. Let teachers and parents speak frankly on this topic, treat it as a serious concern, and aid her to form, in her mind, a model of moral and intellectual excellence, such as would render one a desirable companion, and yet let this model be not a creature of romance, but of real life. Is it not better thus to guide the affections, and regulate the views on this subject, than to stifle all feeling, and blindfold the mind to love? In what province should reason be exercised, if not in that which affects our condition through life, for weal or for woe?

But, while encouraged to give suitable thought to this subject, let not a young lady become totally absorbed in it. Let her not look only on a gentleman to canvass his merits as a lover and a husband. The sexes should associate for other and nobler objects—for social enjoyment, for intellectual improvement, and for mutual aid—as moral and religious beings. She who overlooks these precious advantages of general society sacrifices an invaluable means of education, no less than one of rational gratification.

Still less should one allow herself to imagine every gentleman in love with her. This sometimes occurs in consequence of an ignorance of the world; sometimes from the illusion of very strong affections; and, again, from the unworthy practice

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of certain young men, who delight in slighting and trifling with the feelings of the opposite sex. Let the cause be what it may, nothing more exposes a lady to ridicule. Such extreme and manifest sensitiveness provokes the trifler to fresh follies. The sensible are disgusted by it; and she who thus indulges her imagination is sowing the wind, and will reap the whirlwind. Sorrow, regret, and disappointment await her.

In regard to "behavior to gentlemen," I do not think set rules and forms are needful. Where the heart is duly controlled, and the understanding cultivated, and fancy a servant, not mistress, of the soul, the deportment will be spontaneously right and commendable. Then all may be safely trusted to nature. The manners will be the expression of gentleness mingled with firmness.

Two errors, however, are so prevalent, in some circles, as to demand a passing notice. One is that of the forward and presuming. No lady can make advances of a character bold and obvious to a gentleman, and still retain a good name in society. Modesty is the only current coin of her sex; nothing can atone for its absence. A self-possessed yet retiring manner is at once the index and the charm of female worth. It may be needless to speak of the confirmed coquette. She, like the coxcomb, may expect no mercy from others. There are few to whom the caution of the poet is necessary:

"She can both false and friendly be.
* * * * * *
She gives a side glance, and looks down.
Beware, Beware;
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee."

Examples of this character, I believe, are comparatively rare, despite his opinion who said that, "at sixteen, woman is a coquette *par instinct*." Still, it is true that "the whole system of education tends more to instruct women to allure than to repel;" although "as rationally might the military disciplinarian limit his tuition to the mode of assault, leaving his soldiery in entire ignorance of the tactics of defense."

Opposed to this fault stands that of undue reserve. Some young ladies are so trained as apparently to enshrine themselves from all approach, in the society of gentlemen. They are models of decorum, miracles of prudence, and drawn up as if always anticipating a foe. They inwardly sneer at all sentiment, and deride those who exhibit it, and pride themselves, above all things, in keeping every one completely at a distance.

I do not deny that a female has a right, and ought, to repel all improper liberties, and to show those who are unduly familiar that she can assume, at fit times, a little dignity. But need one, in doing this, build round herself a wall of ice? Shall she, through fear of seeming fond and forward, put on an eternal frown? In avoiding French freedom, we often substitute an Anglo-American prudery. The slightest compliment is interpreted as flattery; so that the remarker must do violence to his honest convictions, lest he offend an over suspicious maidenly pride.

The true medium between boldness and a chilling reserve may not be easily attained; yet it is worth years of effort even to approximate this happy manner. There are women who can invite to easy and pleasant conversation, and yet repel the most trivial impropriety in a gentleman. I could wish that our female writers, in their minute directions to the young of their sex, had recommended this desirable medium, instead of teaching them to regard themselves as always acting on the defensive. Can a lady never accept a present from a gentleman, without so doing it as to encourage his particular attentions? Does she, by consenting to walk or ride with one, bind herself to him for life, or invite his addresses as a suitor?

But let a young woman resolve that, while she receives the ordinary marks of courtesy with readiness, she will not allow herself to infer that they signify every thing. If the remarks of Lord Bacon be correct in general, that "women when young, are the idols of men," the reverse of it is not seldom true. A companion for the evening is invested with imaginary dispositions; and she, who ought to have exercised her judgment, and waited for decisive tokens of favor, is captivated without the least intention on the part of her fancied lover.

It is certainly desirable that a young lady be acquainted, and that somewhat particularly, with a variety of gentlemen. Thus only can she be qualified to discriminate between the undeserving, the indifferent, and the excellent. How else can you know the indications of those who undervalue your sex in general—the worthless, gay, and unprincipled—and

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guard against their influence? There are those who delight in making sport of an inexperienced female. To understand the traits of such, you must some time have met with them. But be sure you never place yourself in the power of an individual of this character, or of one whose principles and designs you suspect. If you doubt the purity of any one who seeks your society frequently, consult with a friend older or wiser than yourself, and abide by the judgment of disinterested observers.

There are instances in which a young woman is brought into the society of the other sex by her brothers. This sometimes exposes one to mistake the civilities of friendship for the manifestations of love. Thus situated, you ought to take special heed against those romantic ideas and premature speculations that spring from passion and fancy. Here, as at all times, the advice of a judicious brother, before whom those of his own sex are accustomed completely to disclose their true character, should be sought and prized. Do not permit yourself to indulge a predilection for one against whom, as a companion for life, so near a relative and friend has warned you.

THE ANGEL'S SEARCH.

BY MRS. JANE L. SMITH.

I can not find the thing I seek,
Through earth, or air, or sky.
'Twill still elude my eager grasp;
'Twill still my search defy.
In every unfrequented clime,
In every well known spot,
I've sought in vain the prize to find—
One thing that changes not.

They told me earth was beautiful—
A garden full of flowers,
Of scented shrubs and pleasant plants,
Of vines and myrtle bowers.
I thought so till I saw the bloom
Upon the roses fade,
And marked the dry and withered leaves
That strew'd the wintry glade.

They told me that the sunshine slept
Upon earth's verdant hills,
And sparkled in the limpid course
Of rippling mountain rills.
I knew not that the glowing ray
Must pale as night came on,
And darkness shroud each fav'rite spot
The sun had shone upon.

They spoke of towers and palaces,
Of domes and gilded fanes.
I marked the ruins time had made,
And felt my search was vain.
In vain, I've winged my rapid flight
To earth's remotest spot;
In vain, I've sought my prize to find—
One thing that changes not.

They told me that the mind of man
Was noble in its aim,
Endowed with gifts which angels share,
With powers which gods might claim;
Immortal in its destiny,
It could not know decay;
A spark from heaven can ne'er go out,
However faint its ray.

Elate with hope, I hovered near,
At last, my prize to find;
But ah! the mind of changing man
Is fickler than the wind.
For prejudice and wrong have warped
Those minds I've bared to scan;
And gilded baubles change or mar
This better part of man.

They told me that the human heart
Knew strong and changeless ties;
That naught but death could break the links
Of kindred sympathies.
I marked the glow that earthly love
O'er every scene could fling;
E'en to an angel's eye it seemed
A pure and holy thing.

Yet time would quench, estrangement chill,
The current of its flow;
Naught but a mother's love could bide,
Through this world's weal or woe.
I saw it cling to worthless ones,

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Herself, her love forgot;
It was almost the prize I sought—
One thing that changes not.

They said that hope could cheer the soul,
With an undying ray;
But I have seen its light illume,
Grow pale, and fade away.
Oh! earth has not one boon to give,
Within its wildest range,
That feels not time's decaying touch,
That knows not blight or change.

I'll spread my wings, and speed my flight,
Back to my starry home,
Where kindred spirits chant their songs
To greet me as I come.
Farewell, O earth. In yonder sphere
Is cast my happier lot;
There ye may seek a better world—
A world that changes not.

MADAME GUYON.

Translated from the French.

BY PROF. UPHAM.

[For the benefit of those who have not read the last volume of the MISCELLANY, we give in the preface of the present article on Madame Guyon, a very brief synopsis of her early childhood and early history. As but a little of this synopsis is a repetition, it may be read with interest by all. If any one should desire the last volume, of six months, which contains the more full history, they can be supplied for 75 cents.]

MADAME GUYON was born at Montargis, a French town, fifty miles south of Paris, April 16, 1648. Her maiden name was Jeanne B. De La Mothe. At the age of seven she was sent to a Catholic seminary, under the care of a half sister, who had the best influence over her.

"This good sister," she says, "employed her time in instructing me in piety, and in such branches of learning as were suitable to my age and capacity. She was possessed of good talents which she improved well. She spent much time in prayer, and her faith seemed strong and pure. She denied herself of every other satisfaction, in order that she might be with me and give me instruction. So great was her affection for me, that she experienced, as she told me herself, more pleasure with me than anywhere else. Certain it is, that she thought herself well paid for her efforts in my behalf, whenever I made suitable answers on the studies in which I was engaged. Under her care I soon became mistress of most of those things which were suitable for me; so much so that many grown persons, of some rank and figure in the world, could not have exhibited such evidence of proficiency and knowledge as I did."

At this period of her life an incident occurred which seems to require some explanation. The period of which we are now speaking, was subsequent in time to the great civil war in England, which resulted in the death of Charles First, the establishment of a new government, and the expulsion of the surviving members of the royal family. Charles had married Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry Fourth, and sister of Louis Thirteenth of France. Some years after her flight from England to France, this distinguished person visited the city of Montargis. It is related in her auto-biography, that while she was at the Seminary of the Ursulines she was frequently sent for by her father, who was desirous of seeing her from time to time at home. On one of these occasions she says that she found at her father's house the Queen of England. This seems to have been in the year 1655, or about that time. She was then near eight years of age. "My father told the Queen's confessor that if he wanted a little amusement, he might entertain himself with me and propound some questions to me. He tried me with several very difficult ones,

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to which I returned such correct answers, that he carried me to the Queen and said to her, 'Your Majesty must have some diversion with this child.' She also tried me, and was so well satisfied and pleased with my lively answers and my manners, that she not only requested my father to place me with her, but urged her proposition with no small importunity, assuring him that she would take particular care of me, and going so far as to intimate that she would make me Maid of Honor to the princess, her daughter. Her desire for me was so great that the refusal of my father evidently disobliged her. Doubtless it was God who caused this refusal, and who in doing so turned off the stroke which might have probably intercepted my salvation. Weak as I then was, how could I have withstood the temptations and distractions incidental to a connection with persons so high in rank?"

When ten years old she was placed at the Dominican Convent. The pupils of the convent, although they received religious instruction in other ways, do not appear to have been put in possession of the Bible and to have the use of it in private. A Bible, however, had been providentially left, by whose instrumentality or from what motive is unknown, in the chamber which was assigned to Mademoiselle De La Mothe. Young as she was, she seems to have had a heart to appreciate in some degree the value of this heavensent gift. "I spent whole days," she says, "in reading it; giving no attention to other books or other subjects from morning to night. And having great powers of recollection, I committed to memory the historical parts entirely." It is certainly not improbable that these solitary perusals of the Bible had an influence on her mind through life, not only in enlarging its sphere of thought and activity, but by teaching her to look to God alone for direction, and by laying deep and broad the foundations of that piety which she subsequently experienced. She, no doubt, was born of the spirit in this convent at this early age.

At the age of 18 she was married, by a contract of her parents, to a man of wealth, of more than twice her own age, much against her choice. Every effort was made by her husband and his friends to induce her to give up her life of prayer, and become absorbed in the life of wealth and worldly pleasure. For a time strong worldly influences brought her into bondage, but having tasted of the love of God, she found no rest in the mere pleasures of worldly show. She for a time left off prayer, and tried to satisfy herself with outward religious forms and deeds of benevolence, in which her whole life abounded. "I was very assiduous," she remarks in her life, "in performing deeds of charity. God in his providence had given me an abundance, and but few of the poor in the vicinity where I lived who did not partake of my alms." About this time she became acquainted with a very devoted Franciscan, who gave her great light in regard to the higher Christian life. In conversation with her he said, "your efforts have been unsuccessful Madame, because you have sought without what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find him." Having said these words the Franciscan left me, "I saw that the just shall live by faith. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this instant deeply wounded with the love of God; a wound so delightful that I desired it never might be healed. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years. Oh Beauty, ancient and new! Why have I known thee so late? Alas, I sought thee where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast! It was for want of understanding these words of thy Gospel: 'The kingdom of God Cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo! here, or lo! there; for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

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Troubles now multiplied upon her. In a short time she lost two children, her father, and finally her husband. For twenty-four days immediately preceding his death she scarcely left his bed-side. The alleviation of physical suffering was not the only result of her watchings and labors. God was pleased to bless them also to his spiritual good. In his last days,—important days to him,—when all earthly prospects grew dark, the light of religion began to open its dawning in the soul. In the mild radiance of that light, feeble though it was, because it was in its beginning, he died. He was resigned and patient in his sickness; and died, so far as could be judged, in the exercise of truly christian dispositions.

In no circumstance did she fail to show her sympathy for the poor, and even the outcast. One day, she relates, that one of the domestics connected with the family came in, and told her that there was a poor soldier lying in the public road, sick, and apparently unable to help himself. She gave orders that he should be brought in. He was one of those wrecks of humanity, ragged, unclean and debased, who appear to be without home and without friends, and whom no one pities but that God who watches all men, and who inspires pity in the hearts of those who are like himself. For fifteen days she watched over him personally, with all the care and assiduity of a mother or sister; performing offices which, independently of the principle of benevolence which inspired them, must have been repugnant to a person of her refinement of feelings and manners. This was his last earthly habitation. He died at her house. What an example does she here give to all who have wealth.

It is during this period of her personal history, as it is given in her Autobiography, that we first find mention made of Francis de la Combe. As this somewhat distinguished individual is closely connected with a portion of her history, it may be proper to say something of him. He was possessed of a high degree of natural talent, which was improved by a finished education. He was tall and commanding in his personal appearance, and naturally eloquent. Impressed with the importance of religion, he seems to have given his whole heart to God's work. He was frequently employed in religious missions, by those on whom the responsibility of such movements rested in the French church. His labors were not exclusively of an active kind. He published a small treatise, entitled "A Short Letter of Instruction," in which he endeavors to point out the principles of growth and of the highest possible attainment in the Christian life. His principal published work was his Analysis of Mental Prayer, *Orationis Mentalis Analysis;* originally written in Latin, and afterwards translated into French. This work, which inculcates the necessity and the principles of experimental religion in its highest forms, was condemned by the authorities at Rome as heretical.

His personal activity and influence were such, combined with the influence of his writings, that Louis Fourteenth, who was extremely sensitive to any deviations from the established doctrines of the Romish Church, thought it necessary to shut him up in prison. He was imprisoned, in all, twenty-seven years, for heresy.

It was in 1671 that a letter was brought to Madame Guyon from her half-brother, Father La Mothe. The bearer was La Combe, who was then young, but came highly recommended from La Mothe, who wished his sister to see him, and to regard and treat him as one of his most intimate friends. Madame Guyon says, that she was unwilling at this time to form new acquaintances; but desirous of corresponding to the request of her brother, she admitted him. The conversation turned chiefly upon religious subjects. With the clear insight of character which she possessed, she could not fail

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o become deeply interested in La Combe, as one on whom many religious nterests might depend. But still she ould not at that time fully decide whether she should regard him as truly possessor of religion, or as merely a eeker after it. "I thought," she says, 'that he either loved God, or was disposed to love him." She explained to him at this time what she denominates the interior, or inward way, "a way which is inward because it rests upon God, in distinction from the way which s outward, and which rests upon man."

La Combe always admitted afterwards, that this conversation formed a crisis in his life. Her words, attended by divine power, sunk deep into his soul. It was then and there that he formed the purpose, with divine assistance, to be wholly the Lord's. "God was pleased," says Madame Guyon, "to make use of such an unworthy instrument as myself, in the communication of his grace. He has since owned to me, that he went away at that time changed into quite another man. I ever afterwards felt an interest in him; for I could not doubt that he would be a servant of the Lord. But I was far from forseeing that I should ever go to the place of his residence." Of La Combe we shall have occasion to speak again hereafter.

For some six years she lived under great depression of spirit, and some of the time she was under the false impression that God had left her, but under all this darkness and temptation was obedient and submissive. But God heard and answered her prayers. In a wonderful manner, which it is difficult to explain, all that which had been taken from me was not only restored again, but was restored with increase and with new advantages. In Thee, O my God, I found it all, and more than all! The peace which I now possessed was all holy, heavenly, inexpressible. What I had possessed some years before, in the period of my spiritual enjoyment, was consolation, peace—the gift of God rather than the Giver; but now I was brought into such harmony with the will of God, whether that will was consoling or otherwise, that I might now be said to possess not merely consolation, but the God of consolation; not merely peace, but the God of peace. Sometimes, it is true, a sad suggestion presented itself. The thought sometimes occurred, which could not but be painful for the moment, that the life of nature might, in some way, reinstate itself. So that there was a wakeful spirit within me. I watched; and was enabled, by divine grace, to meet and repel the approaches of evil in that direction. In this renovated state, so different from what I had experienced for some years before, I felt no disposition to attribute anything to myself. Certainly it was not I, myself, who had fastened my soul to the Cross, and under the operations of a providence, just but inexorable, had drained, if I may so express it, the blood of the life of nature to its last drop. I did not understand it then; but I understood it now. It was the Lord that did it. It was God that destroyed me, that he might give me the true life."

We introduce here, as illustrative of her experience at this time, one of Madame Guyon's best poems:

THE DEALINGS OF GOD, OR THE DIVINE LOVE IN BRINGING THE SOUL TO A STATE OF ABSOLUTE ACQUIESCENCE.

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
To embark and sail away.
As I climbed the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide;
"Come," he said,—"ascend, make haste—
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care;
They, that rowed us, held their eyes
Fixed upon the starry skies;
Others steered or turned the sails,
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried;
In a moment it was night,
Ship and skies were out of sight;

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On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn?
Did I wish myself on shore
Never to forsake it more?
No—"My soul," I cried, "be still;
If I must be lost, I will."

Next he hastened to convey
Both my frail supports away;
Seized my rushes; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves.
Down I went, and sunk as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe;
And I saw him turn and laugh;
"Friend," he cried, "adieu! lie low
While the wintry storms shall blow;
When the spring has calmed the main,
You shall rise, and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
Spread his plumes, and soar away;
Now I mark his rapid flight;
Now he leaves my aching sight;
He is gone whom I adore,
'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled then, and feared,
When my Love had disappeared!
"Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
"Whelmed beneath the rolling tide?"
Vain attempt to reach his ear!
Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah! return and love me still;
See me subject to thy will;
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
Only let me see thy face!
Evil I have none to fear.
All is good, if Thou art near.

Yet he leaves me,—cruel fate!
Leaves me in my lost estate;
Have I sinned? Oh, say, wherein?
Tell me, and forgive my sin!
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more!

Be not angry—I resign
Henceforth all my will to thine.
I consent that Thou depart,
Though thine absence breaks my heart,
Go then, and forever, too;
All is right that Thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended;
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,
Love returned to me and smiled.
Never strife shall more betide
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his bride.

JULIA PETERS.

BY LYDIA M. CHILD.

An uncommon degree of interest was excited in Friend Hopper's mind by the sufferings of another individual, whom I will call Julia Peters. She was born of respectable parents, and was carefully tended in her early years. Her mother was a prudent, religious-minded woman; but she died when Julia was twelve years old. The father soon after took to drinking and gambling, and spent all the property he possessed. His daughter was thus brought into the midst of profligate associates, at an age when impulses are strong and the principles unformed. She led a vicious life for several years, and during a fit of intoxication married a worthless, dissipated fellow. When she was eighteen years old she was imprisoned for perjury. The case appeared doubtful at the time, and from circumstances which afterward came to light, it is supposed that she was not guilty of the alleged crime. The jury could not agree on the first trial, and she remained in jail two years, awaiting a decision of her case. She was at last pronounced guilty; and feeling that injustice was done her, she made use of violent and disrespectful language to the court. This probably increased the prejudice against her; for she was sentenced to Sing Sing prison for the long term of fourteen years. She was naturally intelligent, active and energetic; and the limitations of a prison had a worse effect upon her, than they would have had on a more stolid temperament. In the course of a year or two her mind began to sink under

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the pressure, and finally exhibited signs of melancholy insanity. Friend Hopper had an interview with her soon after she was conveyed to Sing Sing, and found her in a state of deep dejection. She afterward became completely deranged, and was removed to the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale. He and his wife visited her there, and found her in a state of temporary rationality. Her manners were quiet and pleasing, and she appeared exceedingly gratified to see them. The superintendent granted permission to take her with them in a walk through the grounds, and she enjoyed this little excursion very highly. But when one of the company remarked that it was a very pleasant place, she sighed deeply, and replied, "Yes, it is a pleasant place to those who can leave it. But chains are chains, though they are made of gold; and mine grow heavier every day."

Her temperament peculiarly required freedom, and chafed and fretted under restraint. Insanity returned upon her with redoubled force soon after. She used blasphemous and indecent language, and cut up her blankets to make pantaloons. She picked the lock of her room, and tried various plans of escape. When Friend Hopper went to see her again, some weeks later, he found her in the masculine attire which he had manufactured. She tried to hide herself, but when he called her back in a gentle but firm tone, she came immediately. He took her kindly by the hand, and said, "Julia, what does all this mean?"

"It is military costume," she replied. "I am an officer of state."

"I am sorry thou art not more decently clad," said he. "I intended to have thee take a walk with me; but I should be ashamed to go with thee in that condition."

She earnestly entreated to go, and promised to change her dress immediately. He accordingly waited till she was ready, and then spent more than an hour walking round the grounds with her. She told him the history of her life, and wept bitterly over the retrospect of her erroneous course. It seemed a great relief to have some one to whom she could open her over-burdened heart. She was occasionally incoherent, but the fresh air invigorated her, and the quiet talk soothed her perturbed feelings. At parting she said, "I thank you. I thought I hadn't a friend in the world. I was afraid everybody had forgotten me."

"I am thy sincere friend," he replied, "and I promise that I will never forget thee."

I make the following extract from a letter which he wrote to her soon after: "Now, Julia, listen to me, and mind what I say, for thou knowest I am thy friend. I want thee, at all times, and upon all occasions, to be very careful of thy conduct. Never suffer thyself to use vulgar or profane language. It would grieve me, and I am sure thou dost not wish to do that. Besides, it is very degrading and very wicked. Be discreet, sober and modest. Be kind, courteous and obliging to all. Thou wilt make many friends by so doing, and wilt feel more cheerful and happy thyself. Do be a lady. I know thou canst if thou wilt. More than all I want thee to be a Christian. I sympathize with thee, and intend to come and see thee soon."

Dr. Earle, physician of the Asylum, said the letter had a salutary effect upon her. Friend Hopper went out to see her frequently, and was often accompanied by his wife or daughters. Her bodily and mental health continued to improve, and in the course of five or six months the doctor allowed her to accompany her kind old friend to the city and spend a day and night at his house. This change of scene was found so beneficial that the visit was repeated a few weeks after. Before winter set in she was so far restored that she spent several days in his family, and behaved with the greatest propriety. He soon after applied to the Governor for a pardon, which was promptly

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granted. His next step was to procure a suitable home for her, and a worthy Quaker family in Pennsylvania, who were acquainted with all the circumstances, agreed to employ her as chamber-maid and seamstress. When it was all arranged Friend Hopper went out to the Asylum to carry the news. But fearful of exciting her too much, he talked upon different subjects for a few minutes, and then asked if she would like to go into the city again to spend a fortnight with his family. She replied, "Indeed I would." He promised to take her with him, and added, "Perhaps thou wilt stay longer than two weeks." At last he said, "It may be that thou wilt not have to return here again." She sprang up instantly, and looking in his face with intense anxiety, exclaimed, "Am I pardoned? Am I pardoned?"

"Yes, thou art pardoned," he replied, "and I have come to take thee home." She fell back into her seat, covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. Friend Hopper, describing this interview in a letter to a friend, says: "It was the most affecting scene I ever witnessed. Nothing could exceed the joy I felt at seeing this child of sorrow relieved from her sufferings, and restored to liberty. I had seen this young and comely looking woman, who was endowed with more than common good sense, driven to the depths of despair by the intensity of her sufferings. I had seen her, a raving maniac. Now, I saw her 'sitting and clothed in her right mind.' I was a thousand times more than compensated for all the pains I had taken. I had sympathized deeply with her sufferings, and I now partook largely of her joy."

As her nerves were in a very excitable state, it was thought best that she should remain a few weeks under the superintendence of his daughter, Mrs. Gibbons, before she went to the home provided for her. She was slightly unsettled at times, but was disposed to be industrious and cheerful. Having earned a little money by her needle, the first use she made of it was to buy a pair of vases for Friend Hopper; and proud and pleased she was when she brought them home and presented them. He always kept them on the parlor mantel-piece, and often told their history to people who called upon him.

When she had become perfectly calm and settled, he and his wife accompanied her to Pennsylvania, and saw her established among her new friends, who received her in the kindest manner. A week after his return he wrote to assure her that his interest in her had not abated. In the course of the letter he says: "I need not tell thee how anxious I am that thou shouldst conduct so as to be a credit to thyself, and to those who have interested themselves in thy behalf. I felt keenly at parting with thee, but I was comforted by the reflection that I had left thee with kind friends. Confide in them upon all occasions, and do nothing without their advice. Thy future happiness will depend very much upon thyself.

Remember, kind friends were raised up to thee in the midst of all thy sorrows, and that they will always continue to be thy friends, if thou wilt be guided by their counsels. Thou wert with us so long, that we feel toward thee like one of the family. All join me in love to thee."

In her reply she says: "Your letter was to me what a glass of cold water would be when fainting. I have pored over it so much that I have got it by heart. Friend Hopper, you first saw me in prison and visited me. You followed me to the Asylum. You did not forsake me. You have changed a bed of straw to a bed of down. May heaven bless and reward you for it. No tongue can express the gratitude I feel. Many are the hearts you have made glad. Suppose all you have dragged out of one place and another were to stand before you at once! I think you would have more than you could shake hands with in a month; and I know you would shake hands with all."

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E SOLDIER'S LAST DREAM.

BY C. T. BATEMAN.

ıs night; deep darkness spread afar
ınd the fearful scenes of war,
all was silent, save the tramp
reary guards around their camp.

ıng the gently waving trees
ıt sighing by the rustling breeze,
bright on ev'ry grassy spear
found the heaven's dewdrop tear.

Tennessee's wide-swelling stream,
ecting far the starlight's gleam,
ı wavelets murm'ring low and sweet,
soothed the soldier's drowsy sleep.

hin his tent a soldier lay,
ıming of loved ones far away,
wooded hills and fertile plains
ınd his cot where true love reigns.

ancy now he climbs the height
t o'erhangs his cottage white,
olds the walk with lilies lined,
sees the door with vines entwined.

latch is raised, the door swings wide,
tender wife, his young heart's pride,
ɔraces now his war-worn form,
soothes his brow with kisses warm.

ıbs on his knee the little boy,
laughs in glee and childish joy;
d words and lovliest smiles are there
ıheer the heart and banish care.

gone; the crimson flame leaps bright
ı gleaming steel that bursts in sight,
wild the grim old forests rock
eath the battle's direful shock.

leeping steed on pampas' plain,
ın thunders growl at lightning's flame,
nds high in air with glaring eye,
ɔrang the youth to fight and die.

One pearly tear he dashes down,
One prayer to those in dreamland found,
One volley for his country's weal,
And then his life blood stains the field.

In vain, alas! the loving eye
Turns longing toward the southern sky;
It must at last the lesson learn,
The dear one gone shall ne'er return.

TRUE Christian love is of an enlarged, disinterested nature. It loves all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Party spirit is confined within the limits of a sect; but Christian love oversteps the narrow boundary, and can recognize a brother in each humble believer, who practically exemplifies the holy doctrines of the Gospel.

When we love our own party *exclusively*, or persons only of our own peculiar train of thinking, we love *ourselves* in them. We see our own image, and admire it. But when we love those who differ from us in nonessentials, *because* we discover in them the humility, meekness, purity, patience, and benevolence of the Redeemer, *then* our love is truly Christian. It is Christ in them whom we love. How little of this enlarged affection, on pure Christian principles, do we discover in the professing world. We hear much about it, but see little of it. It is highly extrolled, but little cultivated.

LET us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his Gospel, which is nothing else but our own tempestuous and stormy passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls for fire from heaven to consume those that differ a little from us in their apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning, (which the philosophers speak of,) that melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard; it strives to save the soul, but hurteth not the body. True zeal is a loving thing, and makes us always active to edification, and not to destruction. If we keep the fire of zeal within the chimney, in its own proper

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place, it never doth any hurt; it only warmeth, quickeneth, and enliveneth us; but if once we let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our flesh, and kindle our corrupt nature, and set the house of our body on fire, it is no longer zeal, it is no heavenly fire, it is a most destructive and devouring thing.

THE true dignity of man—of a Christian—consists in endeavouring to fill up his duty in the station which he is permitted to fill in this world. There are few, if any, situations, in which a man who is upright may not shine. There is lustre in integrity; and the peace which Christ gives to his humble dependent children, can reach the humble cottager as well as the inhabitant of the mansion. Many, by having their eye out after things not within their reach, nor within their sphere, neglect or overlook surrounding and intended blessings; and so are not thankful as they might be. Thankfulness for mercies received is a very precious feeling, and gives a sweet relish to what we enjoy.

LOVE and envy are the very antipodes of each other: the former delights in the happiness of others; the latter is made miserable by it.—What a beautifying and even sublime temper is that, which leads its possessor to find consolation, amidst its own straits, privations, and difficulties, in contemplating the possessions and the comforts of those around him! What relief would such elevated virtue bring to the mourner, when he could turn his own darkened orb towards the illumination of his neighbor's prosperity! Happy the man who can thus borrow the joys of others when he has none, or few, of his own; and, from the wilderness of his own situation, enjoy the beautiful prospect of his friend's domain!

TO THE RICH.—Your fortune, perhaps, has removed you from the necessity of labouring for your bread; you have been politely educated, you have no trade or employment to take up your time, and so are left to be disordered by corrupt passions and pleasures. Whilst poor people are at hard labour, whilst your servants are drudging in the meanest offices of life, you, oppressed with idleness and indulgence, are relieving yourself wtth foolish and improper books, feeding and delighting a disordered mind with romantic nonsense and poetic follies. If this be the effect of riches and fortune, only to expose people to the power of disordered passions, and give them time to corrupt their hearts with madness and folly, well might our blessed Lord say, "Woe unto you that are rich!"

THE following high praise of the MISCELLANY is from some of our regular subscribers. We might give others from the State University, from Professors in Olivet College, and others in the highest positions:

ADRIAN, Jan. 12, 1871.

"I regard 'WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY' as one of our best monthlies for individual and family reading. The editor has a very happy faculty in furnishing reading matter which unites two very important characteristics, interest and instruction.

A. MAHAN.

From A. C. Dutton, M. D.:

EATON RAPIDS, Jan. 5, 1871.

"I consider it a valuable publication, calculated to do much good. May you be prospered and receive many new subscribers. $2.00 enclosed."

"I am highly gratified with the MISCELLANY. Oh! that I could see more embracing these glorious truths. May heaven bless you in your work.

"L. A. FERO,
Lowell, Mich."

From the Rev. A. W. Curtis, with $3.00 enclosed:

WHITE HALL, Mich., Jan. 5. 1821.

DEAR BROTHER—Your excellent MISCELLANY has reached me regularly, and has been read with deep interest.

From Rev. John M. Arnold, Detroit.

"It is a first-class magazine."

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We will say to all to whom we have given agencies, or to whom in any way we have made an *offer* of *extra* percentage for getting subscribers for the last year, we will consider such promises *good* for *any* number of subscribers that they send us for 1871.

We send the January number to those whose time of subscription closed with 1870, with the belief that you will continue for 1871. We hope you will not let any little thing hinder you from giving us your help in this good cause. If any feel that they must discontinue, send us ten or twelve cents for the January number, and we will stop it.

"Noah, and Other Poems," by C. T. Bateman, A. M. This is a well bound book, containing 19 beautiful poems, by our regular correspondent. We think Mr. Bateman is destined to take rank with the first writers of the country. This book of poems (worth one dollar) we will send, post-paid, to any one who will send us two paying subscribers to the Miscellany.

We intend introducing a new feature into the Miscellany the present year. We shall give, from month to month, a brief history of the great events of the world. This synopsis of history will be worth more than the subscription price of the Miscellany.

We are greatly obliged to quite a number of our subscribers for sending us so many new subscribers to the Miscellany for the last month. We hope soon to hear from many others in the same way.

We gave notice in our December number that we intended to send the Miscellany this year to all who do not give notice to discontinue. We are pleased to say that but a very few, thus far, have ordered it stopped.

We hope all who have not paid us for the Miscellany for last year, will be kind enough to send us the amount due at once. Some owe us for all of last year, $1.00; some who paid us fifty cents for the first part, owe fifty cents for the last part of the year; others owe us since the enlargement in July, seventy-five cents, for six months, others $1.50 for a year. Please be prompt and pay us without delay, as we have large sums to pay this month. Besides, if you send us promptly, by mail, it will save us the trouble and expense of sending out bills.

To clubs of three of either old or new subscribers, we will send the Miscellany, for 1871, for $1 30 each. For a club of six, for $1 25 each. For a club of ten, 1 20 each. For a club of fifteen, $1 10 each. For a club of twenty or more for $1 00 each. When it can be done with convenience to the subscriber, we would prefer to have all of the subscribers sent to some one name of the club. We will, however, write each name where it is desired. Members of the club may be sent to different post offices. We will allow the getter up of the club ten cents on each subscriber, to compensate for time and trouble.

Quite a number write us that they like the Miscellany very much, but are not able to take it for another year. To all such we say just invite some friend to take it in company with you. "Where there is a will there *is* a *way*."

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3. ADRIAN, FEBRUARY, 1871. No. II.

An Idea of the Scale upon Which the Universe has been Constructed.

BY PROF. O. M. MITCHELL.

OUR own Earth is eight thousand miles in diameter. It has circulating about it, a Moon, at a distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles. Here is a little system. We go out still further, and we find the planet Jupiter, surrounded by four Moons, revolving obedient to their central orb. Here is a much larger system. But we leave these subordinate systems, and go out to the Sun itself, with its mighty satellites and its millions of comets, sweeping through space in every possible direction, plunging downward almost perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, and, rising from below, coming to their perihelion in obedience to the Sun, and sweeping out again into space, so far that the mind is bewildered in attempting to trace their wanderings. Here is a mighty system, but it is only one unit in Creation's scale—it is only one sun, one system. As we look out to-night, we find the heavens gemmed with bright orbs. What are these? Turn the gaze of the telescope upon Sirius. Fix your instrument, so that the Earth, by its revolution upon its axis, shall bring this orb to pass across the field of view. Long before it reaches the field, we find the twilight, like the dawn of day, growing brighter and more beautiful, until, like the Sun, this star bursts in upon the eye with a splendor almost insufferable. But when you bring your micrometrical wires to bear upon its diameter, you will find no sensible diameter existing. Jupiter, with no more light than Sirius, exhibits a full orb like the moon, and, under the power of the telescope, swells to a size far greater than that of the Moon when seen by the naked eye. Sirius, with all its splendor, has absolutely no sensible diameter. We have swept outward and outward into the depths of space, until the distance we are separated from the star is reduced to a thousandth part, and yet this thousandth part is so great that the apparent size of the object has not been reduced in the smallest degree. How, then, shall we ascertain the distance of these objects? If we can find the distance of one fixed star, we have a right to conclude that they are scattered through space, in such a manner, that their

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mean distances will be nearly the same. Having, therefore attained the distance of one of these objects, we are furnished with a unit of measure, with which we can complete the examination of the Universe of Stars. But, to accomplish this, it becomes necessary to find their parallax. Let me explain the meaning of this term, which I shall be obliged to employ in the remaining part of this lecture. The apparent change, in the place of an object, occasioned by the real change, in the place of the spectator, who views the object, is called the parallactic change, and the angle, subtended by the two lines drawn from the two positions of the observer, to the object seen, is called the parallactic angle, or parallax of the object. In attempting to determine the distance of the Moon from the earth, for example, all that is necessary is, to find the parallax. Here is the observer, located upon the earth at a certain point. He looks out upon the Moon, and finds it located in a certain group of fixed stars. Another observer looks out upon the Moon, from another position, and finds it located in another group of stars; the two observers and the Moon form an angle, the base of which is, the distance between the two points of observation; by this angle the distance of the object can be computed. When an effort was made, in this way, to find the parallax of the fixed stars, it was found that lines drawn from the extremities of the same diameter of the Earth—forming a base line of eight thousand miles in length—to a fixed star, were absolutely parallel to each other, or that the angle, at the fixed star, was so minute, that no instrument constructed by art of man, could find it in the le degree sensible. When man found utterly impossible, therefore, to acco plish the result of this problem in th way, he conceived another idea. He upon the Earth—he makes this l moving observatory, which carries hi round the Sun, describing an orbit nearly two hundred millions of mil in diameter. To-night he fixes his i strument upon the star selected for e amination—he fastens its place in th heavens—he waits until the earth ha passed over one-half of its annual or bit. He is then separated from hi first position by a distance of two hun dred millions of miles. Here again h directs the telescope to the star—agai fastens its place, and thus forms by the two visual rays drawn to the sta from the extremities of this immense diameter of two hundred millions of miles, a vast triangle. With such a base he hopes that the angle at the star will now become distinctly measurable; but, such is the stupendous distance, that these lines, converging from this enormous base, lose themselves in the distance, and become, so far as he can measure them, absolutely parallel. When it was found, that even by this stupendous process—this almost inconceivable calculation, this mighty problem could not be solved, the mind was overwhelmed—it was almost ready to yield—to give up the investigation. It was not until Sir William Herschel commenced his investigations, that a ray of hope again broke in, that the resolution of the parallax of the Fixed Stars, could be accomplished. He discovered that certain stars which seem-

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ed single to the eye, were found to be double when examined through the telescope; but the stars were so closely united, that their distance from each other was only rendered appreciable by the magnifying powers of the instrument. "Now," said he, "we may be able to solve the problem of the parallax of the Fixed Stars. Let me select a double star, in which one of the components possesses double the brilliancy of the other, and if the magnitude of these stars depends only upon their distance, then will the smaller be twice as remote as the larger. I commence my observations. I go on measuring as the Earth carries me round the Sun, and these objects will appear to change their relative positions in directions which are readily computed, provided this change is produced by the sweep of the Earth in its orbit round the Sun." But when Herschel commenced this investigation, a new fact burst in upon him—one of the most astounding discoveries ever made by the human mind. He had computed the directions in which they ought to move if their motion was parallactic. To his profound astonishment he found them moving not as he had imagined—he found the stars actually revolving about each other. A close examination of long years told him the wonderful truth, that these stars were not sunk in space—the one behind the other—but that they were physically united—two Suns revolving about their center of gravity. When this truth was revealed to the world, the deepest interest was excited all over Europe. Every mind and every telescope were at once directed to the fixed stars. I have not time to relate to you the extraordinary discoveries that have been made among the binary systems. The principal point to be settled was this: If these stars were actually revolving about each other, what was the law that governed their motions? It was at once suggested that gravitation might possibly extend its influence to these worlds. The law of gravitation was applied, the elements of their orbits computed, and wonderful to relate, it was found that they, too, were obedient to the the same law that brings the stone, cast from my hand into the air, down again to the earth. Yet the problem of the parallax had gained nothing. It now became impossible to use these binary systems, because their own motion became so inextricably mixed up with the parallactic motion occasioned by the change in the position of the Earth in its revolution around the Sun. It was not until the great instrument called the Heliometer—constructed by Frauenhofer, to whom I have before referred, and mounted by Bessel, of Konigsberg—was made, that the problem of the parallax was resumed by Herschel. With this instrument, he found he could measure great and minute distances, in the same field of view, with precision. He directs his efforts to the examination of a star, moving with great rapidity. I refer to the star numbered 61 in the constellation of Swan. After years of examination, he was able to draw out from the infinitesimal movements of those two delicate objects, an amount of motion which was not accounted for in any other way, than by the change produced in the relative positions of the two stars, effected by the revolution of the earth in its orbit. It went on giving its changes regularly. He went through the investigation again on the succeeding year—his previous results were verified, and finally, he announced to the world that he had brought out the parallax of this star—he had determined the angle under which the Earth's orbit would be seen by an eye located in that system. He found this to be true, that if an eye could look out upon a globe, whose diameter should be equal to that of the earth's orbit, or two hundred millions of miles, that the diameter of such a globe, seen from this vast distance, instead of

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swelling out to the dimensions of the Sun as seen with the eye, would be only six-tenths of a unit, which is contained in the Sun's diameter two thousand times. Now, having the parallax, here is the data for the computations of the distance of this orb. But how shall I give you an idea of this distance? If I talk to you of millions and millions of miles, the mind is only staggered and bewildered. The new (Leverrier) is more than three billion miles from the earth, but we can get there. First go out to Mars—it is not far—we can get there. Next go out to Jupiter, it is not much farther, and we can get there; and next go out to Saturn, and then to Herschel, and lastly we go on to the new planet, and it seems as if we had a sort of stepping road, over which we can walk out into the illimitable fields of space. And now, the light that comes to us from the farthest of the planets, passes the interval of three billions of miles in five hours, but the light that breaks in upon us from this distant star in the Swan, takes ten long years to reach us. Here we have a new unit of measure. I do not say that this is the nearest of the stars, perhaps it is not, yet it is, probably, located at about the mean distance which divides the stars from each other, and from our own Sun.

Having reached to this point, we see at once, that, however grand and magnificent our own great Solar System is, that the whole of it, when seen from this distant body, shrinks into an invisible point. And if to-night we were to wing our flight to those distant stars, and if we could stand upon a planet, circulating about this Sun, and look out upon the Universe around, what changes should we find. In looking upon the Universe from our remote point, we should expect to find new groupings, new clusters, new constellations. But now, ! Strange as it may appear to you, and incredible, the eye that looks out upon the Universe finds almost no change. There still blazes Orion—yonder the beautiful combinations of Cassiopeia—all the old familiar constellations are there. To illustrate: just conceive that every individual in this room is a star. Now let any individual change his place with his neighbor, and see how much change is accomplished in the group of those by whom he is surrounded. No more change would be accomplished, by the shifting of our position from the Earth to the far-distant planet, in the movements of the fixed stars. In finite space belongs to God, and to God alone. Infinite power has filled that space with suns and systems, but there has been room for all. We do not fear that we are in any danger; that our own System will be disturbed in its movements by these other Systems. All moves on harmoniously. Now we are to raise one step higher in our investigations. We have spoken, hitherto, only of Solar Systems, but now we are to rise to Sidereal Systems. Here I am conscious that I am to meet with difficulty. I know how hard it is for the mind to seize upon this idea. Are the stars scattered throughout space, without any regard to each other? Are they extended the one behind the other, indefinitely? I answer, no. As we have little subordinate systems moving about our Sun—as we have other suns and other systems occupying their own regions of space—so we group together myriads of suns and systems into one mighty cluster, into one stupendous group of stars, constituting one system, linked to one mighty center, and obedient to its operations. We, ourselves, are thus associated with these distant suns, and form a part of the stupendous whole. If the eye look out upon the stars, we see none but those belonging to our system. It requires the aid of the telescope to sweep beyond our own cluster—to penetrate the vast depths of space, and see those other objects coming up from its illimitable confines, and bursting in all their splendors upon the sight.

If I have been successful, the idea will be comprehended, that we are to

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examine clusters of stars, and upon which the distant clusters can have no more influence, than can suns, which are far sunk in space, have over our own Sun and System. It is then with reference to one of the great clusters that our examination is to be conducted.

I know that many have conceived the idea, that in presenting the subject of the center of the Universe, we mean that man has reached the center of all created things. Not so; that day will never come. I stand before you this night, and fearlessly assert, that the day will never come when the center of the entire Universe will be found by man. If man were left alone to the revelations of science and the telescope, his intellect would be crushed. But there is another revelation.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, I exclaim, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him; for thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands, thou hast put all things under his feet!" Let us not attempt the impossible.

We now rise to the investigation which is the principal object of this lecture—the determination of the great center of our Sidereal stratum. I have already remarked that it takes light ten long years to travel from a star, located in the constellation of the Swan to the Earth. Now, in the deepest parts of our System, we find the stars sunk one behind the other, in a series five hundred deep. Here you see is distance so great that light would pass over it after an interval of five thousand years. We are able to sweep entirely round this cluster, and we find that although the depth is not equal anywhere, yet where it is found shallowest, it is so great as almost to seem infinite. Yet it is entirely separate and distinct from the other clusters that lie beyond. The distance it is separated from its neighboring clusters is as great in proportion to the diameters of the clusters as is the distance which separates two suns when compared with diameters of the suns themselves. When Mædler directed his attention to this subject, he found that his predecessors had done much for him. He felt that the time had come when it was possible to attack this problem with hopes of success. Let it be remembered that astronomers had been long engaged in examining the stars, and charting down their positions. By examining the charts, he finds the stars not fixed, but perpetually changing their places, and, slow as the change may be, the accuracy with which modern instruments measure minute distances, enables the astronomer not only to ascertain the rate of motion, but the actual direction in which the object is moving. When Herschel found these changes going on, the idea burst upon him, that probably the change was parallactic, and that the Sun, with all its planets and comets, was speeding through space. He commenced his examinations to see if this supposition was correct, when he arrived at a result the most astounding that was ever unfolded by the mind of man. He found that if he was only permitted to accept the hypothesis that the Sun was sweeping towards a certain point in the Constellation Hercules, he could account for a large proportion of the changes of the fixed stars, all through the heavens. But when other astronomers gave their attention to this subject, and found it too difficult for examination, the theory seemed to die away, doubts were cast upon its results, and astronomers finally rejected it. At length it was taken up in Russia. Strange that I should announce this. Russia—a hundred years ago a land of barbarians; and yet, those who have made these discoveries are in the employment and under the patronage of the great Autocrat of the

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North. Argelander, of Abo, undertook the solution of this problem. I will attempt to give you the manner of his operations. The grand object is this, to show you how it was, that the grand point in the heavens, toward which the Sun is moving, was determined.

Now for the demonstration. In the first place you must understand this, that parallactic motion is always easily computed beforehand, if the direction in which the person moves who makes the observation is known. For example, if I move to the right, it is very apparent that the column immediately in front of me will move to the left. Argelander began his investigations by the observation of five hundred stars, selected in different points in the heavens, which he compared with the observations of the oldest astronomers. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that he finds the star selected for observation to-night, was located in a certain point in the heavens one hundred years previous to his time, and that at the time he makes his observations it is located here in another point in the heavens. Now the distance which the two points are separated from each other, being known, and the time which has been consumed in making the separation being known, it is very easy to ascertain the star's rate of motion. Now, then, having accomplished this, with reference to every one of these stars, he finds them all converging to a certain part of the heavens, as if that were the point toward which the Sun is moving. Now, said he, I must rise higher. It must be that the line of direction in which the star moves makes an angle with the meridian which is an observed angle. It is observed because it is formed by the joining of two points, occupied by the star, when observed by the ancient and modern astronomers. Now, inasmuch as all these appeared to point at some spot toward which the sun is moving, he adopted a point, and said, now if the Sun is going to that point I can predict the line of direction in which every star appears to move. He compares his computed angels with his observed ones in every instance, and if he finds any discrepancy between them he assumes a new point, and thus he continued to take one point after another, until all the conditions of the problem were fulfilled, and he says, there is the point.

Having accomplished this much, Argelander attempted to rise still higher. But in this he was unsuccessful. The difficulties which multiplied upon his hands were so great, that although he had triumphed in the most signal manner, he finally yielded. The subject was taken up by Struve, another Russian, and son of the celebrated Astronomer of the same name, who was in charge of the great Observatory at Pulkova. He wished to know the swiftness of the Sun's motion through space. I cannot attempt the demonstration of his wonderful discoveries—I can only give you the results—and wonderful as it may seem to you, our Sun is actually moving at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in every hour of time. Having determined these two grand points, the next question arises—may not the Sun be circulating around some grand central orb? —may not the Fixed Stars be wheeling their endless cycles round some grand point, the center of the whole?

This was the problem that Mædler undertook to solve. And Mædler is also under the patronage of Russia. He had for a long time given his attention to Sidereal Astronomy. He had attracted the attention of the Emperor Nicholas, and, in looking round upon all the world (as he always does) for some one to fill the place of Struve, in the Observatory at Pulkova, he selected Mædler. I present these facts, in order that you may have confidence in what he has published.

The first question to be presented, then, was this: Is there a grand Central Orb; is there a stupendous Globe occupying the center of our Island Uni-

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verse, bearing the same proportion to the whole mass that the Sun does to our System? Let us consider the consequences, if such a Globe existed. In the first place, we know that the planets nearest the Sun revolve the swiftest. Now, if there be any such grand Central Sun, we are certain to find it in the vicinity of this Globe, Orbs circulating around it with motions analogous to those exhibited, on a much smaller scale, by the Planets that compose our own System. Now we can look out into space in every direction, —we can examine the Stars and their motions,—we can therefore detect such a region,—we can detect the exact point where it is located, if any such motions, as we have described, exist, and the conclusion is, that no such globe exists. I know that I shall disappoint many of you to-night by this assertion, but the facts are, that we sweep out to the Double Stars, to the Triple Stars, to the Quadruple Stars, to the Quintuple and to the Sextuple Stars, and we find no such point about which they are moving.

The next question to be presented is this: Is there no Center of Gravity, about which all the mighty host of Suns and Stars, and Comets circulate, obedient to its laws? I answer that there is, and it was to the solution of this problem, that Mædler gave the energies of his mighty intellect.

After long years of labor, after he had almost exhausted the capabilities of analysis, after bringing to bear upon the problem all the mighty influences of science and art, after ranging from point to point in the heavens, which he was compelled successively to abandon, he turned his attention to the examination of the beautiful group of Stars called the Pleiades. After watching their movements, until he had computed the rates of motion of the principal stars in this group, and the direction in which they were journeying, he found to his great delight that they fulfilled all the conditions of the problem, and the grand result was attained. The truth comes irresistibly upon the mind, that there is the center, and that is the point about which all the bright hosts of heaven are sweeping, in periods which actually stun the human mind. Mædler has already computed the periodic time of our own Sun, which gives this astonishing result. It takes our Sun two hundred and eighteen millions of years to complete its stupendous cycle.

JOHN MILTON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

PERHAPS some may be astonished at the subject selected—John Milton. Can any thing new that is true, or any thing true that is new, be said on such a theme? Have not the ages been gazing at this "mighty orb of song," as at the sun? And have not almost all its gifted admirers uttered each his glowing panegyric, till now they seem to be ranged like planetary bodies around his central blaze? What more can be said or sung? Is it not impossible to add to, however easy to diminish our sense of his greatness? Is not the ambition rash and presumptuous which seeks to approach the subject anew? Surely the language of apology, at least, is the fit preface to such a deed of daring.

No apology, however, do we intend to make. We hold that every one who has been delighted, benefitted, or elevated by a great author, may claim the privilege of gratitude, to tell the world that, and how, he has. We hold, too,

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that the proof of the true greatness of a man lies in this, that every new encomiast, if in any measure qualified for the task, is sure to find in him some new proof that the praises of all time have not been wasted or exaggerated.

Who that reads or thinks at all has not frequent occasions to pass by the cairn which a thankful world has reared to Milton's memory? and who can, at one time or other, resist the impulse to cast on it another stone, however rough and small that stone may be? Such is all we at present propose.

Every man is in some degree the mirror of his times. A man's times stand over him, as the sun above the earth, compelling an image from the dewdrop as well as from the great deep. The difference is, that while the small man is a small, the great man is a broad and full reflection of his day. But the effect of the times may be seen in the baby's bauble and cart, as well as in the style of the painter's pencil and the poet's song. The converse is equally true. A man's times are reflective of the man, as well as a man of the times. Every man acts on, as well as is acted on by every other man. The cry of the child who falls in yonder gutter, as really affects the progress of society as the roar of the French Revolution. There is a perpetual process going on of action and reaction, between each on the one side, and all on the other. The characteristic of the great man is, that his reaction on his age is more than its action upon him. No man is wholly a creator, nor wholly a creature of his age. The Milton or the Shakespere is more of the creator than the creature.

Some men pass through the atmosphere of their time as meteors through the air, or comet through the heavens—leaving as little impression, and having with it a connection equally slight; while others interpenetrate it so entirely that the age becomes almost identified with them. Milton was intensely the man of his time; and, although he shot far before it, it was simply beca he more fully felt what its tendenci were; he spread his sails in its bre as in a favorable gale, which propell him far beyond the point where the i pulse was at first given.

A glance at the times of Milt would require to be a profound a comprehensive one; for the times th bore such a product must have been extraordinary one. One feature, p haps the chief, in them was this: M ton's age was an age attempting wi sincere, strong, though baffled endeav to be earnest, holy and heroic. T church had, in the previous age, be partially and nominally reformed; b it had failed in accomplishing its ov full deliverance, or the full deliveran of the world. It had shaken off th nightmare of popery, but had settled i self down into a sleep, more compose less disturbed, but as deadly. Is th Reformation, thought the high hear which then gave forth their thunde throbs in England, to turn out a mer sham? Has all that bloody seed of mar tyrdom been sown in vain? Whethe is worse after all, the incubus of super stition, or the march of death? W have got rid of the Pope, indeed, bu not of the world, or of the devil, or th flesh; we must, therefore, repair our re pairs; amend our amendments; reform our reformation; and try, in this way to get religion to come down as a prac tical living power, into the hearts and lives of Englishmen. We must squeez our old folios into new facts; we must see the dead blood of the martyr turned into living trees of right-eousness—we must have character as well as controversies—life, life at all hazards we must have, even though it be through the destruction of ceremonies, the damage of surplices, the dismissal of bishops—aye, or the death of kings. Such was the spirit of that age. We speak of its real onward tendency —the direction of its main stream. We stay not to count the numerous little obstinate opposing eddies that were taking chips and straws—Lauds and Clar-

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endons—backwards; thus and not otherwise, ran the master current of the brain, the heart and the hand of that magnificent era.

Are we not standing near the brink of another period, in some points very similar to that of English Puritanism? Is not our age getting tired of names, words, pretensions; and anxious for *things*, deeds, realities? It cares nothing now for such terms as Christendom—Reformed Churches—Glorious Constitution of 1688. It wants a Christendom where the character of Christ, like that of Hamlet, is not omitted by special desire; it wants re-reformed churches, and a glorious constitution, that will do a little more to feed, clothe and educate those who sit under its shadows and have long talked of, without tasting its blessed fruits. It wants, in short, these big, beautiful words—Liberty, Religion, Free Government, Church and State, taken down from our flags, transparencies, and triumphal arches, and introduced into our homes, hearths, and hearts. And although we have no Cromwell and no Milton, yet thank God we have thousands of gallant hearts and gifted spirits, and eloquent tongues, who have vowed long and deep, in all the languages of Europe, that falsehood and deception, of all sorts and sizes, of all ages, statures and complexions shall come to a close.

To Milton's time we may apply the words of inspiration—"The children are brought to the birth, but there is not strength to bring forth." The great purpose of his age was formed, begun, but left unfinished—nay, drowned in slavery and blood. How mortifying to a spirit such as his! It was as if Moses had been taken up to Pisgah, but had been struck dead before he saw the land of milk and honey. So Milton had labored, and climbed to the steep summit, whence he expected a new world of liberty and truth to expand before him, but found instead a wilder chaos and a fouler hell than before. But dare we pity him, and need we pity ourselves? But for Milton's disappointments, and disgust with the evil days and evil tongues on which he latterly fell, he would not have retired into the solitude of his own soul; and had he not so retired, the world would have wanted its greatest poem—the "Paradise Lost." That was the real fruit of the Puritanic contest—of all its tears, and all its blood; and let those who are still enjoying a result so rich, in gratitude declare "how that red rain did make the harvest grow." No life of Milton, worthy of the name has hitherto been written. Fenton's sketch is an elegant trifle. Johnson's is, in parts, a heavy invective—in parts, a noble panegyric; but in nowise a satisfactory life. Sir Egerton Brydges has written rather an ardent apology for his memory than a life. St. John's is a piece of clever book-making. There is but, perhaps, one man in Britain, since Coleride died, fully qualified for supplying this desideratum—we mean Thomas de Quincy. We have repeatedly urged it upon his attention, and are not without hopes that he may yet address himself to a work which shall task even his learning, genius and eloquence.

We propose to refresh ourselves and others, by simply jotting down a few particulars of the poet's career, without professing to give anything new on this head.

John Milton was born in Bread street, London—a street lying in what is now called technically, the city under the shadow of St. Paul's—on the 9th of December, 1608. His father was a scrivener, and was distinguished for his classical attainments. John received his early education under a clergyman of the name of Young; was afterwards placed at St. Paul's School, whence he was removed in his seventeenth year to Christ Church, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself for the facility and beauty of his Latin versification. We are not aware, although placed at such a mathematical university, that he ever excelled in geometry; it is uncertain whether he ever crossed the *Pons asinorum*, although it is certain he was

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whipped for a juvenile contumacy, and that he never expressed any gratitude to his *Alma Mater*. Universities, in fact, have often proved rather stepmothers, than mothers, to men of genius, as the cases of Gibbon, Shelley, Coleridge, Pollock, and many others demonstrate. And why? Because their own souls are to them universities; and they cannot fully attend to both, any more than they can be in two places at the same time. He originally intended to have entered the Church, but early formed a dislike to subscriptions and oaths, as requiring what he terms an "accomodating conscience"—a dislike which he retained to the last. He could not stoop his giant stature beneath the low lintel of a test. He was too religious to be the mere partisan of any sect. From College he carried nothing but a whole conscience, and the ordinary degree of A. M., for he never afterward received another; indeed the idea of Dr. Milton is ludicrous. As well almost speak of Dr. Isaiah, Professor Melchisedec, or —— Ezekiel, Esq.

His father, meanwhile, had retired from business to Horton, Buckinghamshire, where the young Milton spent five years in solitary study. Of these years, little comparatively is known; but to us they seem among the most interesting of his life. Then the dark foundations of his mind were laid; then stored up those profound stores of learning, which were commensurate with his genius, and on which that genius fed, free and unbounded, as a fire feeds on a mighty forest. There, probably much time was spent in contemplating natural scenery, and in the exercises of devotion; and there he composed those exquisite minor poems, which alone would have made his name immortal—"L'Allegro," "Il Penserosos," "Comus," and "Lycidas." At the age of thirty, having received leave from his father to travel, he visited Paris, Florence, Rome and Naples. His name had gone before him, and his progress was a triumph. Public dinner and piece of plate did not abound in those day; but the nobility of the country entertained him at their mansions, and the literati wrote poems in his praise.

We may conceive with what delight he found his dreams of the continent realized—with what kindling rapture his eyes met the Alps, gazed on the golden plains of Italy, or perused the master pieces of Italian art in the halls of Florence, or the palaces of Rome. Milton in the Coliseum, or standing at midnight upon Mount Palatine, with the ruins of Rome dim-discovered around him—it were subject for a painting or a poem. At this time a little incident of romance occurred. In his youth, he was extremely handsome, so much so that he was called the lady of his college. When in Italy, he had lain down to repose during the heat of the day in the fields. A young lady of high rank was passing with her servant; she was greatly struck with the appearance of the slumberer, who seemed to her eye as one of the angels, whom he afterwards described as reposing in the vault of heaven. She wrote a few extempore lines in his praise, laid them down at his side and went on her way. When Milton awoke, he found the lines lying but the fair writer gone. One account says he spent some time in searching for her, but in vain. Another (on which Bulwer has founded a poem) relates that she still stung by his beauty, followed him to England, and was so mortified at finding him by this time married that she died of a broken heart.

Milton had intended to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece, but the state of affairs in England drew him home. "I deemed it dishonorable," he said, "to be lingering abroad, even for the improvement of my mind, while my fellow citizens were contending for their liberty at home." There spoke the venerable man and hero, John Milton, one who measured everything not by its relations to delight, but to duty; and felt himself ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.

The civil war had by this time broken out in flames which were not to be

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slaked for twenty years, and into which even a king's blood was to fall like oil.

Milton though an admiral fencer, and as brave as his own Michael, thought he might serve the popular cause better by the pen than by the sword. He calmly sat down, therefore, to write down royalty, prelacy, and every species of arbitrary power. At the same time he opened a school for the education of the young. This has actually formed a count of indictment against him. Milton has been thought by some to have demeaned himself by teaching children the first elements of knowledge, although it be one of the noblest avocations—although the fact of the contempt in which it is held, ought to be a count of indictment against an age so foolish to entertain it—although it be an avocation rendered illustrious by other names than that of Milton, the names of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Buchanan, Parr, Johnson and Arnold—and although the day is coming when the titles of captain, or colonel, or knight-at-arms—yea, and those of a king, kaiser, and emperor, will look mean and contemptible compared with that of a village-schoolmaster.

Schoolmaster as he was, and afterwards Latin secretary to Cromwell, Milton found time to do and write much in the course of the eighteen or twenty years which elapsed between his return to England and the Restoration. He found time for writing several treatises on divorce, for publishing his celebrated treatise on education, and his still more celebrated discourse on the liberty of unlicensed printing, for collecting his minor poems in English and Latin, and for defending, in various treatises, the execution of Charles I., and the Government of Cromwell, beside commencing an English History, an English Grammar, and a Latin Dictionary. Meanwhile, his wife, who had borne him three daughters, died in childbed. Meanwhile, too, a disease of the eyes, brought on by intense study, began gradually to eclipse the most intellectual orbs then glowing upon earth. We could conceive him to have penned an expostulation to the advancing shadow equally sublime and equally vain, for it was God's pleasure that his great spirit should like himself, dwell for a season in the thick darkness. And scarcely had the last glimmer of light been extinguished, than as if the coming calamities had been stayed and spellbound hitherto by the calm look of the Magician, in one torrent they come upon his head: but although it was a Niagara that fell, it fell like a Niagara upon a rock; In an evil hour, as it seemed at that time, at least, for Britain, for Milton, for the progress of the human race, the restored Charles arrived. The consequences were disastrous to Milton. His name was proscribed, his books burned, himself obliged to abscond, and it is what some would call a miracle that this blinded Samson was not led forth to give his enemies sport, at the place of common execution, and that the most godlike head in the world did not roll off from the bloody block. But "man is immortal till his work be done." *We* speak of accidents and possibilities; but in reality, and looking at the matter upon the God-side of it, Milton could no more have perished then, than he could a century before. His future works were as certain and as inevitable, and due at their day, as "Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest."

Even after the heat of persecution had abated, and his life was by suffrance secure—it was never more—the prospects of Milton were aught but cheering. He was poor, he was blind, he was solitary—his second wife died; his daughters, it would appear, were not the most agreeable of companions; his country was enslaved; the hopes of the church, and of the world seem blasted;—one might have expected that disappointment, regret and vexation would have completed their work. Probably his enemies expected so to. Probably they said, "We'll neglect him and see if that does not break his heart—we'll bring down on his head the silence of a world that was once wont to ring with his name." They did not know their man. They knew not that he was one of the immortal coursers, who fed on no vulgar or earthly food. He "had meat from heaven to eat that the world knew not of."

It was the greatest crisis in the history of the individual man.

Napoleon survived the loss of his empire; and men called him great because he survived it. Sir Walter Scott not only survived the loss of his fortune, but he struggled manfully amid the sympathy of the civilized species to regain it. But

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Milton, amidst the loss of friends, fortune, fame, sight, safety, domestic comfort, long cherished hopes, not only survived, but stood firm as a god above the ruins of a world; and not only stood firm, but built, alone and unaided, to himself, an everlasting monument. Whole centuries of every-day life seemed condensed in those few years in which he was constructing his work; and is it too daring a conception—that of the Great Spirit watching from on high its progress, and saying of it as he did of his own creation when finished, "It was very well."

But, indeed, *his own* work it was. For, strong as this hero felt himself, in his matured learning—in his genius, so highly cultured, yet still so fresh and young in his old experience, he did not venture to put his hand to the task till, with strong crying and tears, he had asked the inspiration and guidance of a higher power. Nor were these denied him. As Noah into the ark of old, the Lord "shut" Milton in within the darkened tabernacles of his own spirit, and that tabernacle being filled with light from heaven, "Paradise Lost" arose, the joint work of human genius and of divine illumination.

We have seen the first edition of this marvellous poem—a small, humble duodecimo, in ten books, which was the original number but to us it seemed rich all over, as summer's sunset with glory. Every one has heard, probably of the price, the goodly price, at which it was prized and bought—five pounds with a contingency of fifteen more in case of sale. For two years before it seemed to have slumbered in manscript, and very likely was the while carried round the trade, seeking for one hardy enough to be its literary accoucher. But let us imagine that in our day it would have met with a different reception.

We can well imagine Adam Black, or John Murray, saying to Milton, "Splen did poem, sir—great genius in it; but it wont sell, we fear—far too long, too many learned words in it—odd episode that on sin and death. If you could rub it down into a tragedy, and secure Macready for Satan, and Helen Eacuit for Eve, it might take; or if you could write a few songs on the third French Revolution, or something in the style of 'Dombey and Son.' Good morning, Mr. Milton." It appeared in 1667, but was a long time in rising to its just place in public estimation. The public preferred Waller's insipid commonplaces, and Dryden's ranting plays to th divine blank verse of Milton. Walle himself spoke of it as a long, dull poem i blank verse; if its length could not be cor sidered a merit, it had no other. The cas is not singular. Two of the greatest po ems in English of this century are, in ou judgment, Wordworth's "Excursion, and Bailey's "Festus." Both were fo years treated with neglect, although w are certain that both will survive th "Pickwick Papers."

Between his masterpiece and his death little occurred except the publication o some minor, but noble productions, in cluding "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," "A System of Logic," "A Treatise of True Religion," and a collec tion of his familiar epistles of Latin.

At Last, November, 1675, at the age o sixty-six, under an exhaustion of the vi tal powers, Milton expired, and that spi rit, which was "only a little lower than the angels," went away to mingle with the starry kindred. It is with a certain severe satisfaction that we contemplate the death of a man like Milton. We feel that tears and lamentation are here unbecoming, and would mar the solemn sweetness of the scene. With serenity, nay, joy, we witness this majestic man-child caught up to God and his throne, soaring away from the many shadows which surrounded him on earth, into that bright element in which he seemed already naturalized. Who seeks to weep as he sees the river, rich with the spoils of its long wandering, and become a broad mirror for the heavens at length sinking in the bosom of the deep.

Thus died Milton, the prince of modern men, accepting death as gently and silently, as the sky receives the waning moon. We are reminded of a description in "Hyperion" of the death of Goethe: "His majestic eye looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant summer morning. Calm as a God the old man sat, and with a smile, seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped from his dying fingers. 'Open the shutters, and let in more light,' were his last words. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air, and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man was gone."

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FREDDIE.

BY MRS. M. L. MATHESON.

Round about our dwelling lonely
White-robed angels waiting stand;
Wait to bear our darling Freddie
To that holy, happy land;
Darling Freddie, dying Freddie,
To that holy, happy land.

Now I hear their flitting pinions;
Sweet the heavenly airs they bring;
Hov'ring o'er our dying darling,
In his ear they sweetly sing;
Darling Freddie, dying Freddie,
In his ear they sweetly sing.

Faint the winter dawn is breaking;
Slow his feeble pulses creep;
Cold and still our precious darling
Sinks in death's oblivious sleep;
Darling Freddie, dying Freddie,
Sinks in death's oblivious sleep.

Saviour dear, our idol shattered,
To thy cross we bow the knee;
Pity thou our grevious mourning,
Take our darling home to thee;
Darling Freddie, dying Freddie,
Take our darling home to thee.

SNOW FLAKES.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Softly falls the snow-flakes white,
Softly on the earth to-night;
Silently as the angel of death,
As it steals away the lingering breath;
Pure and cold, and soft and white,
Falls the beautiful snow to-night.

Some on the graves of those we love,
Whose spirits have fled to the land above;
Some on the heads of the rich and great.
Some on the poor and desolate;
But pure and cold, and soft and white
Falls the beautiful flakes to-night.

Lightly they fall on the young and gay,
Whose hearts are happy as they?
Robed in mantles and furs so warm,
They laugh in the face of the feathery storm;
But oh! how cold, and drear, and white,
They fall on the shivering poor to-night.

What is thy mission, beautiful snow?
Cov'ring over the earth below;
One by one thou comest down,
Over the country and busy town,
Till like charity, pure and white,
Thou coverest many a stain to-night.

Many a rugged way is made fair;
Covering too full many a snare;
We may not trust thee, beautiful snow;
We know not what is sleeping below;
For under thy mantle soft and white,
Is hidden many a snare to-night.

Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.—*D. Cato.*

Sudden movements of the mind often break out either for great good or great evil.—*Homer.*

Success consecrates the foulest crimes. —*Seneca.*

Shame may restrain what the law does not prohibit.—*Seneca.*

So live and hope, as if thou wouldst die immediately.—*Pliny.*

To be commended by those who might blame without fear, gives great pleasure.—*Agesilaus.*

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THE WARNING.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"There's strength deep bedded in our hearts, of which
We reck but little, till the shaft has pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?"

"WHAT an interesting young gentleman Mr. Merrill is!" exclaimed Sophia to her sisters, as they sat at their morning work. "I thought him perfectly fascinating last night; so polite—such a graceful bow—knows how to pay a compliment so pleasantly."

"I did not see anything very agreeable in him," replied Martha, as she looked up, extremely surprised to hear her sister express herself so warmly in Mr. Merrill's favor. "He surely knows how to dance well, and that is his principal recommendation."

"O sister, you forget his person, his manners, and his generous spirit, always ready at any expense to entertain his friends. See the difference between his conduct and that of your favorite, Marshman, who stays day after day behind the counter, to hoard up wealth which none can enjoy."

"Sophia, do not speak so harshly of my favorite, as you please to term him. Perhaps you are not aware that his economical habits are the result of necessity, as well as of principle; and that instead of hoarding wealth, his money is used for the support of a widowed and infirm mother, who is entirely dependent on his exertions. You will never hear of him, I think, as a defaulter, or as using the funds entrusted to him in midnight revelries."

"Sophia is sadly deceived," whispered a young sister of fourteen to her mother. "Our school girls speak Mr. Merrill's character as suspicio His employers, it is said, are becomi very uneasy. They cannot place t confidence in him which they ha formerly done."

Sophia's quick ear had heard the r mark, and the reddening cheek betra ed that the gentleman was of mo than ordinary interest to her. "It envy, mere envy, that leads any one speak ill of Mr. Merrill," said she in tone of vexation.

Mrs. Wilmot had listened anxiousl to the conversation between her daugh ters, and a deep shade of sorrow passe over her features, as she looked on he fatherless children, just emerging int womanhood,—so fair, so unacquainte with the world; and she shuddered a the thought that they should ever b the victims of misplaced affection. She longed forever to screen them with a mother's love, from all the vicissitude of life. "Heaven preserve my daughters from the cup of sorrow of which I have so deeply drunk!" she involuntarily exclaimed, as she retired from her daughters, and sought her chamber to give vent to her over-charged heart.

Her daughters knew that a cloud of adversity had overshadowed their mother's path. They knew that her married life had been one of desolation. Never had the name of their father been called by their mother. The eldest had an indistinct remembrance of a painful interview between her parents, which terminated soon in their separation. The younger ones knew not a father's love. His eye had beamed on them only in their infantile years; and when they witnessed the endearments of the domestic fire-side, where the prayers of the sire called down blessings on his offspring, they often wept that they were never to realize a father's tenderness. Delicacy forbade their asking Mrs. Wilmot any questions. Relatives mentioned him

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not; and they grew up to womanhood with this knowledge alone, that their father had forsaken his family, and thrown them on the world destitute.

A painful silence reigned through the little parlor from which Mrs. Wilmot had retired. Each seemed occupied with her own thoughts. Mary was weeping, and her tears had fallen unnoticed on her slate, obscuring a composition on which she had bestowed much labor.

"I do wish, sister Sophia, that Mr. Merrill had not popped into your head this morning; for my whole composition is spoiled; my ideas are so scattered that I cannot rearrange them; and, worse than all, mamma has been enveloped in gloom, by a few idle remarks."

"Mamma is too anxious about us, I think," replied Sophia.

At this momept a brother of Mrs. Wilmot entered the apartment. He noticed the gloom which had deprived his nieces of their usual hilarity, and his eye rested inquiringly on Sophia.

"Uncle, dear uncle," said his niece "You see us all sober. Some casual remarks have called to mamma's remembrance scenes that are past, over which memory weeps. Do tell us something of my father's history, and then let the veil of oblivion be drawn over his follies and his faults."

"I have felt for some time," remarked Mr. Converse, "that you ought to know something respecting him, that you might better appreciate your mother's situation, to enable you, if need should be, to imitate her firmness; and like her, acquire that strength of mind, which, by the blessing of a kind Providence, has borne her above the waves of affliction, which almost overwhelmed her. It is a little more than twenty years since your grandfather died, and left your mother heiress to a handsome property. By his will, his unmarried daughters could not come into possession of their share until their marriage day, and this circumstance may have induced them to marry rather prematurely. Many were the suitors who knelt at the shrine of youth, beauty and wealth. Your mother is now but the faded semblance of what she was at eighteen. Her heart was buoyant with hope, her figure possessed a fairy lightness, and scarcely ever did I see a cheek which glowed so beautifully with the hue of health.

"Ann had just returned from Litchfield, where she had spent some time under the care of Miss P. Admirers were numerous; and many there were whose plain manners and farmer-like address gained them a prompt refusal. I see them now in affluent circumstances, blessed with all that a bounteous heaven can bestow. They are men of influence and weight in society. O, how those girls mistake who refuse a man because he does not make an elegant appearance, when he possesses all the qualities needful to constitute a good husband!"

"Sophia," whispered Mary, "do you hear what uncle says? Don't marry a man because he is genteel, I beg of you."

"It was at this time," continued Mr. Converse, "that I met your father, Edward Wilmot, at W——, where he was established in the mercantile business. He was peculiarly fascinating in his personal appearance—a general favorite with all classes, and possessed a fund of wit and humor I scarce ever saw equalled. His exterior was imposing, and his features finely formed, without possessing that effeminacy which often attaches itself to a handsome man. It is not strange that the inexperienced heart of Ann Converse was captivated. I well recollect the hushed silence that reigned in the church in M——, as the young couple stood before the altar, and the venerable Mr. R.—— performed the nuptial ceremony. Beautiful! beautiful! was the exclamation of many, as with intense interest and throbbing heart I gazed on them.

"Ann was but a year my junior, and I was proud of such a sister. She

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looked with such a trusting confidence on him who was soon to be nearer than father, mother, brother or sister, I mentally said, can he ever betray the confidence of that trusting girl, and plant a thorn in her bosom?

"The blessing fell tremulously from the lips of that aged minister—their hands were joined—the ceremony was over—and, as I turned from the altar, I noticed a look, almost like severity, that sat sternly on the features of some of my father's friends. Perhaps they were unconscious of such an expression of feeling; but, as it was, it seemed to me an omen of evil.

"The life of Ann Converse had been one of unmingled gladness, until the death of her father; and now her joyous spirit basked in the sunshine of happiness. The rainbow of hope arched her sky, and she wished not to have her dream of domestic joy dispelled as illusory. Mr. Wilmot removed his bride immediately to his residence in W——. The first year of their married life was unmarked by any incident of unusual occurrence. At its expiration, Mr. Wilmot concluded to remove to a village about twelve miles from Ann's maternal residence. In that place, her property was expended in building and furnishing a splendid house. Her domestic management was characterized by neatness, economy and order. There was much that was attractive in the household arrangements of Mrs. Wilmot. There was always a cheerful smile and a well arranged table to meet Mr. Wilmot, when the duties of the day were over; but habits long formed will hardly be subdued, unless by firm principle. Mrs. Wilmot noticed that the absence of her husband at his business was becoming more and more protracted. Innocence suspects no evil, and her mind was always ready to form a favorable excuse for Edward's delay. Occupied with family cares, the lateness of the hour would often surprise her.

"One evening she was waiting, as usual, the return of her husband; the candle had twice burned to its socl she had read and sewed by turns while away the time, and again t up the daily paper. Her husba name arrested her eye. Can you i gine her surprise, when she found best furniture was to be sold at a tion the following day? She co hardly believe her eyes. Again read, and found it was an exact ca logue of her parlor furniture. A sorbed in painful reflection, she hee not the entrance of her husband un he stood at her side. The paper lay the stand before her, her finger s pointing to the advertisement, though to ascertain if she were inde correct.

"Mr. Wilmot, with an assumed of cheerfulness, exclaimed, 'What you prosing over, Ann?'

"His voice roused her. 'What do that mean?' she replied, her eye direc ing his to the paper.

"'O, it is that hateful paper th distresses you, Ann. I have been u fortunate—I am embarrassed; an rather than call on my friends, thought it best to part with articl that were not indispensably necessa to our comfort.'

"Your mother's devotion to her hu band was such, that it was enough know that he had been unfortunat and that such a sacrifice was nece sary.

"'It is trying,' was her reply, 'b I will meet it patiently.'

"The husband looked grateful, an with consummate care he directed he attention to the nestling babe in th cradle. The mother's tenderness wa awakened, and, as the infant pillowe its head on her bosom, the auction wa forgotten; the smiles of the little one beaming with love for its mother, help ed to dispel the gloom. Edward kisse his gentle wife, and, confidence restored she shed around her a fascinating in fluence.

"The auction came, and furnitur that was simple substituted in the plac of the elegant articles that had beer

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removed. There was no lack of attention to Mrs. Wilmot that could have induced her to think that her husband was irregular in his habits, except his prolonged absences. Time wore on, and a little group were gathering around them; and with the cares of a family, Ann had less time to devote to anxious forebodings. But a damp was thrown over her spirits when the long winter evenings came and went, and the erring one was rarely by his own fireside. When questioned as to the reason, the irritation which he betrayed grieved and dispirited his wife. Rumors were current of inattention to business; but she heard them not. The crisis at last approached; merchants in New York became impatient for their dues—his notes returned protested, and Mr. Wilmot was obliged to close his business. The mansion in which he lived was your mother's property, but it was sacrificed with the rest. She loved her husband not the less for being unfortunate, and strove with unwearied assiduity to impel him to renewed exertion; but ah! there was a fatal secret that she did not understand—a poison in the cup of her domestic bliss.

"The young couple had many friends, and Edward was soon re-established in business. But he was unfortunate—again they came to his aid. It was whispered that he 'played deeply.' Ann had borne their adversities without a murmur. She would not add to his trials by imputing his ill success to mismanagement, though there was something in his air which told that all was not right. He did not exhibit the same tenderness for his prattling babes—he rarely took them on his knee; and when their fond mother placed them in his arms, as in other days, there seemed no music in the laugh of infancy, to awaken a father's sympathy. Mrs. Wilmot accidentally found several packs of cards, and these unfolded the page of her husband's misfortunes. She could now account for his nightly absences. She could realize the cause

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of that infatuation which had desolated their fire-side, and had made their once happy home a wilderness. The discovery was a death-blow—the funeral knell of hope and happiness. She wrapped the fatal cards in an envelope, on which she wrote her name, and laid them in his secretary. Edward knew by the drooping spirits of his wife that his character was exposed, and that she had learned that he was a gamester. The barrier was removed, and from this time he plunged deeply into dissipation. He became entirely absorbed in his midnight revelries.

"He was entreated to forbear—but entreaties were useless. 'I shall restore my broken fortunes,' he would say, 'and wealth shall again be yours.' An *ignis fatuus* lured him on—his health became impaired—his business was utterly neglected, and my poor sister, with her helpless family, were left without the means of support. He did not treat her with harshness; but, O! such cruel neglect. He sacrificed at the card-table his property, his health and his honor. The full moon, just sinking to her rest, often witnessed him stealing to the sleepless bed-side of his wife; till at length self respect seemed entirely lost, and he would absent himself for several days, none knew where. Friends urged a separation. They had tried to reclaim him—they had remonstrated—they were at length disgusted. Their object was now to prevail upon Mrs. Wilmot to return to the home of her childhood. O, how the lone heart will cling in its bitterness to that which it has loved! She still hoped he would change; and when she thought of the work of ruin which had been accomplished in a few short years, how could she leave her husband to degradation—a lost, a ruined man? She roused herself from the lethargy which hung over her and determined to exert herself to obtain an adequate support for herself and her little ones.

"To open a boarding house appeared the most appropriate method of doing

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this, and in her efforts she was for awhile successful; but Mr. Wilmot's infatuation was such, that all consideration for his family seemed absorbed in one fatal passion. Again and again were the silver and other valuable articles taken from the house, and deposited with the pawn-broker. Articles of dress were staked at the table. Large sums of money were often taken from the house, but never returned. Your mother found it impossible to contend with such accumulated difficulties. She arranged her affairs, and with five children—the eldest perhaps eleven—returned to the home which she, a happy bride, had left twelve years before. She was but thirty years of age—still lovely—but sorrow had withered the rose on her cheek; and had it not been that her mind was nerved with more than ordinary strength, she would have sunk into an untimely grave. The affections of her heart had been seared and withered, her family thrown dependent on the charity of friends, and he who was pledged to cherish and protect through weal and woe, had fallen from his station in society, and become an outcast.

"Mrs. Wilmot felt, 'Never was there sorrow like unto my sorrow.' Although she drooped, she fainted not. She had learned, during her afflictions, to put her trust in an unfailing source of consolation; and when the rebellious tear would fall, the murmuring word would die on her lips, and she would meekly say, 'The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' When she looked on her children, she felt the necessity of exertion. Much devolved on her, and she acted with corresponding energy, devoting herself entirely to their education.

"For several years I had spent my time in N—— T——, my delicate health unfitting me for attention to business. I resolved immediately to come and reside with my sister, and aid her in the task of educating her fatherless babes; for so they soon were. But a few months fled ere intelligence was conveyed to us of the death of Mr. Wilmot. We mourned—but we mourned not as those without hope. A ray of light gleamed over the dying pillow, and He who forgave the thief on the cross, spoke peace to the departing spirit of your father. Yet we mourned that nature's noble architecture should have been so fearfully destroyed. We wept that the manly Edward had not power to contend with those fascinations which were the wreck of hope, peace and life.

"You weep, my dear girls. Let the veil of oblivion rest on his memory; and raise it not but to dwell on his virtues, for he had many. Strive to fulfill the duties which shall be assigned you. Imitate the example of your mother in her tenderness—her fortitude—her faith—and may nought but peace be written on the page of your destiny."

It had been an unwelcome task for Mr. Converse to speak thus of the dead, and he revolved in his mind some mode of dissipating the sadness which he had increased by this recital; and then he recollected a ride which he had in contemplation when he entered the room. "My carriage is at the door, girls; who would like to ride?"

"We will all go as soon as we get our faces washed, dear uncle," said Martha.

"But, why are you not preparing, Mary?" exclaimed the kind uncle.

"Why," she replied, smiling through her tears, "I have to carry a composition to school this afternoon, and only look! I had it all written on my slate, and now you cannot see but a word here and there. Now, I will go to ride if you will give me a few heads—my subject, The Old Bachelor."

"Agreed, agreed, said Mr. Converse, as he kissed the cheek of his favorite niece.

A knock at the door arrested their preparation, and a domestic slipped in with a request from Mr. Merrill to see Miss Sophia. The party, equipped for the ride, were soon in the carriage, and

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Sophia was left to a solitary *tete-a-tete* with her fascinating beau. The tale she had just heard was sufficient to prevent her bestowing her hand on the elegant James Merrill. Future events showed that "all is not gold that glitters;" and in after life she was grateful that she had not been involved in the fate of the defaulter.

Is God Cognizable by the Reason.

BY W. L. PENFIELD.

THERE are two methods whereby God is supposed to be knowable,—one through the medium of sense, the other by intuition, by pure reason abstracted from all relation to material things. The proofs of God's existence drawn from the latter are twofold: First, from the existence of reason in man; second, from certain ideas contained in the reason, called universal and necessary. This last species of proof we shall not attempt. We shall not attempt the proof by those universal and necessary ideas, which, it is claimed, can not be got from empirical knowledge, and hence must have been implanted in the mind by God, nor another species of proof based on the existence of the absolute in ethics which affords a powerful argument in demonstration of God's existence.

Before considering the question affirmatively and in its most exhaustive phase, let us look at the negative of the question, by inquiring, can there be a God who is *not* cognizable by the reason? If God is, He must have intelligence and universality. Now, a certain necessary attribute of intelligence is activity. Where activity is not, intelligence is not. Mental activity is thought, and where there is no thought there is no intelligence. A supreme, universal intelligence must display activity, and thereby manifests its existence. If this universal intelligence manifests its existence, its activity, it must be apprehended in some form and degree by us, who are intelligent beings. Reiterating the inquiry, can there be a God who is *not* cognizable by the reason? the answer is obvious. If God is, He must in some way be cognizable by the reason. We are next to consider the question affirmatively. How is God's existence made known to the reason?

Before seeking the solution of this problem, it may be well to consider the argument of induction to God's existence by relation to the material universe. Can we prove, by the laws and existence of the material universe, that there is a Supreme Ruler? It is said that the universe manifests system, harmony, regularity in its movements; and this illustrates the workings and supervision of a Ruling Intelligence. This is controverted by fatalists, who undertake to show that this may be the result of the logic of nature, or of necessity, in the evolution of material things; that the existence of matter has been eternal, and that in its spontaneous, successive evolutions, it assumes this regularity (or what is termed regularity) of movement; but that this apparent regularity of movement is so called simply because we have been always accustomed to behold it; that whatever we behold manifesting itself in definite succession and apparent uniformity, may not, in its essence, be at all uniform, but precisely the re-

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verse. And, again, the life of the human race has been too brief to authorize us to affirm that regularity, or permanent harmony, is a characteristic of the universe; that a few thousand years is hardly more than a cipher in the history of matter. So that the inductive argument in proof of God's existence is thereby crippled. But again, we cannot measure the breadth of the universe; by the most powerful applications of science we do not, can not fathom the depths of space. And thus, while we may grant, for argument's sake, that at this point in the world of matter we behold only apparent harmony, yet far beyond our power of penetration, into the fields of space, matter may exist in a state of chaos. And still further, it is asserted by Mr. Mill, that beyond this hemisphere of matter may exist another, which is not governed by the same physical laws as our own, but by precisely the reverse, where the principles the most absolute —the mathematical—should conflict, where four right lines should describe a circle, and two and two make five. But, rejecting this latter as an absurdity, it cannot be denied that though the apparent order and harmony of visible matter demonstrate the strongest probability of God's existence, the demonstration, from its lack of absoluteness, does not establish the certainty of his existence. And, so, if there is a God, it can not be absolutely proven by the argument of induction. It becomes necessary, then, to show that God is knowable to pure reason, abstracted from all relation to matter, and to find in the profundities of mind the proof of his existence.

If God exists He must be known to pure reason; and having shown that, if God exists, it is impossible that He should not be so discovered, we proceed with the attempt to demonstrate how this existence is discovered to the reason. In order to do this we must first ascertain what are the necessary attributes of a God:

1st.—He must be intelligence; for else He is mere blind necessity—no God at all.

2d.—He must possess the power of self-determination, that is, of willing what shall and what shall not be; for otherwise he would be powerless—no God at all.

3d.—He must be self-conscious, that is, conscious of Himself as distinct from all other forms of being; for else He would have nothing to rule but Himself—a king without a kingdom. He must possess the attribute of self-consciousness, of the distinction of the ego from the non-ego, in order to exercise the attribute of a ruler, that is a subject to rule distinct from the ruler.

4th.—Since He must be intelligence, He must display activity, and to display activity it must be in creation; or, even granted for argument's sake, that matter is co-eternal with Him, yet he must have new-moulded it into various forms in order to mental activity. And

5th.—Whatever he creates must bear the marks of intelligence. It is impossible for an intelligent Creator to create in an ignorant, unartistic manner. Moreover, the creator is never, can be never inferior to the created. It is impossible for an unintelligent creator to create an intelligent creature. Now, again, question our reason. Is intellect created by a non-intelligent being? Does not our reason testify that intelligence created it? Then is not God knowable to the reason, at least in this attribute of intelligence, which was necessary to, and which He reveals in the creation of human intelligence? Thus is His intelligence discovered to us. And in order that the Divine Intelligence might create, it must have the other attributes of self-determination and self-consciousness. Thus we know there is a God.

But to this it may be replied, the reason is a product of matter. According to Darwin's theory of development, man, the noblest work of God, the crown of nature, may trace his origin to the ignoblest parentage in

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some infinitesimal, irrational life-germ. He may trace his lineage, in the remote, ancient ages, to an atom of jelly, endued with just enough life to distinguish it from death. By an indefinite, progressive development, by a gradual ascension in the scale of being, he has at last attained his high pitch of physical and intellectual excellence. He is simply the latest, maturest expression of matter. It is, hence, affirmed that mind is not a spiritual edifice enthroned in man, ready to be occupied by knowledge; it is not an endowment of ideas by the divinity; it is not a spark got from the light of divine intellect; but the entire man is simply a vital material organism, which possesses the capacity of receiving and retaining impressions made on the organs of sense by the exterior world; and that retaining and assimilating these impressions, man comes to possess what is called ideas, knowledge, mind, soul, reason. Similarly to the shrub which by some subtle, unknown alchemy, assimilates to itself certain particles which, under given modes, determine its magnitude, its form, its density, its elasticity, its life or death; so the mind is but a collection of impressions on a material background, determined by given modes to idiocy, or growth or death, and that when the human-organism perishes in the embrace of death, the mind is annihilated. If then the mind is material,—and not a divine, immaterial essence, a spark from the One Parent Mind,—there is no God; and, therefore, not cognizable by the reason. For, since by this theory, mind is material, its source was also material; and it is only necessary to presuppose the eternity of matter, and thence we derive man, with all the various forms of being in the universe.

But we know of no adequate proof that the development of anything is unlimited. We know of nothing in science to authorize us to bridge the chasm between man and the mushroon by a hypothesis of development. It is considered established that while species may be diversified, genera never. We know of nothing in the history of natural science to show that an acorn, by any cunning magic of art or time, can be transformed or developed into an orange, or a horse into a lion, or *vice versa*. Natural science teaches that every genius maintains inviolate and unimpaired its own identity, while the species under each genus may be diversified indefinitely. This being granted, how can we account for the existence of man, of reason? Since genera never intermingle so as to lose their identity, since one genus cannot be produced from another, whence does man derive his origin, unless from a Superior Being? The creature must be inferior to the creator, and nothing less than God could have created man.

The problem as to what mind is, is yet unsolved. Perhaps from its nature it does not admit of solution. Some physicists think matter can be resolved into force, and, consequently, if mind is material, all would be resolvable into force. What then is force? Is it absolutely immaterial? Is it intelligent? Is it God? In the materialistic view it is neither of these. But so long as the problem of matter is yet unsolved, is it not more philosophical, does it not accord better with right reason to conclude that this primal force is intelligent, is God, from whose bosom sprang all things, and that mind, soul, reason, is a divine essence, "a piece of the divinity within us?" Wordsworth says, with as deep philosophy as sublime poetry:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

He that is his own appraiser will be mistaken in the value.

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MADAME GUYON.

Translated from the French.

BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

GREAT was the change which I had now experienced; but still in my exterior life, that part of my life which came under the observation of others, I appeared to them quite simple, unobtrusive, and common. And the reason was, that my soul was not only brought into harmony with itself and with God, but with God's providences. In the exercise of faith and love, I endured and performed whatever came in God's providence, in submission, in thankfulness, and silence. I was now in God and God in me; and where God is, there is as much simplicity as power. And what I did was done in such simplicity and childlikeness of spirit, that the world did not observe anything which was much calculated to attract notice.

I had a deep peace; a peace which seemed to pervade the whole soul. A peace which resulted from the fact that all my desires were fulfilled in God. I desired nothing; feared nothing; willed nothing. I feared nothing; that is to say, I feared nothing considered in its ultimate results and relations, because my strong faith placed God at the head of all perplexities and all events. I desired nothing but what I now had, because I had a full belief, that in my present state of mind the results of each moment, considered in relation to myself, constituted the fulfillment of the divine purposes.

From this time I found myself in the enjoyment of what may be termed liberty. Being free from all natural or unholy desires, which cannot fail to restrict and embarrass the ease of the mind's action, my mind experienced a remarkable facility in doing and suffering everything which presented itself in the order of God's providence order became its law. In fu this law it experienced no inw pugnance, but fulfilled its own wishes, and therefore could not conscious of the highest inward l When the soul loses the limit fishness—a limit which fixes t in itself,—it has no limit but i who is without limits. What then, can be placed to the lengt breadth of its freedom?

I regard the deprivations an sufferings of Job, and his subs restoration to prosperity and manifestations of the divine favo history which illustrates, as if mirror, the process of inward and inward resurrection which perienced by those who arrive state of full interior transform God first took away everything then restored everything, as it an hundred fold. And so in t ward life. Our worldly posses our property, our influence, our tation, our health, are taken aw God sees it necessary; he then r our domestic and other affections, have persons for their objects r than things, either by smiting or ering the affections in themselv in the objects to which they ar tached. He then proceeds to cr the subject of the divine operati any attachment to and any reliam his outward works as a ground of and acceptance. In its death to e thing where self reigns instead of the mind dies also to any sense o own inward exercises and virtue far as they are a ground of self-g lation and of interior complacency

In some persons, though not many," we have had occasion to re in another place, "the natural ma the comparative sense of the te dies easily. These persons seem have an intuitive appreciation of God justly and necessarily requ They see, with the clearness of li that it is impossible at the same t to serve God and Mammon. Acc

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ingly, they submit themselves to the leadings and the power of God, without resistance. They yield readily and willingly, like the lamb that is led to the slaughter; and the result is, that the inward crucifixion, though not less deep and thorough, is personally less afflictive. The Holy Ghost proceeds gently but constantly in his operations; unbinding every tie of nature; cutting loose every ligament which fastens the soul to the earth, until, in its freedom from the slavery of the world, it expands and rejoices in the liberty of God.

Other persons, and we may add, the great majority of persons, are not brought to this state of freedom from the world and of union with God, without passing through exceeding afflictions, both external and internal.

Madame Guyon, in the following poem, pictures, in a most striking manner, the uses of sorrow's crosses when the soul is fully resigned to the will of God. It is entitled

"THE JOY OF THE CROSS"

Long plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune Thee, night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course,
Prescribed them by love's sweetest force,
And I thy sovereign will.
Without a wish to escape my doom;
Though still a sufferer from the womb.
And doomed to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way
A never failing friend;
But, if my sufferings mayaugment
Thy praise, behold me well content,
Let sorrow still attend!

It cost me no regret, that she,
Who followed Christ, should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all her woes.

Adieu! ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy besides, to me is dross
And Jesus thought so too.

The cross! Oh, ravishment and bliss—
How grateful e'en its anguish is;
Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Taste happiness complete.

Souls, once enabled to disdain
Base, sublunary joys, maintain
Their dignity secure;
The fever of desire is passed,
And love has all its genuine taste,
Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in Sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true love employ,
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of my fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
The cross have ever borne!
Oh tell me,— life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the cross and follow Thee
Where love and duty leads, shall be
My portion and my praise.

OH! how precious ought every hour to be, when each may be the last!

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CAONABO.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, ADRIAN.

The following poem is founded on historical incidents narrated by Washington Irving in his "Columbus."

PART I.

A nooonday sun was blazing high;
Nor cloud, nor mist went sweeping by
To mar the bright cerulean dome,
Or dim the vistas of sea-foam.
With never ceasing ebb and tide,
With angry surges swelling wide,
Wild sweeping round the verdant isle,
Fierce lashing many a rock-built pile,
And bursting 'gainst the headlands bold,
The great deep ocean ever rolled.
So fair the sweet, romantic scene,
All glowing in its sunny sheen,
It seemed a Paradise upbuilt
For beings free from earthly guilt,
Elysian fields forever blest,
Where god-like spirits ever rest.
Waving in slow, majestic time
The palm-trees bent in musical chime
Beneath the breeze's gentle sigh;
Or from the sun's unclouded eye,
Protected many a merry group,
Who dwelt in happy Gaudaloupe.
Fair, fair, that sea-born island grew
With blooming glories ever new.
No other land was ever seen
Where forests blent in brighter green,
Where birds, and flowers, and rocks and dells,
Where bubbling fount, and glowing shell,
Where gentle slopes and mountain hights,
Could fill the heart with more delights.
As in the days of olden time
When nymphs and naids to the chime
Of silver cascades sang and danced,
Or through the fragrant bowers glanced.
So here, beneath the palm-trees' shade,
In naught but floral crowns arrayed,
A band of Indian beauties throng,
To pass in dance and merry song,
In harmless sport and cheerful play,
The bright and sunny hours away.
Within that blest and joyous land
No need to toil with foot or hand,
No need to spin, or weave, or sew;
For wintry winds there never blow.
The glit'ring string of pearls and gems
Gay plumage wrought in diadem
The palm-leaf fan, the floral brai
Sufficed for matron and for maid
Filled all demands of fashion the
And left no room for thought or
They gather not with sweat their
Since earth and sea around them
Free as the waves upon their sho
Broad tables filled with bounteou
Anlulah, bride of some great chi
Whose name hath perished like t
Chilled by a fierce, untimely fro
Whose very nation now is lost,
Here held her wild and sylvan co
And led her maidens in their spo
Their parrots dyed in ev'ry tint
The sunbeams on the flowers pri
High perched on dancers' lifted l
Mingle their tones with the
bands.
On! on! they whirl till weary fee
Rebuke the dancers' merry beat.
Then round the fair Anlulah thro
And sing with her, her hunter's

Far o'er the hills and the moun
'Midst the bright waters and fo
Through the green forest and
Gath'ring bananas and flowers,
Dearly loved husband is strayi
Dearest companion is straying.

Zemes* protect him and bless h
Bring him to arms that caress h
Hasten his joyful returning
Where my bright watch-fires a
ing;
Haste to the scene of my longi
Soothing my heart that is lón

Bright be the skies ever glowi
Cool the clear streams ever flo
Cheering the breezes of ocean,
Blessing my lover's devotion;
Bless him, ye powers eternal,
Bless him with pleasures super

Thus fair Anlulah, loving bride,
Sang her song of love and pride;
Sang with her maidens till the bi
'Mid blooming treetops. caught t
And sang with many an added str
The happy singers' sweet refrain.
A change came o'er that sunny d
The music slowly died away;
High up the azure sky unrolled
A darksome cloud its pennons bol
And o'er the mountain's distant b
Threw wide a sad and sombre hue
And shadows cast upon the spray,

*Zemes—guardian spirits.

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That silvered white their island bay,
Spell-bound upon the glassy deep.
They gaze. "What wondrous beings sweep,
With white and snowy wings spread wide
So swiftly o'er the gleaming tide?"
Afraid to stay, afraid to fly,
With trembling limb and staring eye
In wonder fixed, they mutely stand;
And watched those monsters near the strand.
Two Spanish ships in lofty pride,
Within the quiet harbor glide.
The anchors drop upon the sand,
And men prepare to seek the land.
Their eyes had never seen a sight
So strange, so dread and full of fright.
"What are those mighty beings there?
What seek they in our island fair?
Are they some birth of ocean slime,
Or from some far; mysterious clime?
Perhaps they're birds of stainless wing
From Tury's* fields where spirits sing?
Seek they our land to bless us more,
Or drive us from our native shore?
See how athwart the monster's sides,
The red fire leaps, bright o'er the tide.
The rolling clouds that round them whirl
And high towards lofty heaven curl.
Hark! how their bursting voices roar
With frighful echoes on our shore.
They must be Gods who dwell afar
Where clouds and storms forever mar
The bright sunshine of Tury's sun.
From that dark realm of clouds they come
To tell us where the thunders grow,
And how the winged lightnings go
Gleaming where sullen skies are riven,
And lighting up the depths of heaven."
Thus questioned those who silent stood
Beneath the dark o'er-hanging wood.
Another sight amazes more;
They see strange beings near the shore;
"Like men they seem, with faces white,
Whose raiments shine with golden light,
Bright beings from high Tury's dome;
Descended from the sunlight's home,
Come down to earth perchance to bless
Our race and give true happiness."
Bright dreams, alas! how soon they fled
Midst scenes of woe and carnage dread.
The glit'ring straud the strangers gain,
And seek at once Anlulah's train;
Then urged by fear's resistless power,
They fly in haste their wild-wood bower.
Anlulah's rapid flight was vain;
A vessel bound for ancient Spain
Received the captive Indian bride
And bore her o'er the ocean tide.
"Alas! Anlulah, never more
Shalt thou behold thy native shore;
Shalt never spend the sunny hours
Beneath thy well-beloved bow'rs,
Nor mingle with thy kindred race,
Or gaze upon thy chieftain's face.
He too perchance thy brave cacique
In sorrow and distress shall seek,
Through all the wilds of Gaudaloupe—
Upon the crags where eagles stoop,
Through valleys green with many fragrant groves,
In narrow dells and sheltered coves,
And o'er the floods, with anxious brow,
With eager hand and daring prow,
Where neighb'ring isles are tempest tossed,
For thee, the fair, the loved and lost."
Thus plained with many a sad refrain,
The maids of sweet Anlulah's train.

TO BE CONTINUED.

*Tury—the Calib's heaven

Feb. 4.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

A common Chinaman has no other idea of life than to work steadily, do his own cooking, washing, ironing and mending, and spend a great deal less than he earns.

His father and all his ancestors, as far back as to the time of Aaron or of Abraham, had no other idea of life. A hut, a few yards of cloth, a double handful of rice or wheat, a slice of pork, a frying-pan, and a strip of rush matting for a bed—these are what he is born to, and with these, in his own land, he expects to die, and die content. When he comes to America, his simple aim is to lay up a small sum of money on which he can live at ease when he goes back. I saw a miner 52 years old; he looked thin and worn, as though he had never known anything but steady toil and rough fare. He has been here five years, and has $300 in gold. Last Monday he took the steamer to Canton. He will go home to his wife and be a man in easy circumstances the rest of his days. They make no eight-hour protests; they have no strikes; they cannot understand what a Trade Union means. They will work for 50 cents till they hear of some man who gives 60. Then they go to work for him till they know of a chance to make 75. They have no bar-rooms; they drink no strong drink; they do not fight, or curse, or break

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things. But they love to smoke in the evening, and it amuses them greatly to throw a pile of little brass coin, ten of which make a cent, on the middle of a table, and bet that when the heap is counted off it will turn out odd. Some bet a dime that it will count out odd, as 27 or 31. Others bet 25 cents that the count will be even. I did not see anybody bet over 25 cents, but I was told that late at night they grow reckless and bet their pipes and their clothes, all their tobacco, and at last a wife. But the class of gamesters is not large. Most of them after work cuddle down by a little fire where rice and the legs and head of a hen are boiling and chatter about the day's work, about what some other miner or laborer has found, about what some wicked "Melican man" has done, about home, and having their ashes carried back to China to sleep beside the bones of their ancestors and under the grim smile of some ancient wooden god. Presently the chatter lulls away, the little rush beds are spread and Chang-Ty in dreams is far in the Flowery Land. But with daylight he ties up the little roll of rush carpeting, lays it on a shelf, eats a cup of boiled wheat and sucks a chicken wing, and anon the pick with slow but unceasing swing is hacking into the bank, the barrows are filled, the planks are handled, the rails spiked, and the work goes on as fast as though pushed by Irish muscle on American nerve.

Though they work on railroads and in wheat fields and work well, I think they will be found most useful about houses and gardens and in factories. They have a wonderful aptness for doing just as they see the "Melican man" do, For example, the Chinese Quarters in Sacramento caught fire and burned down a few months ago. They hired an American carpenter to put them up one cabin. As he worked they stood by and watched like cats. When the house was done they paid him his price, and then fell to with saws and hammers and put up a row of houses *exactly* like the pattern. They copied him inch for inch and nail for nail. This people do not reason. They have no original ideas. They do a thing not because they know why it should be, but because they saw it so in the pattern they go by. In remembering the movements of the teacher and following him with blind obedience they have no equals. There is with them but one right way. They pound their drum in the Joss-house just thirty-eight times, thirty-seven would impiety; thirty-nine a sacrilege. If t see a carpenter drive five nails into a c board, they always and ever after five nails in a board of that length. would break the charm. This blind a racy makes them good machinists. T are very quick to understand a sew machine, a spindle, a loom, a carding chine and a turning lathe. Ponder engines and the locomotive they do like to use. They seem frightful and without connection with evil but migh genii. They love delicate but marvel arts. The happiest Chinaman I saw San Francisco was assistant in a first-cl photographic gallery. The alacrity w which he brought out the plate from dark room, the unction with which hurried it back to the dusky and cher cal-smelling closet, the delight with whi he studied the wonderful imprint of t sun, are ever fresh and wholly witho limit. In handling shoemakers' to they show the utmost facility, and lea each step thoroughly yet in a wonde fully short time. So of the jeweler's a Their quick, patient and rapid touch e actly suits watchmaking, and I expe soon to see hundreds of them busy Waltham and Elgin and Jersey City.

Their religion is mainly a dim fear ill luck from the vengeance of some gloom deity. Worship, in the proper sense the word, they know nothing of. Th ceremonies at Joss-houses appear to b an effort to guess the future by the tos or the burning of little sticks. The hope, also, on certain great days, to pleas the wooden idol by burned perfumes, o with a multitudinous snap of fire-crackers But they are not wedded to paganism b a priestly system. They are eager t learn our language, gladly attend sunday schools, where they are taught to read in the New Testament, recite passages o Scripture, and repeat the Command ments. The charity of the Christian religion impresses them deeply, and the blessed immortality brought to light in the Gospel is to them as new as it is inconceivably desirable.

The Chinese are destined to become the under stratum of American society, and lift every class above them to a higher level. In a few years they can be hired for $14 or $15 a month, and at that rate earn 200 per cent. more than in their native country. This will compel the Irish to till the land and become small farmers on their own hook. When rail-

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roads can be built with labor at $10 a month, every valley in California will have one running through it, along the line of which Irishmen, and Germans, and Swedes will settle on small tracts of their own. It was proved by fair experiment in tunneling the Sierra Nevadas for the Pacific Railroad that the Chinese, though not so heavy-muscled as the Irish, do more work in a given length of time. The Irishman hits at random and wastes his strength—the Chinaman never.

As house servants the Chinamen have no superiors. The monotonous routine of domestic drudgery does not wear upon his patience. He is always on time, is not thievish, does not clamor for privileges, is not wasteful of his master's substance, does precisely as he is shown how *to do*, but will leave any place for higher wages at short notice.

For factory work they are admirably suited. Quick to learn, deft in handling machinery, patient beyond comparison, they soon master all the details of manufacture, and having once been shown how a piece of work must be done, never vary from the original pattern. They are monopolizing the factory work on the Pacific coast, and will gradually do so in other parts of the country. A class of laborers industrious, patient and skillful, who always pay their debts, spend less than they earn, do their work well, and mind their own business, should be welcomed to our shores.

J. B. L.

ALL'S WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty soul with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls, to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven;
On gleams of star and depths of blue,
The glaring sunshine never knew.

Two Dangers and the Remedy.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our institutions are in danger not only from foreign immigration, but from the vast mass and burden of ignorance in the land. In New England the peril from this source is small, in fact if there is any danger there, it must be from the opposite—too much intellectual pride. And yet for the nation at large, ignorance is a threatening enemy. Ignorance is dangerous everywhere, but in this country it is treason and death.

After the first Napoleon had crushed Germany like an egg-shell, she did not commence fortifying by building castles and forts on her frontier. No, but a thorough and most extensive system of education for the people was inaugurated, which has been rigidly prosecuted until the present day. I hope the apparent fatuity of the French leaders was a divine providence. The fact that Prussia taught her sons military science, and that every one of them required to serve for a time in the army, does not interfere with the other science which she teaches—indeed the union of both rendered the system complete. The people were intelligent, and in this and in its unity did the strength of Germany consist. Had it not been for this they would have been dashed helplessly upon the rocks when the assault was made upon them. The fatuity of the French, then I must believe, was the will of divine Providence, and it may be that He has determined they shall be ground to powder, that everything old and effete may be eliminated, and the new formation be of better material.

In the new order of things, free schools may rise, and needed reforms be introduced, and the crushing blow prove the greatest blessing that ever befell the nation, and our old friend and ally—the country of Lafayette—will have been driven by necessity to put herself on the same plane of intelligence with Germany.

If there is any missionary work, it is the common schools, which are to be founded among the poor and ignorant people of the land. There is no greater influence for good than that which flows from the common schools of the people. Foreign immigrants stand in need of this benign influence of education. Ignorance cannot be allowed to exist in this climate,

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and the education which this Association offers to the ignorant, touches one of the points of extreme danger.

If we turn our attention for a few moments to other parts of the world, we shall observe that Italy and other nations are beginning to take care of the education of their people. Ought we not to continue doing the same? Is this a time for us to hold back? There is nothing more vitally connected with religion than this work of education. This age demands such a work. And though the distribution of tracts to the community at large is a very laudable work, yet I consider it scarcely a necessity of the nation. The education we must have, with its moral and saving uses. The burden imposed upon us would be insupportable, if we did not attach the highest importance to the education of the people. The foreign elements upon our shores would exhale miasmas, and breed natural chills and fevers, without it.

But much the greater danger to which we are exposed, is the growing and insatiable desire on the part of our people, to accumulate wealth. The number of those engaged in this pursuit is innumerable, and without a precedent in the annals of the world. The church has more to fear from the money power of the country than from anything else or everything else. All tendencies show that there is to be a race for wealth such as the world never saw before. The avenues to wealth are so various, the methods of accumulation are so multiform, that the impulse for it is absorbing everything else. There is such vast wealth laid buried, waiting only the master hand to uncover it and grasp it, and so wide a field for skill and adventure, that men of every profession are abandoning their legitimate callings for the rewards of this. Even ministers think they must go "where they can amass wealth for the cause of Christ," but, singular enough, when they obtain it many of them forget to devote it to religious uses. (Laughter.) I have noticed that these well-intentioned persons never act up to their professions. The young student goes where he thinks he can amass most money (in the cause of Christ of course) and the clergy is being prostituted and destroyed by wealth! Withdrawing young men from higher and nobler pursuits, it is demoralizing the people at large, and spreading corruption everywhere. Preaching falls upon such men as rain falls upon the slates on the roof of our houses. The ranks of the clergy thinning out, and suitable men for sacred office are becoming scarce. It been said in the British Parliament when the profits of the Slave trade re four hundred per cent. the whole B navy could not suppress it. A com tion of money has made our institu in New York a farce; indeed, it has en rassed, if it has not endangered the ernment itself. It has not hesitate utter threats as to what it would do.

American tendencies are all centri and all American families explod soon as they are old enough to get ried. In England it is just the oppo the tendency is centripetal, and serv build up large families. There can l learned aristocracy here, and intelle circles when formed, are small. We l no such thing as family aristocracy in country. Two or three families, perh have come down from the Puritans unimpaired fortunes, but the tende I repeat, is to explode and divide, w in the mother country, all unite to en the eldest son. I say we cannot hav aristocracy of talent, as the knowing are not generally rich, and the rich not generally knowing, which, after is, perhaps, a fair distribution. there is, practically, an aristocracy wealth, the only acknowledged aristo cy in the land, which, if suffered to gr will ultimately result in immeasura mischief. If this state of things is changed, there is no choice but to sui This is the thing which we need conti ally to watch. In my opinion the dan from these is far greater than from number of foreigners. We have little fear from abroad, certainly from Western coast. The country is not large, though it would be if it were very flexible. But every state is a hin and they rise and fall with the state public opinion. I believe in the broth hood of men, but I am glad to know th all the nations of Europe combined cou not send force enough to harm us now.

We are not so large, as a nation, as be in danger from ourselves. There the greatest variety of local interes If it was a one man power, the count could be plunged into bloody wars wi other nations, but as it is, though a w might suit one section, another mig protest. The influence of the East offse that of the West, that of the North ba ances that of the South. There is litt danger from intestine differences, ther

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The people boil up occasionally, ...y can stand boiling, anything but ...tion. Volcanic soil is remarkable ...fertility. There is a power in re... that can look all these evils square... the face. Anything is better than ...d calm of conservatism and inac...

...ieve the time has come when it is ...tely necessary to effect a restate... of Christianity, as well as a funda... re-examinanation of creeds, pre... in them all substantial facts ...doctrines without losing shape or ...gth, and in a far more usable form ... they now are. When spears were ... made they were huge and clumsy, ...in after years, as art progressed, they ... shaved down, made more graceful, ... less unwieldly, but it was the same ...rial, and the strength of the spear ... not impaired. There are changes ...sed which aim at the very founda... of society, changes which could only ...deplored if successful, especially at the ...nt time. There is debate whether ...re be a Christ, or even whether He be ...ad so much as an elder brother. It ... extremely dangerous to attempt a ...nge of base in the presence of the en... It is more so now with all these ... in the field fronting us, and ready ... the onset. But I believe there is ...t in the forces of Jesus Christ which ... over-ride all opposition, whether of ...nce, or otherwise. The great truths ... religion cannot be refuted by the ab... demonstrations of science.

I believe God will call young men and ...men to the work now, when they are ... much needed. Looking forward to ...siding at a good man's home and ta..., is an ambition not to be thought ...htly of. But in days of old there was ... prophetess in every tenth family, and ...w there should be a like proportion ... this holy cause. The church is still ...ive. Jesus Christ is in the midst of ...r. All of her children are not going ...ter mammon.

Some souls glow with a spirit not of ...is world. The time is not far distant ...en the heathenism of the Chinese in ...is land shall be blown away by the ...irit of an awakened church. It does ...t require popular preachers to save the ...urch. If she is to be saved at all, it ...ill be by men full of faith, and of the ...oly Ghost; meek, lowly, in whose hands ...e word of God is as fire. We want then ...en and women of intense faith, intense self-denial, and intense power of practical work. Heroism is not yet dead, and the time is approaching, when the uprising conscience of the nations will be prolific to an astonishing extent. He that is to transfuse the nations must himself be tranfused with the spirit of the Master. Trials and blood are the price which must be paid into God's exchequer for whatever of great good is accomplished here on earth.

Let us be content to be as our Master. Through the veil we get glimpses of the coming rest and glory. Let us work on faithfully, till we are summoned to the higher work, and the unspeakable joys of our Heavenly home.

The Attractions of the Infinite.

THE instinctive longing for the infinite, existing in the soul itself, cannot be satisfied by any earthly longing, sensual gratification, or external possession. Made "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever," man is ruined and eternally miserable if he refuses to fulfill the destiny for which he was created. His misery springs from the root of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him, which, with all its cunning, he cannot succeed in burying under the finite.

This element developing in its normal growth, gives us our true saints; those who live but to love God, and to serve man. But like all human gifts, it may be perverted. It is some such perverted apprehension or illusory longing for the infinite, which causes a man to surrender himself, heart and soul, to the despotic tyranny of some ruling habit, some favorite and engrossing pursuit. Alas! it often leads the most gifted of our race to devote all their energies, thoughts, feelings, to one faulty, fading, changing object, vainly pouring that worship upon the creature, which should be rendered only to the Creator.

The despair which this feeling sometimes occasions in the perverted soul of one intent upon feeding it with the

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gross aliments of the debased senses, is, without doubt, a very frequent cause of suicide. It may lead, in the soul of the infidel or sensualist, to the idolatry of art. It is a feeling, and requires direction. When enlightened by revelation and purified by faith, it manifests in the sublime abnegation and ardent love of the faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

This is a pregnant subject; under this strange caption might be written the psychological history of most human dispair.

"The Fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon
Lit by rays from the blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trace him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect
His eyes seek in vain."

Thus is faith a necessity of the soul, "the evidence of things not seen."

The idea of eternity is necessarily evolved from the negation contained in the limited meaning of the word time. Eternity is the all embracing, completely complete time.

Those who have seen a holy death leave a calm and beautiful smile upon the face of a dying Christian, can scarcely help believing that the beginning of a blissful eternity has impressed itself upon the rapt features, actually breaking through the shackles of time before the prisoner was emancipated from its fetters. And those brief intervals of rapture which are sometimes experienced in the midst of earnest and ardent devotion—what are they but eternity thus manifesting itself through time in the soul? Those who have been rescued from the very jaws of death, frequently tell us that the moment preceding insensibility was crowded and filled with vivid recollections of the whole apparently forgotten past—thus bringing into the soul in the midst of time, a foretaste and interval of eternity!

In some of the most forcible lines ever penned, Byron has given us the whole psychological analysis of the effects of human passion, when, in its insane perversion and misdirected thirst for the infinite, it pours upon the dust that love and worship which is due to God alone. No one who has thus sinned, will refuse to acknowledge their force and truth. Fearful in their Medusa-like beauty, they fascinate the heart, only to turn its warm pulses into ice. They are actually withering in their despair.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Our water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odors breath but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps, as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

O love! no habitant of earth, thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee;
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—wrung and riven.

Again:

'What is the worst? Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there!'

Properly speaking, love is not a violent aspiration of every faculty toward a created being; it is rather a holy thirst of the most ethereal part of our being for the unknown. Tormented with intuitions of an eternal love, filled with torturing and insatiate desires for the infinite, we vainly seek their gratification in the dying forms which sur-

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round us, and obstinately adorn our perishable idols with that immaterial beauty which haunts our dreams. The emotions of the senses do not suffice us; in the treasure house of the simple joys of nature there is nothing sufficiently exquisite to fill our high demands; we would fain grasp heaven, and it is not within our reach. Then we seek it in a creature fallible as ourselves; we expend upon it all the high energies given us for far nobler ends. We refuse to worship God, and kneel before a worm like ourselves! But when the veil falls, when we see behind the clouds of incense and the halos woven by love, only a miserable and imperfect creature—we blush for our delusion, overturn our idol in our despair, and trample it rudely under foot. But as we must love, and will not give our hearts to God, for whom they were created, we seek another idol—and are again deceived! Through this bitter, bitter school, we are purified and enlightened, until, abandoning all hope of finding perfection on earth, we are at last ready to offer God that pure, but now broken-hearted worship, which should never have been given save to Him alone.

Merciful God! how men suffer when they fly from Thee. When they refuse to listen to the sublime voice implanted within, which calls them to Thee, forever reminding them that they were made for things infinite, eternal! O, ye men of pleasure, it is the very greatness of your nature which torments you; there is nothing save God capable of filling the unmeasurable depths of your longing! How different the language of Klopstock, as already quoted: "What recompense could I ask? I have tasted the cup of angels in singing of my Redeemer!"

AFFLICTIONS, if we make a discreet use of them, are messengers of love from heaven to invite us thither.

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

If American ladies turn their attention with the same assiduity to the correction and refinement of manners, as they do to the ornament of their persons, I make no doubt civilization would profit by their generous industry, and a more agreeable face would everywhere smile upon society. There are some American habits so inconsistent with the customs of polite society, and at the same time, so obstinately maintained, that it is hopeless to expect they will be relinquished without the most determined warfare on the part of the ladies. Their dominion is so large, so absolute, and yet so kind and endearing, that I should have more confidence in the effect of one frown or smile from them, than I should have in the Executive Authority of the Union. It is vain to ply the guilty by the force of argument. The league is so extensive and so firmly knit together, that argument is lost in the circle of diffusion. But a combination of the fair sex would give such a determined force and expression to their influence, and would be so alarming to the opposite sex, that I verily believe it would be irresistible. At any rate, a successful experiment would reflect so much honor upon them, and a failure would only leave things as they are, that I cannot help indulging the hope that they will condescend to make a trial.

One of the most conspicuous and most offensive habits entwined about our social system, and that too derived from the savage state, is the inordinate and general consumption of Tobacco.

That a sailor, standing at the helm of a ship in a North East snow storm, intent upon the important duty committed to his trust, should feel some satisfaction in the enjoyment of a quid of Tobacco, or that a coal heaver, or a chimney sweep, smothered with bituminous dust, should feel a desire to puff it away in the smoke of a segar or a pipe, I can perfectly understand. But how any gentleman of cultivated mind, moving in respectable society, and interchanging civilities with delicate and accomplished ladies, can possibly indulge in a habit so savage, so incompatible with cleanliness, so rude to the fair sex, and so repugnant to the common decencies of polite society, is inconceivable.

The tobacco consuming habit is entirely selfish. It overlooks the inconvenience

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and annoyance it occasions to others, and smothers every sentiment of delicacy and magnanimity.

Ladies cannot choose to have their rich damask curtains saturated with the smoke of tobacco; their carpets and polished grates disfigured by its extract, but in the present state of American society are obliged to submit to both.

Germans and Dutchmen live in tobacco smoke. I have seen in Holland, spittoons arranged upon the dining table like wine glasses. But I never saw a spittoon in any gentleman's house in England. If an attempt to introduce such a utensil were made there, I think the ladies would raise such a storm of indignation as would crush the pollution in its bud. To my fair countrywomen I feel a secret delight in appealing on this subject. I humbly entreat them if they do not love tobacco themselves, *never to love those who do.*

I am quite aware that there may be some difficulty in maintaining a strict union in a strict observance of such a law. But its importance to themselves, to society, to the character and reputation of our country, I hope will preponderate over every objection, and induce them to brush aside any little prickings of Cupid, and firmly maintain their ground, and victory must be theirs. A triumph of far more consequence to our country than the conquest of Mexico.

THE CHERUB'S FALL.

BY D. D. WHEDON, D. D.

THE demarcation line between right and wrong is eternal in its nature, and divides the hemispheres of the moral universe asunder. God himself did not create that line; for, when he traced it with his finger upon the human conscience, he but transcribed it from the map of his own divine nature. The opposition between the two sides of that line is perfect and absolute. East and west, height and depth, black and white, darkness and light, are opposites; but their opposition is tame identity, compared to the contrariety between right and wrong. Hence there is no small sin; for the least crime is a direful overpassing of the great equinoctial of eternity.

One sunny hour in heaven, there sprung from the fountain of life a fresh, young cherub, with an eye brighter the purest star, a face ruddier th blush of morning, and a wing mos ant than the folds of the Aurora. were angels whose pinions could s broader circle, and whose brow ha tier majesty, but none whose lo more beaming with innocence, or lyre had so sweet, so transparent a

Ages passed away, and that cher young and sweet, as at the hour it from the spring of immortality. An it felt a vivid impulse in its wi range the fields of boundless space farther than glass could reach, or measure, did that cherub rove, wh he came to the bounding mark limits the territory of holy right. cherub paused. His glowing eye darted, with an earnest wonder, ov vast domains of gloomy yet ten mystery beyond. He trembled. On foot overstepped the line. Oh! ch cherub, it was a fatal step. Would with a myriad of crystal worlds spangle you belt of galaxy, thou c retrieve it! But no price, no valu purchase back thy primal innocence for, see, his face shrivels; his wing bristly with spears; his eye sparkles a demoniac fire; his form darkens. cherub is a devil—an eternal devil.

* * * * * *

There was no Redeemer then.

THE RADIANT PATH.

THE path of the sun is a radiant It is not only glorious; that expresse half the truth, it is glorious because radiant. The sun is not like the mo a mere reflector; glittering with borr light. God has given it light in i and therefore it shines, and can no shine. If the moutains could be l up, until they should enclose it like a and the clouds, ascending from the m tains, over-arch it like a roof—it w shine still. Nay, made the more int by the confinement, it would turn mountains into diamonds, and the cl into crystals, and flash through the n and fill the world with new splendor.

So with the path of the just. His glo from within. It is a radiant. Put where you will, he shines and can not shine. God made him to shine. For stance, imprison Joseph—and he will sh

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out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. Imprison Daniel—and the dazzled lions will return to their lairs, and the king come forth to worship at his rising, and all Babylon bless the beauty of the better day. Imprison Peter—and with an angel for his harbinger, star, he will spread his aurora from the fountains of the Jordan to the wells of Beersheba, and break like the morning over the mountain sea. Imprison John—and the isles of the Ægean, and all the coasts around, will kindle with sunset visions, too gorgeous to be described, but never forgotten—a boundless panorama of prophecy, gliding from sky to sky, and enchanting the nations with openings of heaven, transits of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the city and kingdom of God.

Not only so; for modern times have similar examples; examples in the church, and examples in the state. For instance, bury Luther in the depths of the Black Forest—and "the angel that dwelt in the bush" will honor him there; the trees around him will burn like shafts of ruby and his glowing orb loom up again, round and clear as the light of all Europe. Thrust Bunyan into the gloom of Bedford jail—and, as he leans his head on his hand, the murky horizon of Britain will flame with fiery symbols—"delectable mountains" and celestial mansions, with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hills, and bands of bliss, from the gates of pearl, hastening to welcome them home.

T. H. Stockton.

Our blessed Savior, speaking on worldly greatness, compares himself to one waiting and attending on a company at dinner: "Whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am amongst you as he that serveth." Thus in a world greatly discorded, where men, aspiring to outward greatness, were wont to oppress others to support their designs, he who was of the highest descent, being the Son of God, and greater than any amongst the greatest families of men, by his example and doctrines, foreclosed his followers from claiming any show of outward greatness, from any supposed superiority in themselves, or derived from their ancestors.

Feb. 5.

REQUIEM.

BY NEALIE FRANC.

Peace! Peace! to thy soul!
Rest! Rest! thee for aye!
Earth and its trials are o'er,
Rest, and redemption are nigh.

Past! Past are the woes
Of sin, and temptation, and crime,
Rest in thy tranquil repose,
Far from the heart throbs of time.

Ended thy record of life,
Sealed is the book of thy deeds,
Meditate not on the strife
Jesus supplieth thy needs.

What thou hast attempted, and failed
To complete of the task that was given
By mortals shall not be assailed,
Thy work shall be finished, in Heaven.

O! how sweet is love! how pleasant is its nature! how takingly does it behave itself in every condition, upon every occasion, to every person, and about every thing! How tenderly, how readily doth it help and serve the meanest! How patiently, how meekly doth it bear all things, either from God or man, how unexpectedly soever they come, or how hard soever they seem! How doth it believe! how doth it hope! How doth it excuse! how doth it cover over that which seemeth not excusable, and not fit to be covered! How kind is it even in its interpretations and charges concerning miscarriages! It never overchargeth; it never grates upon the spirit of him whom it reprehends; it never hardens; it never provokes; but carrieth a meltingness and power of conviction with it.

This is the nature of God. This, in the vessels capacitated to receive and bring forth in its glory, the power of enmity is not able to stand against, but falls before, and is overcome by.—Pennington.

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THE SOUL.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To Heaven's high capital our car shall roll;
The temple of the power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak I feel
The spirit has its energies untamed
By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal
The wounds that it has suffered; folly claimed
Too large a portion of its youth; ashamed
Of these low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
Elijah, when the chariot rushing by,
Bore him, with steeds of fire, triumphant to the sky

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled,
The spirit, whose strong influence can free
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,
Cold night of moral darkness; from the bed
Of sloth he rouses at the sacred call,
And kindling in the blaze around him shed,
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall.
And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind, h is all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep
And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then
The wakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life, and energy, and light again;
We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,
Ere we for ever leave the haunts of men;
Even at the parting hour, the soul will wake,
Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey take.

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Once, when Jacob Lindley was dining with Friend Hopper, the conversation turned upon his religious experiences, and he related a circumstance to which he said he very seldom alluded, and never without feelings of solemnity and awe. Being seized with sudden and severe illness, his soul left the body for several hours, during which time he saw visions of heavenly glory, not to be described. When consciousness began to return, he felt grieved that he was obliged to come back to this state of being, and he was never after able to feel the same interest in terrestrial things, that he felt before he obtained this glimpse of the spiritual world.

Arthur Howel was another intimate acquaintance of Friend Hopper. He was a currier in Philadelphia, a preacher in the Society of Friends, characterized by kindly feelings, and a very tender conscience. Upon one occasion, he purchased from the captain of a vessel a quantity of oil, which he afterwards sold at an advanced price. Under these circumstances, he thought the captain had not received so much as he ought to have; and he gave him an additional dollar on every barrel. This man was remarkable for spiritual-mindedness and the gift of prophecy. It was no uncommon thing for him to relate occurrences which were

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happening at the moment many miles distant, and to foretell the arrival of people, or events, when there appeared no external reasons on which to ground such expectations.

One Sunday morning, he was suddenly impelled to proceed to Germantown in haste. As he approached the village, he met a funeral procession. He had no knowledge whatever of the deceased; but it was suddenly revealed to him that the occupant of the coffin before him was a woman whose life had been saddened by the suspicion of a crime, which she never committed. The impression became very strong on his mind that she wished him to make certain statements at her funeral. Accordingly, he followed the procession, and when they arrived at the meeting-house, he entered and listened to the prayer delivered by her pastor. When the customary services were finished, Arthur Howel rose, and asked permission to speak. "I did not know the deceased, even by name," said he. "But it is given me to say, that she suffered much and unjustly. Her neighbors generally suspected her of a crime, which she did not commit; and in a few weeks from this time, it will be made clearly manifest to the world that she was innocent. A few hours before her death, she talked on this subject with the clergyman who attended her, and who is now present; and is given to declare the communication she made to him upon that occasion."

He then proceeded to relate the particulars of the interview; to which the clergyman listened with evident astonishment. When the communication was finished, he said, "I don't know who this man is, or how he has obtained information on this subject; but certain it is, he has repeated, word for word, a conversation which I supposed was known only to myself and the deceased."

The woman in question had gone out in the fields one day, with her infant in her arms, and she returned without it. She said she had laid it down on a heap of dry leaves, while she went to pick a few flowers; and when she returned, the baby was gone. The fields and woods were searched in vain and neighbors began to whisper that she had committed infanticide. Then rumors arose that she was dissatisfied with her marriage; that her heart remained with a young man to whom she was previously engaged; and that her brain was affected by this secret unhappiness. She was never publicly accused; partly because there was no evidence against her, and partly because it was supposed that if she did commit the crime, it must have been owing to aberration of mind. But she became aware of the whisperings against her, and the consciousness of being an object of suspicion, combined with the mysterious disappearance of her child, cast a heavy cloud over her life, and made her appear more and more unlike her former self. This she confided to her clergyman, in the interview shortly preceding her death; and she likewise told him that the young man, to whom she had been engaged, had never forgiven her for not marrying him.

A few weeks after her decease, this young man confessed that he had stolen the babe. He had followed the mother, unobserved by her, and had seen her lay the sleeping infant on its bed of leaves. As he gazed upon it, a mingled feeling of jealousy and revenge took possession of his soul. In obedience to a sudden impulse, he seized the babe, and carried it off hastily. He subsequently conveyed it to a distant village, and placed it out to nurse under an assumed name and history. The child was found alive and well, at the place he indicated. Thus the mother's inocence was made clearly manifest to the world, as the Quaker preacher had predicted at her funeral.

It is no uncommon thing for those who are to be employed in great and important services in the cause of God and truth, to be themselves the subject of fiery trial, that they may be more fitted for their work. Luther, at a certain time, was violently harrassed and afflicted with temptation; inasmuch that his heart was rent with anguish, and tears streamed from his eyes, and his breath was spent in sighing? Amidst these pangs of distress, a person accosted him with the following words; "My son, why dost thou mourn! Dost thou not know that God hath commanded thee to believe?" "When I heard that word command," says the zealous reformer, "it prevailed more on my heart than all that I heard, or read, or thought on before." He acknowledged that he did not understand some scriptures till he was in affliction; and that he was never employed in any new thing, but that he was beset with some temptation, or visited with a fit of sickness.

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Carletta and the Skeptic.

"If I could have your faith, Hawkins, gladly would I—but I was born a skeptic. I cannot help my doubts any more than I can the results they lead to. I cannot look upon God and the future as you do; with my temperament, and the peculiar bias of my mind, it is utterly impossible."

So said John Harvey, as he walked with a friend under a dripping umbrella; for the night was stormy and very dark, though the brilliancy of the shop-lamps made a broad path of light along the wet sidewalk. John Harvey was a skeptic of thirty years' standing, and apparently hardened in his belief. Everybody had given him up as unconvertible. Reasoning, ever so fairly and calmly, made no impression on the rocky soil of his heart. Theologians disliked the sight of his massive face, and humble Christians sighed as he passed them. A man with such capacities, they said—with such generous impulses, (for every one knew how kind he was) with an intellect so enriched, and powers of the keenest metal—and yet no God! No hope for the future!—walking with the lamp at his feet unenlightened. Alas, it was sad, very sad!

But one friend had never given him up. When spoken to about him—"I will talk with and pray for that man until I die," he said; "and I will have faith that he may yet come out of darkness into the marvelous light. And oh! how wonderful that light will seem to him—shut up so long."

And thus whenever he met him (John Harvey was always ready for a "talk,") Mr. Hawkins pressed home the truth upon him. In answer, on that stormy night, he only said, "God can change a skeptic, John. He has more power over your heart than you have, and I mean still to pray for you."

"Oh, I've no objections, none in the world—seeing is believing you know. I'm ready for any modern miracle, but I tell you it would take nothing of a miracle to convince me. However, let's change the subject. I'm hungry, and it's too far to go up to supper, this stormy night. What how the wind blows. Here's a re rant, let us stop here."

How warm and pleasant it looke the long, brilliant dining-saloon. ters of gas-jets streamed over the ter and color of pictures and gorg carpets, and the rows of marble t reflected back the lights as well as great mirrors.

The two merchants had eaten, were just on the point of rising, w a strain of soft music came through open door—a child's sweet voice.

"Upon my word, that is pret said John Harvey; what marvell purity in those tones."

"Out of here, you little baggag cried a hoarse voice, and one of waiters pointed angrily to the door.

"Let her come in," said John H vey, springing to his feet.

"We don't allow them in this pla sir," said the waiter, "but she can into the reading-room."

"Well, let her go somewhere, for want to hear her," responded the ge tleman.

All this time the two had seen t shadow of something hovering bac wards and forwards on the edge of t door; now they followed a slight litt figure, wrapped in patched cloak, patc ed hood, and leaving the mark of w feet as she walked. Curious to see h face—she was very small—John Ha vey lured her to the farthest part c the great room, where there were bu few gentlemen, and then motioned he to sing. The little one looked timidly up. Her cheek was of olive darkness but a flush rested there; and out o the thinnest face, under the arch o broad temples, deepened by masses o the blackest hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tender pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

"This little thing is sick, I believe," said John Harvey, compassionately.

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"What do you sing, child?" he added.

"I sing Italian, or a little English,' said she, softly.

John Harvey had been looking at her shoes. "Why!" he exclaimed, and his lips quivered, "her feet are wet to her ankles, absolutely; her shoes are full of holes."

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hood, and folding before her her little thin fingers. Her voice was wonderful; and simple and common as were both air and words, the power and pathos of the tones drew together several of the merchants in the reading-room. The little song commenced thus:

"There is a happy land
Far, far away."

Never could the voice, the manner of that child be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo round her head; and when she had finished, her great speaking eyes turned towards John Harvey.

"Where did you learn that song, my child?" he asked.

"At the Sabbath-school, sir," was the simple answer.

"But you don't believe there *is* a happy land?" he continued, heedless of the many eyes upon him.

"I know there is; I'm going to sing there," she said, so quietly, so decidedly, that the men looked at each other.

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir. My mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick. Then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well—and what then?"

"And then she died, sir," said the child, tears brimming up and over on the dark cheek, now ominously flushed scarlet.

John Harvey was silent for a few moments. Presently he said:

"Well, if she died, my little girl, you may live, you know."

"O, no, sir! (very quickly) I'd rather go there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and cough as she did. There won't be any pain up there, sir, it's a beautiful world!"

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the skeptic.

"My mother told me so, sir."

Words how impressive! manner how childlike and yet how wise! John Harvey had had a praying mother. His chest labored for a moment—the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard in their lowest depths—and still those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, impelled his glance toward them.

"Child, you must have a pair of shoes."

John Harvey's voice was husky.

Simultaneously hands were thrust in pockets, purses pulled out, and the astonished child held in her little palm more money than she had ever seen before.

"Her father is a poor consumptive organ-grinder," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to be out to-night."

Along the sloppy street went the poor child, under the protection of John Harvey, but not with shoes that drank the water at every step. Warmth and comfort was hers now. Down in the deep den-like lanes of the city, walked the man, a little cold child-hand in his. At an open, broken door they stopped; by broken, creaking stairs they climbed. At last another doorway was opened, and a wheezing voice called out of the dim arch, "Carletta?"

"O, father, father! see what I have brought you! look at me?" and down went the hoarded silver, and, venting her excessive joy, the child fell, crying and laughing together, into the old man's arms.

Was he a man?

A face dark and hollow, all overgrown with hair, black as night, and uncombed—a pair of wild eyes—a body bent nearly double—hands like claws.

"Did he give you all this, Carletta, my child?"

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"They all did, father; now you shall have soup and oranges."

"Thank you, sir; I'm sick you see—all gone, sir!—had to send the poor child out, or we'd starve, sir. God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play you a tune;" and he looked wistfully towards the corner where stood the old organ, baize covered—the baize in tatters.

"It's no matter," said John Harvey, with difficulty. "I'll come and see you some other time;" and he groped his way down stairs.

* * * * *

One month after that the two men met again, as if by agreement, and walked slowly down town. Threading innumerable passages, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father.

No—not live *there*, for as they paused a moment, out came two or three men bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, the top nailed down so that no mourner might open, provided there had been any such, slept the old organ-grinder.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman who recognized his benefactor. "Yesterday the little girl was took sick, and it seemed as if he drooped right away. He died at six last night."

The two men went silently up-stairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a nurse provided by John Harvey. The child lay there, not white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow. Oh, how those dark eyes on the instant became eloquent, as John Harvey sat on the side of the bed.

"Well, my little one, so you are no better."

"Oh, no sir, father is gone up there, and I am going."

Up *there*! John Harvey turned unconsciously toward his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?"

"Oh, so much, but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Where was the child looking, that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked John Harvey's friend.

"Oh, yes!"

"Do you who he was?"

"*Good* Jesus," murmured the child, with a sweet smile.

"Hawkins, this breaks me down," said John Harvey, as he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Don't cry, don't cry; I can't cry, I'm so glad!" said the child exultingly; and she looked as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

"What are you glad for, my dear," asked John Harvey's friend.

"To get away from here," she said deliberately. "I used to be so cold in the long winter, for we didn't have fire sometimes; but mother used to hug me close and sing about heaven. But I *did* have to go out, because they were sick, and people looked cross at me, and told me I was in the way; but some were kind to me. Mother told me never to mind, when I came home crying, and kissed me, and said if I was his, the Savior would love me, and one of these days would give me a better home; and so I gave myself to him, for I wanted a better home. And oh, I shall sing there, and be so happy. Christ sent me a little angel in my dream—mother told me he would, and that angels would carry me up there. Oh, I feel so very sleepy.

With a little sigh she closed her eyes.

"Harvey, are faith and hope nothing?" asked Mr. Hawkins, pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as death breathed icily over it.

"Don't speak to me, Hawkins; to be as that little child I would give all I am worth," was the broken response.

"And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your skeptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest until it finds it at the feet of Jesus. O, my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child, who is soon to be 'singing in heaven,'

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that you will be a follower of my Saviour. Let reason bow here, before simple and trusting faith."

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows.—The hospital doctor came in, stood off a little way, shook his head. It needed no close inspection to tell what was going on.

Presently the hands moved, the arms were raised, the eyes opened—glazed though they were, they turned still upward.

"See! see!" she cried. "Oh, there is mother! and there are the angels! and they are all singing!

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face. Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her, feebly smiled—it was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness.

"There is no doubting the soul triumph there," whispered Mr. Hawkins.

"It is wonderful," replied John Harvey, looking on both with awe and tenderness. "Is she gone."

He sprang from his chair as if he would detain her, but the chest and forehead were marble now, the eye had lost the fire of life; she must have died as she lay looking at them.

"She was always a sweet thing," said the nurse, softly.

John Harvey stood as if spell-bound. There was a touch on his arm; he started and turned.

"John," said his friend, with an impressive and affectionate look, "shall we pray?"

For a minute there was no answer—then came tears; the whole frame of the subdued skeptic shook as he said, it was almost a cry, "Yes, pray, pray!"

And from the side of the dead child went up agonized pleadings to the throne of God. And that prayer was answered—the miracle was wrought—the lion became a lamb—the doubter a believer—the skeptic a Christian.

A VIOLENT sectarian spirit is a sign of religious declension. Honest men stand firm for the vitals of religion. If the mind were right, the circumstantials of religion would not be made matters of fierce contention. The spirit of St. Paul was of another kind. If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, least I make my brother to offend.—One believeth that he may eat all things: another, who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not, judge him that eateth.

VIRTUE, to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day; not like the aromatic gale which sometimes feasts the sense; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

THE religion of Jesus is the religion of peace. The angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men," when they announced to the wondering shepherds the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. Wherever the power of the gospel is felt, there joy and peace reign: "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."

SOME men will follow Christ on certain conditions;—if he will not lead them through rough roads—if he will not enjoin them any painful task—if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true Christian, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth said to Naomi, "Whither thou goest, I will go," whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.

ALL who subscribe for the MISCELLANY will begin with the January number. We keep back numbers constantly on hand.

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THE growing influence of the MISCELLANY over the public mind is a matter of great encouragement to us, in our deep anxiety to succeed in permanently establishing a periodical which, we trust, is to exert a most healthy, moral influence in society. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty, so it is in every effort to elevate the mind and heart. It costs great tenacity, industry and patience. For the last year we have done the work of two men; this we cannot always do. What we want in this cause is many workers. Some have done nobly; some wish us success, but they don't consider how much they might do for the cause if they would take hold in good earnest. We hope all will make an extra effort in getting their friends to subscribe for the MISCELLANY. If any of our subscribers can afford to give to those who subscribe with them the benefit of a part, or all, of the percentage which we offer them, they can do so. In this way persons who can afford it may do much good. We will here repeat what we have said before, that persons short of means, either old or new subscribers, can receive the MISCELLANY for two-thirds the regular subscription price. No noble-minded person will, of course, be displeased that by paying the full price they are helping others of less means to get a work which is so well calculated for a common good.

ANY of our subscribers may send us for themselves, or others, all the money they can for a few weeks, and we will not take the least offence at the act.

WE expect to be able to be monthly synopsis of the great of the day in our next number. C. M. Croswell informs us that pects soon to be able to give us, MISCELLANY, the beginning sketches on the rise and prosp the State.

THOSE who paid up to Dece 1870, and have not ordered the CELLANY stopped, we expect will tinue, as we have given them ple time to inform us. We are gl state that but a small number hav continued.

THOSE who wish the MISCEL for last year can have it. Send us subscribers for 1871 and we will 1870 to those who have it not.

THE MISCELLANY FOR THE SOUTH Dr. Wm. Johnson, of Vassar, Mi has done a noble work in dona $5.00 for the purpose of sending MISCELLANY to the freedmen poor whites of the South. How co benevolent persons, who have ex means to give, better use their g than in this way. For all the mo donated for this purpose we will furn the MISCELLANY at the lowest c rates. This is just the work needed bring the South and North together.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3. ADRIAN, MARCH, 1871. No. III.

Life and Opinions of Socrates.

BY G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

IT should also be remembered that Socrates, with his disciples, and Cicero among the Latins, used the word *divine* to signify *intelligent being*, because spiritually resembling God. They meant by *divine* what we mean by *moral*. It is, however, a doctrine of our own Scriptures, that the God of All employs angelic ministers to execute his will, whom the Jewish doctors call angels of Providence; and the belief in a number of inferior gods, was a corruption of that true opinion. Socrates was wrong, if he really worshipped them, but not wrong in applying to them the epithet *divine*, in his sense of it.

This also explains somewhat the assertion which Socrates is said frequently to have made, that he had within him a demon, or divine being, who rebuked him when he had done wrong, and urged him to do right. He is supposed by many to have made these declarations, to gain greater respect for his doctrines, as Numa pretended to hold converse with the nymph Egerea, that the Romans might be better persuaded to receive his doctrines, and not intrude upon the privacy in which he prepared them. The ancients discussed the question as to the nature of this demon, or god, of Socrates with great interest; and among the rest, Apulicus, a Latin disciple of Plato, (who lived in the second century of the Christian era,) has written a treatise, in which he learnedly treats of all the opinions which had been offered upon the subject. The conclusion to which he seems to come, (for he is not very clear in expressing himself,) is most probably the correct one. The in-dwelling divine spirit of Socrates was his conscience. Indeed, a modern has pronounced conscience to be 'God's vicegerent in the soul of man;' and the poet Menander has a line to the same effect:

'In all mortals, conscience is God,'

The definition of Apulicus is curious, and deserves to be repeated. 'He of whom I speak,' says he, 'dwells in the most profound recesses of the mind, a perfect guardian, a singular perfect, a domestic speculator, a proper curator, an intimate inspector, an assiduous observer, an inseparable arbiter, a reprobater of what is evil, an approver of what is good; and if he is legitimately attended to, sedulously known, and religiously reverenced, in the way he was reverenced by

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Socrates, with justice and innocence, will be a predicter in things uncertain, a premonitor in things dubious, a defender in things dangerous, and an assistant in want."

Another question will naturally arise in many minds, whether the fact of such opinions being held by heathen Socrates, does not argue against the necessity of divine revelation? We answer, No, but that, on the contrary, whatever be the arguments of the modern objector to a divine revelation, he has no right to claim Socrates as his associate.

For, in the first place, the moral opinions of Socrates were very defective. This is seen, among other instances, in the manner he treats of women. He never seems to consider their moral influence at all. They are only regarded by him as the mothers of the children of the state, and as little more than necessary evils. The hallowed influence of the marriage contract, and the vital connexion of female purity with social happiness, was to him unknown. For in the beginning of the eighth book on the republic, Plato (and I fear this time with too much truth) puts into his mouth the following startling sentence: 'These things are now agreed on, that in this city, which is to be constituted in a perfect manner, the women are to be common, the children are to be common, and the education to be common.' And there are many things of a like character recorded of him elswhere. Knowing this, we need not wonder that we find him visiting the witty and learned Aspasia, and the less celebrated though clever Throdota, without appearing to think the less of them, that they followed the most infamous profession. Indeed, it is only where christianity has taught men to value the virtues of the heart more than physical strength and voluptuous pleasure, that woman are raised to that influence in society, which, among us, they so well deserve, and so beautifully adorn. There only have men learned, that female virtue is, God, the purest fountain of hu... piness; that the holiest temple o... is the home consecrated by the pie... istry of woman; and that the bo... faithful mother is the altar upon infant man is most securely dedic... his country, to the world, and to G...

'There woman reigns; the mother, daughter,
Strews with fresh flowers the thorny way o...
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.'

Besides, no one can be more fully suaded of the insufficiency of his r... to discover moral truth, than was Soc... himself. It was a favorite observati... his, that the Divine Original had v... many things in mystery, to teach u... pendence and reverence; nay, that t... mysteries proved the superior divi... For this reason, he constantly exho... his followers to consult the will of De... and seek his guidance.

THE SEA AND THE SAILOR

BY WALTER COLTON.

I LOVE the sailor—his eventful life—
His generous spirit—his contempt ... danger—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife:
And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hushed, and billows break no more.

THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe belong to the Ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand

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shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror: it is the monument of the ocean's dead. The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains, but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which it has called up, still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan—his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek amid their silent magnificence his burial monument.

The island, the continent, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength. Over the majesty of its form and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now. The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe: on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bound, to their parent ocean.

These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to see the works of the Lord on the deep. Let one go upon the deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious, and unknown, will come upon him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man also has made the ocean the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first this floating fabric was only a frail barque, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct its course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and his needle now settles with a fixedness which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid earth, goes thundering on its track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Antium was suspended the empire of the world. In the Gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino; while at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath,

> As each gun
> From adamantine lips
> Spread a death-shade round the ships,
> Like the hurricane's eclipse
> Of the sun.

But of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations, and habits, to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountains of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge. Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to land. He will still move in his dreams over that vast waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All

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the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataract.

But let us leave generalities, and look more closely at the distinctive features of character which an ocean-life impresses on the sailor. Among these, generosity is, perhaps, the most prominent. You may take the most gnarled and knotted heart that can be found, one where a kindly emotion seems never to have existed, and send it out on the sea, and it will soon begin to crack and expand.

This same being, who, if he had remained on land, might have seen orphans starve around him without a pitying impulse, and cheated the poor sexton out of his fee for tolling the bell at his burial, will, in the development of his ocean-life and character, be seen dividing his last shilling with an unfortunate shipmate; and when all is gone, show no dismay, or distrust of

> "The sweet cherub who sits up aloft,
> And watches the life of poor Jack."

You never see a sailor, when he falls in with a fellow-being in distress, no matter n what clime born, or what may be the color of his skin, play the Levite; he acts the good Samaritan, and as naturally, too, as the blood rolls from his heart to the extremities of his frame.

Nor does the sailor ever meet a national foe in a spirit of malice, or of personal hostility. He fights not for himself, but for his flag; not for his own honor, but the honor of his country. When the enemy has once struck his colors, he would consider another shot an act of cruelty and disgrace. If the enemy's ship be in a sinking condition, he rushes through the boisterous waves to reach her, even at the imminent peril of being carried down in the maelstrom of her disappearing hulk.

He scorns stratagem with an enemy, or any advantage which gives him the victory on unequal terms. He would hardly consent to engage a man-of-war in a steamer armed with a Paixhan gun, where he might take his distance and riddle her at such a remove that her guns could not reach him. He would prefer throwing himself alongside of her in a ship of equal capacity, and battling it out with her on what he would consider fair and honorable terms. I once asked an old sailor who had been in three signal engagements in the last war with Great Britain, and victorious in each, what he thought of the Torpedo system of blowing up an enemy. "Sir," said the old sailor, touching his tarpaulin, "I think it was a sneaking way of doing business. It is only the assassin, sir, that stab in the dark."

Courage is another feature of character strongly impressed on the sailor by his ocean-life. He is always in peril; he lives but with a plank between him and eternity. If the sea be smooth, and the sky be free of clouds at the setting of the sun, still before his midnight watch is out, his spars may be falling in fragments around him, and the tempest roaring through his shrouds like the blast of the Judgment trump. The caverns of the sea are full of sailors, who have sprung from their hammocks and gone down before one prayer could be uttered.

> O'er their dark unfathomed slumbers
> Wakes no human wail or knell,
> But the mermaid pours her numbers
> Through her wild elegiac shell.

Thus accustomed to danger in all the forms which the gale, the breaker, the lightning of the cloud, and the iron hail of the enemy can present, the sailor becomes a stranger to fear. Peril is his element as much as water is that of the leviathan that floats around him. He has, therefore, no new character to assume, when summoned to a work of desperate daring. The same strong muscles, the same unshrinking courage, the same indomitable resolution which are now to be tasked, have been tested in other life-suspending emergencies. He rushes into the death-struggle like the war-horse, whose arching neck is clothed with thunder.

When the Constitution fell in with the Guerriere, and was hardly yet ascertained whether she was a ship-of-the-line or a frigate, a sturdy sailor walked aft to Commodore Hull, and said in an eager, determined, tone, "Commodore, if you will lay us alongside, sir, we will do our duty." "Clear the ship for action," cried the commodore; and they did do their duty. They captured the enemy before his recovery from the astounding effects of their first broadside. They broke the charm of British invincibility, and filled the heart of the nation with courage and resolution.

Not only on the battling deck, is the sailor firm, but when thrown upon land

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he is the last to quit the unavailing battery. When others had fled at Bladensburg with a speed that might have taken them to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, if not to the shores of the Pacific, one stout fellow still remained at his gun, very coolly ramming home to give them another shot. He was a regular Jack tar, who had very little respect for the lessons of the old distich:

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

When an order reaches the ear of a sailor, he never stops to enquire what may be the consequences to himself of carrying that order into effect. The preservation of his limbs and life comes not into account. The order is all-paramount with him, and he obeys it as if it possessed an irresistible power over the energies of his will. It may be one full of the extremest peril, as is often the case, still he executes it as promptly as if danger were a fiction, and death a dream.

An order given, and he obeys it of course,
Though 'twere to run his ship upon the rocks,
Capture a squadron with a boat's crew force,
Or batter down the massive granite blocks
Of some huge fortress with swivel, pike,
Or aught whereby to thow a ball, or strike.

He never shrinks, whatever may betide:
His cutlass may be shivered in his hand,
His last companion shot down at his side,
Still he maintains his firm and desperate stand;
Bleeding and battling, with his colors fast
As nail can bind them to his shattered mast.

THE SIRENS.

Look down—far downward! Are not those the Sirens?
Do not their white arms gleam,
Where wavering sunbeams light the depths of ocean,
Like some sweet, doubtful, dream?

Listen, oh listen! Is not that their singing?
That low, sweet, murmuring sound,
Steeping both soul and sense in slumbrous music,
That, ever-eddying round,

Now sinks and pauses, dying, and then rises,
Most like an organ's swell;
And if the words be theirs that fill my fancy,
Or mine, I cannot tell.

"Come down," they sing, "come down, oh, weary mortal,
With heart so ill at ease!
Come down, and taste the cool, calm rest that waits you,
Below the changeful seas!

"Above, the fiery summer sunbeams scorch you,
And the hard winter chills.
Below, is neither burning heat of summer,
Nor yet the cold which kills.

"Above, your eyes are blinded by the sunshine,
Or look in vain for light.
Below, a soft green twilight reigns forever,
Of equal day and night.

"The earth is full of care, of wild endeavor,
That seldom brings success,
Of griefs that sap the strength, and dim the eyesight,
And joys that do not bless.

"There all things change, your very griefs pass by you,
And fast your joys decay,
And the strong passions of your hate and anger
Die fruitlessly away.

"Life flieth fast, and falleth quickly from you;
Your once warm loves grow cold;
Your youth is full of toil; your age is weary;
And so your tale is told!

"But down with us, no weariness nor labor,
Shall stir your dreamful ease.
And the fierce fire of passion, and of longing,
Grows cool beneath the seas.

"For here, perpetual pleasures steep the senses
In deep unbroken calm.
Closing the wounds you bring from life's wild struggle
With its soft, healing balm.

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"Come down! You love to feel the tiny wavelets
Steal round about your feet.
If 'tis a joy to feel their sportive kisses,
Will not their clasp be sweet?

"Come down! come down! the lulling voice of ocean
Shall drown earth's harsher noise;
And you shall taste how rest that is unbroken
Outweighs her joys."

Oh, cease, sweet voices! cease your witching music,
Cease ere your song prevail!
Ah!—it is over!—and I was but dreaming
Upon the ancient tale,

Where yet lies hid a truth of subtle meaning,
By noblest hearts confest;
Except as he becometh beast, or angel,
Man may find his rest.

And though in truth we hear no Siren voices
Luring to shameful ease,
Yet yearnings rise within us as we listen
Unto the murmuring seas;

For there is something in the sound of waters
Sweeter than sweetest mirth,
Utters aloud the soul's unspoken longings,
Sought and unfound on earth.

The Bible the Palladium of Liberty and Law.

BY O. H. WHITE, D. D.

It is the Divine gift to men. Individuals, communities, and nations must accept, treasure, and wisely use it. It is common to all, it is needful for all. The gratitude of the world is due to God for a written revelation. In a world like ours, revealed religion is the only security and the chief good. We have manifold reasons for grateful acknowledgements to God. Bnt none transcend this. For whatever there is, or ever has been, of real security to the individual, the family, and the nation, whatever there is, or has been, of national liberty, and just living among men, is due directly, or indirectly, to the word of God. Even language, law, and learning originated in, come to the world, and have been perpetuated to us, by revelation. To the infinite, all knowledge belongs. The external universe is brilliant and boundless. But the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, is not only unsearchable, but, absolutely infinite.

It is good and wise, for us, to cast forth a glance "from the kingdom of light" over the darkened stage, where the nations in ignorance, superstition, and gloom, play their part: where education, law, and love have and hold no sway, because the people have no written revelation, and therefore are without God and Christ. The Divine Book has been, is now, and is to be, not only the absolute source, but also the perpetual flow of good for the nations. And the most dangerous blow to the best hopes of humanity, to-day, is the thrust of a half educated, and, therefore, skeptical philosophy, which runs current in our monthly, and quarterly reviews, at the Bible, as the only God inspired book, the purest, the most valuable, and the most elevating, of all the forces for virtue and wisdom. This appears in that most insidious of all enemies, the semi-religious rationalism of the age, which assumes to find a base for human progress, for a broad culture and the highest living, in the line of law, outside of the word of God. And what is a ground of special fear is, that so many christian people give a sort of assent to this bald assumption.

It is not strange, that self conscious and conceited men should neglect and depreciate revealed religion! but that those who profess to believe in God's revelation, should so little appreciate it and yield so much, so readily, in the very citadel of their power, is both strange and sad. It can be shown, as said, that all true human progress has been directly connected with the book of God. It is a sort of popular, scholastic mania, that ascribes almost everything that is valuable in literature, the arts, and science, to old Pagan Egypt. It has been, and can be more fully shown, that she owed her position and splendor, in the main, to strangers, rather than to her own original

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and superior intellect. It is clear, that "Scythia rivalled her in arms: Tyre in commerce: Syria in letters: Chaldeia in astronomy: Babylon in the natural sciences." Palestine, the land of "The Book," the home of the patriarchs, and inspired prophets, the country of temples, builded for God, was faithful in suggestions, outlines and data, for all the surrounding nations. Dr. Dellaney, in his life of David, says, that the great models of Grecian architecture are more traceable to the temple at Jeruselem, the most perfect of all models, and which was given to David by God himself, than to any other source. It is time to look through this popular enthusiasm of a certain class of writers, in favor of the pagan and heathen countries, as containing the best models, the most suggestive philosophy, the choicest specimens of literature, and the most ancient histories. It is all a mistake. The pretentious assumptions of the Hindoos to a vast antiquity, is purely fabulous, as shown by Sir William Jones. The more we study, the more we are persuaded that God's word has been, and must be the pioneer of human progress.

Look at this fact. The first oral language it must be admitted, was the Hebrew. In it, God spake to Adam, to Abraham, to Lot, and to Moses. In his history of knowledge, Dr. Winder maintains, that the first specimens of writing were among the Jews; that alphabetical writing was communicated to Moses, in the giving of the law, on Sinai. And the Divine Book states, that the Tables of stone were written on, by God himself. And Samuel, who was the auther of the school of the prophets, wrote, thus early, a treatise on civil goverment. It is a remarkable fact also, that Moses, Samuel, David and Solomon wrought out, under God, and left for our instruction, the best moral and civil codes known to the world before Christ's day—indeed, up to this very hour, the best statesmen, and the wisest jurors go back to, and consult these, with profound reverence. In all credible history, Moses reaches the highest antiquity. But for the Bible, the history of the world, from the creation to the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, would be only fabulous conjecture. Every other account, or theory, of the creation of the world, and the progress of our race, is both puerile, and derogatory to God and man.

Again, in the reach of its plan, in the scope of its argument, in its rich philosophic suggestions, and its scientific hints, as in Job. xxvi. vii—"He, God, stretcheth out the north over the empty place and hangeth the earth on nothing." Though given in the common language of the common people, and very much as we talk to this very day, with all our science and philosophy, this, our old Bible is superior to all other books. The poetry of it, also, is purer, more stirring and sublime, than can be found in all the rest of the world.—Milton was, we know, greatly indebted to it. Shakespeare, has not, in the highest elements of poetry, surpassed Isaiah. And Dante fails to stir the soul like David and Daniel. Homer too, in the combination of the grand and graphic, falls behind both Solomon and Job. It cannot be controverted. And in passing to the New Testament we go up higher. Paul was more bold, learned and logical than even Cicero. And the untaught Jesus, to this very hour, stands above and goes before all men of all ages, in the reach of his thought, and the simplicity and grandeur of his teaching.

And here, we come to say that this wonderful Book, written in such style and power, by such men; presided over by the Holy Ghost; secured to the world by the Divine Christ; which God commanded us to teach to our children in the house, and walking by the way, and to nail to our door posts, and to our gates as a means of public instruction, that we, the people, may observe to do all that is written therein, that we may, individually and nationally, make our way prosperous; this Book, I say, we must gratefully receive, have and hold, in our homes, in our schools, in our churches, and in our republic, the very root and source of religion, the only sure palladium of both liberty and law. It is our duty and our wisdom. We most earnestly contend, that there can be no safety for the republic, no right adjustment of our common school system to our great obligations to society and to God, without giving to this Book, a prominent place in all our education. Our individual and state danger, to-day, is in our strong leaning to the excess of the education of the head, to a fearful neglect of the heart. The moral culture in all our schools, lest we should seem over religious, is being sunk, more and more, under the popular enthusiasm for mere literary, or intellectual training. The secular and the philosophic is a mania now. There are, to be sure, poor scholars enough. But, nevertheless, we

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see peril in this drive and excess for mere head culture, in our public, private, collegiate and theologic schools; while the true balance of a richly stored intellect, with an enlightened, conscientious, warm, loving heart, from any of our schools, lower, or higher, is about as rare as jasmin flowers in January. And if, perchance, any child, young man, or woman, comes out from our present public or private school system of training, with a heart unchilled, and the emotional nature left free to play in the natural channels, it is an occasion and reason for devout gratitude to God. And yet with a few amendments, it is the best system in the world. We must have more, and not less, of the quickening warming, purifying, and elevating power of God's word, in the working of the common school system. The teachers are often too much restricted in this matter. They are told, beforehand, that they are employed for a special secular work, and, therefore, they are not expected to use any time for moral culture. It is unjust, both to the scholars and the teachers. Now, one rule, and one kind of treatment for all temperaments, states, and affections, in any school, is no more suitable, or sensible, than would be one universal panacea for all pains and diseases. The teachers having been selected for their culture judgment, and heart, should be left to a large discretionary power, and should be expected to educate, to lead out the child, intellectually, and morally, and also in all the affections, under the motions of law, and in the light of God's truth. Thus shall we reach the highest life, the greatest personal safety, and the most perfect national security, in the fullest liberty under just law.

The Dispensation of the Spirit.

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THE CASE OF THE APOSTLES.

If we take the Apostles as examples, and contrast their intellectual, moral, and spiritual states prior and subsequent to the Pentecost, we shall be constrained to acknowledge that such transforma of character had never occurred history of the world before. All up to the crucifixion, how dull were apprehensions; how limited and their vision of truth; how weak faith; what cowards they were; worldly their affections; how weak mutual love; and how like ropes of were their most sacred fixed resolutio

How opposite in all respects to all were they after they "were all fi with the Holy Ghost." "In a momen as it were, "in the twinkling of an ey "they were crucified to the world, the world to them;" and their charact took on forms of glorious beauty perfection, which rendered them spectacle to the world, and to angels, to men." Their vision of truth seem as cloudless as the kingdom of lig Their speech and their preaching brou the world on its knees before Go Peter, in faith, courage, and strengt became a rock. James and John vind cated their right to be called "sons thunder." "They were all conqueror and more than conquerors, through Hi that loved them."

Power was one of the most strikin characteristics of this baptism. All wh received it "were endued with pow from on high." Before these men passe off the stage of life, the Gospel wa firmly planted among all nations. Lit erally had "their sound gone into all th earth, and their words unto the ends o the world."

Unity of spirit, and mutual fellowshi and love, was another equally marke characteristic of this baptism. Befor its descent, ambition, jealousy, and dis putation among themselves, about wh should be the greatest, and even anger towards one another, often divided their hearts. Now they were all "one in Christ Jesus," and nothing could inter rupt their mutual love, fellowship and co-operation.

Their boldness and courage were a mystery of mysteries to their enemies. No power in heaven or earth could induce them to "deny the Lord that bought them." Their peace in God, their "assurance of hope," their "everlasting consolations," their triumphs of faith, and "fullness of joy," nothing could interrupt or diminish. "They walked in the light, as God is in the light."

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THE IMMEDIATE SUCCESSORS OF THE APOSTLES.

If we turn from the Apostles and their immediate associates and converts to the primitive Church, we shall find, among countless thousands of its membership, examples equally conspicuous of the results and power of this baptism.

For the first four or five centuries of the Christian era, the doctrine of the gift of the Spirit, after conversion and believing in Christ, was a great leading theme of thought and teaching. Hence there was a very general experience of this baptism during all this period.

This was the martyr age of the Church, the era, also, of her power, of her glory, and of her "victory through the blood of the Lamb and the word of His testimony." Such persecutions and fiery trials, and such patience and endurance, such brotherly love, such charity to the poor, and goodwill to men, such faith in Christ, such meek submission to the Divine will, such "assurance of hope," such deathless zeal, such courage, such peace in God, such "everlasting consolations" and "fullness of joy," the world never witnessed until after "Jesus was glorified," and "the Holy Ghost was given." "The light of the Church had come," and "the glory of the Lord had risen upon her." As a consequence, "the Gentiles came to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising." "Her righteousness went forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth." No amount of suffering and torture, threatened or afflicted, could induce a denial of the faith, or draw from the sufferers any sentiments but those of good-will towards even their judges and tormentors. "The holy martyrs of Christ," says Cyprian, "evidently shows us, that during this sad hour of suffering they were strangers to their own bodies; or rather, that our Lord himself stood by them, and familiarly conversed with them; and that, being made partakers of his grace, they made light of these temporal torments, and by one short hour delivered themselves from eternal miseries."

Take a single fact illustrative of the Spirit and manner in which believers then "endured even unto the end." At Sebastia, in Armenia, in a cold and frosty night in the depth of winter, forty martyrs, stripped of all their clothing, were placed together in a lake. As death came on, they thus conversed together: "Is the weather sharp? but Paradise is comfortable and delightful. Is the frost cold and bitter? the rest that remains is sweet and pleasant. Let us but hold out a little, and Abraham's bosom will refresh us; we shall exchange this one night for an eternal age of happiness. It is but the flesh that suffers; let us not spare it. Since we must die, let us die that we may live!"

"By reason of our strange and wonderful courage and strength," says Lactantius, "new additions are made to us; for when people see men torn to pieces with infinite variety of torments, and yet maintain a patience unconquerable, and able to tire out their tormentors, they begin to think (what the truth is) that the consent of so many, and the perseverance of dying persons, cannot be in vain; nor that patience itself, were it not from God, could hold out under such racks and tortures. Thieves and men of robust bodies are not able to bear such tearing to pieces; they groan and cry out, and are overcome with pain, because not endued with divine patience; but our very children and women (to say nothing of men) do with silence conquer their tormentors; nor can the hottest fire force the least groan from them." So manifest did the fact become, that the places where the Christians were tortured were the holy places where the greatest numbers of converts were made, that the Roman Emperors at length prohibited all public executions of the saints of God.

Had this Divine baptism continued in the Church, long before the first thousand years of the Christian era had passed away would "the kingdom of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."

BAPTISMS OF THE SPIRIT DURING THE DARK AGES.

If we leave this era of light and power and traverse the dark ages which followed—the dark ages in which this and all other vital truths of the gospel went into a deep and dark eclipse—we shall find that even here God did not leave himself without witnesses. "Burning and shining lights" arose among all Christian nations, men and women who were "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." These attained to the full "liberty of the sons of God," "walking in the light of God,"

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and had "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Such individuals as Thomas a Kempis, Catharine Adorna, and many others, were not only Christians, but believers who had a knowledge of all the mysteries of the higher life, and who, through all coming time, will shine as stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of the Church. In their inward experiences, holy walk, and "power with God and with men," they had few if any superiors in any preceding era of Church history. "The unction of the Spirit" was as manifest in them as in the Apostles and primitive believers. They, also, made their attainments in the Christian life under distinct apprehensions of the doctrine of the Spirit, as set forth in these discourses.

BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT SINCE THE REFORMATION.

We now turn our attention to the state of the Church since the Roformation. Among Catholics, there have been a few, and among Protestants many, who have fully known this baptism. It is a singular fact, that while the fundamental doctrine of Protestantism was "Justification by faith," the equally essential doctrine of "Sanctification by faith" was first, in modern times, distinctly announced and taught within the circle of the Catholic Church—announced and taught by such individuals as Madame Guyon and Archbishop Fenelon. It is equally true, that in Churches of every name, the men and women who have been most distinguished for "power with God and with men," are the individuals who did receive the "sealing and earnest of the Spirit" after they believed. Luther, for example, Knox and his associates, "the Scotch worthies," who, with him, brought Scotland out from under the power of "the man of sin," and rendered it, for a long period, the crowning glory of christendom, received this Divine baptism in its form, and "here was the hiding place of their power."

THE CASE OF LUTHER.

Let us first consider the case of Luther. After his conversion he had many and hard struggles after the "Higher Life." While studying the Epistle to the Romans, these words, "The just shall live by faith," sent new light through his soul. On a subsequent occasion, when clouds and darkness hung over his mind in regard to the subject of personal holiness, the words, "The just shall live by faith," came again with new force, and filled him with the light of heaven.

"The Pentecost," with him, however, was not yet fully come. He had heard that all who, upon their knees, would clime Pilate's staircase, at Rome, would thereby attain to full salvation. While painfully creeping up, from stone to stone, that ascent, he suddenly heard, in the depth of his soul, a voice as of thunder, "The just shall live by faith." In a moment he leaped up, the freeman of the lord. "Then," he says, "I felt myself born again as a new man, and I entered by an open door into the very Paradise of God. From that hour I saw the precious and holy Scriptures with new eyes. I went through the whole Bible. I collected a multitude of passages, which taught me what the work of God was. Truly, this text of St. Paul was to me the very gate of heaven." Here we have the secret of Luther's subsequent courage and power. Here, too, we have one special form in which "the baptism of the spirit" is commonly received—the opening, in new and divine forms, of some special truth of God upon the mind, and that in connection with some particular passage of the Divine Word.

"THE SCOTCH WORTHIES."

"The Memiors of the Scotch Worthies disclose three facts in their spiritual history—their conversion, followed by the common forms of Christian experience; a subsequent heart-searching, breaking up of the fountains of the great deep of the soul, and a renewal, in which they were filled with "the light of God;" and, finally, forms of the divine life so new, and so far transcending anything before experience, that they were utterly at loss in regard to the nature and character of their first conversion.

It was after this renewal that they became the mighty men of God, who revolutionized that kingdom. It was no uncommon event then, for one, two, and sometimes as many as five hundred souls, to be converted under single discourses delivered by these men—souls who evinced, by their subsequent lives, that they belong to "the people of whom God is not ashamed to be called their God."

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Little Jane Jones; or, Fashionable Life.

"I ASSURE you, Mrs. Sanford, no one can rejoice more than I do, in so truly republican an institution as the lyceum. There is no exclusiveness about it. The poorest individual can go there and be instructed; and the fashionable and refined are not disgraced by the contact. It is expected that all will mix; and, if I find myself placed by the fat wife of some mechanic, why, 'tis the lyceum, and everybody expects it. For my part, I glory in our free institutions. By the way, what a splendid lecture we had on Thursday evening—deep, talented thing!"

"What was the subject, Mrs. Wendell? I was not present."

"Well, really, I have forgotten; but I believe it was—philosophy, or history, or politics. After all, I think it was politics. The lecturer said that a free government was Christianity, or some such thing; and I believe it; for in what country is there so much religion as in ours? and we are, of course, the only free country. Liberty and equality! I am sure no people but Americans understand the words. How I wish I could give all the world these blessings!"

"It would be no worthless boon, I think, Mrs. Wendell; but are you quite sure that we are entirely free, and wholly equal?"

"Why not, if ours is a republican government? and everybody knows that it is."

"Well, we will waive that point; for I rather think it would be useless to discuss it. Did you hear the Rev. Mr. P.'s lecture, on Sabbath eve?"

"What, that horrible thing, full of infidelity and indecency? I hope not! I have heard enough of it, without hearing it. Our minister says that he thinks he ought to be set to hammering stone for the state, instead of being allowed to spread his heresies publicly."

"That hardly sounds like a free country and free discussion, Mrs. Wendell."

"Mrs. Sanford, do you, too, uphold him in his dreadful doctrines? I hope you do not intend to turn ventriloquist?"

"Transcendentalist, you mean, Mrs. Wendell; but I have endorsed no doctrine of Mr. P.'s as yet, I was only inquiring; and I was thinking that, if our country were really free, there might be a free expression of opinions, even if they were erroneous."

"Surely, Mrs. Sanford, you would not have the people corrupted by error! Our minister says that freedom to teach falsehood is not liberty, but licentiousness."

"But, Mrs. Wendell, who is to judge and decide what is truth—you or I, my party or yours? Has one man any more right to his opinion and the expression of it than another? If an opinion is hurtful, let it be publicly expressed, that it may be publicly exposed and refuted. Secret foes are, of all enemies, the most dangerous. A fair field for all opinions, say I. Let them meet in open combat, and I have no fears for the truth."

"Well, I shall not contest the point with you, Mrs. Sanford; but I think you would shrink from the consequences of your sentiments, if they were carried out."

It is hardly probable that Mrs. Wendell had any very definite idea of the consequences that she so much deprecated. She had learned, as any parrot could, the stereotyped rhodomontade of Americans about liberty and equality; and she was as liberal of it as a Fourth of July oration. The practical exemplification of her principles we shall see, as her practice is exhibited.

The next time she met her friend Mrs. Sanford, she was full of that beautiful charity which is the fruit of inordinate acquisitiveness, and can only be grown, as the southerners say, in our "hard-favored" Yankee land.

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The origin of this delectable charity in Mrs. Wendell was in this wise: In progress of liberty and equality, she had found it necessary, in order to her introduction into good society, to purchase a velvet cloak—in ladie's parlance, "an elegant article," "a dear thing," "a perfect love;" a velvet hat and feathers to match—price, as it should be, nameless, for we have no intention of awakening Mrs. Wendell's better half so effectually that it would take sundry curtain-lectures to put him to sleep. This hat, feathers, cloak, *et cetera*, were all exceedingly *democratic:* so Mrs. W. assured her husband; for the Hon. Mr. ———'s lady wore just such. Further, Mrs. Wendell's carpets were of the same pattern as those of her meek and self-denying pastor, Rev. Mr. ———; and the expense was only a trifle—about two hundred dollars. Mr. Wendell had also brought home a superb piano—price six hundred dollars—for their two daughters to discourse most eloquent music upon; albeit Miss Martha could never practice five minutes without yawning, and Miss Eliza played with an exertion which effecually murdered all harmony. Now the sum of these expenses, with divers and sundry minor outlays which necessarily occur in every fashionable household, made Mr. Wendell discourse largely upon "hard times," "a ruinous administration," an "unsound currency," etc., etc. Of course, Mrs. Wendell, as a dutiful helpmeet, immediately set about planning retrenchment. She had two "maids," "domestics," servants," or "helps," just as the fancy, the locality, or democracy of my readers may make them choose to denominate those persons who sell their liberty and labor for so much a week or month. Mrs. Wendell concluded to spare one of her domestics, as a means of retrenchment and "take" an orphan child out of the Children's Friend Asylum. Biddy, the cook, was not to be spared. The house-maid might be supplied by a girl of twelve, provided Martha and Eliza could be induced to take charge of their own rooms. Mrs. Wendell heroically determined to take charge of hers. Two dollars a week would thus be saved; and this she assured her husband, would make quite a difference in his bills; and, besides, the industry of his wife and daughters must encourage him; and, moreover, the charity of taking a child, and bringing her up in a well ordered family, would go far toward buying them a place in heaven. She knew that she had an extraordinary talent for bringing up children.

A few hours after this conclusion to "take" a child, Mrs. Wendell donned her splendid hat, and feathers, and cloak, and took her way to Mrs. Sanford's, to talk of charity and economy.

"Now Mrs. Sanford," said she, "I have something to tell you, that will delight your kind heart. You know that I wish to make myself useful; and I have at last hit upon a plan. I am on my way to the asylum, to take a child. I think it will be very pleasant to me and the girls to have an interesting object to bestow our care upon, and bring her up like a Christian; and then she can take Eliza's and Martha's cast-off clothing; and then ever since I heard Comb's lectures, I have wished to take a child, and bring it up on scientific principles. Will it not be delightful, Mrs. Sanford?

Mrs. Sanford said something of the responsibility of those who attempt the material and spiritual culture of immortal beings; but Mrs. Wendell had reflected upon that, and pondered it, and weighed it full two hours; and she was satisfied it would be most praiseworthy charity.

"I shall go," said she, "as soon as I have selected a child, directly to Mr. Feeler, and have its head examined; and then I shall know just what to do." Mrs. Sanford had the good sense not to give advice, where advice would neather be appreciated nor accepted. If all the world were as wise, much trouble would be saved.

Mrs. Wendell now took her way to the asylum. Two kindhearted maiden

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ladies, with philoprogenitiveness amply developed, presided over the band of little ones, that a selfish and unselfish charity had gathered from lanes and alleys, and the squalid haunts of poverty. Little Jane Jones, as she was called, because she was so exceedingly slight and delicate that she looked as though she were a tiny rose bud, was a favorite with Miss Emily and Miss Ann, the care-takers When I say that she was a favorite, I mean that they loved her with all the garnered affection of their hearts. Not that they loved others less, but that they loved her more. Disguise or shun the fact as we will, woman must love with all her soul, or she ceases to be woman. She may love an idea, or a cold-hearted, selfish man, or one who gives the deep, passionate love of a warm heart in return; or she may love a lamb, or a lap-dog, or a cat, or a bird, or some gold fishes; any or all of these she may love, but love she must. Jane was the daughter of an orphan, whose father was a clergyman. She inherited nothing but good moral principles, and a mind rich in varied capacity. She early married a sailor, and moved to the city. Whilst her husband remained on shore, they were all the world to each other, and she made few acquaintances. He was obliged to leave her, just before the birth of little Jane; and the poor creature grieved herself to death, and left her infant to the "Children's Friend Asylum." The child inherited the mother's beauty of mind and person. Few ever looked on her without loving her. Great was the distress of the worthy maidens, when Mrs. W. announced it as her intention to "take" Jane. She was one of the kindest patrons of the institution; for it was a popular charity. She was, moreover, a very pious lady; and Jane was past the age when the rules of the asylum required that she should go forth and earn her bread. Nothing was to be said; and no words could have told the misery into which the poor child and her friends were plunged. It was settled that she should go next day. That night, Jane slept between her friends. She sobbed herself to sleep, with each little hand clasped in those of the dear ladies. "Oh! Miss Ann," said she, "you will take care of my rabbits, and Miss Emily will see to my plants, and I may come home often; and may be, Saturday nights, they will let me come and read to you. "Oh! I can't go away and leave you with all the poor little ones to care for. Why can't I stay and be assistant? I will do any thing, if you will let me stay." The ladies reminded her that Mrs. Wendell was president of the board of directors. Resignation was alike a necessity and a duty. After an unquiet night, the hour of parting came; and, in due time, Jane found herself in her new home.

Mrs. Wendell's kitchen was a dark basement, one of those comfortless places that you can never warm with any amount of fire, and where light is unknown, save the dim twilight, and the still more obscure light of one lamp, with very bad oil; for Mrs. Wendell prides herself on economy. Could her back door and her front door be placed side by side, she would have died of the horrors, or a change would have been wrought with marvellous celerity in the lady or the premises. Some people say we should always look at and describe the beautiful. On this principle, I must not glance at the back yard of an economist, where all manner of discordant rubbish is piled, that nothing may be lost, and that the servants may have the benefit of all the vile smells and exhalations. But, then, what are servants? They do not belong to us, unless we live at the South. What interest, therefore, can we have in their health or comfort?

Mrs. Wendell would far sooner have thought of offering Christian service to the Hottentots, than to her servants. Little Jane was immediately conducted to the kitchen, and her various duties enumerated to her by Mrs. Wendell, She was to attend the door, lay the ta-

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bles, and clean them, wash the dishes, scour the knives, rub plate, trim lamps, supply all the house with water, carry coals, make fires, bring water from the pump, and, in short, make herself useful. Mrs. Wendell also endeavored duly to impress on her mind the great favor she had done her, in taking her out of the asylum. The poor little creature was plunged into a kind of stupid revery, or, more properly speaking, amaze, by her sorrow in parting from her friends, and the prospect before her. Indeed, so great was her apparent stupidity, that Mrs. Wendell thought it was hardly expedient to pay Mr. Feeler to learn her cranial developments; and, moreover, she thought it scarcely necessary to "bring a child up on scientific principles," who would have to work for a living, in somebody's kitchen. Finally, she conceded it was her religious duty not to give the child any ideas above her place. Three months' schooling in a year she must have; for that was "in the bond." But then the poor child never went to school three days in three months, without a note to excuse her being late. Indeed, Miss Martha scrawled them by the score, for the sake of having something to do, and having them ready. Biddy, the cook, was an Irish girl, about thirty years of age; though of this fact she was not aware, not being able to remember her birthday. She was always at work, when not asleep, hardly sitting down at her meals. She went the round of the kitchen as the horse or ox in the treadmill. She was not originally a bad-tempered girl; but hard labor, with no comfort or convenience, no sympathy or companionship, had soured her pretty thoroughly; she wore a "horse shoe" ever in her forehead, and chased away the starving cat that sought a home and a morsel in the dreary kitchen, with a vindictiveness that said, "I will be alone." But, after all, there is a key that unlocks all hearts, and, though the confessor only had hitherto held the key of Biddy's heart, it was destined, ere long, to be given to another. The only care Mrs. Wendell ever had taken of Biddy was an earnest and premeditated attempt to convince her of the horrible sinfulness of confession and sin-pardoning by the priest. "Biddy," said she, "why do you tell that wicked man your sins, and give him money to pardon them, when he is a mere man, and, therefore, can not pardon, and, also, a very wicked man, for pretending he can!"

"Father O'Donahue is no wicked man, mistress; and you just show you know nothing at all of him, or the holy church. I never paid him for pardoning my sins. I give a bit to the church for its charities, and its expenses, when I can; and you do the likes o' that, when you pay for your pew, and shut yourselves up from God's poor and his colored children, and think you are too good to sit beside your servants in the church.

"Well, it is very well, if you really give your money for something else besides a pretended pardon," said Mrs. Wendell.

"Father O'Donahue never pretends to pardon. He looks to Almighty God to pardon us; and, if we are sincere in our confession, we know he will pardon us, through the priest's prayers and our own. And as to the confession, you'll never know the blessing it is to a poor lone crathur, till ye are all alone by yourself in some strange land, with never a heart-friend to lay your eyes on, and, may be, murmuring against Providence, because o' your hard fortin'. When the likes o' that comes, it's a hard heart that does'nt turn to the priest. May be, your religion is best for you; but ours is best for us; and Almighty God forgive me for wanting sometimes to curse them who would take it from us."

This was the first and last conversation that Mrs. Wendell had with Biddy; and, though she often expatiated upon the ignorance and wickedness of the Catholics, she made no further attempt, direct or indirect, to convert Biddy from the error of her ways.

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little Jane Jones was first Mrs. Wendell's kitchen, Bid- was ominous of any thing but d the poor child shrunk away r, as if she had seen some wild animal. And, when she herself in the little attic that occupied, her terror was in- People who are disagreeable other ought always to have Contact makes repulsion doub- sive. Jane lay, all night, on ge of the bedstead; and her and troubled slumbers disturbed rn out domestic not a little. But, d, and wronged, and wretched, as or Irish laborer almost always is, have, many of them, a fund of fulness and good humor; and Bid- d gleams of these. She possessed quality too often lacking in the She was naturally neat; and, gh her abiding place, the kitchen, a sad hole, she did all that could done to make it sufferable. Her little attic and all her clothes kept so nice and sweet that it a comfort to Jane to put it in or- Mrs. Wendell was an economist; a thin apology for a bed, filled chickens feathers, was good gh for the servants; and truly it much better, because more health- , than the down in which the inva- Mrs. Wendell and her languid ghters found themselves sunk at t, weary, because they were never ed.

Jane thought of her home and her kind friends, with a full heart; but she prayed earnestly for resignation to a lot that she could not escape. She gave herself, with unwearied exertion, to the fulfillment of all her duties, and Biddy, who at first regarded her as a new burden added to her already over- whelming load, began to find some rest, and feel that she was a blessing. The second day after Jane came, when she went to put her room in order, she found she had been anticipated by Jane; and she left the room, muttering, "The tidiest little creature! She's a jewel, she is." Her Irish heart over- flowed; and she sought the child, to pour out her good feeling. "Ye're a nice child, ye are; and 't is Biddy hopes you'll have a bed in heaven.

When Jane found that she could lighten the burden of one poor, fellow- creature, her intense desire to return home yielded, in a great measure, to the benevolent purpose of serving her fellow-sufferer. How sad to reflect on the state of such a household as that of Mr. Wendell! The worn, and often half-frenzied father, on whose single arm all this expensive family hung, looking not only for support, but for the means to minister to mor- bid cravings and thoughtless extrava- gance—the father stood behind the counter, and daily and hourly sacrificed his honor and his conscience on the altar of gain. But let no man blame him till he has purified his own prac- tice. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Jane was now twelve years of age. She had a thirst for knowledge that seemed impossible to slake. Her dear friends at the asylum directed her in her reading; though her time was so occu- pied that she was obliged to resort to the oddest expedients, in order to gratify her taste for study. But Bid- dy loved to hear her read; for she said, "if she could not always make out the meaning of the words, there was music in the darlint's voice."

Time passed; and the sweet child at last blushed into womanhood. There was a strange contrast between her rosy cheek and rounded form, her free breath and elastic step, as she carried water or coals, and the pale and sallow face, the angular and attenuated figure, the panting breath, and languid, drawl- ing step of the daughters of opulence and idleness, Martha and Eliza Wendell. Their thoughts were of fine dresses, of parties, (not balls for Mrs. Wendell was pious,) the lecture room, and the church, as places of display, and the all-absorbing theme to the vacant and idle, love and marriage—not the true

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sentiment, or a true union, for of these they were not capable; but diseased sentimentality, and an establishment.

They had learned to keep Jane out of the room, when they had company; but her rich, clear voice would sometimes intrude upon their ears, as she warbled the soul-stirring

"I am bound for the land of Canaan"

when about her work. Faithfully did the conscientious girl serve in her prison home, till she was sixteen years of age. Then an incident occured which determined her fate; and though, in the progress of things, Mrs. Wendell was somewhat mortified, yet she ultimately took great credit to herself. It happened that Mrs. Sanford had a son, who inherited his mother's wisdom and goodness. In his younger years, he had learned the shoemaker's trade; but, a desire for study becoming indomitable, he had worked his way through college, and studied a profession, and was fast coming to be celebrated, in a neighboring city. Mr. Wendell was one of the directors in the———Institute. His managing wife and daughters wished very much to have Charles Sanford lecture before that body, because he was a profound scholar, and because————they had too many reasons to enumerate; but perhaps they would have blushed, had the true reason been given. Mr. Sanford had recently moved into the city; and they had never seen Charles. He was invited and accepted the invitation; for he was a loving son, and longed to see his parents and their new home. Mrs. Wendell had been on a visit to the city of Sanford's adoption; and it so happened that both she and Sanford took passage in the stage-coach, that notwithstanding the railroad, picked up a sufficient number of passengers to continue on the route. A gentlemanly man, tall, elegant, with a faultless lavender vest, and cloak of ample folds, took Mrs. Wendell's attention. Sanford intuitively read her character; and, after an agreable chat, he mounted on the coach-box, and told the driver that, if the lady asked who he was, to tell her "a shoemaker from B." At the first stopping place he politely handed Mrs. W. out; and she graciously accepted his assistance, and made herself as agreeable as possible. But, as Sanford had foreseen, she contrived to ask the driver who the gentleman could be, and received the answer furnished by Charles. When, therefore, Sanford offered to put the lady in the coach, she drew herself up with great coldness and dignity, and signified her pleasure to help herself, and, when he took an inside seat, she allowed him to perceive that he was not only *de trop*, but a nuisance; and when he spoke of the pleasure of traveling in a coach, because you get aquainted with your neighbors, Mrs. Wendell answered that it is hardly good fortune to be obliged to take up with any company, and sit by people who smell so strong of their trade that it made you really sick. Sanford answered that he had great respect for the mechanic arts, and always loved the smell of leather. Mrs. W. turned from him with ineffable contempt, and did not again vouchsafe him the slightest notice, until he rose, in the City Hall, to give a lecture on the dignity of labor.

Great was Mrs. Wendell's consternation on beholding her friend the shoemaker; especially as they had planned a party for the next evening, and a note of invitation had been sent to Mrs. Sanford's for her son, that he might get it as soon as possible after his arrival. Mrs. W. however, succeeded in comforting herself with the hope that he would not recognize her in her party dress, and in a splendid French cap, with flowers.

The evening of the party, colored waiters were hired. Jane was kept out of the rooms. Mr. Sanford gave no signs of recognizing Mrs. W.; and all things went off swimmingly. Miss Eliza made a set at him, and told him a great deal about some new music that she had just learned. Charles was exceedingly fond of music;

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and, somehow, committed himself so, that he felt obliged to call the next day on Eliza. The young ladies were delighted beyond measure with the gentleman; but three very unfortunate circumstances were grouped together during this call. Mr. Sanford wished a glass of water. Biddy was unfit to be seen; and Jane was obliged to bring it. And Miss Eliza wanted a piece of music that was in her room; and Miss Martha was too lazy to bring it. Jane was sent for it; and, with her soul full of music, she forgot herself, and came over the stairs singing it like some fair bird from the green groves of the spirit land. Miss Eliza took the music from Jane's hand, in an agony of anger, and sung and played it with a fierce, harsh discord, that smote on Sanford's heart most terribly,

Sanford loved his mother; and, in any and every thing of importance, he consulted her. He told her his adventure at Mrs. Wendell's, and the fair girl that blessed his sight.

"Mother," said he, "I believe she is just the girl to go to the West with me; for I can no longer be shut up in the city. The spiritual and material atmosphere is death I want to work on the land."

"Charles," said Mrs. Sanford, "I fear hasty fancies. Many a man has sacrificed his peace for life, to such fancies, and has given his children a mother fit for nothing but to spoil them by her weakness and ignorance. Still, I am inclined to think Jane Jones is worthy of my son. I will see her and tell you my judgment.

"That is just like you, mother," said Charles, as he cheerfully acquiesced in her decision.

Few words will tell the result. Jane was placed at school for a year, through the influence of Mrs. Sanford. She is now eighteen, and has been a year married. They live in Ohio. Poor Biddy, well nigh worn out with long years of toil, lives with "her jewel, her darlint."

Mar. 3.

But a change has come over Mrs. Wendell. Her husband is a bankrupt; and, unlike most bankrupts, he is really poor. His wife keeps a boarding-house—that last resort of broken gentlefolks. The daughters are sick, and peevish, and helpless; though obliged to try to work. They have never forgiven Jane her emancipation from her bondage; and Mrs. Wendell has never forgiven Sanford for enduring her incivility. It is an old saying, that we never forgive those whom we injure. Still, Mrs. Wendell is greatly pleased that she has proved to the world that she has an extraordinary talent for bringing up children. She thinks that there are but few women in this world who can take a child from the alms-house, and make a lady of her, and marry her to such an elegant man as Charles Sanford. Poor lady! let her comfort herself. She needs comfort; for she and Biddy have, in a great measure, changed places.

WHOSE?

BY MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

Over the wooden pavement
My carriage softly rolled;
My horses champed on silver,
My footmen shone with gold.

I strolled about my garden,
And sat 'neath arbors fine;
The apples bloomed about me,
And drooped the fragrant vine.

I filled my house with treasures,
Statues and pictures rare;
The learned of every nation
Stood on my book-shelves fair.

The night was given to music,
To wine, to dance, to play;
My heart within me whispered,
"Thus shall be every day."

Hung 'round with silken curtains,
I slept upon my bed;

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My shut eyes looked at visions,
That trooped about my head.

I saw the dancing maidens,
And beauteous garden trees,
And halls that echoed laughter,
And ships upon the seas.

And all my pleasures prospered,
And all my days were fair,
There was no death, nor darkness,
Nor sorrow anywhere.

Then suddenly my vision
Was changed; and by my bed
There stood a manly figure,
With Godhood 'round his head.

Within his eyes of wonder,
The love of heaven shined;
Above, his brow was bleeding,
From thorns that 'round it twined.

He spoke, and strong conviction
Went with his every word;
And every accent thrilled me,
Till all my being stirred.

"Brother!"—what shame came o'er me,
To think how little claim,
With such a noble kinsman,
I had to that dear name.

"Brother!" the noble liver
Lives not for self alone;
But owes a debt of service
To every other one.

"As much as he has riches,
So much he owes the poor.
Gold that in men's invested,
This only is secure.

"As much as he has learning,
So great his debt to men
Who wander in their going,
Nor find their way again.

"As much as he has lifted,
So much must he stoop down,
To lend a hand of helping
To the fallen and the thrown.

"As much as he has knowledge
Of God and truth and right,
He is bound, in loving service,
To those who walk in night.

"He who for self is living,
A meaner service owns,
Than he who's bound in fetters,
Or in a dungeon groans.

"But he who lives for others,
Is free as God above;
For Godlikeness is ever
A self forgetting love."

I woke, and looked about me,
But things were not the same.
On all my wealth I'd written
Only my own poor name.

But now my house and gardens,
My carriages and men,
Though I still hold the titles,
Were not as they had been.

Deeper than I had written,
The heaven-wrought letters ran,—
"Thine own to hold in service
For God and fellow man."

[*Mission in America.*"

THE BLESSING OF ADVERSITY.

I had often passed a neat little cottage in the suburbs of the town, but was not conscious that I had any knowledge of its inmates, till I was compelled one evening to take shelter in it, from the fury of a tremendous hail storm, When talking with the good woman, whose manners and style of conversation bespoke a high degree of mental cultivation, I seemed to have an indistinct recollection of her form and features; but it was not till her husband entered the room, that I actually recognized her. I was now no less astonished than gratified, by finding myself under the roof of an old and intimate friend, whom I had not seen for many years. The following is a sketch of his history.

Mr. W., when our intimacy commenced, was just rising into notice, as a young man of superior intelligence and piety; equally distinguished by the suavity of his manners, and amiability of his disposition. He held an im-

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portant station of trust in a large wholesale establishment; and stood so high in the estimation of the firm, that when he went into business on his own account, they very generously assisted him by a loan of money; allowing him also an extension of credit on the goods which he purchased of them. His store was in a first rate situation, and as he was very generally respected his business increased, with a rapidity that exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Having occasion for a wife to manage his household department, and the means of supporting one, he made an offer to a young lady who was a member of the same Christian church with himself, and whose father, on the day of their marriage, presented him with ten thousand dollars. This union, which was founded on the basis of reciprocal attachment, contributed not only to the increase of happiness, but his relative respectability, by bringing him into alliance with families which stood high in public esteem and confidence. But alas! the fatal influence of prosperity on his spirit, and on his habits of devotion, was too soon apparent; and in progress of time, he became more eager after the riches of earth, than the glory of immortality. He had many afflicting visitations of Providence in the death of his children, and in his own personal indisposition; but they did not yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, because he was too deeply absorbed in his secular pursuits. At length, the scene was suddenly changed: the sun of his prosperity went down while it was yet day; the night of adversity came on; and he became involved in difficulties from which he was unable to recover himself. Like many other aspiring persons, he was not contented with the regular profits of his retail business; and, therefore, to accumulate a fortune with dispatch, he sallied forth into the wide field of speculation. The success which attended his first efforts in this hazardous enterprize encouraged him to proceed; but, instead of realizing the gains he anticipated, one tremendous loss succeeded another, till he was reduced to a state of absolute and irretrievable ruin. He was now compelled to fall back into more private life, and took the situation of collecting clerk to the firm which he served before he entered into business for himself.

"I am not surprised, sir," he said to me, "at the reverse which has taken place, because in my prosperity I provoked the Lord to jealousy. He gave me wealth, and though I did not bow down and worship it, yet it became the idol of my attachment—alienating my thoughts and affections from the living and true God."

"I long anticipated," added Mrs W., "some severe dispensation of Providence, because the trials with which we were exercised in the loss of our children produced no permanent effect on our minds. We wept, it is true, when they left us and were carried to the grave; but, instead of inquiring into the reason why our living comforts were smitten by the stroke of death, we were as eager after the riches of the earth, as the most devoted men of the world."

"Yes," replied Mr W., "and the increase of wealth, instead of yielding satisfaction, merely served to inflame the passion of desire after more."

"Then I presume, while you were under the ensnaring influence of the love of accumulation, you neglected to cultivate intimate communion with God."

"We never, sir, entirely abandoned the habits of devotion, but its pure and heavenly feelings had long, very long, been annihilated in my heart."

"Then I presume the Sabbath afforded you no enjoyment?"

"The Sabbath, sir, was to me in general, not only a dull, but very painful day. I could not abstain altogether from public worship, but often

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felt inclined to do so, because the faithful ministry of our pastor at times almost drove me to despair."

"The Sabbath is now," added Mrs W., "our best day—it is both a day of rest, and a day of devotion."

"Yes," said Mr W., "the scene is indeed changed, and though the change has been atended by some distressing circumstances, yet I bless God he has brought it about."

"Then, sir, you can feel no disposition to murmur!"

"Murmur! no, sir. If I had retained my fidelity to God in the days of my prosperity; if while he was enriching me with the wealth of earth, I might have been permitted to have held on my way without meeting the evils which have befallen us; but I proved unfaithful to him, became vain in my imagination, and my deceitful heart led me astray. He has, by the reverse which he has brought to pass, shown me my folly, my guilt and danger; and once more brought me into fellowship with himself. We have been forced, it is true, out of our rank in society, we have lost a large fortune, and have been abashed before others: but we have gained by our losses, sweeter, purer, and more durable felicity, than the accumulation of wealth ever afforded; and are once more permitted to take our station amongst the sons of our God, to whom he gives manifestations of his favor which are withheld from those who mind earthly things."

THE manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament, and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*Saccho.*

CAONABO.

PART II.

BY C. T. BATEMAN.

'TWAS morn: The rising sun threw wide
His glorious beams far o'er the tide.
Again the plains, the verdant hills,
The fragrant vales, the dimpling rills,
The forest depths and headlands bold
Of Guadaloupe were tinged with gold.
The dawning light beheld each sail
Spread wide to catch the rising gale,
And saw the Spanish ships that bore
Anlulah from her native shore
Move out upon the restless deep
And o'er the swelling billows sweep.
Columbus, he who first had dared
With but a mimic fleet prepared,
To tempt the strange mysterious realms
Of seas unknown, where sailors' helms
Had never roused the ocean's wrath
Or traced o'er watery worlds a path,
He who the darksome vail had rent
That hid a mighty continent,
Had shown the way to wondrous shores,
Blessed in its fruits and precious ores,
Stood calmly on his narrow deck,
And gazed with joy until a speck
The less'ning island slowly grew,
Just floating on the distant blue,
And thought of those far o'er the main
Awaiting him in sunny Spain.
Upon the self-same deck, half bound,
Bold Caonabo looked around
And saw with sorrow shores retreat
Till sea and sky could almost meet,
And hide from aching eyes the land
He once had ruled with kingly hand.
He knew full well he never more
Should gaze upon that long loved shore,
Or wander o'er those verdant isles
That ever bloom with summer smiles,
Or ever hold converse again
With Carib's brave and warlike men.
Annacaona long would weep
And gaze with sadness on the deep
And watch with aching heart in vain
For his return from distant Spain.
Behind was all he held most dear,
Bright scenes of love and joyful cheer,
The realms where he had proved his might
In many a hard contested fight,
The calm retreats that blessed the land
Beneath the shade of mountains grand,

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The loving hearts and faithful hands
That dwelt in Maguana's lands,
Anacaona, dearer far
Than all the world, his guiding star,
The sun that warmed his frozen life,
His noblest friend, his cherished wife;
Before, an ocean's boundless tide,
Dread regions where the Spaniards bide,
A future dark with doubts and fears
And ominous of sighs and tears.

Brave Caonabo, long a king,
A captive now, a helpless thing,
Was doomed to wear fell slavery's chains
And live exiled from native plains.
Long years had passed, almost two score,
Since he had come to Haty's shore,
A Carib youth from Yucatan,
Descended from a warlike clan,
A youth of strong and noble form,
Of radiant soul in calm or storm,
Of kingly mien and fiery eye,
Of iron will and purpose high.
Anacaona, brighter gem
Than ever graced a diadem,
The sister of Behechio,
Xaragua's chief, long years ago
His dear and loving wife became
And added to his growing fame.
The tribes of Maguana proud,
Beneath his mild dominion bowed,
And learned to love the spreading fame
Of Caonabo's kingly name.
The mines of dark Cibao's caves,
Where many a winding streamlet laves
The broken rocks and glittering sands,
Or madly foams through rocky lands,
And plunges down in angry leaps,
Mid mountain wilds and craggy steeps,
Gave forth their bright and shining ores
To multiply his treasured stores.
His people loved to call their king
"Lord of the Golden House," and sing
His praises in their evening chants,
In blooming fields and wildwood haunts,
And when the young men gathered round
Where warlike drums and shells resound,
To practice martial games and learn
How heroes all their laurels earn,
Alike some strange and magic word
The name of Caonabo stirred
Each youthful heart and fired each brain
With love of fame, contempt of pain,
With strong desire to emulate
The deeds of all their chieftains great.
O'er many a region far remote
Where'er the skiffs of Caribs float,
The nations heard strange stories told
Of him who owned the realms of gold,
The great Cacique, the sovereign grand
Who ruled a wide and wondrous land.
Alas! how changed are all those scenes;
Like happy visions seen in dreams,
They've faded dim, and darkness reigns
On Maguana's stricken plains.
From eastern realms, far over the deeps,
From where the morning sun first leaps
Above the faint horizon's view,
And rolls his car through skies of blue,
The white men came and sought the lands
Where long had dwelt the Carib bands.
As gods from Tury's lofty throne
Or spirits from the sunlights home,
Where they received and worshipped then
By simple minded Carib men,
Who blessed the day that gave to earth
Bright visitors of heavenly birth,
And thought the stranger's hand to kiss
A joy above all mortal bliss.
It was to them a vision bright
Floating in moonbeams fairy light,
Or like some sweet and happy dream
That tinges all with cheerful gleam
Only to break and leave the world
Far into deeper darkness hurled.
They learned that white was not a sign
To prove their honored guests divine,
They learned that neath a bosom bright
A heart might lie as black as night,
That smiling faces oft revealed
No clue of evil thoughts concealed.
The Spaniards at La Navidad
By cruel deeds and actions bad
Plucked down a fierce impending doom
And perished mid the forests gloom.
The Indian tribes from near and far
Brave Caonabo roused to war
And led the eager angry throngs
To right with fire and spear their wrongs,
And free from foreign thrall once more
Fair Maguana's cherished shore.
They left no foe to tell the tale
Or greet the quick returning sail.
Still onward sped unwearied time
With sunny days for Haty's clime,
With happy hours and merry sports
For Maguana's bowered courts.
The end was nigh. From distant Spain
Another fleet came o'er the main
With rapid sweep, and downward bore
Upon fair Haty's hapless shore.
Wide o'er the foamy billows swell,
From wave-beat strand to forest dell
From mountain peak to cavern door
Re-echoed far and wide the roar
Of many a signal gun, but vain;
No answering thunder shook the plain.
La Navidad was deathly still.
The echo from the wooded hill,

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Or distant mountain crag alone,
Replied in faint and feeble tone.
The impatient Spaniards gained the strand,
But ah! how changed that happy land.
Where once the Indian wigwam stood
Beneath the grand protecting wood,
And on yon high up-swelling ground
Where Spanish battlements had frowned,
Now naught was seen but ruins black
That marked the fire's destructive track.
Instead of happy wond'ring throngs
To greet them now with welcome songs,
That stricken shore was bleak and bare,
And ghastly corses fouled the air.
Sad change indeed for such a shore,
So fair a few short months before.
Yet but the drop that leads the way
When showers dim the summer day.
Revenge and war soon filled the land
With blood and ruin on every hand.
One chief alone, of Haty's isle
The strangers met with friendship's smile.
Guacanagari, deeply grieved
By wrongs from Spaniards oft received,
In spite of all, was yet their friend,
And longed to see dissensions end.
As some great god to be revered
He still Columbus loved and feared.
But Caonabo roused again
To vengeful war his Carib men;
The echo of the battle cry
Was heard upon the mountains high;
Its sound went through the forest lands
And wailed along the ocean strands.
From fertile fields and village scenes,
From hills and dales and dark ravines,
With eager shout and martial song,
With sounding shell and beaten gong,
A host of warriors rushed to arms
And filled the land with war's alarms.
But vain were all their deeds of fame
To save their lands from grasping Spain.
Their Carib chief a prisoner bound,
They sought no more the battle-ground,
But fled to secret forest glens,
Or skulked mid mountain rocks and dens.
Month after month had passed away,
With many a bright and glorious day,
And still the captive chieftain bore
The hated bonds that galled him sore.
Relief his people vainly sought
From woes by cruel Spaniards brought.
The white men ruled the Carib lands
With icy hearts and iron hands,
And victims by oppression slain
Were filling graves on every plain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"NOTHING is greater than God."

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

A singular case of inward perception occurred in the experience of his own mother. In her diary, which is still preserved in the family, she describes a visit to some of her children in Philadelphia, and adds: "Soon after this, the Lord showed me that I should lose a son. It was often told me, though without sounds or words. Nothing could be more intelligible than this small, still voice. It said, 'Thou wilt lose a son; and he is a pleasant child.'"

Her son James resided in Philadelphia, and often went to bathe in the Delaware. On one of these occasions, soon after his mother's visit, a friend who went with him sank in the water, and James lost his own life by efforts to save him. A messenger was sent to inform his parents, who lived at a distance of eight miles. While he stayed in the house, reluctant to do his mournful errand, the mother was seized with sudden dread, and heard the inward voice saying, "James is drowned." She said abruptly to the messenger "Thou hast come to tell me that my son James is drowned. Oh, how did it happen?" He was much surprised and asked why she thought so. She could give no explanation of it, except that it had been suddenly revealed to her mind.

I leave psychologists to settle the question as they can.

The abjuration of slavery was one of their earliest, "testimonies." There was much preaching against it in their public meetings, and many committees were appointed to expostulate in private with those who held slaves. At an early period, it became an established rule of discipline for the Society to

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disown any member, who refused to manumit his bondmen.

Friend Hopper used to tell an interesting anecdote in connection with these committees. In the course of their visits, they concluded to pass by one of their members, who held only one slave, and he was very old. He was too infirm to earn his own living, and as he was very kindly treated, they supposed he would have no wish for freedom. But Isaac Jackson, one of the committee, a very benevolent and conscientious man, had a strong impression on his mind that duty required him not to omit this case. He accordingly went alone to the Master, and stated how the subject appeared to him, in the inward light of his own soul. The Friend was not easily convinced. He brought forward many reasons for not emancipating his slave; and one of the strongest was that the man was too feeble to labor for his own support, and therefore freedom would be of no value to him. Isaac Jackson replied, "He labored for thee without wages, while he had strength, and it is thy duty to support him now. Whether he would value freedom or not, is a question he alone is competent to decide.

These friendly remonstrances produced such an effect, that the master agreed to manumit his bondman, and give a written obligation that he should be comfortably supported during the remainder of his life, by him or his heirs. When the papers were prepared the slave was called into the parlor, and Isaac Jackson inquired, "Would'st thou like to be free?" He promptly answered that he should. The Friend suggested that he was now too feeble to labor much, and inquired how he would manage to obtain a living. The old man meekly replied, "Providence has been kind to me thus far; and I am willing to trust him the rest of my life."

Isaac Jackson then held up the papers and said, "Thou art a free man. Thy master has manumitted thee, and promised to maintain thee as long as thou mayest live."

This was so unexpected, that the aged bondman was completely overcome. For a few moments, he remained in profound silence; then, with a sudden impulse, he fell on his knees, and poured forth a short and fervent prayer of thanksgiving to his Heavenly Father, for prolonging his life till he had the happiness to feel himself a free man.

The master and his adviser were both surprised and affected by this eloquent outburst of grateful feeling. The poor old servant had seemed so comfortable and contented, that no one supposed freedom was of great importance to him. But, as honest Isaac Jackson observed, he alone was competent to decide that question.

Friend Hopper used to tell another story. I repeat it, because it illustrates the tenderness of spirit, which has so peculiarly characterized the Society of Friends, and because I hope it may fall like dew on hearts parched by vindictive feelings. Charles Cary lived near Philadelphia, in a comfortable house with a few acres of pasture adjoining. A young horse, apparently healthy, though lean, was one day offered him in the market for fifty dollars. The cheapness tempted him to purchase; for he thought the clover of his pasture would soon put the animal in good condition, and enable him to sell him at an advanced price. He was too poor to command the required sum himself, but he borrowed it of a friend. The horse being well fed and lightly worked, soon became a noble looking animal, and was taken to the city for sale. But scarcely had he entered the market, when a granger stepped up and claimed him as his property, recently stolen. Charles Carey's son, who had charge of the animal, was taken before a magistrate. Isaac T. Hopper was sent for, and easily proved that the character of the young man and his father was above all suspicion. But the stranger produced satisfactory evidence that he was the rightful owner of the horse, which was accordingly delivered up to him. When Charles Cary heard the unwelcome news, he quietly remarked, "It is hard for me to lose the money; but I am glad the man has recovered his property."

About a year afterward, having occasion to go to a tavern in Philadelpha, he saw a man in the bar-room, whom he at once recognized as the person who had sold him the horse. He walked up to him and inquired whether he remembered the transaction. Being answered in the affirmative, he said "I am the man who bought the horse. Didst thou know he was stolen?" With a

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stupefied manner and a faltering voice, the stranger answered, "Yes."

"Come along with me, then," said Charles; "and I will put thee where thou wilt not steal another horse very soon."

The thief resigned himself to his fate with a sort of hopeless indifference. But before they reached the magistrate's office, the voice within began to plead gently with the Quaker, and turned him from the sternness of his purpose. "I am a poor man," said he, "and thou hast greatly injured me. I cannot afford to lose fifty dollars; but to prosecute thee will not compensate me for the loss. Go thy way, and conduct thyself honestly in future."

The man seemed amazed. He stood for a moment, hesitating and confused; then walked slowly away. But after taking a few steps, he turned back and said, "Where can I find you, if I should ever be able to make restitution for the wrong I have done?"

Charles replied, "I trust thou dost not intend to jest with me, after all the trouble thou hast caused me?"

"No, indeed I do not," answered the stranger. "I hope to repay you, some time or other."

"Very well," rejoined the Friend, "if thou ever hast anything for me, thou canst leave it with Isaac T. Hopper, at the corner of Walnut and Dock streets." Thus they parted and never met again.

About a year after, Friend Hopper found a letter on his desk, addressed to Charles Carey. When it was delivered to him, he was surprised to find that it came from the man who had stolen the horse, and contained seventy dollars; the whole forming a sum sufficient to repay both principal and interest of the money which the kind-hearted Quaker had lost by his dishonesty.

This last letter stated that the writer had no thoughts of stealing the horse ten minutes before he did it. After he had sold him, he was so haunted by remorse and fear of detection, that life became a burden to him, and he cared not what became of him. But when he was arrested, and so unexpectedly set at liberty, the crushing weight was taken from him. He felt inspired by fresh courage, and sustained by the hope of making some atonement for what he had done. He made strenuous efforts to improve his condition, and succeeded. He was then teaching school, was assessor of the township where he resided, and I suspected that he had ever committed dishonest action.

The good man to whom this was addressed, read it with moi eyes, and felt that the reward of eousness is peace.

THE GREAT REFINER.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD

'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of si

'Tis sweet to know that he who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

'Tis good to think that well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal to which he goes;
And, that, with skill and care,
He'll take it from the fire, when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to feel that he,
The piece he has begun,
Will not forsake till he can see,
To prove the work is done,
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of his own.

But ah! how much of earthly mould,
Dark relics of the mine,
Purged from the ore, must he behold—
How long must he refine,
Ere in the silver he can trace
The first faint semblance to his face!

Thou Great Refiner, sit Thou by,
Thy promise to fulfill!
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
And melted at thy will,
Oh may thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as thine!

"God is love. All good is in him; all good is for him."

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A PRISONER'S STORY.

BY REV. JOHN DUDLEY

My father and mother are pious people and trained me well, and I had no bad habits. But on a certain evening, some fast young men seduced me into a saloon, and persuaded me to drink once and soon again. There under influence of liquor, I committed a crime which sent me to the State Prison for six years. My good conduct and the influence of my friends, induced the governor to pardon me at the close of the third year. The document was put into my hands on Thanksgiving morning. My old prison dress,— the brand of my disgrace — was thrown off, and a new suit put on. Joyful was my welcome to the old home, and festive board. The fond embraces of parents and loving brothers and sisters, assured me of forgiveness, and my happy days came back again.

I sought employment away from home where my disgrace was not known.

I soon found a situation in a large furniture establishment in Massachusetts, for I had learned this trade in prison. My skill, industry, and general conduct, won the esteem and confidence of my employer, and the hands. I mingled with Christian people—was happy in the enjoyment of the confidence of the virtuous and good, and the hope of the pardon of my sins.

One day as a gentleman was passing through the establishment with my employer he pointed me out and said: "Why have got this fellow here? Do you know who he is?

"Yes sir," was the reply." "He is the finest young man in the concern."

"But," replied the visitor, "you don't know him as well as I do. If you did, you wouldn't have him here,"

"What do you know of him?"

"Know of him! He is one of our Connecticut State Prison birds. You had better look out for him."

From that day, all confidence was withdrawn from me. My employer and the hands turned the cold shoulder on on me. All my friends shunned and forsook me. I could not endure this disgrace. My heart was stung, and my courage nearly broken. I packed my things, and resolved to hide myself in the far West where I hoped no one who had known me, could track me. I went to the center of Missouri, went to work with a cheerful heart, and soon made friends, gained the esteem of my employer, and was promoted— found myself happy again in the fellowship of christians.

Two years had passed. I was soon to be married and settled in life, with the most flattering prospects. One day I was told that a stranger from the East was in town, and I began to tremble, but could not believe that he would trouble me. The next day he passed through the shop, and as he came where I was at work, pointed me out, and said to the gentleman of the concern.

"Do you know who you have here?"

"Certainly, he is the foreman of my concern, and I am about to make him a partner."

"Why, that fellow was in our State Prison a few years ago. You have a State Prison bird among you. You had better keep an eye on him."

I noticed the effect of this upon the face of my employer—saw that my hopes were gone, and felt again the cold iron of despair pierce my heart. The news went through the shop, and then through the city. I found myself shunned by everybody. The warm greeting of friends, the cordial hand, the social fellowship, and confidence, of Christians were refused me. I expostulated, appealed to the better sentiments of our nature, told the story of my temptations and inexperience, of my youth, showed my pardon from the governor, referred to my life and reformation since, claimed of the people *their* pardon—begged for it.—But it was of no use. The brand of disgrace was upon me and society would not forgive.

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TO THE WIND.

BY LINA M. FISH.

Sweet messenger of love
I listen unto thee,
For thou art from above,
From over land and sea.

I hear thy gentle voice
And everywhere I go
It makes my heart rejoice
To hear thee whispering low.

Sweet tales of absent ones
That were to me so dear,
My heart is sad and lone,
To feel they are not here.

Tell me, thou wandering one,
Will I behold them more?
Will we not meet again
On that unclouded shore?

As thou art passing by
I hear thee whisper lower,
"Live faithful, and thine eye
Shall see that peaceful shore."

Yet more I hear thee say,
"Ask God to change their hearts,
Look up to him and pray,
His mercy ne'er departs."

Still sweeter thou dost tell
Of angels far away,
With them I hope to dwell
When sets my earthly day.

Thou hast been passing o'er
A grave that's far away;
Wouldst thou might waft me there,
That kneeling I might pray.

It is difficult to persuade mankind that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—CICERO.

Some, by admiring other men's virtue, become enemies to their own vices. —BIAS.

Praise is the hire of virtue.—CICERO.

MADAME GUYON.

Her First Imprisonm ea

BY THOMAS C. UPHAM.

"At that time," says M. de the author of the Life of Fenelo city of Paris was the diocese o Harlai, who, whatever may ha his other faults, possessed, at le wisdom and the merit of being ex scrupulous in resisting every no opinion, which would be likely turb the tranquility of the church public order. The representation were made to this prelate agai dame Guyon and Father La seemed to him to require, on hi measures of precaution and severi he thought he perceived a coni between their doctrine and that linos. He accordingly demande obtained from the king an order cure their persons."

The matter accordingly, as in t of La Combe, was brought before Fourteenth. The charges, as the laid before the king, and as M Guyon herself has stated them, these: That she maintained he opinions; that, for the purpose of cating these opinions, she held p religious assemblies, contrary to the tice and rules of the Catholic c that she had published a dangerous containing sentiments similar to th the Spiritual Guide of Michael de nos, which had been condemned Papal decree; and that she kept written correspondence with Mo who was now imprisoned at Rome was contended, (such being the cha of her opinions, of her efforts, and o personal relations she sustained,) t was not enough merely to stop the lation of her writings by an ecclesia interdiction, but was necessary als restrict her person, and to imprison

It is necessary to understand the sition of the mind of Louis. Tire the prevalence of heresy within his minions, he had already revoked Edict of Nantz, and had sent his

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goons to the various parts of France, for the purpose of breaking up and dispersing the religious assemblies of the Protestants. Not satisfied with purging France from heresies, he seems to have thought that it would be for his glory, as the eldest son of the church, to do the same thing for Italy. It was with this feeling that he had employed the influence of France in the person of the French ambassador, to hasten and secure the condemnation of Molinos.

The Pope, Innocent Eleventh, looking upon Molinos as a truly humble and pious man, whatever might be the errors of his opinions, was averse to taking extreme measures. It was the influence of the king of France, whose dread of heresy had become with him a controlling motive of action, which apparently decided the Pope to take the course which he did. And accordingly the accusers of Madame Guyon knew how easy it would be to excite the suspicions and the indignation of Louis, by connecting the doctrines which she advocated with those of Molinos, to which he had been so averse, and of which he had procured the condemnation. Indeed, although she had never seen Molinos, and still less had ever corresponded with him, as had been alleged, it cannot, I think, be well denied, that there was a similarity in their religious views. The real objection against both was that their doctrines, involving as they did, a reliance upon faith in Christ alone as the true foundation of the Christian life in all its extent, tended to subvert some of the received ideas and practices of the Catholic church.

Louis, therefore, was obviously predisposed to condemn her. In this state of mind, her accusers laid before him a letter bearing the signature of Madame Guyon, which contained the following passage. It was a forged letter, but the king was not aware of the fact at the time. The passage was this:

"I have great designs in hand. But since the imprisonment of Father La Combe, I am not without fears that my plans may prove abortive. I am closely watched, and as a matter of precaution I have left off holding religious meetings at my own house, but it is my intention to hold them in other streets and houses."

This letter, in which Louis thought he saw the germs of another Protestantism springing up in his own city and under his own eye, seemed to have brought him to a decision. And accordingly, without further deliberation, he issued the requisite *lettre de cachet*, or sealed order; and Madame Guyon, although she was but partially recovered from a severe sickness, was confined as a prisoner in the Convent of St. Marie, in the suburb of St. Antoine. This took place on the 29th of January, 1688, a little more than three months after the imprisonment of La Combe.

"On the 29th of January, 1688," she says, "I went to the Convent of St. Marie. This convent was selected because the Mother Superior was known to be particularly zealous in the execution of the king's orders. I received the summons which required me to go there in the early part of the day. A number of hours were allowed me before I left my house, in which I received the calls and sympathy of many friends. When I arrived at the convent in the latter part of the day, I learnt that I must be shut up alone in a small chamber which served as my prison; and though I was feeble, I was not allowed a maid to render me assistnnce. The residents of the convent were prepossessed with such frightful statements in relation to me, that they looked upon me as I appeared among them with a sort of horror. Those who were the agents in these transactions selected for my jailor a nun, who they supposed, from the severity of her character would treat me with the greatest rigor. Certain it is that the result verified their anticipations.

"She not only regarded me as a heretic, which my enemies knew was enough to ensure her ill-will, but obviously looked upon me as an enthusiast, a hypocrite, and one disordered in mind. God alone knows what she made me suffer. As she thought to surprise me in my words I was very careful in all my expressions, but the more careful I was, the worse it was with me. I made more slips, and gave her more advantages over me in consequence of my care, besides the anxiety which was necessarily occasioned in my own mind by it. I then left myself as I was, and resolved, though this woman should bring me to the scaffold, by the false reports which she was continually carrying to the Prioress or Mother Superior, that I would simply resign myself to my lot. And thus I entered into my former peaceful condition."

One result of her imprisonment was

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that her family, which she had once more collected around her, was again broken up. Amid the various trials and labors she passed through, she had one consolation, which she valued much;—it was the society of her little daughter. This daughter, who was now in the twelfth year of her age, had been her constant companion.

"I thought," says she, "it would be consistent with the objects of my imprisonment, to permit my daughter to be left with me, and also one of my maid servants, whose assistance I needed. [It will be recollected, that she was scarcely recovered from a severe sickness.] But in this I was disappointed. My daughter was most at my heart; having cost me much care in her education.

But they would not let her remain. My heart was deeply affected, when they took her from me. She was taken away, I knew not where. Finding that they would not allow her to remain with me, I requested that she might be permitted to stay in another part of the convent, which would be some satisfaction, although I should not see her. But this was not granted; nor would they allow any person to bring any news of her. So that I was obliged to give her up, and to sacrifice her, as it were, as if she were mine no longer." It was here that she was enclosed, in solitary imprisonment, for eight months.

Every thing, which is connected with human calamity, especially every thing which is connected with suffering virtue, becomes historical. The prisoner leaves not only his name, but imperishable associations on his prison. But farther than what has just been stated, Madame Guyon has not said much of the place. Perhaps it would not be expected of her to do it. Secondary incidents and instrumetalities, whether for good or for evil, passed easily from her mind. She seems to have forgot both herself and others in her views of that mysterious wisdom and goodness which presides over all things, however afflicted. And hence we know more of the placid resignation of the prisoner, than we do of the attributes of the prison. She herself has told it in one of her own sweet songs, which is striking by its simplicity as well as its piety; and which we venture to give to the reader in a nearly literal translation:

A Little Bird I Am.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less
Because Thou knowest as they fall
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty Will to find
The joy, the freedom of my mind.

WOMAN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, what is woman—what her smile
Her lip of love—her eye of light,
What is she, if her lip reviles
The lowly Jesus! Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet
Without that grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

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PROF. THOLUCK'S ADDRESS

ON THE EVENING PRECEDING HIS JUBILEE.

This address was delivered in the hall of the hotel "Kronprinz," in Halle, before an audience consisting of a few ladies and a large number of pupils, both old and young, who had assembled with Dr. Tholuck to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of his life-work as a teacher. His academical degree was taken at Berlin, at the age of twenty-one.

E. A. L., Jr.

I know that it is not only my scholars alone who are here to-night—scholars, that means pupils, and pupils who are on the pupil-list are ciphers and not yet numbers; that is, not admirers, as I understand the word—for in connection with admirers I cannot help thinking of the cravat and the dress-coat, and the very idea chills me; but that most of you, and especially those who have come from afar, are my friends—friends in Christ, yes, of many may I say children in Christ, and truly with pain brought forth. So I will be free, and unbosom myself to you in a few familiar words, as

"Confessions from me,
And wishes for you."

In designating the character of my life-career, you are wont to say; "A life with the young, fruitful in blessings." Were I to dispute this, I should only detract from the glory of the Lord. But the blessing has been peculiar. It has not been simply the blessing of Apollos, which is given to many a one, to foster, to cherish; but also in a high degree that of Paul. Not only like Apollos, to water; but like Paul, to plant, to breath new life into the cold, starving, misguided life of the young. And this can be done only when the spirit of fire (*Feuergeist*) from God is there, as the bearer of the breath of God. Above all else, that for which, in reviewing the past, I thank the Lord with prayerful wonder is the spirit of fire out of God's own heart which has been given me, from the time when I first received the baptism of fire.

The matter of this baptism is very simple. For from my seventeenth year onward, to those with whom I have become acquainted I have put the question, "What is the end of man?" For that it is knowledge I could not believe; nor could I believe that it is even work (*wirken*) unless it is proceeded by growth (*werden*). What is the true growth in man's life? Then became the vital question. And at that time God brought me into contact with an old man in whom Jesus Christ was formed, the hope of glory. Then I learned what was the true growth in man's life; and, once having that, I had the true work also.

Thus my life received the watch-word which it has ever since held fast. "I have but one passion, and that is HE, and HE ALONE," The way in which, since that time, this passion has come more and more to possess my heart, I must regard as verily a miracle. Every one who knew nothing of Christ I considered as a fortress which must be won in his name. This feeling came into my heart at the very beginning, before my years of teaching commenced. I was yet in my eighteenth year when the Lord gave me my first youthful soul. It was an artillery officer, and, yet more, a Jew by birth—a wild, ungainly creature, who had roamed about the world without object and without rest; yet in a short time, he became such a Christian as put me to the blush.

And so this work has gone on—gone on by pen and by mouth; in Berlin and in Halle; at home and abroad; in evil report and in good report; always bruised in body, but never crushed, like those about to die, and, behold, they live. Thus has it gone on in the Divine strength. And when I now

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look back on the times which lie behind me, on the hundreds and thousands of youthful hearts which I have seen bloom; when I realize that it has all been the fruit of an inner necessity, as the apostle says, "For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" then I ask can he who looks over such a life, standing at its close, do other than say, "It is the Lord!" This I do say, praising and blessing him who through so great want, weakness, and trouble, through so many struggles and conflicts, has brought me to this hour: "It is the Lord."

But especially has it been the Lord among the youthful souls. Yes that is true which they report as my dictum: "Rather with the licentiates than with the pastors; rather with the students than with the licentiates." They call me truly, in distinction from a book-professor, "a student-professor," who has had his home among the students, and nowhere so much as there. Yes, in the germinating seeds in these souls have I found and do I find my pleasure—in the flower-buds, as they unfold leaf by leaf, and the flower-bells as they spring out of them, with diverse fragrance and varying colors. To see this is a rich enjoyment, and he who has once found his delight in such work, and whom God has permitted to become a professor—he knows no more of toil, but a fullness of joy.

And thus have I passed my days; and up to this last moment my professor-life has not been my toil, but my real delight. I have seen the secrets of oh! how many young men reveal themselves to me. I have seen them stray far, far away from that which is the true aim of life; and I have had the comfort that many, many such a one has become aware of it, and now finds his joy where I have found mine.

Yet in the life of a student-professor unvarying enjoyment is not to be looked for. Ah! if it were so that at every word an echo would ring out of the awakened heart, that beneath each warm spiritual breath the green shoots would spring forth, and that in this process every giving were also a receiving, then, indeed, would it be happiness without alloy.

But this is far from being always the case. Here, too, are the mute and dull and slow minds, into which one may call again and again, and yet no sound ring back to him; where one may thrust in the spade at every point without meeting anything that clinks beneath him. And by such minds it was my lot to be surrounded in those first years—when among the nine hundred theological students of Halle hardly any could be found about me except the small, the ungifted, the powerless, the witless; while, on the other side, in contrast with the "orthodox idiots," as they had to be called, stood the talented, the brilliant, and the ambitious. This was one of the most trying periods of my life, in which I learned the love that seeks and follows. Oh, my beloved colleagues of to day, to learn this love is for a teacher of students the hardest, but at the same time the sublimest task, according to the example of Him who came to seek that which was lost.

Among those young men, some were amiable, but frivolous and giddy. Of this class was the well-known editor of *Kladderadatsch*, my table-companion, commended to my care by a pious Jewish mother. He was giddy and easily led astray, but loveable; and he yielded to the seeking and following love.

Then there was another brought near to my heart by a godly mother. He soon fell among companions, by whom he was led into the broad and slippery way. Contrition and return followed; but then came another fall. When he could be found at home at no other at time, I sought him more than once at six o'clock in the morning. I visited him in prison, that I

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might remind him of what he well knew but always forgot.

A few days after I uttered in the hour of my devotion that the preacher would have a hard task, but for the witness even in frivolous hearts, that says "He is right." The very next evening I received a note from him. "Yes, now I know that God's Word has a witness in the human heart. I, have felt its working." And he promised to abandon his associates, and enter upon a new life. My words had brought him to himself; but would he have strength to stand fast?

Four or five days after, late in the evening, came a card from him: "Tholuck sighs, Tholuck prays; but we will have our drunk out."

Yet this very man is now a preacher in Berlin. Only once have I had from him a reminder of times gone by; but the recollection that lingers in my breast is warmer even than that reminder.

And thus it goes with a student-professor. His is not an easy task alone, and accompanied merely with pleasure. He has also in the love which seeks and follows a difficult work. But oh! what a joyous one, when the young men whom he seeks, emerging from their long wanderings and awaking from their long slumber, place themselves at the feet of Jesus! This, too, is labor; but it brings with it an elevated enjoyment, like all successful efforts, where every giving is at the same time a receiving.

As I now look back, I am able to say: "Yes I have done somewhat in this work, and have been permitted to enjoy something in it. But just at this point speaks the monitor within, which tells one how much has been left undone that ought to have been done. And if there should, perchance, be any here to-night who, out of the time long gone by, recall duties toward them that I failed to discharge—of these I beg forgiveness, as they will ask forgiveness of those toward whom they have failed.

And now to you who still remember those old times I have only to direct a word of desire. You know, my friends, that I have had to go through long, trying contests, through many evil reports, with a bruised, if not broken-down body, and often exhausted on the way, though always made strong again. You, too, are about to face times of struggle; but it is another battle from that which I have had to fight. It is one which might lead to despair. At that time I had to contend against a sinking, worn-out age, against a dying generation which had received its verdict from its own time. In such a battle one can fight valiantly and joyfully, not shrinking from blows and wounds, because he wins victories.

You have now to contend against a rising, vigorous generation, against the spirit of an age (*einen zeitgeist*) which moves on like a ship under full sail. Many of you have already felt the breath of this so boldly on-striding time, and from this have become faint of heart.

Now, my friends, what I first of all would say to you is this: Let us not lightly despise this generation; let us not hastily condemn it. Let us fully recognize its might and overcome it with the power which comes from God. Seldom does the spirit of any age contain only lies and dross; and surely this *zeitgeist* does not. We may well believe that our new born country, after it has overcome its sworn, hereditary enemy in such a bitter struggle, will come forth with a susceptibility (*empfanglichkeit*) for that holiest of all possessions, without which our united young Germany cannot be blessed—I mean, the spirit of faith.

Therefore, let us not despise this new age; let us not hastily cast it aside. But let us separate the dross and the metal—separate them by the purifying spirit of fire which lies in the watchword, "I have but one passion, and that is He and only He." We do not always ask ourselves whether we

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can say, with Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us." We have not enough of this constraining impulse, for we have not enough of the spirit of fire (*Feuergeist*).

Yet no one can conquer the world who has not already been conquered by Christ. Where, however, Christ is so the conqueror in a man that he is forced to cry out, "I have but one passion, and that is He and only He," then he is able to ovecome the world. And to do this does not require the spirit of Paul. And St John has also affirmed: "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world."

To this *Feuergeist*, as bearer of the breath of God, must be added to the other watchword also: "Not simply preaching, not simply teaching; but a love which seeks and follows."

To you who have long stood by me I say this at what is perhaps the close of my career. I have preached and taught during my life; and what I have done in this way is known to the world. But all this I value less than that I am permitted, though in weakness and imperfection, to exercise that love which seeks and follows. This is a work of which the world knows little, but of which the Lord God knows much. And it is this love which seeks and follows that I now wish for you. The great and the learned may, perhaps, value your words far less on this account; but do not, therefore, neglect the poor, the lowly, and the weak. That is the watchword of Jesus Christ. "Have ye not read: out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise." Rest assured that this labor on a small scale, this seeking and following the lost, will not be in vain; and that you, too, will be able to say: Yes, among the happiest fruits of my labors must I count that even among the lowly, the neglected, the despised, among the frivolous and worldly, by faithful seeking and following, some have been won that will finally praise Him whom we praise.

Now, honored friends, I hasten to conclude. These are, probably, the last things which many of you will ever hear from my lips; and on the words of one about to leave us do we often dwell longest and most faithfully. Thus may you dwell upon these words. And when, in future years, your hair has grown gray, and you come to look back on a fifty years' labor for Christ, of a love that seeks and follows, then you will recall these my last words, as I, even to the close of life, shall remember with gratitude that it has been permitted me on this day to utter them.

Independent

OUR MASTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

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He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight:
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Mar. 5.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

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Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!—
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
The inward altars raise;
In faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.—By Asa Mahan, D. D., Published by W. C. Palmer of New York. This is a book of great merit, it shows by the Bible, and the experience of christians in all ages, that by the power of the spirit we may live the higher life and always overcome through Christ. It is a work of very great ability and entirely free from denominational bias. We give in this number of the MISCELLANY a few extracts from this work, on pages 88, 89, and 90. The price of the book is $1,25. We will send it to any one who will send us two subscribers for the MISCELLANY.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY DR. COMSTOCK.

THIS is the most magnificent water-fall in the world. It is situated between Lake Erie above, and Lake Ontario below; the cataract being formed by the passage of the water from one lake to the other. The distance between the nearest shores of these lakes is about thirty-seven miles, and the height of the Erie above Ontario is, according to Mr. Featherstonhaugh, 322 feet. On flowing out of the upper lake, the river is almost on a level with its banks, so that, if it should rise perpendicularly eight or ten feet, it would lay under water the adjacent flat country of Upper Canada on the west, and part of the state of New York on the east. The river where it issues, is about twenty-five feet deep, and three-quarters of a mile wide. Its descent is fifty feet in half a mile. Goat Island, at the very verge of the cataract, divides the water into parts. The stream on the American side is 1,072 feet wide; and the curvature of the great Horseshoe fall is 2,376 feet wide; making the width of the whole at the falls, 3,448 feet.

Although the aggregate descent from Erie to Ontario is 322 feet, the perpendicular fall at the cataract is less than one-half this distance.

The following particulars are from Mr. Featherstonhaugh's journal:

	Feet.	Miles.
Fall from Erie to the rapids above the Cataract of Niagara,	15	in 23
Fall of the rapids to the edge of the Cataract,	51	" ½
Fall of the Horseshoe Cataract,	150	
From Horseshoe fall to Lewiston,	104	" 13
From Lewiston to Ontario,	2	" 13
	322	36½

There is no doubt but the Falls of Niagara, at some remote period, were at Queenston, which is about seven miles below their present situation. The breadth of the gorge or excavation made by the waters, is, on approaching the falls, about 1,200 feet, but is much narrower towards Queenston.

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The kind of rock through which it passes consists of limestone and shale, the latter a dark colored, shelly formation, 80 feet thick, lying under the limestone. The limestone is 70 feet thick, above which is the ordinary soil of the country.

The limestone is hard, and lies in horizontal strata at the edge of the falls; but the shale is soft, and is acted upon with much greater facility than the limestone, so that the latter rock often overhangs the former, perhaps forty feet at the edge of the precipice.

The blasts of wind charged with spray, which rise out of the pool into which this enormous cascade is projected, strike against the shale beds, so that their disintegration is constant; and the superincumbent projecting limestone, being left without a foundation, falls from time to time in immense rocky masses. When these enormous fragments fall a shock is felt, often at considerable distances, accompanied by a noise resembling a distant clap of thunder.

The waters, which expand at the falls, where they are divided by the island, are contracted again after their union into a stream, averaging not more than 500 feet broad. In the narrow channel, immediately below this immense rush of waters, a boat may pass across the stream with safety. The pool into which the cataract is precipitated, being 170 feet deep, the descending water sinks down, and forms an under current, while the superficial edy carries the upper stream back towards the main fall.

Mr. Lyell, who refers the changes which have taken place on the earth's surface to "causes now in operation," states that the recession of the falls has been at the rate of fifty yards in forty years, and therefore a little more than three feet on an average in each year.

"If the ratio of recession," says he "had never exceeded fifty yards in forty years, it must have required nearly ten thousand years for the excavation of the whole ravine; but no probable conjecture can be offered as to the quantity of time assumed in such an operation, because no retrograde movement may have been much more rapid when the whole current was confined within a space not exceeding a fourth, or a fifth, part of that which the falls now occupy. Should the erosive action not be accelerated in future, it will take upwards of thirty thousand years for the falls to reach Lake Erie, (twenty-five miles distant,) to which they seem destined to arrive in the course of time, unless some earthquake changes the relative levels of the districts. The Table-land extending from Lake Erie, consists uniformly of the same geological formations as are now exposed at the falls. The upper stratum is an ancient alluvial sand, varying in thickness from 10 to 140 feet; below which is a bed of hard limestone, about 90 feet in thickness, stretching nearly in a horizontal direction over the whole country, and forming the bed of the river above the falls, as do the inferior shales below. The lower shale is nearly of the same thickness of the limestone."

"Should Lake Erie remain in its present state until the period when the ravine recedes to its shores, the sudden escape of that vast body of water would cause a tremendous deluge; for the ravine would be more than sufficient (in depth, we suppose,) to drain the whole lake, of which the average depth was found, during the late surveys, to be ten or twelve fathoms."

Although Mr. Lyell owns that no probable conjecture can be afforded with respect to the time which has elapsed since the Falls of Niagara were at Queenston, still, it is obvious that the impression intended to be left on the mind of the reader is, that it was about 10,000 years ago; that is, about 4,000 years before the creation, according to Moses, these falls were at Queenston. And at some future period, say 30,000 years hence, there will be a great flood in America, just as there have happened great floods at different periods, according to what he calls the "uniformity of the order of nature."

Now, let us see, in the first place, whether the data stated by the author can possibly warrant the supposition, that the Falls of Niagara have been 10,000 years, or even half that time, in passing from Queenston to their present location.

Mr. Lyell, who quotes Capt. Basil Hall for his authority, makes the falls 800 yards wide at the verge of the precipice; viz: the American fall 200 yards, and the Horseshoe fall 600 yards wide. The channel below the falls towards Queenston, according to the same authority, is 160 yards wide. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, we have already seen, makes

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all these widths more considerable. But we will take Mr. Lyell's own account.

The old channel, being 160 yards wide, is exactly one-fifth the width of the present falls. Now, supposing the retrograde movement of the cataract had been in proportion to its width, then, according to Mr. Lyell's estimate, it could have been only 2,000 years in traveling from Queenston to its present place; for 160 being a fifth of 800, and allowing the present movement to be at the rate of 7 miles in 10,000 years, then, being only a fifth as wide, anciently, as now, there is reason to believe that it moved at least five times as fast. But reasoning from the data before us, the time must have been even less than 2,000 years; for it is plain that a given quantity of water, say a yard in breadth, would perform the work of excavation more than five times as rapidly as it would if spread over five yards in breadth. It is, however, but fair to state, that the falls at Queenston were not so high as they are at present, the movement must have been slower than now. For we know that the denudating, or excavating power of water, bears not only a proportion to its depth and rapidity, but also to the height from which it falls; so that cataracts of little elevation produce no perceptible effects for centuries, while, if the same quantity of water were precipitated from a height of several hundred feet, the whole precipice would gradually retrograde up the stream. Allowing, therefore, that the falls moved only at half the rate above estimated, this would fix the time at 4,000 years since they were at Queenston.

FRANCIS BACON.

In boyhood, Francis Bacon was remarkable for sprightliness and the smartness of his observations. The queen, who was much taken with him, used to try him with questions on various subjects. Upon one occasion, she asked him how old he was; his reply conveyed an ingenious compliment. "I am just two years younger than your majesty's reign," said he. This occurred when he was about six years old.

In his sixteenth year, he expressed great dislike to the philosophy of Aristotle, "not for the worthlessness author, to whom he would ever all high attributes—but for the fulness of the way—being a phil not only strong for disputations a tentions, but barren of the proc of works for the life of man."

There are few instances on evincing a power of mind, at th sixteen, equal to this. The phil of Aristotle had governed the w almost two thousand years, y youth had already burst its bon was preparing to enter upo great work he was destined to plish—the overthrow of a false s wildering system, which taught begin their theory in their searc truth, and the substitution of a course—to commence with facts establish principles upon the sure dation of observation and experien

On leaving Cambridge, Bacon e Gray's inn, as student at law. He went to Paris, in the suite of the ish ambassador, and traveled in s countries on the continent. His f died in 1597; he then returned to don, and found that he was the onl of the family unprovided for. compelled him to rely upon his efforts. He devoted himself earn to the study of law; but yet the lo philosophy was in him, and at this period, he planed his great work, th ganon, and which, in the exultatio his youthful fancy, he proposed to The greatest Birth of Time.

He was duly called to the bar, soon rose to distinction in his profes Being, however, nephew to Lord leigh, and cousin to Sir Robert C two of Elizabeth's ministers, he sou preferment through them. These sons, however, represented him a mere dreamer to the queen, and hopes were deferred. He enjoyed friendship of the generous-hearted of Essex, who first endeavored to tain for him the situation of solici general, and failing in this, presen him with the noble estate of Twick ham Park, which was worth eight hundred pounds a year, and in point beauty, as Bacon himself called it, garden of paradise."

It is a painful part of the great phil opher's story, that when his noble frie was arraigned for treason he appeared counsel against him. This, it is tru

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was by the queen's command; and when she read the declaration drawn up by Bacon against the Earl, she remarked, "I see old love is not easily forgotten." It was found necessary to embitter the statement, in order to satisfy the queen, as she deemed it too mild for the nature of his offences. Essex was condemned and executed, and Bacon was, of course, censured by the public. He had doubtless a sincere friendship for Essex, and felt grateful for his munificent gift; and we know that he earnestly sought to dissuade him from a course which seemed like rushing on in his own distruction. Yet it was expecting too much of a lawyer and a politician, to run the risk of darkening his own prospects of advancement, by a chivalrous defence of one, whom, after all, he could hardly hope to save.

In 1596, he published his "Essays on Counsels, Civil and Moral," a work full of profound thought and useful observation. He was now in very embarrassed circumstances, and sought to mend them by a rich marriage. In this he failed, and was twice arrested for debt.

Upon the accession of James I., in 1603 his fortunes brightened. He had taken unwearied pains, by writing to various influential persons in Scotland, to have himself recommended to the king; and in this he was successful. His majesty came to London prepossessed in his favor, and soon bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood. He now rose rapidly, as well in his profession as in preferment. He was made solicitor-general, and held other offices. About 1607 he married Alice Barnum, daughter of a rich alderman of London.

Determined to lose no opportunity to pay his court to the king, and now being attorney-general, he took measures for conviction of an aged minister of the gospel, by the name of Peacham, which has stamped his memory with indelible shame. This clergyman was apprehended for having in his possession a written sermon in which it was alleged there were some treasonable passages. It was desired by the court that he should be punished, but the proof was inadequate. The practice of torture, for the purpose of obtaining evidence, had been common in the civil courts of England, though it was not theoretically avowed by the law. Bacon, however, gave his opinion in favor of torture, in the present case, and the old minister was put to the rack. He, however, would confess nothing, and Bacon complained to the king that he was a "dumb devil." The proof being insufficient, the attorney-general did not hesitate to tamper with the judges and attempt to persuade them to convict the prisioner. In this he failed, and accordingly the brave old man, not being executed, was permitted the grace of dragging out his miserable existence in goal. What tales of horror linger in the prisons of pious kings and holy judges!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE severe tax upon the editor's time and attention, which has been inevitable in the inauguration of an enterprise like that of the MISCELLANY, has hitherto prevented the fulfillment of a long cherished purpose of furnishing to our readers a compendium of the current events that transpire in the interval between the appearance of each different number. Such a department naturally constitutes a prominent feature in the leading monthlies in the land. And in this, as in everything else, it is our intention to have the MISCELLANY rank as high as the highest of its compeers. If not as bulky nor as pretentious as many other magazines, we yield precedence to none in the cheapness of our subscription, and the excellence of our table of contents. Without making profuse promises, or exciting expectations which the severest effort may fail to gratify, we inaugurate this new feature with the assurance that no labor shall be spared in making it every way acceptable to all classes of readers; and that, as our modest bark gains impetus in its onward voyage to the haven of success, we hope to incorporate many new and equally acceptable features:

An earthquake occurred at Rye, N. H., on Sunday, Feb. 6, at 6 A. M.....A few days before the appearance of our February number a railroad disaster occurred at New Hamburg, on the Hudson River railroad, in the state of New York, which was one of the most terrible calamities that ever occurred. Bruising,

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crushing, burning and drowning were all concerned in the work of death. Some were crushed to death instantly, some were drowned, and several were burned to death. New Hamburg is a small village on the east bank of the Hudson, near the mouth of Wappinger's Creek, in the town of Poughkeepsie, Duchess county. The accident was caused by a car on an oil train getting off the track and igniting, while crossing a bridge. The bridge, a large wooden structure, caught fire, and before signals could be thrown out a fast express train, from another direction, dashed into the fiery mass, and involved the lives of many of the sleeping passengers in the general destruction. The engineer of the express train, Wm. S. Simmons, heroically refused to leave his post, and probably was among the first to perish. A legislative committee was appointed to examine into the cause of the catastrophe, and the press were universal in their demands that any negligence or inefficiency, if discovered, should be punished, but nothing particular was evoked. The calamity seems to have been one of the unavoidable consequences of the use of the tremendous agencies which the necessities of the era demand..... Present diplomatic correspondence between Minister Thornton, of England, and Secretary Fish, gives promise of a final and happy settlement of existing difficulties between the United States and Great Britain.....The United States frigate Tennessee, concerning whose safety so much alarm existed in the early part of February, arrived safely at her destination, the island of St. Domingo, thereby relieving the public apprehension. The Tennessee bore the so-called St. Domingo Commission, among whom were Senator Wade, Prof. White, Fred Douglass, and a great number of people of lesser note. Their object is to endeavor to carry out a project lately inaugurated for the purchase of the island, a project which meets much disfavor among many members of Congress, and still more among the people. Recent reports from unofficial sources announce great dissatisfaction among the natives at their proposed absorption, and the attempts of Baez, the present ruler of the island, to suppress this sentiment only seems to increase its intensity..... H. R. Angell, Professor of French at West Point Military Academy for the last twenty-five years, died of apoplexy recently..... E. P. Loveland, formely editor of the Miami County, O., *Republican*, and also for a short time engaged in the publication of a newspaper in the city of Adrian, lost his life by the burning of the Howe Sewing Machine factory, at Peru, Ind. Three other persons are missing.....An explosion occurred in the asphaltum coal mines of Ritchie county, W. Va., by which three men lost their lives and several others were covered up in the mines. The fate of the latter is yet unknown. The explosion was caused by the ignition of a keg of powder by some means unknown. .....Much distress has been occasioned in the city of New York by the high price of fuel, brought abought ostensibly by the strike of the coal miners in Pennsylvania, but quite as probably, it is alleged, by a combination of capitalists and coal companies. At one time, during extreme cold weather, coal was sold as high as $28 per ton. The sufferings of the poorer classes, who always crowd great cities, with fuel at such an exhorbitant tariff, may be easily imagined. In some instances freezing women and children attacked coal carts and stole the contents in the streets. The trouble become so urgent that Congress, with as much expedition as could be expected of so cumbrous a body, was compelled to divert its attention from land grants and swindling subsidies, and devote itself to the consideration of these poor people's welfare. The onerous duty on anthracite coal was repealed, and that, coupled with the early opening of navigation and the return of moderate weather, ended the difficulty.....A fearful hurricane passed over the city of St. Louis on the afternoon of March 8th. Engine houses were blown down, trains lifted from the tracks, steamboats forced from their moorings, and a fearful amount of destruction wrought on both sides of the river. The most distressing accompaniment of this unusual visitation was the maiming and killing of a large number of people..... The forty-first Congress ended its final session at an early hour on the morning of the 4th of March. The organization of its successor, the forty-second, was effected speedily and harmoniously. Hon. James G. Blaine was elected Speaker on the first ballot, and the other officers were chosen without a contest. The swearing in of new members led to some debate; but the adoption by the House

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of a concurrent resolution to adjourn *sine die*, on Wednesday, the 8th of March, was the feature likely to attract most attention, as many people had made up their minds to a somewhat lengthy session. It is to be hoped that the new Congress, by the dignity of its deliberations, its freedom from corruption, and its earnest efforts to legislate only for the good of the whole nation, may earn the respect which so many that have lately preceded it have sacrificed.....The fearful conflict of which France has been the theatre for so many months past, has at last terminated. Viewed in any light, this war, and the tremendous results achieved thereby may be placed among the most remarkable ever chronicled in the grim record of the world's great wars. France, which less than a cycle since was deemed the foremost military power in the world, now lies prone at the feet of the nation she sought to overwhelm and humble. With no real justification, and in the face of the moral and religious sentiment of the century, she elected to make the sword the arbiter of wrong, and has suffered a terrible retribution. Misled by the demoralizing Napoleonic dynasty, which like a mighty incubus has smothered every virtuous aspiration in the heart of the French people for two decades; arrogant in her infidelity and licentiousness, France, checked at the first outset, has been brought to the lowest depths of abasement by the armies who seized the musket only in self-defence, to preserve inviolate their homes and hearthstones from the devastations of a pitiless foe. While the result seems almost poetic in its retribution, the attitude of the Prussian armies and their brave king and commander seems the embodiment of poetic heroism. In reading the dispatches with which King William announced every important movement to his consort and his country, there is noticeable a tone of religious feeling and gratitude that stands in marked contrast with the vain, empty and boastful manifests that have emanated from the leaders on the other side. Like Cromwell, in days gone by, and Havelock, in our own time, the Prussian commanders and their sturdy landwehr, have proven that calm, conscientious courage and religious faith are the best of bucklers in the direst emergencies of battle. A praying king and a pious popular soldiery, who accepted war only as a last resource, have swept away the ruthless mercenaries who threatened the peace of the whole world, and at last lain on their arms and dictated terms of peace to their antagonist under the shadow of the traditional Tuilleries. The articles of peace, as arranged by Count Bismarck with Thiers, Favre and other plenipotentiaries, are as follows: Article 1st specifies the line of demarcation. Article 2d provides that France will pay Germany five milliard francs—one milliard at least in 1871, and all the rest in the space of three years from the ratification. Article 3d provides that evacuation is to commence on the ratification of the treaty by the Assembly; that the German troops will then immediately quit Paris and the left bank of the Seine, and also the Departments of Indre, Loire, and the Seine-Inferieure. The French troops will remain behind the Loire until the signing of the definite treaty of peace, except those in Paris, where the government is not to have exceeding 40,000 troops. The Germans will evacuate the right bank of the Seine gradually after the signing of the definitive treaty and the payment of half a milliard francs. After the payment of two milliards, the Germans will only hold the Departments of Marne, Ardennes, Meuse, Vosges, Meurthe, and the town of Belfort. After the payment of three milliards, the Germans will only keep 50,000 troops in France; but if a sufficient money guarantee be given, the Germans will evacuate completely at once; otherwise, three milliards will carry interest at five per cent. from the ratification of the treaty. Article 4th provides that the German troops make no further requisitions; that the French Government will find food for the army in occupation of the ceded departments, that favorable arrangements will be made with the inhabitants, and time given them to move if they please; and that no obstacle will be placed in the way of emigration. Article 6th provides that the prisoners will be immediately liberated on the ratification of the treaty, and that the French railways will lend their carriages and engines at the same prices as to the French Government. Article 7th provides that the treaty will be definitely signed at Brussells immediately after the ratification. Article 8th provides that after the ratification the management of all the departments occupied will be handed over to the French officials, subject to German commanders, in the in-

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terest of German troops. Article 9th provides that it well be understood that the Germans have no authority over the departments not occupied by them.

IMPROVEMENTS FOR ADRIAN.—We rejoice in the present tendency of improvement in our slow but beautiful city. We have a new brass foundry, which is already employing nearly a hundred men. Our old resident, Henry Angell, is now doing quite an extensive business in car manufacturing. Mr. Angell is a self-made man, of great energy and enterprise; such men make the country. Mr. Kirby, who has long had charge of car building, at this place, for the Michigan Southern road, is, we are informed, about enlarging the business at this point. There are better days for Adrian.

WE publish a few from the many high expressions which we receive in letters to the MISCELLANY:

[From the Raisin Record.]

"We have received the January and February numbers of this most excellent monthly, and believe that we seldom have enjoyed a better half day's reading than while we were perusing the numbers referred to. Every article possesses some real merit of its own, and nothing objectionable to the most fastidious can be found in its columns."

[From Rev. Joel Martin.]

"I regard the MISCELLANY, on the whole, the best magazine I ever read."

[From M. E. P. Otto, Orland, Ind.]

"Your magazine is to my lonely hours like an oasis in the desert to the weary traveler. I should be very sorry to be deprived of it."

[From J. M. Fitch, Corunna, Mich.]

"I find the MISCELLANY full of valuable knowledge and pure religious thought. It is worthy of the patronage of every Christian man and woman in the land."

[From Rachiel Bainbridge, Ridgeville, O.]

"I prize the MISCELLANY more highly than any magazine I know of; it contains such rich food for thought."

[From Wm. Dougherty, Berrien Springs.]

"I have read the MISCELLANY with my wife, before she died, with great interest, and have found much satisfaction in its perusal. May the Lord bless you in your labors. I wish you to continue it until I say stop."

SOME of our subscribers owe us yet for all, or a part, of last year; we hope such will send us the amount due at once, as our terms are in advance. We hope that those who have not paid us for the MISCELLANY this year will send the pay as soon as possible. Clubs of two or more, of either old or new subscribers, can receive the MISCELLANY for $1.25 each.

FOR the want of room we are obliged to defer several notices until our next number.

ALL who subscribe between this and July will begin with the January number. We can furnish all with back numbers. We can also furnish the MISCELLANY for the whole of 1870.

SOME of our subscribers are doing nobly in their efforts to extend the circulation of the MISCELLANY. All will succeed who work with patience. We want energetic men and women to act as agents in all parts of the country. We will give extra percentage to such.

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ELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

3. ADRIAN, APRIL, 1871. No. IV.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine

LATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY HON. JACOB M. HOWARD.

—

ur tumultuous dreams, chasing other like boisterous waves, have d against my senses during my How did I wander from woe to The horrors of despair filled me imaginary fortunes. And what I by waking from that trance now, and recovering my reason? I only exchange ills for ills, and the reality still more terrible fiction. The days are too short the utterance of my griefs; the , yes, the darkest night, even enveloped by its profoundest , was less sad than my fate— my than my soul!

were the reflections which be- my mind on witnessing, each , the renewal of my accus- torments.

the 11th of November, 1809, a sadly memorial to me, my mind oppressed with a dream, which, some moments, really agitated me. my imagination soon reverted to agreeable recollections. I often to Malmaison, to forget the , and the courtiers who ed there.

was here, (I thought to myself,) , for the first time in my life, I tasted the pleasures of a tranquil and solitary life—'twas here that the hand of good fortune at times presented me her enchanted cup!—here, that my husband appeared like a star from the banks of the Nile, upon the borders of the Seine! He came, as it now seems to me, to carry me off from the asylum my heart had chosen, where, during his long absence, I had strayed followed by his image; and where, absorbed in perusing the annals of France, I found everywhere upon the brilliant page, the name of him who was its chief and most illustrious architect! Happy, happy illusions! was all that my sighing accents could repeat.

At other times I could see before me nothing but a long series of ills and sorrows. The path I was now to tread was beset with thorns: I felt their deadly points at every step; it seemed to me that the earth was but my place of punishment; every thing reminded me of my happy days, and I felt that my soul would soon leap and fly away into other realms than this. My imprisoned spirit strove to relieve itself from its painful confinement, and be free. I asked Madame Rachefoucault, who was my friend, whether it was a crime for a wife, who had done all in her power for her husband, and who was about to be forsaken in so dastardly a way, to recover her liberty? God is just, for he is God!—He calls me to himself—I see, he opens his arms to receive me—he offers me an asylum in his bosom. Will he punish

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me for my weakness? Does his law require me to support a burden which crushes me? Why does he will that I should live a few moments longer? My life is no more account in my Creator's eyes, than that of the organized atoms which we crush beneath our feet. Though it is certain that he placed man in the highest rank of his creatures, yet can I be so foolish as to suppose myself of more importance than the thousands whom war has cut off? Were those victims to the ambitious princes, born to be the cannon's exclusive prey? In making this last reflection, I was, I confess, tortured to madness by the memory of the past. I tried to call reason to my aid, but she fled from my sight. I had lost all energy, and was a prey to hopeless discouragement. "Ah," cried I, "pity him, O ye his friends! Tremble at the dreadful fate of him who has so long astonished the world!—him whose wonderful fame and continued prosperity———." In the midst of these reflections, M. de B——brought me a note from the Emperor enjoining me to repair immediately to the palace.

Nothing is so embarrassing to a woman of sensibility, as to find herself in the presence of a man who is a dissembler, to whom she cannot freely communicate the indignation which she feels.

I could not remain longer in this cruel state of uncertainty, and I said to my beloved daughter, who sought in vain to dry my tears, "I must now for the last time have an explanation with my husband; this same Bonaparte, who had once honored me with his confidence, must show me that esteem and that attachment which a woman like me must never lose."

I requested Marechal Duroc to inform his master that I asked the favor of a private conversation with him.

While waiting to obtain it, I went into the saloon, where the company was numerous, and conversation animated.

I conversed, successively, Marechals and the chief dign the empire. The wives of officers of the Emperor's gua presented to me, and I also prefects of the departments a reception. I noticed that t chamberlain, who was at my s a distracted and constraine which led me to suppose tha already apprized of the kin ception I should meet with f poleon.

I had been informed that p reports had been made to the E respecting the viceroy of It that his father-in-law had beco bre, and suspicious that he m counter in Eugene a William

On this occasion I presented before my husband with a c and with restrained indignat dressed him thus: "If in your e crime is that I have spoken to language of truth, I have r firmly, to render myself stil guilty on this occasion. I wil to you, Bonaparte, with the b and force which belong to yo character, that I am your best I do not reproach you for the i with which you have treated some time past; I only ask favor to give me the names of t troons who have permitted then to cast upon the prince, my s poison of their calumny. The have little honor, indeed, to d perse his character in the dark! fy them all, here, in your pr But no! a calumniator can ne dure the presence of a brave m flatter myself that you will be t to name his accuser. Ah! learn to appreciate the soul of Eug that respectful son who will be mindful of your august prot While heaven shall preserve h ing, it will be his pleasure to known to the world that you been a father to him, and that i your kindness that he is indebt

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his rapid advancement and for his prosperity. And if he has become the husband of an illustrious princess, that is also your work. Let him enjoy, peaceably, the fruits of the favors you have heaped upon him. Never imagine that ingratitude can get possession of his heart; believe that he shares the sentiments of his mother; and believe, also, that both of them give you the highest proof of their devotion by daring to speak to you the language of truth."

Bonaparte gazed at me with a look impossible to describe. His head was resting in his two hands—he seemed almost dying.

After remaining for some time without speaking, he commenced reading a dispatch which R. de S. J. d' A——had placed in his hands. But the sudden revolution which his feelings had undergone could not be concealed. He made a sign, signifying that he was going to read the document, and, with a motion as quick as thought, broke the seal and commenced the perusal.

"Shall I wait for an answer?" asked R. de S. J. d' A———.

"No," said the hesitating monarch; "I intend to give an answer in person, but not just now." He finished reading it, rose, and made a gesture dismissing him.

I no longer doubted that his resolution was taken. That document related to me; everything showed me that measures were taken to consummate my ruin. Bonaparte's family had long since prepared the way, and Murat, the perfidious Murat, was constantly exulting over it.

Alas, it was now time for me to come to a firm resolution. Fouche came and informed me that my separation was definitely decreed by the council of the state. I was aware that Cambaceres had proposed to elevate Lucien's oldest daughter to the rank of Empress. But such a marriage would not have accomplished the ambitious views of Napoleon. He told the arch-chancellor on the spot—"Prince, your proposition is inadmissible; I want a princess; the only business before you is to designate her to me. Alexander has a young sister who would suit me perfectly. But I cannot conceal the fact that the ladies at his court do not regard me with much favor; everything proves that I should there be rejected. I might form an alliance with Spain, were it not that, situated as we now are, it would do me more hurt than good. Let's direct our researches to another quarter." Marechal Berthier proposed an alliance with Germany; the master seemed to relish this project. Fouche opposed it on the ground that it was both dangerous and impolitic. "You are right, *Monsieur le Duc*," interrupted Napoleon, with vehemence, "you are right, provided the lady I propose to marry, shall, in regard to me, bear any title but that of my wife. I take cheerfully the advice of the Empress Josephine, because she is my best friend, and because she has, like me, known how to travel, with courage the rugged road to fortune; and I think that the woman who shall occupy her post at my court, will have some difficulty in replacing her in my affections. She will act her part—I reserve my own to myself. Gentlemen, I am going to ask for an archduchess. Her father is not in a condition to refuse me, and his subjects will, by means of this alliance, be as happy. Josephine, it gives me pleasure to repeat, is worthy of my attachment and my gratitude. Her son, a model of talent and virtue, became my son by the most solemn engagement. I admit that Eugene is worthy to succeed me. France and Europe would applaud the adoption. But my present policy demands, imperatively, that the bonds that unite me to his mother should be severed, and that I should ally myself to the blood of monarchs.

My will shall encounter no obstacle—I must lead to the altar a new wife, in the midst of a cortege of kings; and who knows but the next year will witness the birth of an heir to my power and my name?"

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Thus did he reason—the man who, without a guide, was about to set out on a new career. He still sought to aggrandize himself; and, henceforth, every one would take pleasure in caressing and corrupting him, and in lavishing upon him their flatteries, in order to ruin him. I could not, of course, but feel the deepest anxiety respecting his future fortunes. Time should have taught him to regard me as his indulgent judge, and his true mentor. And I fondly cherished the chimerical hope, that my husband would, finally, listen to inspirations of wisdom, and the counsels of prudence. But no! In a moment of enthusiasm occasioned by his approaching marriage, he dared to say to me, and on the eve, of our separation, that he now "believed himself led on by Fortune; that she was about to place his authority between two hearts, which a natural sympathy attracted toward each other; that this newly-formed attachment had inspired him with the resolution to exile me to Italy; that it was important to his purpose that no one should penetrate the mystery of his destiny; that he should be continually tormented by my reflections, should I remain in France; that he regretted my loss sincerely, but that he had sworn to sacrifice all that he had held most dear. "Ah!" my friend, "continued he, the curse attached to my destiny, should I keep that fatal oath, has frozen or destroyed all the flattering chimeras which enticed me to mount the throne. I now perceive the dangers which await me. You have judged rightly respecting the defects of my character. Ruled by a burning imagination, whose promptings I find it glorious to obey, I have spent my life in continual activities, which have left me not one moment of time, to fulfill my duties as an initiate of the sect of the Egyptians.

"Thirsting for renown, persuading myself that the eulogies of men lift to immortality, him who is their object, I have only aimed to acquire glory. I have obtained great success, and pursued, without relaxation, the phantom of felicity. I have sacrificed everything to my ambition. What have I gained by so many efforts, so much toil and suffering? I have inspired envy, and provoked ingratitude. I have overturned a portion of Europe, without being able to seize happiness, which, I find, still outstrips me. Many have been the conquests I have made; but that still eludes me. My ministers generals I have enriched, without the luck of finding a true friend ceived by almost every one of t owe to me their fortunes, and rank they occupy, and not even preserve to myself the compan has ever inspired me with love must admit that my situation is, unhappy!"

I comprehended nothing of How did it happen that he was b a solemn promise to leave me? not, he said, that sweet com which always remains to a feelin It was then in vain for me to se confidence, which I had ever done. It was very easy for m that he was unhappy: that he victim of treacherous advice; so own sagacity carried me; but motive which provoked his div was a mystery which my most a observation could not fathom. leon," said I, "Is the time to pa thus without bringing any chang painful state? And is your brav ter to smite down, without pity, flowers of my existence?"

My husband was in tears; his burst forth. But withdrawing from my arms, for fear of disclo secret, he exclamed—"I have fruitless efforts, Josephine, to what I owe to you; I feel a se stinct which I cannot prevent; m feels a keener pang than yours. by far, that you should submit sway but that of my benefits; for that in your return for them, I have your care, your love, and y spect." In uttering these wor laid his hands upon the one h about to sacrifice, in an attitude of s ful resignation to his fate; and one have said that he was already ing for a guardian angel, about exiled from the palace by his I stood mute; silence and grief sp me. A deep sob escaped him. I ly heard it; a new perplexity m with hope and pleasure, got co possession of him. His mind was with uncertainty, his heart wit guish. It was possible that I migh been the victim of a fatal secret; could no longer keep silence. Ag by indescribable emotions, I claimed:—

"Ah! who shall now dare separa

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Pardon my presumption. What earthly power shall, so long as I live, so long as I breathe, so long as I have the last sentiment of existence, force me to abandon the rights with which, from this decisive moment, I feel myself invested! No! our destinies are indissolubly linked together. All temporizing, all delays, all disguise must now be renounced. Why this sudden fright? Why that terrified look! Can you repent of having shown a little sensibility—a symptom of compassion? Oh! Bonaparte! put an end to this unexampled mystery! I am your own—I am yours to my latest breath—yours by the most sacred engagement, even beyond this life! You weep, Bonaparte! 'tis not with grief. Tell me your situation; lay open your heart to me; here, on this sacred spot—hereafter the happier for it—where, for the first time, you have caused a ray of hope to flash upon my eyes—here let our faith, our vows, be pledged for eternity."

Bonaparte, with a downcast, haggard look, and a hollow voice, was lying upon a sofa, where he had thrown himself to calm his agitation, and enjoy a moment's rest. Raising my hands to heaven, I said to my husband, "Let me not be a subject of discord between you and your family, because I cannot fulfill a wish implanted by nature! Oh! let those who wish to precipitate me into this abyss, but be acquainted with my heart! Let them know that I have no other desire than to see peace reigning in the bosom of France!"—and I passed out of the Emperor's cabinet to conceal my tears. "Loved victim of the inconsistency of men," said I, in placing my foot upon the threshhold, "if thou forsakest, what friend will pity me?" My grief was so profound, that I was afraid the lamp of reason would go out. My husband's was perfectly heart-rending, for it was the expression of remorse.

The Path that Leads to Heaven.

'Mid'st thou 'mid flowery fields it lies,
The path thine eager spirit tries,
Where faith and hope have striven?
Mark'st thou the skies are always clear,
But love and joy are always near
The path that leads to heaven:

And sweetly, in that narrow way,
Must dear ones greet thee day by day?
Ah, no! by tempests driven,
The storm-cloud hovers o'er the path,
Which seems to thee the way of wrath,
The path that leads to heaven.

And graves are there and sighs and tears,
And sickness with its train of fears,
And hearts with anguish riven;
And martyrs' blood and dying groans,
And dark with woes the world disowns,
The path that leads to heaven.

Yes, 'tis the way, the way to God,
The way by ancient worthies trod,
Where they have fought and striven,
The way Christ opened when he died;
And shall we fear the path he tried—
The path that leads to heaven?

No, weary pilgrim, hasten on;
The day of toil is almost gone;
Yon western clouds are given,
With gold and purple on their breast,
As emblems of the morrow's rest—
That calm, sweet rest in heaven.

LIVING WATERS

BY CARL SPENCER.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever Summer saw:
And cool their water is— yea, cool and sweet;—
But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveler strays:
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give—

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Unasked, their lives to other life they grant—
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all.
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes again to give;
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

That our age holds an amount of refinement and civilization that preceding ages did not have, seems evident. We may not see minutely how this operation of human progress goes on—we may not be able to trace the transfusion of the good and the true through every particle and member. But we see the grand result. So the great ocean comes on imperceptibly. Men build their huts at the foot of some huge mountain, and till the green fields that spread out before them, thinking nothing so permanent. But, by and by, other men come that way, and the green fields are all gone. The summer fruit has long since been gathered. Where the husbandman found his wealth, the fisher draws his support; where the sickles rustled in the bending corn, the ships of war go fleeting by; and the old mountain has become a gray and wave-beaten crag—a landmark to the distant mariner, and a turret where the sea bird screams.

But this was accomplished imperceptibly. One generation may not have witnessed the advancement of the waters; another may have passed away without noting it; but slowly advancing. And by and b saw it—saw the grand resu they did not mark each succ eration. So with human One age may scarcely perceiv another may die without s but we must take some dista that is not too closely blended time, and compare that with ent; and in the grand resul discover that there has bee progress.

Still, some may say, "Yes, been progress, but not over world; there have been salie but also retreating angles; you speak of human progr must appeal to the world a say, has that advanced?" I that in the world, somewhe has been a constant tendenc vancement. Even the dar have been seasons of fruition; dle ages nourished and prepar ous elements of human refo If one nation has lost the thre vancement, another has take and so the work has gone forw not in the race, as a whole, at time, yet in the race somewher the race is fundamentally the sa what may be predicated of a of mankind, as belonging es to humanity, may be predicate whole; and so in the advance a portion of the race, the wh comes hopeful.

The capacity of the race f gress has been demonstrated. capacity never to be gratified? the period never has been that race were at the same time same level,—who shall say th time never will come? that it can come? Who shall say, so l the capacity exists, how qui transfusion of what is excellent portion may be made throu whole? A victory over the Asiatic, grim and bloody as it i be one agent of such transfusio triumph of machinery may help

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The steam-car may carry over drifted deserts and mountains. The march of by circumstances, may lands that never knew the Phœnecia or the wisdom —where Alexander never with his hosts, and where back his eagles. This is point—not universal pro- human progress—not pro- where, but progress some- but that and all human- hopeful—grant but the ca- the doctrine is practicable— be in operation only at one it is a law, and as such is and acted upon.

ions may die, but new na- up. Let the principle be and no one can limit the may take a longer sweep has yet passed over man- bring all nations to the same dvancement. Some nations, and now there, may always ance of others; yet if the nce also, the great law will ation, and no people shall or died in vain. Into the pulchres of the old and a new life shall be kindled, that they have not waited so nothing. Dim Meroe will dom from beyond the foun- the Nile, and the stony lips phinx shall preach the gospel.

Nature of Thunder-Storms.

, in a day calm and serene, upwards to and around the the sky, the eye encounters de in its survey, and freely the depths of space to the limits of its range. No ter- ment dims the transparency pure ether, no veil hides the face of the god of day; and the tremulous ray of the minutest and most distant star finds an easy path across the unfathomable void. The blue vault which inwraps us alone indicates the diffusion of attenuated matter; but its cool and spotless azure, like the breast of the dove, imbosoms only innocence and peace. Even the sounds of the material and busy world are thrown back in subdued murmurs from the sky, and in this general repose of nature, and throughout "the abyss where sparkle distant worlds," the sharpest scrutiny can descry no element of change or of mischief. While the verdant earth, indeed, remains firm beneath his feet, man anticipates no descending danger, and the upturned eye looks but for blessing from above.

This pure and peaceful character of the firmament we contemplate is but the normal condition which marks the rest and equilibrium of the elements. Unseen and unfelt, there encompasses our globe a girdle of air, as translucent as empty space, and so thin and impalpable, that we neither feel its pressure nor experience its resistance. Even when we inhale it, and live by its inhalation, we are not sensible that we have drawn into our system any thing that is material. Yet is this invisible and almost intangible element instinct with mysterious properties, and charged with superhuman powers. The green and fermenting earth projecting into it its noxious exhalations; the decaying structures of organic life let loose their poisonous ingredients; and even living beings, while appropriating its finer elements, ungratefuly return the adulterated residue into the ethereal granary. Thus does the pabulum of life become a polluted and deleterious compound. The noble organizations of living nature languish under its perilous inspiration; while disease and pestilence either decimate the people, or pursue their epidemic round, demanding at every stage their hetacomb of victims.

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When the earth, revolving round its axis, has received from the sun its daily measure of light and of heat, different zones on its surface and different portions of its mass—the aqueous expanse, the sandy desert, the rankly-luxuriant jungle, the rocky mountain crest—all give out their hoarded caloric in unequal and commingling streams. The homogenity and equilibrium of the elastic medium is thus speedily destroyed; the cold and dense air rushes into the more heated and rarefied regions; and the whole atmosphere around us becomes agitated with coinciding or conflicting currents. Here the zephyr breathes its softest murmurs, awakening the Eolian lyre to its most plaintive strains, and scarcely turning the twittering aspen leaf on its stalk; there the gale sweeps along, howling amidst the darkened forests, bending the majestic pines in its path, and hurrying the frightened bark to its port; and yonder the tornado cuts its way through the mightist forests, making sport of the dwellings and strongholds of man, and dashing to the bottom of the deep the proudest of his floating bulwarks.

But while the heated air thus sweeps, in gale or in tempest, over the waters of the ocean, or rests in peace on its glassy breast, it carries upwards, by its ascending currents, the aqueous vapors it has thus exhaled. The denser element reflects in all directions the light that falls upon it, and, diffused in mists, or accumulated in clouds, the atmosphere teems with opaque masses, which conceal the azure vault, and obstruct even the fiercest rays of a meridian sun. Here they float in majestic dignity, the aerial leviathans of the sky, veiling and unveiling the luminary which gave them birth. There they marshal their rounded fleeces, or arrange their woolly ringlets, or extend their tapering locks, now shining like the new fallen snow, now flushed with the red of the setting sun, but ever in pleasing harmony with the blue expanse which they adorn, and the purple landscap they crown.

Over this lovely portrait nature the curtain of night rises but to exhibit scenes terror and desolation. Whil lar heat is converting into water and moisture of the ea tricity is freely disengaged d process. The clouds which t forms exhibit different electri ditions, though the electricit atmosphere, when serene, is i the same. Hence the descen clouds towards the earth, thei approach, the force of atm currents, and the ever-varyi cies of heat and cold, convert al envelopment of our glob complex electrical apparatus, neously exhibiting, in a va forms, the play and the confli antagonist powers. As St. Elr the slightly liberated electric the yard-arms and mast-tops with its star, its ball of fire lambent flame. At the close try day, and above level pla opposite electricities of the e air effect their reunion in flashes of lightning,—illumin it were, in far-spread sheets, th circuit of the horizon and the canopy of its clouds. At othe the same elements light up th constellations with their restle fires—now diffusing their pho flame, and flitting around gleams, as if keeping time to sic of the spheres—and now s up their auroral columns, adv retreating, and contending, as mimicry of mortal strife

But these various displays power of electricity, however they may startle ignorance and superstition, are always unat with danger, and form a striki trust with the full developmen unbridled and unbalanced When, after a long drought, th ture of an over loaded atmosp accumulated in massive clouds,

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opposite electricities, and driven agonistic currents, the reunited ds compress, as it were, in their embrace, their tenements of ; and cataracts of rain, and s of hail, and volleys of stony s, are thrown down upon the desolating its valleys with floods, rushing its vegetation by their Even in our temperate zone, but lly under the raging heats of a l sun, this ferment and explo- of the elements is more terrific As if launched from an omnipo- arm, the red lightning-bolt cuts y to the earth, now transfixing and beast in its course; now rend- the smitten oak with its wedges of fire; now shivering or consuming storm-tossed vessel; now shatter- cloud-capped towers and gorgeous ings—nor even sparing the holy uary, the hallowed dome, or the crated spire. And no sooner has bolt crushed its victim, and the d messenger secured his prey, the peals of its rattling artillery nd from cloud to cloud, and from to hill, as if the God of nature pronouncing the perdition of un- y men, and as if the heavens, ed old like a garment," were t to be wrapped up in the fervent of the elements. During this re- al of the day which is to come a thief in the night," heaven seems e in fierce conflict with earth— the sufferer, and God the aven- The warrior turns pale; the t stands appalled at the altar; the ce trembles on his throne, Even ab life, sharing the perils of its nt, is striken with fear. The war- e shakes under his rider. the eagle rs in his cleft of rock; the sea- l screams in its flight; and univer- life travails with one common d of the Giant Arm which thus ds the omnipotence of the ele- ts.

Apr. 2.

ART.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.

Twas Art! sweet Art! New radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke—
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal;
Fire bears its banner on the wave.
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning Time's control,
Commences with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.

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FRANCE

BY JOSEPH EMERSON.

To EVERY Englishman, and to every American, the history of France, next to that of England, is by far, the most important of any European history. The French, for many ages, have been a brave, polite and scientific people. Since the times of Charlemagne, and especially since the reign of Francis I. the power of France, its central situation and profound policy, have given it an extensive connection with all the principal concerns of Europe.

For the long period between the ninth and sixteenth centuries, the fortunes of France, like those of the rest of Europe, were fluctuating and unsteady. At each return of prosperity, however, they rose higher on the general scale, and gained a more commanding situation. In the first part of the fifteenth century, Henry V., of England, conquered France, and received, in Paris, the fealty of the French nobility, and the crown of France seemed apparently confirmed to him and posterity. But, Henry dying in the 34th year of his age, the valor of the celebrated maid of Orleans restored the drooping affairs of France, settled the crown firmly on the head of Charles VII., and within ten years from her being a British province, she was again independent, more powerful than she had ever been, and nearly able to conquer Britain, then governed by Henry VI., the feeblest and most miserable of all the English monarchs.

In virtue of that conquest by Henry V., the kings of England have since pompously styled themselves kings of Great Britain, France and Ireland.

Francis I., though one of the most accomplished princes of his time, spent a long reign in planning schemes of ambition, which proved abortive—in wars, generally unsuccessful, and in artful and tedious negotiations, at which he was a match for any of his cotemporaries. Disappointed in his hopes of being elected emperor of Germany, his whole life was a scene of rivalship with Charles V., the successful candidate for that high dignity. The slow and sullen temper of Charles, his cool and profound thought, and his firm and even courage, always gave him the advantage of Francis, when in projecting, there was danger from the undue influence of passion, or when in action, there was danger from temerity.

In the course of their contentions, which were perpetually embittered by personal animosity, and which could only end with life, Francis unfortunately became Charles' prisoner. An advantage so great and decided as this, would forever have ruined almost any prince but Francis. In the true spirit and character of a Frenchman, Francis bore this calamity with a more equal mind than most men bear prosperity; and he soon gained his freedom. By an address, which few monarchs ever possessed in a greater degree than himself, he wound his tortuous course out of a labyrinth of difficulties, and found himself able once more to look his powerful rival in the face.

It is an uncommon case, that Francis, notwithstanding his numerous misfortunes, and the failure of most of his favorite schemes, left his kingdom, at his death, far more powerful, prosperous and respectable, than he found it. It was his lot to contend with very potent enemies; but Francis was a most accomplished prince. Such was the benevolence, the amiableness, the urbanity of his mind and character, that his courtiers loved him as a brother, and his subjects in general revered and respected him as a father. His more powerful rivals merited far less of their subjects, and enjoyed their affections far less, than he did. It is the remark of an excellent historian, that the rep-

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utation and fame of Francis have risen in proportion as those who came after him had opportunity to perceive the permanent benefits, his administration conferred on his people.

It will be impossible to speak distinctly of the kings of France; it being the design of this brief survey, merely to convey to the young reader a general idea of the rise, progress and character of France. There is one event, however, in the succeeding reign which renders it proper to call up the successors of Francis to view.

Francis I. was succeeded by his son Henry II., who was a prince not unworthy of the character of his illustrious father. His wars with Germany were generally more successful than those of his predecessor, whose hostile temper towards that neighboring power, he had largely imbibed. This prince took Calais from the English; since which time they have had no footing in France. He was killed at a tournament by count Montgomery, A. D., 1559.

The history of France from this period till the reign of Louis XIV., commonly called the Augustan age of France, opens an interesting scene of policy, chicanery, the caprice of fortune, cruelty and bravery, with some virtue. Several great families and illustrious characters rose into public view. The Houses of Guise, Conde and Bourbon became celebrated through Europe; and by their intrigues and conspiracies, influenced not only the French government, but shook its throne, and governed the politics of Europe. The Protestant religion had made great progress in France, and being espoused by many very powerful men, persecutions terminated in civil wars, and in some of the most horrid scenes of blood and cruelty recorded in history. The horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572, exceed all the powers of description.

Charles IX., the French king, had gained the confidence of the Protestants, or Hugonots, by caressing them in an extraordinary manner. The more effectually to secure this confidence, and to entangle their leaders in the snare laid for them, Charles offered his sister Margaret in marriage to the prince of Navarre. Admiral de Coligny, the prince of Conde, and all the considerable nobility assembled in Paris to celebrate their nuptials. The queen of Navarre was poisoned by order of the court, and the admiral was dangerously wounded by an assassin. Yet Charles, redoubling his dissimulation, was still able to retain the Hugonots in their security, till on the evening of St. Bartholomew's, a few days after their marriage, the signal was given, by the ringing of a bell, for a general extermination of the Protestants. Charles, accompanied by his mother, beheld from a window, this horrid massacre. He greatly incited the fury of the Catholics, by firing himself upon the Protestants, and crying Kill, Kill! Persons of every condition, age and sex, suspected of any propensity to Protestantism, were involved in an undistinguished ruin. The streets of Paris flowed with blood. Such was the rage of the murderers, that not satisfied with exterminating life, they exercised the most licentious barbarity on the bodies of the dead. About five hundred gentlemen and men of distinction perished in this massacre, and nearly ten thousand of inferior condition. Orders were instantly dispatched to all the provinces for a general execution of the Protestants. A like carnage ensued at Rouen, Lyons, Orleans and several other cities. Sixty thousand Protestants are supposed to have been massacred in different parts of France. At Rome and in Spain the massacre of St. Bartholomew's was the subject of public rejoicings. Solemn thanks were returned to God for its success, under the name of the triumph of the church militant. Among the Protestants it excited incredible horror; a striking picture of which is drawn by Fenelon, the French ambassador at the court of

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ıd, in his account of his first ce after that barbarous transac- "A gloomy sorrow," says he, ɔn every face; silence, as in the f night, reigned through all the ers of the royal apartment; the and courtiers clad in deep mourn- ere ranged on either side; and assed by them, in my approach queen, not one bestowed on me rable look, or made the least re-) my salutations."

Protestants were led by the of Conde, and the Catholics by uke of Guise, two of the most ıted personages, as well as able nders, of their time. Rivers of vere shed, and all the resources eat and numerous people were ted in various struggles; while seemed doubtful, whether the vould turn in favor of Protes- ı or of Rome. Murders, assas- ns, massacres, and plots of every filled every corner of France ırror; the blackest atrocities in- ıed the whole nation with guilt, ındered it "a land of blood." lerman princes, the pope, the of Spain and England were ac- y their emissaries, in this scene ror, and abetted each party, as t or inclination prompted.

he midst of these commotions ɔbrated Henry IV. ascended the of France. He gained that lofty ce by making his way through :less impediments. Among many ınts, he resorted to one, which litician may justify, but which ɔartial narrator of truth cannot ı without disapprobation. He the Protestant, and embraced tholic religion, as the only step ɔould advance him to the throne; :h feint he seems to have follow- example of the celebrated Mau- ıd he resembled him no less in imely death. This was regard- pious fraud, since it is generally l that he never altered his sen- ɔoncerning religion, and that he ermined, as soon as opportunity should present, to favor and establish the Protestant cause. But Providence seems to have determined that this unhappy country, so deeply polluted by the blood of innocence, should never be purged but by the blood of the guilty.

As of the illustrious Henry V. of England, so of Henry IV. of France, we can only conjecture what would have been the result of a long reign by the brilliant exploits which he performed in a very short one—by the amazing energy which he manifested—by the comprehensive views—by the amiableness, the elevation and grandeur of mind he displayed in so short a career.

Henry applied himself with wonderful address to the affairs of government, and especially to ameliorate the condition of his subjects. In these important and benevolent pursuits, he was aided by the celebrated Duke of Sully, the ablest statesman of his time. In 1598 he published the famous edict of Nantz, which gave free liberty of conscience to the Protestants, and allowed them the public exercise of their religion. He encouraged, or rather founded, the silk manufactories in France.

This illustrious prince was assassinated in his chariot, in the streets of Paris, in 1610, by a wretched enthusiast, whose name should never have polluted the page of history.

The son and successor of Henry IV. was Louis XIII. He, by the aid of the powerful and ambitious Richelieu, crushed at once the nascent liberties of France. He violated the rights of conscience, deprived the Protestants of every privilege, and put a period to the religious struggles, which had subsisted for nearly a century, and had destroyed above a million of men.

During Richelieu's administration the famous protestant league was formed among the Northern Powers, at the head of which was the great Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. This formidable combination in favor of Pro

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testantism, and which severely shook the German throne, originated in the profound policy of Richelieu, the very man who had persecuted and destroyed that cause in France.

The reign of Louis XIII. prepared France for the Augustus of modern times. He died in 1643, and left as his successor his son, the celebrated Louis XIV., then in his minority. The kingdom was disturbed and torn by factions and intestine broils. The Protestants gathering strength on the death of Richelieu and Louis, were headed by a prince of Conde, far more celebrated than the former; and the Catholics were led by the truly famous marshal Turenne. The mother of the young king assumed the administration, and, by the policy of Cardinal Mazarine, not only governed France, but was also able to manœuvre the diplomatic corps of every court in Europe.

The affairs of the French government had been conducted with such consummate skill, that Louis XIV., when he assumed the reins, found himself one of the most absolute monarchs in the world. Early in his reign he had the discernment and good fortune to appoint, as his first minister, the great Colbert, as he is very justly styled.

The glory of France has been essentially owing to the abilities and virtue of a series of great men, at the helm of administration. In this respect it is probable that no other nation was ever so fortunate as France. For more than a century, without any cessation, the reins of government were holden with strength, stability, dignity and wisdom. They were held by men of the greatest genius, the most extensive views, the clearest foresight, and greatest regularity of system, in short, by men of the utmost grandeur and elevation of mind, always acting in reference to the sublimest views of national prosperity and greatness. Such were Sully, Richelieu, Mazarine, Colbert and some others. These things, however, cannot be said of them all, without some qualification. Though aiming, t that successfully, at national aggr dizement, yet some of their meas were dictated by a degree of crue pride and injustice, which cast a mou ful shade over the prospect—otherw splendid and noble, almost beyond m tal perfection.

Louis XIV., aided by such powe men, enjoyed a reign, long, import and, for the most part glorious, to w the history of which would be, in eff to write the history of Europe dur that period. The diplomatic scie if so it may be called, begun by predecessors, he carried on with a m higher hand, and probably perfec He found means to fill all the co of Europe with penetrating eyes, l ening ears, skillful hands and nim feet. He plotted, negotiated, intrigu deceived and cajoled. Men who w corruptible he bribed, and even bou all such as were worth his money.

His abundant success in manag the concerns of England can scarc be read without laughter, or at rate, without admiration. Engla at that time, just landed from a di trous voyage on "the tempestuous of liberty," was governed by second Charles, a prince who cared nothing, but his pleasures and baucheries. If Louis found him r er an expensive retainer, he also fo the unerring clue to manage him his people. Money, disposed of w diplomatic skill, did the work. A it is almost incredible, that, in spit all the virtue of England, Lewis actually govern both parties then isting. He held them both in hand at once, and unsuspected by th penetrated the counsels, gained confidence, and dictated the measu of both. Both whig and tory w his tools; and while he urged on tyranny of the court, and inflamed lawless ambition of king Charles, blew up the living coals of patri fire, and organized a most extens conspiracy called the Rye-house P in the bosom of which, he forme

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ll deeper plot, to assassinate the king, d revolutionize the government.

Into these dangerous and daring ıemes, he drew many of the noblest ·ds of England, and still more of the ·tuous commons, who were ready to l their lives, to save their country; t who, through an unlucky mistake, .d their consciences, for filthy lucre. ›uis played the same game in several ıer courts of Europe, and particu·ly in Sweden, whose fall may be as·bed to French seduction.

The elevation of France, in this lendid reign was not more conspicus in her foreign relations, than in her ·ernal circumstances. Louis en·ıraged the arts and sciences; patron·d men of learning; and his reign ıs adorned by several men, whose mes are highly respectable in the ›ublic of letters.

Ambition was the most conspicuous ıit in the character of Louis. But ı reign was marked with various cirmstances of injustice, cruelty and policy. The most notorious of ese, was the revocation of the edict Nantz, in 1685, passed eighty-sev- years before, by his illustrious ındfather, Henry IV. This was t little better than a law for extermiting the Protestants. They fled ›m his dominions in such multitudes, to leave many places without inhabnts. They carried with them, into ıer countries, and especially into ıgland, the arts and sciences. He ıt his ablest artizans and mechanics; d from that time and that cause, ıgland gained the ascendency over ance, as a manufacturing country.

But the latter part of the life of ›uis XIV., as of Charles V., was as happy, as the first part of it was ›sperous. His greatness could not se him above adversity. For ten ars, he experienced the bitterest rerses of fortune. The powers of ırope, alarmed at his overgrown eatness, and exasperated by his ide and insolence, formed a combition against him. Two men appeared in the field, who were able to humble his vanity, and rescue Europe from his oppression. The Austrian armies were commanded by prince Eugene, and the English by the duke of Marlborough, one of the most celebrated commanders of modern times, and thought, by some, never to have been excelled in any age or nation. Marlborough and Eugene defeated and cut in pieces whatever force Louis sent into the field; they took from him most of his conquests; they entered his dominions with their victorious armies, and spread a terror and consternation, not much inferior to that of Henry V. In short, they shook the foundation of his throne, and not only humbled the haughty tyrant, but made him tremble for his crown and empire.

The reign of Louis XV. was distinguished by few events worthy of particular notice in this brief survey. Ambitious without abilities, and proud without energy, his life wasted away in the fading splendors of a court, so lately illuminated by a monarch of superior powers.

On the 10th of May, 1774, the unfortunate Louis XVI. ascended the throne.

It has been generally thought, that France never enjoyed a more amiable, a more virtuously disposed monarch, than Lewis XVI. His misfortune from nature, if that can be called a misfortune, in which both kings and people are so generally involved, was the want of those extraordinary powers of mind, which are always useful, and, on certain emergencies, indispensable, in kings.

Lewis XIV. as already noted, had extinguished every ray of liberty, and even of hope; and his immediate successor had neither virtue nor abilities to remedy the evils of the goverment, or the sufferings of the people. The clergy, the nobility, and the king, were each of them at the head of a separate system of tyranny; so that, in addition to the most cruel and odious

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oppression of the clergy, the people were crushed by an immense monarchy, and ground to powder by a still more formidable aristocracy. Many, therefore, took part in the revolution from a just and laudable desire to remedy their condition. Having little fear of a worse state, they determined to try to obtain a better. A strong remembrance of the recent fall and ruin of the Jesuits, taught them how easy the most powerful men are overthrown, when the multitude are roused to take vengeance.

The restless spirit, which predisposes many for tumult and commotion, was a powerful mover in the revolution. Such love to be in a bustle. The noise of an uproar is to them the sweetest music

The more enlightened people of France, had no hope of erecting a free and virtuous republic on the ruins of monarchy. Their utmost wish extended only to a salutary reform in the government. They wished to limit the royal prerogative, and open some prospect for the encouragement of industry and laudable enterprize, by giving security to property. No people will be industrious, unless they can be made secure in the fruits of their labor. The people of France had no security in this respect. A large portion of their income must go to replenish the royal revenue; another portion must be paid into the church treasury, to augment the enormous wealth of a tyrannical, haughty and vicious clergy.

To remedy these monstrously overgrown evils, benevolent people were willing to set a revolution on foot, tending merely to salutary reform. But, while they were carefully nursing the tender infant, and fostering it with gentlest hands, like Hercules, it rose formidable from its cradle, and crushed them to death, by thousands and millions. In truth the vail suddenly dropped from the eyes of the people, and they saw, in their full light, the horrors of their condition With one universal, strong, reiterated struggle, they attempted to rise, and plunged themselves "ten thousand fathoms deep."

The prevalence of infidel philosophy, or, as it has been styled, Illuminism, in France, had a powerful influence in bringing about the revolution These philosophers, with great apparent justice, availed themselves of the enormous corruptions of the religious orders, and the abuses of Christianity abounding in the church; they ridiculed the idea of the divine right of kings, and artfully laid open the oppressive tyranny of civil government Under a robe, which to the unwary observer, appeared pure and spotless they concealed the most atrocious, vile and blasphemous sentiments, concerning all government, both human and divine. They set up human reason, as the only light, the only standard of authority, the only deity in the universe. They wished to bring mankind into such a perfect state of freedom, that all restraint upon their conduct should be laid aside, together with all distinction of property. They wished to abolish, absolutely, all law to annihilate all obligation, and in a word, all distinction between virtue and vice.

NIGHT.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

The curtains drawn, and hushed each sound,
As night her mantle folds around,
The sun hath sunk the hills below,
And the shadows thick and thicker grow

The wild birds to the forest fly,
And closed in sleep each little eye,
The swallow to its downy nest,
And the infant sleeps on its mother's breast.

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he lovely flowers their petals close,
xcept the beautiful primrose;
then unfolds its golden leaves
nd yields its sweets to the morning
breeze.

h lovely night! how gently thou
oth smooth in sleep each careworn brow;
he aching heart by grief oppressed,
inds oft in thee its only rest.

he mourner will forget to weep,
he tear-drop glistening on his cheek,
hile dreams will bring us from the dead
ast joys from him forever fled.

ll nature seeks in sweet repose
sovereign balm for all her woes,
nd wakes refreshed, with morning light,
o praise the giver of the night.

hen welcome, night, thrice welcome
guest,
npart thy stillness to my breast;
et peace descend in gentle showers,
ike dew upon the drooping flowers.

The Fall of France.—The Causes.

BY DR. CROLY.

France, from the commencement of ie Papal supremacy, had been the chief ıampion of the popedom, so early as ie ninth century, had given it tempo- l dominion; and continued through all ges fully to merit the title of "Eldest on of the Church." But France had ceived in turn the fatal legacy of per- cution. From the time of the Albi- enses, through the wars of the League, ıd the struggles of the Protestant hurch during the seventeenth century, osing with its ruin by the revolution the edicts of Nantz, in 1685, the story of France was written on every age with blood of the Reformed. requently contesting the personal aims of the popes to authority, but submissively bowing down to the doctrines, ceremonials, and principles of Rome, France was the most eager, restless, and ruthless of all the ministers of Papal vengeance.

In a moment all this submission was changed into the direst hostility. At the exact close of the prophetic period, in 1793, the 1260th year from the birth of the Papal supremacy, a power, new to all eyes, suddenly started up among nations: an Infidel Democracy! France, rending away her ancient robes of royalty and laws, stood before mankind a spectacle of naked crime. And, as if to strike the lesson of ruin deeper into the minds of all, on the very eve of this overthrow the French monarcy had been the most flourishing of continental Europe; the acknowledged leader in manners, arts, and arms; unrivalled in the briliant frivolities which fill so large a space in the hearts of mankind; its language universal, its influence boundless, its polity the centre round which the European sovereignties perpetually revolved, its literature the fount from which all nations "in their golden urns drew light." Instantly, as by a single blow of the divine wrath, the land was covered with civil slaughter. Every star of the glittering firmament was shaken from its sphere; her throne was crushed into dust; her church of forty thousand clergy was scattered, exiled, ruined; all the bonds and appliances which once compacted her with the general European commonwealth, were burst asunder, and cast aside for a conspiracy against mankind. Still there was to be a deeper celebration of the mystery of evil. The spirit which had filled and tortured every limb of France with rebellion to man, now put forth a fiercer malice, and blasphemed. Hostility was declared against all that bore the name of religion. By an act, of which history, in all its depths and recesses of natural guilt, had never found an example, a crime too blind for the blindest ages of barbarism, and too atrocious for the hottest corruptions of the pagan world, France, the leader of

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civilized Europe, publicly pronounced that there was no God! The decree was rapidly followed by every measure which could make the blasphemy practical and national. The municipality of Paris, the virtual government, proclaimed, that as they had defied earthly monarchy, "they would now dethrone the monarchy of heaven."

On the 7th day of November, 1793, Gobet, the bishop of Paris, attended by his vicars-general, entered the hall of the legislature, tore off his ecclesiastical robes, and abjured Christianity; declaring that "the only religion thenceforth should be the religion of liberty, equality, and morality." His language was echoed with acclamation. A still more consummate blasphemy was to follow. Within a few days after, the municipality presented a veiled female to the assembly as the goddess of Reason, with the fearful words, "There is no God; the worship of Reason shall exist in his stead!" The assembly bowed before her, and worshipped. She was then borne in triumph to the cathedral of Paris, placed on the high altar, and worshipped by the public authorities and the people. The name of the cathedral was thenceforth the Temple of Reason. Atheism was enthroned. Treason to the majesty of God had reached its height. No more gigantic insult could be hurled aginst heaven.

But the persecution had still its work. All the churches of the republic were closed. All the rites of religion were forbidden. Baptism and the communion were to be administered no more. The seventh day was to be no longer sacred; but a tenth was substituted; and on that day a public orator was appointed to read a discourse on the wisdom of Atheism. The reign of the demon was now resistless. While Voltaire and Marat (infidelity and massacre personified) were raised to the honors of idolatry, the tombs of the kings, warriors, and statesmen of France were torn open, and the relics of men whose names were a national glory tossed about by the licentious sport of the populace. Immortality was publicly pronounce dream; and on the gates of cemete was written, "Death is an ete sleep!" In this general outburs frenzy, all the forms and feelings of ligion, true or false, were alike t den under the feet of the multit The scriptures, the lamps of the l place, had fallen in the general fa the temple. But they were not w out their peculiar indignity; the co of the Bible were publicly insult they were contemptuously burned the havoc of the religious libraries Lyons, the capital of the south, wh Protestantism had once erected especial church, and where still a r nant worshipped in its ruins, an was actually made to drink the wine of the communion cup, and was a ward led in public procession thro the streets, dragging the Bible at heels! The example of those hor stimulated the daring of infidelity every part of the continent. Fra always modeling the mind of Eur now still more powerfully impre her image, while every nation was ginning to glow with fires like own. Recklessness, licentiousness, blasphemy, were the characters and dentials by which the leaders of o throw, in every land, ostentatio proceeded to make good their claim French regeneration. The scriptu long lost to the people, in the wh extent of Romish Christendom, w now still more decisively undone. effort was made to reinstate them, the Romish Church. Thus spake prophecy, "They shall lie in the st of the great city. They shall be d and abandoned to all the barba contumelies of the persecutor, refu the last rites of humanity to his vict and they shall not suffer their d bodies to be put in graves."

Why do I thus dwell on topics wh very touch makes the blood run c Why thus, with shuddering hand, up the gory folds of the shroud t wraps the dead rebellion? Why t

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call on you to follow me from depth to depth of history, until we seem to have reached the borders of the kingdom of darkness, and exchanged the language of man for the sounds and maledictions of the undone? Certainly not with any desire to reimprint the stamp of reprobation on that ill-omened people. Certainly not to harass your minds by gratuitous remembrances of human crime. But if we may unpresumptuously penetrate the will of Providence, it was then its will to show to all mankind the necessity of religion, even for the common purposes of society; the infinite value of that divine spirit, which, like His rain shed upon the just and the unjust, the God of all power and mercy sheds even upon the partial and worldly economy of nations. Now, for the first time, man was to make the dreadful experiment of trusting altogether to his own nature. Despotisms had been subtle, ambitious, and revengeful; republics stern and cruel; democracies wild, capricious, and sanguinary. But there was still a saving principle; religion was not altogether abjured; and, deeply as the true God was lost to human view, in the incense offered to the passions and imaginations of man, that Holy Spirit which strove with the generations before the flood, still hovered above the darkness of the earth, and infused peace into its reluctant bosom. But now all religion was abjured; and, as the act was utterly without example, so were the horrors that instantly followed. Vice itself assumed a blacker hue. "A hundred thousand heads must fall!" was the unequivocal principle of the leaders of the state. The fact outran the calculation, and the massacre amounted to millions. The scaffold groaned from morning till night. The leaders themselves were successively swept away in the cataract of blood which they had let loose. Atheism, the last fury of the mind, had brought in anarchy, the last torture of nations.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

BY S. S. PERRY.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots were copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold:
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
Whatever should I do?
I mourn that there are not to night,
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray,
Yet well I knew she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day!

We, mothers, weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to night,
If no little boots were there?

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THE RIVER OF ETERNITY

I BECAME acquainted, years ago while residing in the north of Scotland, with a venerable servant of God, whose early history was no less interesting than his subsequent career was remarkable. Like the ancient Hebrew monarch, he was, in youth frequently employed to tend a flock of sheep. The pasture-field to which he led them from day to day was beautifully situated near a river. One day, while the youth was reclining on the bank of the river, surrounded by the flock, admiring the constancy of the flowing stream, he suddenly recollected having heard somewhere in a sermon that "a river was like eternity." He felt now, as he had not done before, solemnly arrested by the illustration. Still gazing on the ceaseless current he inwardly exclaimed, "When I die, I must either go to heaven or to hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness shall be like that river, always flowing, and always flowing; and if I go to hell, my misery shall be like that river, always flowing, and always flowing; and never, never come to an end."

Thus thought the youth, as hour by hour the flood of water calmly flowed past. It was the grand crisis of his life. He heard no loud call from on high summoning him to prepare for eternity; but the still small voice of God's mercy spoke to him from the bosom of that river, and it reached his heart. He arose and returned home; but he could not dispel the solemn impression which had thus been made upon his mind. The Spirit of God had how awaked his soul to consider his immortality, and to ponder the awful question, "Whether that immortality should be to him an endless 'river of pleasure at God's right hand,' or a ceaseless stream of anguish?"

Day after day, as he returned with his flock to the pasture, the renewed sight of the river ever and anon recalled to his mind—ETERNITY. He felt he was a sinner, deserving of everlasting suffering for his guilt; but soon he had obtained rest to his burdened soul by at once fleeing to the Redeemer, to obtain freely, through his atoning blood, the forgiveness of his sins, and a preparation, through the power of the Holy Spirit, for that endless futurity. Emphatically may it be said, that he lived for eternity.

My dear readers, are you preparir every day for a "vast eternity." A you habitually looking to God as yo Father? to Christ as your Redeemer? heaven as your home? Are yo abounding in prayer for the Spirit God, and earnestly pressing after th holiness without which no man can s the Lord? If not, how fearful are yo prospects! The anticipation of enterir that boundless ocean to which you a every day rapidly approaching cannot to you, while you remain as you no are, a source of happiness and consol tion unspeakable; but, on the contrar a dark foreboding, a subject which mu be banished from the mind before con parative ease can be enjoyed.

But how miserable is that ease or h larity which can only be procured by fo getting the reality of our circumstances by banishing truth from the min Surely this deceitful repose cannot effe a deliverance from a dreaded prospec but must tend ultimately to enhance by the fearful remembrance, that to s cure a passing momentary ease pleasure, you deliberately lost the oppo tunity of a great salvation? Wh should it be so? Why remain one that number of whom it is written, tha "through fear of death, they are s their lifetime subject to bondage?" Th glad tidings of salvation have been se as directly to you, by the command the Redeemer, as they were sent orig nally to any saint now on earth or heaven. And the moment you rega these tidings as worthy of "all accepta tion, that Jesus Christ came into th world to save sinners, even the chief and willingly and unreservedly subm to his sceptre, you become at once re onciled to God; and then, so far as b ing afraid of a "vast eternity," you wi exult in anticipation of everlasting gl ry!

Every human being is commanded b the gospel to make a deliberate choi between a momentary, unsatisfyin gratification, and immortal, never-fadin blessedness—between a moment an eternity. God calls on the sinner, b every motive which can affect the hear to renounce the sinful moment, for th hundredfold spiritual blessings in th world, and everlasting life in the worl to come. But the sinner too often disb lieves God, and all; madly preferring th momentary phantoms of time, therel

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insuring an eternity of agony. Let every sinner, then, be plied with the awful demand, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

CAONABO.

PART III.

BY C. T. BATEMAN.

'Twas one vast sea, dead, silent, deep;
The fleet had ceased its onward sweep;
It seemed a little world alone,
From off some distant planet thrown,
And cast upon a lifeless waste,
Where winds and billows never chased,
With angry roar and rapid strides,
Each other o'er the foaming tides.
Above, below, the gazing eye
Beheld but boundless sea and sky;
Perchance the shining orb of day,
Bright gleaming from its heavenly way;
At night unmeasured vistas sown
Through dark, mysterious realms unknown,
And unexplored by mortal might,
With starry constellations bright.
The captive, Caonabo gazed
With trembling dread, bewildered, dazed,
Upon the sky's unending deeps,
Upon the waves unending sweeps,
The last bold headland gone from view,
The last high peak of mountains blue,
His island home's last ling'ring trace,
Lost in the dim, ethereal space.
The petrel dared no more to cross
The horrid waste; the albatross
Caressed no more the rising wave;
But all was silent as the grave.
Becalmed, the ships went drifting on
For weary weeks, by currents drawn;
Each day from out a fi'ry sea
The burning sun dragged wearily
Its car athwart the heavens high,
Then sank beneath a glowing sky;
All languidly the loos'ning sail
Hung idly, waiting for the gale;
Beneath the sunlight's piercing beams
Wide yawned apart the gaping seams;
Starvation, Sickness, Death, grim friends
That lurk wherever life convenes,
Pursued the faint and hapless crew.
Columbus watched, and anxious grew.
O, how he craved some fresh'ning breeze,
To touch with life the dying seas,
And fill his idle sails once more
With longings for the distant shore.
The Carib looked with sadness back
Upon the fleet's unmeasured track,
And thought of Maguana's bowers,
Where he had spent his youthful hours.
Not bonds alone Castilian made
Upon his weak'ning shoulders weighed,
But round his hapless form, at last,
Disease his painful fetters cast.
He felt the heavy hand of Death
Cold on his brow; his failing breath
Grow weak, and weaker, day by day,
And manhood's strength consume away.
Captivity endured long
The gnawing wrath of Hunger strong,
Hopes crushed by Fate's imperious hand,
Forced sev'rance from his chosen land,
The loosening of each earthly tie
Had blanched his cheek and dimmed his eye.
To perish thus in manhood's prime,
Torn rudely from his cherished clime,
From power, and fame, all nobly earned,
From home, where love-lit fires burned,
Thus wasting life with want and grief,
With none to cheer, and give relief,
Or aid in hours of direst need,
The anguished soul was sad indeed.
Anlulah saw the dying chief,
And strove to soothe his wasting grief.
Her tender heart could not but melt
At woes and pains by others felt.
In happy days, now passed away,
Long ere the white man learned the way
That leads to isles where Caribs dwell,
She oft had heard the people tell
Of him who ruled with mighty hand
Far-famed Cibao's golden strand;
And now, though Grief had dimmed her eye,
And Sorrow's form was ever nigh,
She strove to cheer his last sad hours
And smooth the way to Turey's bowr's;
She bade him hope for coming health,
For better days, for freedom's wealth,
For home, and friends, and peace once more,
Upon fair Haty's distant shore.
Vain! vain! her tender care to save,
For Death was on the ocean wave.
His dying words she treasured well,
And when was rung the solemn knell
That tolled a burial at sea,
Alone, upon her bended knee,
She wept above the pallid clay,
And saw the wave receive its prey.

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He sleeps, the Indian chieftain sleeps
Far down mid ocean's darkest deeps,
Beneath the rolling wave;
Where none shall ever build his tomb,
Shall ever pierce the dismal gloom
That shrouds his unknown grave.

The billows roll high o'er his head,
The corals shade his humid bed,
And sea-weeds round him cling;
The sailors spread the canvass wide,
And think not how they rudely glide
Above a sleeping king.

He sleeps mid ocean's hidden caves,
Whilst long ago, as hopeless slaves,
His nation passed away.
The bride his heart had cherished well,
With cruel fate untimely fell,
Beneath the Spanish sway.

Borne far from home, and love, and ease,
Anlulah too passed o'er the seas,
In grief and wasting pain;
Saw never more her native strand,
Nor pressed again her lover's hand,
And died a slave, in Spain.

MADAM GUYON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY PROF. UPHAM.

ABRIDGED BY THE EDITOR.

It was in accordance with the wishes of those who had been the instruments of her imprisonment, that her captivity should be very strict; but still it appears, that persons were allowed to see her from time to time. And what is worthy of notice, but few persons visited her without being religiously impressed by her appearance and her conversation. Many of her poems were written during her confinement in this prison. And if we recollect that she still kept up a written correspondence with her religious friends and others, and add also the force of her example, in thus willingly and triumphantly suffering for Christ's cause, I think we have reason for saying, that probably no period of her life was really more useful than this.

The monotony of her prison was varied by a number of incidents. She ha been in prison a short time, perhaps few weeks, when she was visited b Monsieur Charon, a judge of the eccle siastical court, and Monsieur Pirot, Doctor of the Sorbonne. They cam with authority to subject her to a forma examination, upon the results of which it seemed probable, that the continuanc of her imprisonment would depend With this object, although it is not im probable that the examinations ha secret reference to the treatment of L Combe as well as to herself, they re peated their visit four different time We have the substance of what occurre at these interviews as follows:

"*Judge.* Is it true, as has been al leged, that when you went from Franc to Savoy, you went with Father L Combe, and that you went with him a an associate and follower?

"*Madam Guyon.* To this interroga tion I reply, that, when I left France, L Combe was not in France, and had no been there for about ten years; an therefore to have gone with him eithe as an associate, or in any other capacity would have been impossible.

"*Judge.* Was La Combe instrumenta in teaching you the doctrines of the in ward life?

"*Madam Guyon.* In the principles o religion, in their experimental form, had the happiness of being taught in m childhood, and in early youth. I wa not taught them by Father La Combe I first knew La Combe in the year 1671 more than fifteen years ago, and long be fore I went to Savoy. He called at m house at that time, being introduced t me by my half-brother, Father L Mothe.

"*Judge.* Did not La Combe hav some participation in the authorship o the little book, entitled the Short an Easy Method of Prayer?

"*Madam Guyon.* He did not. wrote it in the city of Grenoble. L Combe was not there at the time When I wrote it, I had no expectatio that it would be printed. One of m friends, a counselor of Grenoble, cam into my room, and, seeing it on my ta ble, examined it. Being pleased with it and thinking it would be useful, h asked my consent to its being published I consented; and also, at his suggestion wrote a Preface to it, and divided it int chapters.

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"*Judge.* Are we not to understand you in that book as discountenancing the use of the prescribed prayers of the church, and even of the Lord's Prayer?

"*Madam Guyon.* So far from discountenancing the use of the Lord's Prayer, it will be seen, on consulting the book, that I have explained the manner of using or repeating that prayer to the best effect. It is true that I have discountenanced the use of the Lord's Prayer, and all other prescribed prayers, as a mere matter of form, but for no other reason. It is not the mere repetition of prayers which render us acceptable to God, but the possession of those dispositions of heart, which the forms of prayer are intended to express.

"*Judge.* I have before me a letter, addressed to Father Francis, of the Order of Minims, in which you express your determination to hold religious meetings or conferences; and that finding it dangerous, since La Combe's imprisonment, to hold them at your house, you will hold them at other streets and houses, but in a private manner.

"*Madam Guyon.* What I have done, is probably well known. What I intend to do, is necessarily lodged in the bosom of Him whose will is my only law. But as for that letter, it is a forgery.

"*Judge.* The letter must have been written by some one. By whom was it written? And what reason have you to think it is a forgery?

"*Madam Guyon.* I cannot speak of its authorship with certainty; but I have my opinions. It is the same which was laid before our king Louis, and which had its effect in my imprisonment. I suppose it was written by the scrivener Gautier, whose agency in these transactions is not unknown to me. It is not in my hand-writing as can easily be shown. Besides, it is addressed to Father Francis, as being in Paris. But it is known, and can be proved, that he was not at that time in Paris, but in the city of Amiens, on the 1st of September. The letter is dated, you will perceive, on the 30th of October. The gentleman who has the charge of the education of my sons will aid me in obtaining proof on these points, if you wish it.

"*Judge.* I suppose you are aware that your opinions, those which are expressed in your writings, and those which are uttered on other occasions, are regarded as heretical. I will not go into particulars. I will not attempt to prove what has been said, either by quotations or by facts, but should be pleased to hear what you have to say on this charge, made in this general way.

"*Madam Guyon.* To declare me a heretic, does not make me one. I was born in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and brought up in its principles, which I still love. It is hardly necessary for me to say, that I make no pretensions to learning; that I am not a Doctor of the Sorbonne and it is possible that I have sometimes uttered expressions, which require theological emendation; and so far I readily submit myself to the correction of those who have proper authority. I am ready to give my life for the church. But I wish to say that I am a Catholic in the substance and spirit, and not merely in the form and letter. The Catholic church never intended that her children should remain dead in her forms; but that her forms should be the expression of life within them, received through faith in Christ. You will excuse me for saying further, that, in doing what I have, I had no expectation or desire of forming a separate party. But I wished to see the great principles of the inward life revived. It did not occur to me, that I was to be regarded as a heretic and a separatist; but I thought I might be permitted, in the sphere which Providence has assigned me, to labor for the revival of the work of God in the soul. It was my design to aid souls, and not to injure them."

One of the charges brought against her was, that she did not worship the Saints, and particularly the virgin Mary.

It is to this period, that we are to ascribe the origin of the little poem, beginning, *Si c'est un crime que d'aimer.* The sentiment of this poem, which breathes a pleasing spirit of religious affection, may be found in the following stanzas.

LOVE CONSTITUTES MY CRIME.

Love constitutes my crime;
For this they keep me here,
Imprisoned thus so long a time
For Him I hold so dear;
And yet I am, as when I came,
The subject of this holy flame.

How can I better grow!
How from my own heart fly!
Those who imprison me should know
True love can never die.

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Yes, tread and crush it with disdain,
And it will live and burn again.

And am I then to blame?
He's always in my sight;
And having once inspired the flame,
He always keeps it bright.
For this they smite me and reprove,
Because I cannot cease to love.

What power shall dim its ray,
Dropp'd burning from above!
Eternal Life shall ne'er decay;
God is the life of love.
And when its source of life is o'er,
And only then 't will shine no more.

CLARA CARLTON.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

In a fashionable street of a small city, stood a house, which, having been erected by the grandfather of the then owner, was deemed too unfashionable for a family residence, and yet it was such a comfortable and substantial building that it seemed almost a sin to tear it down, especially as the grounds around it were so tastefully laid out in the old fashion, and the beautiful shade trees, which were planted and nurtured by fair hands, long since folded in the last sleep, had grown to giant size, and intertwined their branches around the faded walls, as if they designed to cherish and comfort the habitation whence the beautiful spirits that had cherished them were passed away forever.

Does it not seem to you that there is a sacred atmosphere around a tree, or even a shrub, which was planted, loved and nursed by the absent or the dead? If I have one superstitious feeling, it is with regard to these living things. I almost feel as if the spirits of those who once loved them come at times to visit them, and, lingering on the winds that make sweet melody with the foliage, ask of the welfare of the beloved tree, and wait to see if those who once loved, or professed to love, them, will come in even-time, at morn, or at noon-day, to muse to them, to recall their form and face, to repeat their loving words, to dwell upon their affectionate deeds, and shed a few sweet tears to their memory, under the tree that was their own, and which they left as a blessed legacy, a guardian, to bless the living, and to keep the memory of the departed green beside the homestead. Do you not deem it sacrilege to cut down or destroy these living, breathing, almost speaking mementoes of the dead? I would as soon desecrate their graves, and insult the poor relics of the once fair form, as to maim or destroy the trees or shrubs of their planting, amid the boughs and green leaves, or fragrant flowers of which, their spirits seem at times to linger, with gentle whisperings of love for the faithful who come to muse in their shadow, and plaintive sighings for the sad, the erring, and the far away.

Perhaps it was some feeling akin to this, which induced the wealthy proprietor of the old homestead spoken of above, to let it stand amid the sheltering trees, and to build for himself a splendid mansion, in the modern style, on a lot adjoining, and to be very particular as to the character and habits of those who occupied the old house, as tenants.

Its occupants, at the time of which I write, were a young woman and a small boy. The lady brought letters from clergymen and eminent gentlemen of New York, testifying to her excellent character and qualifications as a teacher; and, to the great astonishment of the neighborhood, she was permitted to convert one of the ample ground apartments of the old house into a school-room for girls and small boys; and, notwithstanding the swarms of "wonders" and suspicions which filled the town on her account, she soon gathered around her a full com-

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plement of sunny faces and hopeful spirits. Toward these she discharged her duty faithfully, and they all soon learned to love her fervently; but she sought no companionship with the world around her, further than the business calls which her vocation rendered necessary; and, on no other occasion did she wander beyond the precincts of her home, except to attend church, where she was a regular worshipper, whether the weather was warm or cold, wet or dry. She was the standing problem of the gossiping portion of the community. They could not solve the mystery in which she was enveloped—as to who she was, and where she came from; why she seemed so utterly without kindred or acquaintances; why she always dressed in black, and what connection existed between her and the little boy who called her aunty; and why, as she certainly was accomplished, and very beautiful, she should persist in a life of such utter seclusion. Questioning curiosity could elicit from her boy companion only that his father and mother died, leaving him alone in a great city, and that then dear aunty came and took him to live with her; but of her, previous to that time, he knew nothing, having never heard of her till then. Nor could he give any information concerning her finances or former mode of living. So, Miss Clara Carlton kept her school in peace; and baffled curiosity turned from the chase, and sat watching, until some fortunate circumstance should give a clue to her history.

It was a sweet summer evening; little Bernard had gone to play with his school-fellows, and Clara sat alone in her parlor, her sombre dress harmonizing with the dark hues of the heavy, old-fashioned furniture, which remained in the self-same places where it had stood nearly a century, looming against the highly polished wainscot of black walnut.

Clara sat at a window, resting her pensive face on her hand, and, now and then, a big, bright tear glittering from the long, dark eyelashes; and yet there was quiet and plenty in her house; and the spirits of fragrance, beauty and melody hovered in the soft light which lay upon the surrounding scenery. An angel, occupying her seat, at that holy time, and in that quiet window, might have imagined that earth was like heaven—all peace and joy—but the wounded spirit of a mortal creature aches at all times, and frequently suffers the keenest anguish amidst scenes of the richest beauty, and amid those who enjoy the most pure and fervent happiness. The bosom of the poor girl heaved, and, at length, her sobs became audible, as she wrung her hands together, sighing out the one dearest word, "Mother! oh, my mother!"

There was a footstep in the hall. She hushed her grief, dried her eyes, and received little Bernard with a sweet smile, as he entered the room, and, coming up to her side, took her hand in both his, and, looking into her face, said, "I am sorry you are sad, dear aunty, for I was going to tell you a sorrowful story."

"I am not sad now, deary," she replied, "and I am anxious to hear your story. What is it about?"

"Why, we went down to Main street to play; and, when the stage came in, we gathered around the hotel. The waiters helped out the passengers, two sweet little girls, and a lady, who is so very ill that they had to carry her into the house and lay her on a sofa. I led the least of the children in, for she took hold of my hands, and would not let them go. She and her sister cried very much, and I was very sorry for them. And the landlord asked the lady where she was going; and when she said 'to New York,' he asked if she had any relations there; and she said 'No.' And then he asked her if she were married; and she said 'Yes;' and he asked where was her husband. 'I do not know,' she said; and then she was crying. And the landlord said something which must have been

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very cruel, for the lady's pale face grew quite red, and she shook all over. 'Ah!' said the man, 'guilt will come up in the face. Well, I suppose you have plenty of money.' 'Alas!' said the poor lady, almost in a whisper, 'I have not a dollar in the world.' The man stood, looking very ugly at her, a long time, and then he muttered, 'Well, you must stay here to-night; to-morrow we will see whether the poor-house or jail is the fitter place for your reception.' And then I thought the lady was dying, she shook so, and looked so pale in the face, and caught her breath so by snatches, and the little girls screamed so pitifully that I could not bear it; and so, I ran home to tell my dear aunty."

"And what do you think I can do, Bernard?" asked Miss Carlton of the eager boy.

"Why, aunty," cried the child, "if we had her here with us, they could not take her to the jail or the poor-house. She can have my chamber, and sleep in my nice bed, and I will lie on the sofa in your little room; and she will soon be well, and her husband will come for her, and pay you for your kindness; and if he does not, she can assist you, and the little girls will be your scholars."

"You are an excellent advocate, Bernard," said Clara; but I will go and see what I can do to comfort your clients." And Miss Carlton equipped herself hastily, for the twilight was darkening, and, attended by Bernard, walked to the hotel.

The next morning's sun found Clara still keeping her sleepless watch by the sufferer, as she lay on Bernard's bed; while the happy boy had already lured his little guests out amongst the dewy roses.

That day was the Saturday which Clara set apart from the month, for the arrangement of her own affairs; so there was no school that day, and the morrow would be the Sabbath. One, two, three doctors were in attendance on the stranger-lady that day, but the calm and beautiful morning of the hol day of rest shone on the dead face o her whose spirit had passed away t rest eternal.

The little girls cried very bitterly when they saw their dear mother shu up in the narrow coffin; but, in a fe days after the quiet burial, they seeme to have forgotten their bereavement and to cling with all the fervor o childish love, to dear "Aunt Clara and "Cousin Bernard."

"Poor mamma," said Eva, the elde girl, "was always so sorrowful and s often sick, that we could never pla and laugh when she was with us; an now that she has gone to live in heaven where there is no sorrow or sickness we do not wish her to come back, d we, Alice?"

The little one's eyes filled with tear as she faltered, "Oh! sister, if mamm would have lived, and stayed here with Aunt Clara, it would have pleased u better, for mamma would have bee happy here, too, like us."

It was evident that the mother's sad ness had been a chilling chain upon th spirits of her children, the removal o which they unconsciously felt as a re lief. Poor Clara kept her sorrow locked too deep for their superficial ob servation.

And how did she bear her increased burden? Meekly—as a Christian wo man always does—although it wa greatly aggravated by the uncharitable conduct of her fellow creatures.

"I think I shall take my children from Miss Carlton's school," observed Mrs. Guilder, the wife of the richest merchant in the town, to the fashiona ble ladies who were assembled, at an evening party, in her spacious rooms "Since she chose to take in those strag glers, and to keep the troublesome lit tle ones, I apprehend, she is not able t pay the requisite attention to her pu pils. My children seem infinitely mor interested in little Miss Eva, and dar ling little Alice, than in their lessons."

The sycophant ladies immediately caught the spirit of their pattern, and

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declared that Miss Clara had no right to encumber herself with anything which could interfere with the discharge of her duty to her patrons. And several of them concluded to withdraw their darlings from her care.

The spirit of censoriousness, once aroused, is like a vulture in quest of its prey. It finds out every particle of an ill-odor in the whole range of its flight; and, now, many imperfections and short comings in Miss Carlton's system and practice were discovered, and held up to animadversion. So, the number of her scholars decreased weekly; and several, in withdrawing their patronage, forgot to settle up arrears. She had to pay the doctor's bill, and funeral expenses of the mother of the little ones who remained in her charge. Her income, which had been sufficient for herself and nephew, was now decreased one-half, and winter, with its additional expenses, was now at the door.

Poor Clara! She had written several anonymous poems and sketches, which she had sent to the editor of one of the weekly papers, through the post office, and which had been published with highly flattering notices, and received by the public with rapturous admiration, and an interest heightened by the mystery in which the author "so cruelly enveloped herself." In her time of need she wrote to the editor, and, throwing off her incognito, asked him to write to her, and inform her, whether he was willing to secure, by a small stipend, her assistance as a regular contributor. With her note, she enclosed a poem, on which she had bestowed much mental labor. This little packet she dispatched to the post-office, with a fervent prayer that her proposition might be favorably received.

It had been a dreary November day. Her children were playing merrily in the room, by the light of a wood fire, and Clara sat alone in the school-room, in the fading daylight. Her heart was very sad; for her purse was empty, her provisions nearly exhausted, and her rent accumulating. But there was one hope, beaming, like a beacon fire, over the dark ocean of the future. If the gentleman who had so rapturously commended her muse, should accept her timid proposal, she should be enabled to provide for her helpless charges.

There was a rap on the door—she started with a thrill that made her gasp for breath. She knew it was the post-boy. He handed her a parcel, two or three newspapers and a letter. She sank, trembling, on a bench. No wonder she was agitated; she held in her hand the fiat of her fate, the decision which would at once place her above actual want, or sink her in the depths of penury and despair. She carried the eventful papers to her own chamber, and laid them carefuliy away, not daring to inspect their contents until the children were in bed, and she could retire for the night, to rejoice and sleep in peace, or to weep and agonize until the morning. With an earnest prayer for strength, she turned to perform her evening avocations, with a cheerful carriage, least her children should see her sorrowful, and be themselves sad.

Poor Clara!

The children had eaten their wholesome supper, said their simple, fervent prayers, and sunk to the blessed, bright visioned sleep, which comes only to the pure in heart. Clara had put her kitchen in order, and now the crisis of her fate was near. In her solitary chamber, she sat beside the lamp, with the momentous parcel pefore her. She unfolded the newspapers, one by one, and glanced over their columns. Soon her attention was riveted. An advertisement, in glaring capitals, announced a "Great Attraction at the Theatre. The celebrated *danseuse*, Madame ——, who had enraptured courts, and captivated monarchs, had returned from her tour through all the large cities of Europe, and, having finished a triumphant engagement in Boston, had halted in our city, on her way south, and would," etc., etc.

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"Oh, Father in heaven!" groaned Clara, "can these things be? She, who, having dwelt on my bosom, and listened to every throb of my confiding heart, treacherously conspired against my peace, and, having artfully ensnared the fickle heart of my betrothed husband, eloped with him, in unholy communion, and, after forsaking him for another, has taken to the stage—she is followed, worshipped, countenanced by kings and queens, loaded with costly gifts, and enriched with showers of gold, because she possesses agility of person, and boldness of spirit to display that agility before an audience, every one of whom would blush to look on such a display in secret; while I——Oh, most Merciful, suffer me not to distrust thy justice and mercy!"

She sat awhile in painful agitation, looking imploringly up toward heaven, and took up her letter. Her hopes were faint, for her poem was not, as usual, given to the readers of the paper as "a beautiful gem." She had looked over the columns in search of it, in vain.

The letter was of delicate note paper, and the gold-flecked wax of the seal was stamped with a delicate device; and thus were its contents worded:

"DEAR MADAM:—We must say we were a little surprised on receipt of your certainly somewhat presuming letter. We are always ready to encourage young genius, by giving its efforts room in our columns, even to the exclusion of more solid matter; but, indeed, were we to pay for such effusions, we should be very soon buried alive under the offerings of the prolific muse. The poem which accompanied your letter is under consideration. It was, evidently, written in haste, and, though abounding in common place, has some really fine passages. We hold it subject to your order.

"With respect, &c.,
P. G."

Poor Clara! She dropped the letter and clasped her hands hard upon her forehead; while the blood that rushed toward the brain seemed ready to burst the veins of her neck and temples, and ooze from the burning cheek. Presently the red flood ebbed; the face grew livid; the hands were pressed upon the heart; and then she bent forward, and, leaning on the table, wept aloud.

The next morning, as she was zealously discharging her duties to her few little scholars, a note was presented by an errand-boy. It is the butcher or baker's bill, she said, mentally, and placed it in her pocket with a deep, unconscious sigh. At dinner, having helped the children, she drew out the note, as an apology for her own abstinence, and read as follows:

"MISS CARLTON:—I trust you will excuse the liberty I am taking, when you have read my letter to the end. I received, last spring, a sweet poem, from an unknown source, which I unaccountably mislaid; and, as I did not know the name of the fair authoress, of course, I could not apologize, but hoped she would write and inquire the fate of her production. I presume, however, that you deemed your offering rejected, and shrunk from appearing as its author. Fortunately, I stepped, last evening, into the *Record* office, and, while there, got sight of a piece of your manuscript, and learned your name. I knew the elegant hand writing at once. I am overjoyed at having found out the sweet singer; and, if you will furnish me with another copy of the lost poem, and accept as a small equivalent, the enclosed five dollars, you will gratify me exceedingly. I should deem it an especial favor if you would furnish a poem monthly for the above mentioned compensation. I know it is small, but am not at present able to offer more. Let me hear from you soon.

"P. S. If you have no copy of the lost poem, another, from the same pure fountain, will be equally acceptable.

J. C."

She gathered up the money, which

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ad fallen on her lap, and, hiding it ith the letter, in her bosom, ejacula- d: "Thou hast not forgotten me, ather in heaven. Forgive my unbe- ef."

And Clara became a popular writer, id the occasional little sums which e received, in addition to the most arm and flattering commendations, ded her somewhat in providing for r little ones, who grew daily more ar and precious to her heart.

So passed the next three years. Ber- rd had become a tall lad of fourteen, id began to talk of going to learn a ade; and Alice always interposed on ch occasions—

"How can dear Aunt Clara do with- t you, Bernard? Who would go on rands, and saw the wood, and make e fires, and mend the fences, and ant the garden, if you were gone? ideed, you must not think of it."

But Aunt Clara, though she felt the uth of the little girl's argument, felt, so, that something must be done for e boy. She was not able to send him college, though she knew that he ssessed the most brilliant abilities; id so, she thought of a trade which ould enable him to live in respecta- e independence, and, also, to culti- te his mind, when it should become ore matured, and bring forth a richer rvest.

Very proud was she of her children, id happy in their love; for they were l good and beautiful. Eva, the eld- t girl, now thirteen years of age, ve promise of dazzling loveliness; id gentle little Alice, with her blue, ving eyes, and flaxen curls, was a rfect and beautiful contrast to her ep black eyed and raven haired sister. va was a creature to worship—Alice, child to cherish with the fondest, liest love. Their protectress knew thing of their history, except what e gathered from a letter, which, with small quantity of wearing apparel, a small trunk, was all their poor other left behind her.

The letter was dated at Charleston, S. C., and its contents were as follows:

"You will wonder that I am here, my ever dear wife; but I was not successful in New York, and here I have found a tolerably good situation. I can not, at present, leave long enough to come for you, love; and yet my heart so yearns for your sweet society, and the endearing prattle of our lovely little ones, that I must request you to undertake this long journey without my protection, though I will meet you at Baltimore, at which city I must be on business, most of the coming month. I enclose merely sufficient funds to enable you to reach that city, as there is some risk in transmitting money, and I shall be there to receive you. Write and let me know what day you leave, and I shall know when to look for your coming."

There was no name, as the remainder of the letter had been torn off; but the children said their name was Woodford; that their mamma went with them to Baltimore, and could not find their father; that she wrote to Charleston, and could not hear of him, and was returning to Philadelphia, when she died. Clara felt there was a mystery in their case, and feared that any investigation would prove an injury rather than a benefit to the innocent creatures, whom it seemed that heaven had committed to her guardianship, and so the affair slumbered.

It had been, as I said, three years, nearly four, and there had been no inquiry for the little orphans.

An accident happened to the stage coach; and the passengers were, in consequence, detained in the city until the next day. Amongst them was a remarkably fine looking man, though his face was pensive and pale. He was elegantly dressed in black, and had about him the appearance of great wealth. In looking over the newspapers, his attention was arrested by a beautiful poem of Miss Carlton's, and he inquired, with apparent interest, for

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the author. The landlord, being in quite a communicative mood, told all he knew of Clara Carlton, and dwelt particularly on the incident of the strange lady and little girls, and pointed out to him the residence of the "strange young lady."

That evening, after school, Clara received a note, importing that a gentleman desired to see Miss Carlton on important business; and, an hour after, the stranger of the hotel entered her parlor. He seemed excessively agitated, and, when he introduced himself as Mr. Woodford, Clara's agitation was little less than his own.

In a few and hurried words he related what he had heard at the hotel, and requested to see the little girls.

"I am sure they are yours," cried Clara, "the eldest is your perfect miniature."

"And little Alice," said Mr. Woodford, "is she not very like her mother?"

"I think she is," Clara answered; "though the lady was, doubtless, much changed by suffering."

The gentleman covered his face, in great agitation; and Clara left him, to prepare the girls to meet their father.

Eva seemed delighted; but Alice clung to the neck of her dear protectress, exclaiming, "I will never leave you, dear Aunt Clara, not if papa were a king."

Mr. Woodford knew his children, and sobbed like a child, as he held Alice to his heart. And then he told how he chanced to be separated from his family.

He was a young man, without money or influential friends; and he married a young lady—an orphan, heiress to a large estate, on condition that she married with the consent of her guardian, or, in other words, that she became the wife of her only guardian's only son. She chose to give her hand to Mr. Woodford, and so be disinherited. He had given his time to the study of the law; and, not finding practice in Philadelphia sufficient to maintain his increasing family, he went to New York, met with great success, and wrote to his wife, inclosing fifty dollars, and requesting her to come to him. He waited long, and she did not come; and, what was more wonderful, he received no answers to his frequent letters. He went to Philadelphia, and was astounded to hear that his wife had left Philadelphia and gone south.

"What could I think?" he continued. "To my shame I confess it, jealousy took possession of my heart. I returned to New York, and made no inquiry for my poor wanderers. But have been very miserable; though I have been a successful practitioner, and have amassed a fortune, which I deemed utterly valueless, until now that I have found my children."

Miss Carlton brought the letter which she found in Mrs. Woodford's trunk, and which, Eva said, contained an inclosure of ten dollars only. Mr. Woodford asserted, that he never wrote that letter, and came to the conclusion that some villain had opened his letter, taken the money enclosed, and fabricated the one which she received, in order to lead her away in a contrary direction, and so gain time, possibly, little dreaming of the misery which he was heaping on the innocent, for a sum so insignificant.

And now, what was to be done? The children clung around their more than mother, weeping and protesting that they should not live away from her; and Bernard declared boldly that the father who had neglected to seek them out so many years, had no right to take them away—at any rate he should not take Alice.

Mr. Woodford did not wonder that they loved Miss Carlton, who was, in his eyes, exceedingly lovely. So he left the children with her until he could arrange for their reception, and in the interim he called, sometimes to see them and bring them presents.

About one year from the time Mr. Woodford called on Miss Carlton, he took his daughters home to his splendid new mansion, in Brooklyn, New York.

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And they went joyfully, for Bernard accompanied them, and dear "Aunt Clara," also went with them, as their father's bride—their own dear mother.

"The harvest is over, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Oh, turn, idle wanderer! pause, careless rover!
Too long, in your madness, your doom you have braved;
The summer is flying—the harvest's half over,
They soon will be ended—and you are not saved?

Come, half-hearted Christian, for yet is extended
The day of that grace you so faintly have craved;
Oh let us plead with you ere it is ended,
The harvest is near; are you sure that you're saved?

Poor votary of mammon; your gains may be splendid;
Yet, weighed with salvation, how fearful their cost!
When the harvest is over, the summer is ended,
Where, where is that value, if you should be lost?

Come, break one and all from the bonds which enthral you,
In the fountain your uttermost sin may be laved;
The lord of the harvest is waiting to call you,
And while he shall linger even you may be saved.

Even yet, with the angels', your song may be blended,
While o'er your glad forehead the palm-branch is waved,
"The harvest is over, the summer is ended,
"But glory to God, we are saved, we are saved.

"And Jesus, our Savior, be thine too the glory;
"On thy dear wounded hands our salvation was craved;
"And now, through eternity, ours be the story
"Of how we were lost, but through thee we are saved."

THE HISTORY OF A PET BIRD.

The following charming account of a pet bird, illustrating in a remarkable degree the power of kindness, was written by the owner to a female friend:

All who attended the last meeting of the American Pomological Convention, held in Philadelphia, will remember the wonderful collection of fruits, and especially will they remember the remarkable exhibition of grapes from the fruit establishment of Hetty B. Trimble, of West Chester, Pennsylvania. To that lady we are indebted for the story of this little sparrow—her pet Bessie.

It is well known by others as well as ornithologists that the female birds will return year after year to the same home; but has it ever been proved before that the same couple of birds remain true to each other as long as both do live? Or has it ever been known before that both the instinct of migration and the affection for mate and little ones have been overborne by attachment to a human friend?

Those familiar with the Song Sparrow (*Fringilla Melodia*) will recognize it at once in Miss Trimble's account. We begin to hear it now (early in March)—the first of the singing birds of Spring. The note is a short one, but exquisitely beautiful—exceeded only by the Wood Robin. Sometimes they are so numerous about country gardens that in the early mornings there will be a perfect ground-swell of melody—probably one of the sweetest sounds this side the stars.

"I am no ornithologist; but I suppose my little pet was a Song Sparrow—a little bird of very Quaker-like plumage—shades of brown and gray, but as trim and neat as any little bird could well be.

"The winter of 1855 was very cold. A young friend who was then living with us was coming home one evening,

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and found this little bird lying on a snowdrift, apparently frozen to death; but, holding it in his hands a few moments, found there was a little fluttering motion of the heart. He ran up-stairs to the parlor register, and by warmth and kindness brought it to. It was some days, however, before she recovered entirely. She was then turned loose in the observatory, where she seemed perfectly happy, darting in and out among my flowers. At first, we heard only timid, low notes from her; but as she became accustomed to us, and knew she had nothing to fear, there was often one gush of melody after another.

"In the spring the birds began to return to their summer homes—birds of her own kind, as well as others; but she paid no heed to them for some time. However, one day we were startled by a long, loud cry from her, so unusual that every one ran into the conservatory to see what had happened. A little bird was on the outside, trying to get in. The window was opened; she flew to meet him; and such a joyous meeting as it was. The meeting of human lovers after a long separation could not more plainly tell the story of affection. Soon a snow squall came up; and she was too tender to breast it, and tapped at the window to be taken in. She remained very contentedly until the weather was quit settled. Now came her trouble. He wanted the nest to be built in a cedar-tree some 200 feet from the house; she would not go. He perched himself in the tree and sang his most charming melodies; while she, on top of the smoke-house, near the house, answered him just as sweetly. But she would not budge from the position she had taken. After the second day's maneuvering, he began to give in, little by little approaching the house. Finally, they compromised the matter by building the nest in a gooseberry bush, near the smoke-house. This was not to her mind; but still it was better than the far-off cedar tree.

"In time four pretty little brown birds made their appearance. As soon as they were out of their nest, she coaxed them to the house, where her feed-table and bath-tub were always ready for her. Such a pretty, happy little family they were!

"The next nest was just where she wanted it—in a jasmine bush trained around one of the parlor windows. From this nest came three little birds.

"Her table and bath-tubs were again brought into the conservatory—the flowers now being out of doors. The side sashes were always open, and she brought all the family to feed and bathe just as it pleased her; and, the glass doors into the parlor being also open, they would fly through and through the house as if it were out of doors.

"Cold weather came once more, and the mate and young birds disappeared; but Bessie did not go. She tapped at the window and was again warmly welcomed to her quarters amongst the flowers in the conservatory.

"Here she spent another gay, happy winter; and it was a constant source of pleasure to us to watch her pretty, cunning ways, and listen to her sweet songs.

"In the next spring (1857) Bessie's owner moved away, and she fell into my possession—a very welcome legacy.

"As before, the birds returned in the spring; but Bessie was quite indifferent to them all. But one day while we were at the dinner-table, we heard what seemed to be a loud, wild scream of joy. With one accord, all rushed up-stairs to the conservatory; and there, sure enough, was the mate again. This was repeated every spring while she lived. Whenever we heard that peculiar, wild, joyous commotion, we knew that her mate had come; and, on going to see, always found him there.

"One year they raised three broods of birds; and it was not an uncommon

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thing at that time to see the two parent birds and the twelve young ones all feeding at the same table—the youngest yet so young as to be fed by the old ones.

"This little pet was with us seven years. We never doubted her identity; but a clipt feather and a defective toe made this identity unmistakable.

"The same great joy was manifested toward her mate at each annual return in the spring; but the last one seemed almost beyond expression—it even attracted the attention of the neighbors. I remember one day an uncle of mine called us to look at them. They would sing to each other, bow their heads, flap their wings, fly down on the ground, roll over and over; in short, they acted as if they were fairly crazy with happiness. Two or three days after this I heard a fluttering in the conservatory; and going in to see what was the matter, I found my little pet lying in the feed-basin, in a spasm. I took her up, stroked and petted her; and, as the fit passed off, she nestled down in my hand, and turned her head up to look at me. The bright eyes were swollen and bloodshot. Soon she had another spasm, and another, and another. Then her little feet flew out, and soon she lay dead in my hand. How it all comes back to me as I write! It seemed as if a dear little pet child had been suddenly snatched from us; and as to the poor little mate, anything more heartbroken I never saw. There was no more dashing about through the house and out among the trees; no more gay songs; but, instead, he moped about, with now and then a little low wail, that seemed more like "weep," "weep" than anything else. In the fall he went away, as usual; and we never saw him again to know him.

"Bessie's conduct toward me was often very amusing. Traits of character were manifested that instinct will not explain. If in the mornings I should begin watering my plants, or other work, before I had attended to her wants, she would follow me about, scolding, and darting down at me as if she intended to pick my eyes out; and this would be continued until I would quit all else and attend to her. But after her breakfast she would come out to where I was, perch on the nearest tree or bush, and give me my pay in one of her sweetest songs."

CHINA.

It may be news, but it is a fact worth repeating, that real Christianity is becoming indigenous in China. Rev. S. L. Baldwin (missionary at Fuh-chau) relates the following:

"Ching Ting, converted at one of our chapels, went down to his own people, telling them of the great change wrought in him. Stoned in one place, he went on to another. Arrested and imprisoned, he preached Jesus to the crowd which collected. Sentenced by the magistrate to receive 2,000 lashes, he was carried back, after the infliction, in great agony and unable to walk, to Fuh-chau. While he lay in hospital, a mass of bruises and suffering intensely, he was constantly entreating his unconverted friends to 'come to Jesus.' As soon as he could walk, he returned to the very place where he had been so cruelly treated, to preach again the name of Christ. Over 400 converts in that district now regard him as the instrument of their conversion. From that district he went to another, great success still following. From there to the island of Lamyet, where he found copies of Matthew and Luke, and other Christian books, scattered 30 years ago by Dr. Medhurst; but read and preserved till now, in the expectation of the arrival some day of men to explain them. In six months Ching Ting—so had the good seed germinated—gathered a church of 60 members. To-day it numbers 130, and is still increasing. He found the island a nest of pirates. One of them listened, and was convinced, and asked prayers, saying, 'I believe your preaching true. I am going to give up my piracy now. I will stop it all right away; but there is one little matter I

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must retain. You know we used to steal the fish of the people all the time, and were constantly having trouble; but finally made a treaty with them to let their nets alone if they would give us their fish on the 15th and 30th of every month. That is an agreement, and I think it right to take these fish.' To all this Ching Ting said: 'Well, my friend, I am glad you give up your piracy; that is a good step. I think if you pray and look to God, he will help you.'

In less than three weeks that man came to Ching Ting all broken down; and his first words were: 'Oh, this fish business is all wrong. I have no right to the people's fish. It is wicked; I must give it up. I will give it up now.'

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

A SLAVE escaped from Colonel Ridgeley, who resided in the southern part of Virginia. He went to Philadelphia, and remained there undiscovered for several years. But he was never quite free from anxiety, least in some unlucky hour, he should be arrested and carried back to bondage. When he had laid up some money, he called upon Isaac T. Hopper to assist him in buying the free use of his limbs. A negotiation was opened with Col. Ridgeley, who agreed to take two hundred dollars for the fugitive, and appointed a time to come to Philadelphia to arrange the business. But instead of keeping his agreement honorably, he went to that city several weeks before the specified time, watched for his bondman, seized him, and conveyed him to Friend Hopper's office. When the promised two hundred dollars were offered, he refused to accept them.

"Why, that is the sum thou hast agreed upon," said Friend Hopper.

"I know that," replied the Colonel; "but I won't take it now. He was the best servant I ever had. I can sell him for one thousand dollars in Virginia. Under present circumstances, I will take five hundred dollars for him, and not one cent less."

After considerable discussion, Friend Hopper urged him to allow his bondman until ten o'clock next morning, to see what could be done among his friends; and he himself gave a written obligation that the man should be delivered to him at that hour, in case he could not procure five hundred dollars to purchase his freedom.

When the master was gone, Friend Hopper said to the alarmed fugitive, "There now remains but one way for thee to obtain thy freedom. As to raising five hundred dollars, that is out of the question. But if thou wilt be prompt and resolute, and do precisely as I tell thee, I think thou canst get off safely."

"I will do anything for freedom," replied the bondman; "for I have made up my mind, come what may, that I never will go back into slavery."

"Very well then," rejoined his friend. "Don't get frightened when the right moment comes to act; but keep thy wits about thee, and do as I tell thee. Thy master will come here to-morrow at ten o'clock, according to appointment. I must deliver thee up to him and receive back the obligation for one thousand dollars, which I have given him. Do thou stand with back against the door, which opens from this room into the parlor. When he has returned the paper to me, open the door quickly, lock it on the inside, and run through the parlor into the back-yard. There is a wall there eight feet high, with spikes at the top. Thou wilt find a clothes-horse leaning against it, to help thee up. When thou hast mounted, kick the clothes-horse down behind thee, drop on the other side of the wall, and be off." The premises were then shown him, and he received minute directions through what alleys and streets he had

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better pass, and at what house he could find a temporary refuge.

Col. Ridgeley came the next morning, at the appointed hour, and brought a friend to stand sentinel at the street door, lest the slave should attempt to rush out. It did not occur to him that there was any danger of his running in.

"We have not been able to raise the five hundred dollars," said Friend Hopper; "and here is thy man, according to agreement."

The Colonel gave back his obligation for one thousand dollars; and the instant it left his hand, the fugitive passed into the parlor. The master sprang over the counter after him, but found the door locked. Before he could get to the back yard by another door, the wall was scaled, the clothes-horse thrown down, and the fugitive was beyond his reach. Of course he returned very much disappointed and enraged; declaring his firm belief that a trick had been played upon him purposely. After he had given vent to his anger some little time, Friend Hopper asked for a private interview with him. When they were alone together in the parlor, he said, "I admit this was an intentional trick; but I had what seemed to me good reasons for resorting to it. In the first place, thou didst not keep the agreement made with me, but sought to gain an unfair advantage. In the next place, I knew that man was thy own son; and I think any person who is so unfeeling as to make traffic of his own flesh and blood, deserves to be tricked out of the chance to do it."

"What if he is my son?" rejoined the Virginian. "I've as good a right to sell my own flesh and blood as that of any other person. If I choose to, it is none of your business." He opened the door, and beckoning to his friend, who was waiting, he said, "Hopper admits this was all a trick to set the slave free." Then turning to Friend Hopper, he added, "You admit it was a trick, don't you?"

"Thou and I will talk that matter over by ourselves," he replied. "The presence of a third person is not always convenient."

The Colonel went off in a violent passion, and forgetting that he was not in Virginia, he rushed into the houses of several colored people, knocked them about, overturned their beds, and broke their furniture, in search of the fugitive. Being unable to obtain any information concerning him, he cooled down considerably, and went to inform Friend Hopper that he would give a deed of manumission for two hundred dollars; but his offer was rejected.

"Why that was your own proposal!" vociferated the Colonel.

"Very true," he replied; "and I offered thee the money; but thou refused to take it."

After storming awhile, the master went off to obtain legal advice from the Hon. John Sergeant. Meanwhile several of the colored people had entered a complaint against him for personal abuse, and damage done to their furniture. He was obliged to give bonds for his appearence at the next court, to answer their accusation. This was a grievous humiliation for a proud Virginian, who had been educated to think that colored people had no civil rights. In this unpleasent dilemma, his lawyer advised him to give a deed of manumission for one hundrd and fifty dollars; promising to exert his influence to have the mortifying suits withdrawn.

The proposed terms were accepted, and the money paid by the slave from his own earnings. But when Mr. Sergeant proposed that the suits for assault and battery should be withdrawn, Friend Hopper replied, "I have no authority to dismiss them."

"They will be dismissed if you advise it," rejoined the lawyer; "and if you will promise to do it, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"These colored people have been very badly treated," answered Friend

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Hopper. "If the aggressor wants to settle the affair, he had better go to them and offer some equivalent for the trouble he has given!"

The lawyer replied, "When he agreed to manumit the man for one hundred and fifty dollars, he expected these suits would be dismissed, of course, as part of the bargain. What sum do you think these people will take to withdraw them?"

Friend Hopper said he thought they would do it for one hundred and fifty dollars.

"I will pay it," replied Mr. Sergeant; "for Colonel Ridgeley is very anxious to return home."

Thus the money paid for the deed of manumission was returned. Forty dollars were distributed among the colored people, to repay the damage done to their property. After some trifling incidental expenses had been deducted, the remainedea was returned to the emancipated slave; who thus obtained his freedom for about fifty dollars, instead of the sum originally offered.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through the states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering I was struck by his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man. His head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hand, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to his topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every sillable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene seemed to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks, of the congregation.

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It was some time before the tumult subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such tress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher—his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentious, deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher;" then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Many know much, but few know themselves.

"Trust in God, and do the Right!"

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night.
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Perish "policy" and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no party, church, or faction;
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no lovely forms of passion;
Friends may look like angels bright.
Trust no custom, "school," or fashion—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Some will hate thee, some will love thee
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

MANLINESS.—LEARN from the earliest to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant dread of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

AN EXPERIENCED STATESMAN, a true patriot, an eminent scholar, and an upright man, has recently been taken from among us. The Hon. JACOB M. HOWARD, the Senator and scholar, whose earnest public services and estimable personal attributes have shed a lustre upon our State for nearly forty years, died at his residence, in the city of Detroit, at 7 o'clock, on the morning of Sunday, April the 2d. To the citizens of Michigan such a loss may be deemed almost irreparable, and no event of the year has made a profounder sensation, or excited more general regret throughout the States of the Northwest and the Atlantic seaboard. Mr. Howard was born in Shaftsbury, Vt., July 10, 1805, and graduated at Williams College in 1830. He removed to Detroit in 1832, and in 1833 was admitted to the bar. In 1838 he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1840 he was elected to Congress, as a Representative, and in each of these positions he served faithfully and with marked ability. Having abandoned his law business in a large measure on entering public life, he devoted much of his time, from 1845 to 1848, to literature, of which he was always very fond. It was during this period he published a translation from the French, of the secret memoirs of the Empress Josephine, one of the most striking chapters of which forms the initial paper of this issue of the MISCELLANY, and of which copious excerpts have appeared in previous numbers. Of Mr. Howard's literary attainments and his eminent capability as a translator, the readers of this magazine have thus had ample evidence; but besides this he was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and was exceedingly fond of poetry and the classics in those languages, as well as our own. In 1848 he formed a law partnership, which continued for many years. As a lawyer Mr. Howard occupied a very high professional rank. He was leading counsel and advocate for the Michigan Central railroad in the noted Railroad Conspiracy case, which he won, notwithstanding the conspirators employed Wm. H. Seward and other eminent counsel to defend them. Mr. Howard was also engaged in the great express robbery case, a few years later. Three villains by some means obtained access to a box, or boxes, of gold, in charge of the express company, and substituted for them boxes filled with lead and sand. The robbery was not discovered until some days afterward. Then the detectives had a hard task to hunt down the robbers. In this trial Mr. Howard won fresh laurels for the masterly strength of his argument and the thoroughness of his analysis of the case. He also played a conspicuous part in the trial of a doctor at Pontiac, for poisoning his wife, and the trial of Mr. Aldrich, at Mt. Clemens, for setting fire to a mill. It was in his public and political life, however, that Mr. Howard showed the sterling metal of which he was composed. Unlike many other men of lighter calibre, who seem to live only in the glare of a cheap and transitory notoriety, Mr. Howard never aimed to compel public attention by the meretricious mannerisms or ignoble idiosyncracies that seem to compose the stock in trade of many modern politicians. In 1854 he drew the platform for the Republican party, and in the same year was made Attorney General of the State, serving in that capacity six years. In 1862 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, in place of Kingsley S. Bingham, and continued to hold this high office until the month previous to his death. During this period, his services to the Republic were of the highest character. He held the position of chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, and it was greatly to his vigor and intellect that that, and the Northern Pacific Railroad, was established. He had a prominent place also on the Committee on Military Affairs, and his services during the rebellion were such as few other statesmen were able to render. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and of the Military Committee, and had much to do with the great war measures, and ensuing reconstruction acts. He reported the first bill authorising a draft, and was one of the warmest and most eloquent advocates of the bill to create the grade of Lieutenant General. In 1866 Mr. Howard aided in preparing the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. He is the author of the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment. In December, 1867, Andrew Johnson sent to the Senate his message removing Secretary Stanton for neglect of duty in reference to the New Orleans riots. This message

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was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and Senator Howard made a formal report upon it the following month. The Senate almost unanimously adopted it. His argument on the civil rights bill and the various amendments to the Constitution, honor the Senate, the State which he represented, and himself. Senator Howard was chairman of the Committee on the Pacific Railroad since 1863. It was one of the most laborious in Congress. Every act relating to the Union Pacific Railroad was drawn by him, or under his personal supervision. Nothing designed to promote this important enterprise or protect the rights of the government escaped his vigilance, and, but for his absence from Washington, in consequence of the fatal illness of Mrs. Howard, in 1864, the unfortunate clause in the act of that year, making the government bonds subordinate to the bonds of the company, would have been defeated. The Kansas Pacific owes its existence to Mr. Howard, and the Northern Pacific, but for his earnest exertions, might have been delayed for years longer than it is now likely to be. He stood by that work, so important to Michigan, as well as the whole north, at all times, in Congress and out. To him is due the recent act securing the early completion of this mighty enterprise. His name will ever be connected with it, and the nation will have lasting reason to thank him for his patriotic labors in its behalf. He will need no better monument to perpetuate his memory and establish his claim to the gratitude of posterity. Senator Howard died a comparatively poor man. His stern integrity kept him from making money when he might legitimately have done so, by simply making use of the opportunities which his knowledge of great affairs gave him. That he never yielded to any temptation of this kind is a proof of a sense of honor so keen as to be rare among men of any class. Mr. Howard was a gentleman whose presence would be marked in any company as one of the strong men of the country. His deportment was grave, and his gestures usually slow and dignified. He had a deep and powerful voice, but, when aroused, was a master of crushing invective, all the more effective because he never forgot to be logical. As a debater Mr. Howard was one of the giants of the Senate. But he was never a lover of debate for its own sake. He was not given to impassioned eloquence, or to showy displays of skill and readiness over non-essential issues; on the contrary, he was one of those who never debate at all except in downright earnest, and for a purpose worthy of their exertion. There was not a particle of clap-trap or buncombe rhetoric in his composition. He never spoke at all unless he had something worth saying to say, and when he said anything he meant it. Mr. Howard was worthy to be, as he was, the pride of the State. His intellectual strength, his high legal and literary acquirements, his force of character, and his power as a debater, were qualities which made him the peer of any statesman in the Union. In intellectual power he was the noblest and stoutest champion ever buried in the soil of Michigan, or ever mourned by her people. A statesman worthy to rank with the highest, a patriot of stainless honor, a politician of unquestioned integrity, and an orator formed for dealing with great issues, his loss is worthy to be lamented, not only by his State, but by the entire Republic.

PERHAPS THE MOST important event in the political history of the past month has been the reception by Congress of the report of the so-called San Domingo Commission, and accompanying message by President Grant. The project for the acquisition of this island by the United States has been under consideration by the President and his immediate advisers for a long time, and, as is apparent from the tone of his message, it was a subject in which the executive felt a great and almost absorbing interest. Such a project, involving as it necessarily would, much diplomacy and an enormous expenditure of money, would naturally find many adherents, the warmth of whose advocacy would be perhaps more palpable than their disinterestedness. President Grant's message is itself a model of temperateness, a fact which is the more commendable, seeing that it must have been written in reply to, and while smarting under an intrepid and unyielding opposition. The reasons announced in the message, while tending to justify the Presidential action in the case, are notably insufficient to convince the people of the necessity, or even the advisability of the proposed step. Nor is the report of the Commissioners, which follows it, elaborate as it is, and abound-

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ing in interesting statistics which could perhaps have been obtained in a far less costly way, one whit the more convincing. The advantages that would accrue to San Domingo and its people are perhaps evident enough: but the old adage of charity beginning at home comes in here with remarkable force,and, while we have so immense a territory within our present boundaries untilled and undeveloped, and lawlessness that needs the strongest power of government to cope with and allay, prevailing almost at our own doors, we can certainly find employment enough without fritering away our power and money in a Quixotic attempt to ameliorate the condition of an alien people, from whom we are geographically isolated, and with whom we have neither tie of race nor religion. Every American must believe with General Grant that our institutions are broad enough to extend over our entire continent, and would certainly hail the day that might bring all people in all climes under their beneficient sway, but philanthropy to be efficient must be practical, and it would certainly seem reasonable to most of us that those who acquire these benefits should pay the cost, and not the people who yield them. The most prominent of our public men in opposition to this scheme was the honorable Chas. Sumner, whose sudden removal from the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Foreign affairs, a position he had long filled with dignity and efficiency, coming as it was asserted from presidential pressure, gave him additional prominence in the eyes of the country, to the infinite detriment of the project against which he was arrayed. On the 27th of March, the Senator made this the subject of a formal speech before the body of which he is so old and influential a member. From the correspondents we learn that as early as 11 o'clock the galleries were densely crowded, many being unable to obtain even standing room. There was an unusually large number of privileged persons on the floor. Sumner commenced speaking soon after the Senate was called to order. In his opening paragraph he definitely asserted that "it was in evidence before the Senate that the navy of the United States, acting under orders from Washington, had been engaged in measures of violence and of belligerent intervention, being war without authority of Congress. The whole business," he added "is aggravated, when it is considered that the declared object of this violence is the acquisition of foreign territory, the half an island in the Carribean sea, and further that this violence has been employed to prop and maintain a weak ruler, himself an usurper, aiming to sell his country, and to menace the black republic of Hayti." The Senator characterized Baez and Grant as "co-partners in the melancholy affair," and arraigned the President for usurping the powers of Congress and violating international law and the constitution of the United States. The result of the New Hampshire election, where the Democratic Party for the first time in many years achieved a signal triumph,—coupled with so prominent an opposition in Congress and a general and growing disapproval in the minds of the people, which was becoming too palpable to be mistaken or denied, seemed to have a beneficial effect upon the adherents of annexation. The President in his message suggested that no immediate action be taken, and that with the report was accordingly tabled. If not killed it is most decidedly scotched for the time being. Whether the antagonisms it has engendered will be disposed of so easily, is a question upon which perhaps the political future of the country for many years to come now hinges.

MR. C. T. BATEMAN has resigned his place as Superintendent of Public Instruction, with the purpose of locating in Kansas. He has been a regular and most popular contributor to the MISCELLANY from its beginning. He has also taken a very active part in extending its circulation. We can never forget his favors. He is a man of liberal education, a very fine scholar, and was popular as Superintendent of Public Instruction in this County. As a writer Mr. B. is destined to rank with the first of the times. We are happy to say to our readers that Mr. Bateman will continue to write for the MISCELLANY as before.

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THE MISCELLANY AS A GIFT TO THE FREEDMEN.—This grand object, cherished so long, we now hope to accomplish. Nothing but high, intellectual, moral and religious culture will ever bring the people of the North and South fully together. Much has already been done in this way, but not a thousandth part what we can and should do. We design hereafter to make a most earnest effort to furnish the MISCELLANY free to the poor and destitute of all classes at the South. They will be sent to those who have the charge of Sabbath Schools, and other schools, and circulated from one to another. The MISCELLANY is published in the best possible form for circulating extensively in this way. For every dollar donated, twelve numbers of the MISCELLANY will be furnished free. Donations will be received from ten cents to ten dollars. These sums donated will be reported in the MISCELLANY. Let any one who will, circulate a subscription for this fund.

We are happy to report the following liberal donations to begin with: Dr. Wm. Johnson, $5.00; O. H. Fifield, $10.00; John Hogue, $3.00.

OUR readers will notice on the third page of the cover the business card of D. W. C. Hardy. Mr. Hardy is a Boston man, who has had an extensive experience in his business. For twelve years he has taken the lead in the clothing business of this city. He always keeps a great variety of first class cloths and ready-made clothing, and employs the most skilled workmen. Mr. Hardy is a fair dealer and is calculated to retain his customers.

EXTRA OFFER.—With the July number we begin a new volume. As many, for two months to come, may not wish to begin back to January, we will allow any who may wish to begin with the July number, and to all who subscribe for the next volume before the 20th of May, we will send two of such numbers of the MISCELLANY as we can spare as a gift. To all who subscribe between the 20th of May and the 1st of July we will send one number of the MISCELLANY as a gift. Under this liberal offer we ought to receive a great number of subscribers to the next volume. We can furnish numbers back to January to all who may wish them.

THOSE who have not paid for the MISCELLANY for 1871 will please send us the amount, in a letter by mail, at our risk.

J. K. WELLMAN,
Adrian, Mich.

SOME owe for all, others for a part of last year, as well as this. Such will please be prompt, and send us the pay. If you cannot send us all, send us a part promptly, and the balance when you can. If any are poor, send us two-thirds the regular price and it will be all right.

FOR the purpose of giving the MISCELLANY a very large circulation, we have reduced the price from $1.50 to $1.25. Now let every subscriber work. We will allow our subscribers one-fifth of all moneys obtained by getting new subscribers.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3. ADRIAN, MAY, 1871. No. V.

The Power of Nature Over the Human Mind.

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

THE works of nature were designed, by our Creator, to exert a powerful influence over the human mind. They were brought into existence to represent his character and exhibit his ineffable glory. A revelation, spiritual in its nature and objects, would not be suitable to impress us, had it not the material universe for its foundation. The laws of intellect, as found in man, require that there should be an appeal to the senses before there is an appeal to the spiritual part of our constitution; and, consequently, such a system as Christianity presupposes a prior manifestation of God, through a material medium. Our ideas of omnipotence, omnipresence, and eternity, are inseparably associated with the physical universe. If the mind desires to enlarge these sentiments, it involuntarily resorts to this instrumentality, and, amid the wonder of a far extending universe, quickens its conceptions of the native grandeur of Jehovah. It is, therefore, not strange, that the inspired writers should pay so much deference to nature. If they were not philosophers by profession, they were in fact; and, prompted by its instructions, they maintained the importance and dignity of the elder revelation. Had they depreciated nature, to elevate inspiration, there would, at once, have been an interruption of their harmony; and, so far from gaining any advantage thereby, Christianity would have lost its strongest authentications.

The introduction of sin has so weakened the intellect, and corrupted the heart, that the influence of nature has been diminished. It has not, however, been destroyed. All morbid action of mind and matter is but a diversion of said action from its original law. The power of nature is now seen in the false uses made of it. First of these abuses of the material universe—first in its intellectual connections, and first in its pernicious agency—is the doctrine of atheism. It is the most remarkable form of that original sentiment—the love of nature. The essence of this system is a subordination of the intellect to the senses. The labored reasonings of an atheistic mind are based on the supposition that nature gives evidence of a God; and, thus, the atheist and the theist start at the same point. The position of the atheist is offensive; that of the theist is defensive. No mortal man is competent to the task of sustaining the withering hypotheses of atheism. The variety and number of the objects, indicating a supreme wisdom and a sovereign power, rendering the undertaking of the atheist perfectly hopeless. To decide this momentous question, he would have to make the circuit of the globe, and investigate all its laws and collocations. If he were to omit the examination of a single flower, or neglect a solitary object, that flower,

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that object, might be the very thing that would demonstrate the being and attributes of God. If he were to avoid one secluded vale, that vale might teem with the proofs of a divine skill, and smile in the glory of the creative hand. The usual evidence employed by atheists, to establish their system, illustrates its weakness, and its entire want of adaptation to the popular mind. The metaphysical argument, on which so much stress is laid, can not be comprehended by the ordinary classes of intellect, even supposing it had any claims to credence. To be an atheist, it may be safely said, a man must leave the common and familiar paths of reason, and resort to labyrinthine walks of metaphysics. How can the crowd ever be induced to do this? The history of atheism proves the truth of this observation. Its tenets were confined to a few philosophers in ancient Greece and Rome. Despite of the genius of Hume, it made no progress among the less erudite classes of English society. The best safeguard against error is generally found in strong, manly common sense; and common sense is, usually, the inheritance of those who have not educated their genius to the destruction of their native wisdom.

Men too often overlook the great fact, that intellect is only safe in its moral investigations, when the heart, regulated by honest principles, accompanies it. The rise and progress of atheism have been marked by intellectual features alone. The truth of the divine existence addresses the moral sense and the moral feelings as much as the intellect. It is by their instrumentality that we chiefly sympathize with it. A man may forget his moral nature, if he be demonstrating a problem in Euclid, but not, if he be sitting in judgment on the probabilities of Jehovah's being. The cases are not similar; the same principles and laws are not involved. Is it at all singular then, that in the intellectual days of Greece and France, when moral principle was so much discarded, intellect should have enthroned atheism on the imagined ruins of the Divine Throne? There is a blindness that springs from gazing too long and too intently on the dazzling sun; and is this to be charged to want of light, or to its abundance? Thus it is with mere intellect. Without reverence for the sublime name of God—without affection for the attributes of God—without a vail for its profane vision—it rushes into too close contact with Him who dwells in unapproachable light, and, smitten with sudden darkness, turns to the humble multitude, and pours forth its feeble vengeance in denying the existence of the universal sovereign.

The social feelings of man have two objects; the one is God, the other is his fellow. The noblest form of these sentiments is religion. A man is just as much necessitated to seek society in God, if he would realize the dignity and pleasure of his social nature, as he is to have intercourse with the brotherhood of the world. If, now, the human tendencies of our social feelings were diverted from their appropriate channels—if men were to blot out the memory of all those whose images constitute the inner companionship of the spirit, and turn coldly away from the friends that share in its sorrows and joys, could he replace the vacancy with any object in nature? The same fact applies to the other form of the social sentiment. If man exclude the idea of God from his mind, and cast away the golden censor, with which, as a worshipful priest, he should minister humbly and thankfully before the high altar of the highest heaven, what can he expect, but that a melancholy want of intercourse with God should torment his bereaved spirit? The idea of God is powerful, even with those who do not profess personal religion. It is a refuge in distress. It is the endorsement of virtue. It is the pledge of immortality. It is the safeguard of truth. It is the defense of law. It is the preservative of life. It is the

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basis of morality. Tell us not, if this idea be abandoned, man can find companionship in the works of nature. Tell us not that the circling skies and the fresh landscape will charm his spirit, and minister to his delights. Never, never. If the material universe be chance work, it is nothing to us; for there is no provision within us for sympathy with chance, and, of consequence, none with its productions. Could we come to the conclusion that American liberties and American government are the offspring of blind chance, would not their majesty and interest at once sink? Is it not the memory of the pilgrim fathers, is it not the association of Washington and his brave compatriots with the freedom and power of this nation, that warms our attachment to the hills and valleys of our native land? Separate God from his universe, and the beauty of stars fade, and the splendor of the sun vanishes; a double curse then falls upon man– the curse of depravity, and the curse of orphanage!

The power of nature is seen in the superstition that it engenders in uncultivated and misguided minds. Whenever superstition assumes the form of religion, it becomes the dominant principle of the bosom, and sways a sovereignty of the most fearful character. The elements of true religion are wisdom, fear and hope. The elements of superstition are ignorance and fear. The check on fear is removed by the absence of hope; and the channel in which it should run is destroyed by the prevalence of ignorance. Invested with the supremacy of the inner nature, bound by no law, fear becomes the tyrant of the spirit. Its requirements are without mercy, and its punishments without compassion. It changes good into evil. It has no blessings to bestow, except at the expense of the direst tortures. Its eye is fixed more on hell than heaven. Wherever intellectual imbecility has been found, there it has met with its congenial soil. Asiatic nations, reposing under a sultry sky, and luxuriating amid the riches of nature, have shown its horrible features in the fullest degree. If Mohammedism did no other good, it served to curtail its power, though, in the end, it developed principles pernicious to morals and society.

The milder forms of superstition are built upon the appearances and occurrences of nature. If they have not a religious cast, still, they are to be viewed as injurious to the mind.

The song of the whip-poor-will, near the house, will alarm the timid mother, and lead her to apprehend that death is approaching with its uplifted scepter. The howling of a dog before the door will awaken similar apprehensions. The fall of a looking-glass will throw the fancy into a violent state of feverish excitement. A dream will haunt its subject from day to day. Any undertaking commenced on Friday must needs result unsuccessfully. Various other forms of popular superstition abound. The foundation principle of all such superstitions is an erroneous view of the economy of providence. The policy of that economy is secrecy. Its wisdom is unrevealed; its purposes are hidden. If it were revealed, its nature would at once be changed, and its objects thwarted. Does not superstition arrogate far too much to itself, when it presumes to determine on the divine procedures by such insignificant circumstances? Does it not invade Jehovah's own chosen domain, girt around with dark clouds, and take the attitude of his annointed prophet? If such things be worthy of regard, it must be either because they belong to nature or miracles. Do they belong to nature? No; for their unnaturalness is the supposing ground of confidence in them. Do they belong to miraculous interferences? Then, where is their warrant? where is the promise on which they are rested? The ancient object of miracles was to attest truth; but, in this instance, it is to announce truth.

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The faults of early education, no doubt, give rise to these superstitious tendencies. A foolish nurse may impart such a bias to a child's mind, as that its imaginations will be ever divining futurity from the most familiar circumstances. Impressions made upon the susceptible intellect before reason can think and decide, seldom obey the laws of a regulated mind. Arguments cannot reach them. The channel of the canal may be dug; but who can draw lines by which the river shall run? The wayward fancy often gets the start of reason, and becomes uncontrolable.

Any warrant drawn from certain facts in scripture, in confirmation of superstitious signs, must be regarded as unauthorized. If Jehovah did, in olden times, speak in dreams and visions, it was in fulfillment of a great plan that he was executing. Are circumstances similar now? If the prophetic system were maintained once, does it follow that it is now in operation? The object of all those miraculous interferences was to bring the world into such a condition as to render miraculous interferences undesirable and unnecessary. That condition has been secured. No man has now any right to look for the will of Jehovah beyond the Bible, and the fixed ordinations of nature. If he do, he depreciates these standards, and, by multiplying forms of revelation, enfeebles the great principles on which true revelation stands.

Another illustration of the power of nature over the human mind is presented in poetry. The office of this noble art is to discern the beauties of nature. It is the interpreter of those symbols that fill the universe. It is the priestess offering up sacrifices from mountain tops radiant with golden sunshine. The names of prophet and poet were anciently one; and what could more significantly mark the illustrious work of the poet than this circumstance? There are two eminent advantages derived from poetry. The first is, it expresses truths, known and felt, in such a way as that they may be known better, and felt more deeply than ever before. All of us understand the import of filial affection toward our mothers; but, if we peruse Cowper's lines on receiving his mother's picture from Norfolk, the delightful sentiments involved in our grateful love appear invested with new beauty and strength. The second advantage is, it has a sphere belonging only to itself. If a man were to employ his reason in producing a prose work on the plan of Milton's Paradise Lost, he would be viewed as approaching a state of intellectual alienation, and malignant critics might sport with him, as spiders sport with luckless flies that have become entangled in their skillfully woven net. A number of great minds that now exert a prodigious influence over thought and sentiment, would have been comparatively lost to the world, but for this medium of mental exertion.

The sublimest form of knowldege is theology; the next is history. Without theology we should be ignorant of eternity; without history we should be ignorant of time. Without the one we should know nothing of God; without the other we should know nothing of man. We are indebted to poetry for much of our theology and history. It was in poetry that Isaiah recited the magnificent strains of redemption; it was thus that David echoed the sweet strains of the seraphim. It was in poetry that the early legends of nations were embodied. Heaven and earth have honored it. See the poet acting as the priest of his country's religion; see him preserving national events from oblivion by recording them in poetic language; see him standing upon the mount of vision, and writing the annals of future ages; see him holding rapt communion with the Invisible!

The source of poetry is nature. If it describe spiritual things, it is by natural things. Its eye is ever open to

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beauty, and its ear to melody. Wherever it meets with the traces of the creative skill, there it erects an altar, and worships. If, with Mungo Park, it discovers a small tuft of green grass in the barren desert it sings its praise. If, with Alexander Selkirk, it occupies the ocean isle, with the expanse of waters around, and the expanse of firmament above, it sings, in Cowper's strains:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

The most popular of recent poetry has been of the descriptive character. It has pictured nature in her manifold aspect. It has inspired a taste for her communion such as was never felt before. If Cowper commenced this style of poetry, Wordsworth has, probably, carried it to perfection. The genius of Lord Byron is never so powerful as when it sings:

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and, to me,
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of cities torture. I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link, reluctant, in a fleshy chain,
Classed among creatures—where the soul can flee,
And, with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain."

It must be acknowledged, however, that Byron's appreciation of visible nature was at the expense of society; and, consequently, it was a morbid sentiment. Let a mind be properly balanced, and its love of the material universe and society will exist and operate together. The misanthropy that discolors all the writings of this celebrated poet, is, probably, only assumed; for no man could be alive to the charms of nature, as he was, and be dead to all social sensibilities. Is not beauty a unit, and sublimity a unit? If a man love the beautiful and the sublime in nature, with true fervency, how can he hate the beautiful and the sublime that are ever shining through these thin vestments of mortality, and, like the twilight sky, reflecting a departed glory?

TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. WARD CHAPMAN, APRIL 4th 1871.

BY MRS. DELIA CHASE KING.

Our friend, undaunted passed away,
Her work of life now done,
With brightest hope of endless day,
The dawning was begun.

Her hand reached forth to grasp a gem,
'Oh give it me,' she said,
'Twas fastened to a diadem
And placed upon her head.

She seemeth now a lovely flower
Transplanted from the snow,
Amid the amaranthine bower
More beautiful may grow.

Strike the harp, oh softly now,
Mournful be each strain,
For her gentle words, and loving smile,
Will greet us ne'er again.

Could we but climb the heavenly hills
And view the landscape o'er,
Not life's swift stream, nor death's cold flood,
Would fright us from the shore.

If the principles of the Christian religon were well rooted in the hearts of all mankind, what excellent fruit would they produce! There would be no more wars, no rumors of wars; kingdom would not rise up against kingdom, nor nation against nation; but all princes would be at peace with their neighbors, and their subjects at unity amongst themselves, striving only which should serve God best, and do most good in the world.

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LORD BACON.

[CONCLUDED.]

BACON'S literary reputation was not less brilliant than his political and professional fame. He was aware that his great work, the "Organon," in which he set forth principles of philosophy which were to guide future ages, was one which would startle the world by the novelty of its doctrines, and perhaps subject him to temporary reproach. He elaborated it with the utmost care, and copied and revised it throughout no less than twelve times. Taking advantage of his present elevated position, he ventured upon its publication.

This work has now taken its rank among the highest productions of the human mind; but it was at first received with mingled sneers and admiration.

Bacon was, however, understood by some. Ben Johnson, soon after his lordship's death, spoke of the work in exalted terms; and Sir Henry Walton, who had received a copy from the author, wrote to him as follows: "Your lordship hath done a great and everlasting benefit to all the children of nature and to nature herself—who never before had so noble and so true an interpreter." On the continent the work was still more favorably received than at home.

But from this point the sun of Bacon declined, and soon set forever. While he was seeking with anxious care and patient toil to establish his literary reputation, he was laying the train which would ere long explode, and blacken his name with everlasting infamy. He had run into a course of lavish expenditures, and though his income was enormous, it was still insufficient to supply his wants. He became unscrupulous as to the means in which he obtained money; his principles were undermined; and at last he did not scruple to use his official power to replenish his purse.

In consequence of an inquiry set on foot by the House of Commons, several cases came to light, in which he had received large bribes as judge of the court of chancery. The first was that of a poor gentleman of the name of Aubury, who, finding his suit in chancery going on with ruinous slowness, was advised to quicken it by a gift to the lord chancellor. In his anxiety and distress he borrowed a hundred pounds from an usurer. Lord Bacon received the money from Sir George Hastings and Mr. Jenkins, who assured the poor and anxious suitor, in his lordship's name, of thankfulness and success. The case, however, was decided against him. When the chancellor heard the complaints of his victim, he sent for his friend, Sir George Hastings, and entreated him, with many professions of affection and esteem, to stay the clamor of the poor man he had cheated.

The evidence in the next case deepened the color of the chancellor's guilt. Mr. Egerton had several suits pending in chancery against Sir Rowland Egerton, and under the name of an expression of gratitude for past services, he presented the chancellor with three hundred pounds. The case accordingly went in Egerton's favor, until the opposite and losing party expressing his gratitude also to the judge in the shape of four hundred pounds; when the superiority of four over three, turned the scales of equity against him.

On one of these occasions, when the judge's decision was prepared, though not actually delivered, the influence of a bribe, bestowed in the nick of time, induced the chancellor to reverse his decree. The Lady Wharton, hearing that her suit was likely to go against her, was too clever and high-spirited a woman to be defeated without a struggle. She wrought a purse with her own hands, and having filled it with one hundred pounds, she waited on Bacon at his apartments, and begged his acceptance of a purse of her own making. The chancellor was, of course, too gallant a gentleman to refuse anything from the hands of so fair a lady, and she gained her cause.

The discussion in the Commons issued in referring the whole of the case to the peers, the only authority competent to subject him to trial. The king told a deputation of the Commons to proceed fearlessly, whatever might be the consequences, and whoever might be implicated; but he felt exceedingly for the chancellor, received him with undiminished affection, and ordered a short recess of parliament, to give him time for his defence.

The spirit of Bacon was crushed within him. His servants were, undoubtedly, the agents who sought out the victims of his corruption, and induced them to tempt their master; and it is equally un-

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doubted that he was himself ruined by the rapacity and extravagance in which he permitted them to indulge. During the investigation of the charges, when Bacon one day entered his house, and his costly menials rose up and saluted him, he said bitterly, "Sit down, my masters; your rise has been my fall." He was great even in such circumstances, and the native dignity of his mind shone out even through the disgrace in which he had clothed himself.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the contrition which he expressed in the general confession which he first sent to the lords, appointed to try him. This, however, did not satisfy the indignation of his judges. They demanded a particular confession of each charge by itself, and a specification of the minute details of his meanness and guilt. This Lord Bacon sent, and when a deputation of the lords waited upon him to inquire if this paper were his own voluntary act, he replied, "It is my act, my hand—my heart. Oh, my lords, spare a broken reed." He was then stripped of his offices, disqualified for public life, banished beyond the precincts of the court, subjected to a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to imprisonment in the Tower during the king's pleasure.

He was confined for a short time in the Tower, and then discharged. Though the sentence was afterwards commuted by the king, his ruined fortunes were never repaired; but we never feel the degradation into which Bacon had sunk himself, so painfully, as when reading the words of his pardon, "for all the frauds, deceits, impostures, bribes, corruptions, and other malpractices, of which he had been found guilty!"

We now follow him to Gorhambury, the magnificent seat of his father, the home of a considerable portion of his boyhood, and which was to be the resting place of his old age. During all the bustle and splendor of office, he had frequently found means to escape to the quiet and meditation which there awaited him; and for the better enjoyment of such opportunities, he built, about half a mile from Gorhambury, a home, which cost him ten thousand pounds. There he now endeavored to alleviate the anguish which preyed upon his heart, by collecting around him some of the most distinguished of the many friends which not even his disgrace had alienated, and who were most proud of the office, which he sometimes imposed upon them, of writing to his dictation. Hobbes, a scarcely less distinguished name in philosophy than his own, then a young man, was often employed in this way.

Bacon never again entered into public life, but continued, to the very day of his death, to occupy himself in his literary and philosophical labors. The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr. It had occurred to him that snow might be used to advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrifying. On a very cold day, early in the year 1626, he alighted from his coach near Highgate, in order to try the experiment. He went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged, he felt a sudden chill, and was soon so much indisposed that it was impossible for him to return to Gray's Inn.

The Earl of Arundale, with whom he was well acquainted, had a house at Highgate. To this Lord Bacon was carried. The Earl was absent; but the servants, who had charge of the place, showed great respect and attention to the illustrious guest. Here, after an illness of about a week, he died, early in the morning of Easter day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and liveliness to the last. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers, which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that "the experiment of the snow had succeeded excellently well."

The chief characteristic of Bacon's philosophy was its direct opposition to all that had previously existed under the same name. "The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories." Bacon's, on the contrary, was essentially a philosophy of utility and progress; he thought the fruit of more consequence than the leaves and flowers; he desired to multiply human enjoyments, to mitigate human sufferings, to improve man's estate. And hence it is that he is justly regarded as the author of modern philosophy; that from the day of his death his fame has been progressively increasing, and will doubtless continue so to do, until he is

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recognized in every age and country as one of the most illustrious benefactors of the human race.

THE WEAVER.

BY M. V. H.

Our little world is the room
In a universe vast and grand,
And circumstance is the loom,
Where a silent weaver doth stand;
All day long her shuttle she throws,
Weaving in joys, and weaving in woes.

And all night through the fleeting hours,
She snatches our dreams from sleep,
And weaves them in for flowers,
With colorings rich and deep;
O, the flowers she weaves are strange to see,
A marvel of quaintness and mystery.

There are stripes that are sombre and gray,
Some are covered with diamonds—like tears;
There are stripes that are brilliant and gay,
Some are worn and faded with years;
There's many a blot, there are stains, there are scars,
There are places of beauty all sprinkled with stars.

There are banners of triumph and joy,
There are knots of crape for defeat;
There is love with alloy,
There's many a snare and a cheat;
There are symbols of all we have thought or dreamed,
Symbols of all that has been or seemed.
* * * * * * * *

The warp is the years crowded close,
Half of green and half of white;
Summers leaves and winters snows,
And changing tints of light;
And in and out the shuttle flies fast,
Working the present into the past.

The woof is made up of threads
That are twisted in with our lives;
Some are blessings for which man pleads,
Some are trials with which he strives;
And all that make up the one great whole,
Are dyed with the colors of each ones soul.

And the weaver, so strange and weird,
The weaver, with work never done,
Who grasps these threads of our lives
Before they are scarce begun,
Who beats them firmly, securely in,
Despite their virtue, despite their sin,

The weaver who never says nay,
But takes whatever we bring,
And busily weaves away,
Alike for a beggar or king;
Who never unravels, never takes back,
Tho' the web be bright, tho' the web be black,

Whose work and whose life are one,
Whose mission is just and right,
Whose labor is faithfully done,
Through wearisome day and night,
Was christened in heaven, came down through its gate,
And is known to mortals on earth as Fate!

O THAT we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God? What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this? What gain is it to be applauded, admired, courted, followed—compared with this one aim, of not being disobedient to a heavenly vision? What can this world offer comparable to that insight into spiritual things; that keen faith, that heavenly peace, that high sanctity, that everlasting righteousness, that hope of glory, which they have who in sincerity love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ? Let us beg and pray Him day by day to reveal Himself to our souls more fully, to quicken our senses, to give us sight and hearing, taste and touch of the world to come; so to work within us, that we may sincerly say, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and after that receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."—[John Henry Newman.]

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ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

THE chief point to be regarded in the choice of a companion for life, is a really virtuous principle—an unaffected goodness of heart: without this, you will be continually shocked by indecency, and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, a reformed libertine makes the best husband, that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impossible for a girl, who has a tolerable degree of common understanding, to be made the dupe of so erroneous a position, which has not the least shadow of reason for its foundation, and which a small share of observation will prove to be a false fact. A man who has been long conversant with the worst sort of women is very apt to contract a bad opinion of, and contempt for, the sex in general: incapable of esteeming any, he is suspicious of all;—jealous without cause, angry without provocation,—and his own disturbed imagination is a continual source of ill-humor: to this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural consequence of an irregular life, which gives an additional sourness to the temper. What rational prospect of happiness can there be with such a companion? And that this is the general character of those who are called reformed rakes, observation will certify. But, admit that there may be some exceptions, it is a hazard upon which no considerate woman would venture the peace of her whole future life. The vanity of those girls who believe themselves capable of working miracles of this kind, and who give up their persons to men of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming them, justly deserves the disappointment which it will generally meet with; for, believe me, a wife is, of all persons, the least likely to succeed in such an attempt. Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover which you must never hope to form in a husband. Good sense and good-nature are almost equally requisite: if the former is wanting, it will be next to impossible for you to esteem the person of whose behavior you may have cause to be ashamed—and mutual esteem is as necessary to happiness in the married state, as mutual affection:

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—without the latter, every day will bring with it some fresh cause of vexation, till repeated quarrels produce a coldness which will settle into an irreconcilable aversion, and you will become, not only each other's torment, but the objects of contempt to your family and acquaintance. This quality of good-nature is, of all others, the most difficult to be ascertained, on account of the general mistake of blending it with good humor, as if they were in themselves the same; whereas, in fact, no two principles of action are more essentially different—and this may requre some explanation. By good-nature I mean that true benevolence which partakes the felicity of all mankind, which promotes the satisfaction of every individual within the reach of its ability, which relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, diffuses blessings, and communicates happiness, as far as its sphere of action can extend; and which, in the private scenes of life, will shine conspicuous in the dutiful son, in the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and in the compassionate master both to man and beast: whilst good-humor is nothing more than a cheerful, pleasing deportment, arising either from natural gaiety of mind, or from an affectation of popularity, joined to an affability of behavior—the result of good breeding, and the ready compliance with the taste of every company. This kind of mere good-humor is by far the most stiking quality: it is frequently mistaken for, and complimented with the superior name of real good nature. A man, by this specious appearance, has often acquired that appellation, who, in all the actions of his private life, has been a morose, cruel, revengeful, sullen, haughty, tyrant. Let them put on the cap whose temples fit the galling wrath!——On the contrary, a man of a truly benevolent disposition, and formed to promote the happiness of all around him, may sometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or from a commendable openness of heart, above the meanness of disguise, be guilty of little sallies of peevishness or of ill-humor, which, carrying the appearance of ill-nature, may be unjustly thought to proceed from it, by persons who are unacquainted with its true character, and who take ill-humor and ill-nature to be synonymous terms, though in reality

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they bear not the least analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is absolutely necessary to observe this distinction, which will effectually secure from the dangerous error of taking the shadow for the substance—an irretrievable mistake, pregnant with innumerable consequent evils!

From what has been said, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue is not to be taken from the general opinion;—mere good-humor being, to all intents and purposes, sufficient, in this particular, to establish the public voice in favor of a man utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the less conspicuous scenes of life, the more retired sphere of action, from the artless tenor of domestic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty, be drawn—these, undisguised, proclaim the man: but as they shun the glare of light, nor court the noise of popular applause, they pass unnoted and are seldom known till after an intimate acquaintance. The best method, therefore, to avoid the deception in this case is, to lay no stress on outward appearances; which are too often fallacious, but to take the rule of judging from the simple, unpolished sentiments of those, whose dependant connexions give them an undeniable certainty—who not only see, but hourly feel, the good or bad effects of that disposition to which they are subjected. By this I mean, that if a man is equally respected, esteemed, and beloved by his tenants, by his dependants and domestics—from the substantial farmer to the laborious peasant—from the proud steward to the submissive wretch, who, thankful for employment, humbly obeys the menial tribe; you may justly conclude, he has that true good-nature, that real benevolence which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the satisfaction it diffuses; but if, by these, he is despised and hated—served merely from a principle of fear devoid of affection—which is very easy discoverable—whatever may be his public character, however favorable the general opinion, be assured that his disposition is such as can never be productive of domestic happiness. I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the most essential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the most liable to be mistaken.

Never be prevailed with, to give your hand to a person defective in these material points: secure of virtue, of good-nature and understanding, in a husband, you may be secure of happine-s;—without the two former it is unattainable—without the latter, in a tolerable degree, it must be very imperfect.

Remember, however, that infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail disappointment on yourself, by expecting what is never to be found. The best men are sometimes inconsistent with themselves:—they are liable to be hurried, by sudden starts of passion, into expressions and actions which their cooler reason will condemn;—they may have some oddities of behavior, some peculiarities of temper; they may be subject to accidental ill-humor, or to whimsical complaints:—blemishes of this kind often shade the brightest character, but they are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless they are made so by an improper resentment, or by an ill-judged opposition. Reason can never be heard by passion—the offer of it tends only to inflame the more: when cooled, and in his usual temper, the man of understanding, if he has been wrong, will suggest to himself all that can be urged against him; the man of good-nature will upbraid own his error:—immediate contradiction is therefore wholly unserviceable, and highly imprudent—an after-repetition, equally unnecessary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behavior ought to be properly represented in the tenderest and in the most friendly manner, and if the representation of them is made discreetly, it will generally be well taken; but, if they are so habitual as not easily to be altered, strike not too often on the unharmonious string—rather let them pass as unobserved: such a cheerful compliance would better cement your union; and they may be made easy to yourself, by reflecting on the superior good qualities by which these trifling faults are so greatly overbalanced. You must remember, these rules are laid down, on the supposition of your being united to a person who possesses the three essential qualifications for happiness before mentioned: in this case, no farther direction is necessary but that you strictly perform the duty of a wife—namely, to love, to honor.

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THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet, the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor words my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes.—*Solomon.*

War is the sink of all injustice.

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WELL REGULATED FAMILIES.

BY PRESIDENT E. O. HAVEN.

THE family relation is the source of all order, of all government, of all industry, of all peace, of all the thorough and permanent and harmonious development among men. Whatever strikes a blow at this relation strikes at the very heart of humanity. It matters not with what intent it is aimed, what high-sounding sophistry may defend it, what delusive dreams may tempt to it, or what passion may demand it; the result must be to degrade and bestialize and destroy. The family circle is the monad out of which the whole fabric of true society grows. It is the prime cellule in which the organic life commences. The patriarchal government is the oldest of governments, and all others truly valuable are developed out of that. As a simple air like "Auld Lang Syne," can, by a skillful musician, be presented in many variations, some in harmony rich and complicated, yet all preserving the original melody, and good in proportion to the preservation of the fundamental tune, so out of a good family government may be developed pure democracy, aristocracy, monarchy, representative republicanism; but none can accomplish their purpose unless the original family government is maintained.

A state made up of well regulated families, though its constitution were the most faulty imaginable, would be well managed; but if the families were not on the average orderly, though the theory of its political government were perfect, it would be little better than an anarchy.

This is the philosophy of that wonderful promise attached to this commandment: Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. This is not the promise of a long life individually to the child that honors his parents. Many children honor their parents and die young I do not deny that honoring father and mother has a tendency to lengthen the life of an individual child, both naturally and by the blessing of God. All virtue tends toward long life. But the chief burden of the promise is, long life to a nation in which the children generally honor their parents. This is evident from the peculiar phraseology, "in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." God gave the Israelites primarily a land. So long as they were a nation they should keep that land. The length of their days in that land, that is, the length of time in which they should be a thriving nation, unconquered and independent, should depend upon their obedience to this commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

God works by general principles. Other nations have their lands assigned them. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath appointed unto them their habitations." He hath given to the mingled Goths and Celts and Africans this land in North America, and the length of time we and our descendants shall abide here a flourishing people, will depend largely upon our obedience to this commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

I believe that a careful study of the institutions of man, and especially of nations, will prove beyond the possibility of denial, that no people who have been in the habit of honoring father and mother have ever degenerated or been subdued so as to be lost; and that no nation which has loosened the holy restraints of the family circle—which is more effectually done by disobedience to this command than in any other way—has ever been for a long time vigorous and growing.

The oldest nation on the face of the earth, and embracing nearly a fourth of all the population in the world, are more remarkable for this trait than for any other; children honor their parents there till they die, and even perpetuate a grateful religious remembrance of them after death. On this subject I cannot express my conviction better than by quoting from a work lately published, entitled "Life Among the Chinese," by a missionary who had spent thirteen years in one of the largest cities of that nation:

"It is a noteworthy fact, that of all those ancient empires founded immediately subsequent to the deluge, China alone remains. The Assyrians, Egyptians, and, in later times, the Grecians, have severally attained to a comparatively high degree of intelligence and refinement; but their star soon culminated, and sank into utter darkness. China, however, has never been wrecked, her civilization has never retrograded; paradoxical though it seems, her star has re-

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mained in its zenith for at least three thousand years. Through all this long lapse of centuries the Chinese have kept up fairly and steadily to their original civilization; and to-day they present all the essential elements of those social, literary and political traits which characterized them in those early epochs when the Assyrians built their magnificent cities, the Egyptians developed the subtle theory of the metempsychosis, or the Greeks were thundering at the gates of Troy. It must certainly be interesting to inquire how such a result has been reached, and to ascertain, if we can, at least some of the causes which have contributed to it. In solving this interesting problem we observe that the civilization of the Chinese is distinguished from all other heathen civilizations by the fact that its primitive elements were derived from the Bible, and that the necessary tendency of these elements is to conserve and perpetuate the system. A prominent characteristic of Chinese civilization is the total absence of those revolting and cruel rites which form the leading traits of other heathen systems of civilization. As illustrative of this remark, we may refer to the deification of vice and the offering of human victims in sacrifices, practices which, though characteristic of nearly every other heathen nation, constitute no feature of Chinese civilization. The connection between these abomitations and the destruction of the nations guilty of them is shown in Leviticus, xviii, 24, 25; 'Defile not ye yourselves in any of these things; for in all these the nations are defiled which I cast out before you; and the land is defiled: therefore I do visit the iniquity thereof upon it, and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants.' As a further contribution to the solution of this question we refer to the length of days promised by the Almighty to those who observed the command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' No heathen nation has ever approximated the Chinese in their respect for parents; and notwithstanding the wide divergence of the Chinese, both in theory and practice, from the true import of the fifth commandment, we conceive it is neither fanciful nor far-fetched to suppose that even their imperfect observance of it has had much to do with the permanence of their institutions and the perpetuity of their national existence."

This view is undoubtedly correct. Indeed, on this account I deem it proper that all our public schools, supported by the state, should be required particularly to inculcate this virtue, which supports the foundation of the state—a proper regard to the authority and character of father and mother. Government is sapped at its very foundations if parental authority is defied. Happy is that nation whose parents generally deserve honor from their children and obtain it. Few are disorderly and criminal abroad who are taught to honor as well as love their parents at home.

It is comparatively easy to honor father and mother when they exhibit in all respects such a character as commands the honor of other men. If they are well educated, and perhaps wealthy, and occupy respectable positions in society, it is natural that their children should be proud of them. But is this a fulfillment of the commandment? It is easy to appear to be virtuous when there is no temptation to vice; but is this virtue? Why should a rich man steal? Does he deserve credit because he does not rob a poor man of his only dollar?

This commandment is not fully obeyed in spirit unless it will bear the test of strong trial. A mother's love will cling to a prodigal son or daughter even when the world casts them off, and proudly go down into the purlieus of degradation to win the lost one back. Ought not the child's love to be like that? The father may be poor and ignorant; misfortune may have bowed him down and broken his spirits; ill health may have prostrated him, yes, even intemperance or crime may have overcome him. He himself in former years, (before he was so degraded,) or circumstances, or the affection of a mother, or a kind Providence, working you know not how, may have made you much superior to your father in moral stamina, in self-control, in dignity, in position, in the world's esteem; still honor him. Honor him as a father; for often it is given to a son to repay a father with a large compound interest for the small favors of protection and love in childhood. In many an instance virtue and piety on the part of a son or daughter has won a parent's heart away from vice to integrity and religion.

Indeed, there is probably no feeling stronger in the heart of father and mother than a desire to be worthy of the love

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and honor of their children. Many a man, victim himself to some degrading habit, will plead earnestly for his children to abstain from the same practice, and will be nerved to extraordinary efforts to conquer himself for the sake of his children. In this way our Sabbath schools have had almost as much effect upon parents as upon children. Many a man has emancipated himself from the degrading habits of drunkenness, to secure the respect and the welfare of his children; and even should he not succeed, it would be the duty of the children to honor their father, even while they manfully withstood the evil influence of his example. In many instances the pleading of a prattling child has caused the drunken to reform.

If this is true in cases of real degradation, how impious it is for a son or daughter to fail in respect for parents on account of their ignorance or poverty. Language has no terms too strong to express the indignation of a virtuous heart at such conduct. A man in the prime of life, in the presence of his little son, inflicted a great wrong upon his aged father, when he was astonished to hear from his little child, "That is the way, father, I will do to you when I am a man." The rebuke cut him to the heart, and led to immediate repentance.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.—ONE evening, at a prayer meeting at Mr. Moody's chapel, a young man, whose face was brown from exposure to the sun, rose and said that he had gone out from them two years ago to work among the Indians, of whom he gave some interesting particulars. On the first of June, a member of the Society of Friends, who had been appointed superintendent of a location of Indians, to whom the Government had allotted a portion of land in the north-west of Nebraska, convened a council of the tribe, and addressed them on the subject of salvation. At the close the old chief said that the Indians had always known that there was one God, but that they had not known the Son of God, and he supposed that this was why they were not so wise or strong as the white men. He had no doubt that if the Son of God had lived, He would have come and taught the Indians, but the Jews killed Him before He could get as far west as the Missouri River. He wished it to be understood that the Indians were clear of his blood; they had had no hand in putting Him to death. He earnestly recommended the younger members of the tribe to endeavor to learn about the Son God, but he feared he was to old to begin now to learn a new religion. This narrative greatly touched the sympathies of the meeting at Chicago, and drew forth then and afterwards at the Noon Prayer-meeting, earnest prayer for the fast-decreasing race of Indians.

What is the Kingdom of Heaven?

If any ask, What is the kingdom of heaven, or of God? I answer, Notwithstanding he is the Almighty Sovereign of the universe, yet that is more peculiarly styled his kingdom wherein he so completely governs as to be always cheerfully and perfectly obeyed; where he is the sole mover of all that is done; where he is glorified in all that is done, and where he communicates of his glory and felicity without mixture. This kingdom can neither be entered nor at all seen into by man, but through the new birth of the Holy Spirit, whereby the soul experienceth a being born into it; a being delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of the dear Son of God. Hereby alone the spirit of man enters it, and through faithfulness is enabled to make advances therein whilst in the body. This kingdom stands not in locality, not in any here or there; therefore it is in vain to direct to it by lo here! or lo there! It stands in an infinite and heavenly spirit, life, and nature, wherein nothing impure can live or enter. It is the internal dominion or ruling power of the Holy Ghost in men and angels; that pure influence so

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beautifully and sublimely described in Wisdom vii., flowing from the glory of the Almighty, which in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God, and the prophets. In fine, this kingdom of God is the dominion of the light and life of the Spirit of God. Whoever lives under the sensible influence and government of it lives in this kingdom. This is the kingdom of the saints militant on earth, and of the saints triumphant in heaven, it being experienced by the sanctified Christ Jesus, in part whilst in this world, and enjoyed in its fulness in the world to come.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

One day, when the family were in the midst of washing, a man called at Isaac T. Hopper's house to buy soap fat, and was informed they had none to sell. A minute after he had passed out, the domestic came running in to say that he had stolen some of the children's clothes from the line. Friend Hopper followed him quickly, and called out, "Dost thou want to buy some soap-fat? Come back if thou dost."

When the man had returned to the kitchen, he said, "Now give up the clothes thou hast stolen."

The culprit was extremely confused, but denied he had stolen anything.

"Give them up at once, without any more words. It will be much better for thee," said Friend Hopper in his firm way.

Thus urged, the stranger drew from his bosom some small shirts and flannel petticoats. "My wife is very sick," said he. "She has a babe two weeks old, wrapped up in an old rag; and when I saw this comfortable clothing on the line, I was tempted to take it for the poor little creature. We have no fuel except a little tan. A herring is the last mouthful of food we have in the house; and when I came away, it was broiling on the hot tan."

His story excited pity; but fearing it might be made up for the occasion, Friend Hopper took him to a magistrate and said, "Please give me a commitment for this man. If he tells a true story, I will tear it up. I will go and see for myself.

When he arrived at the wretched abode, he found a scene of misery that pained him to the heart. The room was cold, and the wife was in bed, pale and suffering. Her babe had no clothing, except a coarse rag torn from the skirt of an old coat. Of course he destroyed the commitment immediately. His next step was to call on the rich Quakers of his acquaintance, and obtain from them contributions of wood, flour, rice, bread, and warm garments. Employment was soon after procured for the man, and he was enabled to support his family comfortably. He never passed Friend Hopper in the street without making a low bow, and often took occasion to express his grateful acknowledgments.

Patrick Mc Keever was a poor Irishman in Philadelphia. He and another man were arrested on a charge of burglary convicted, and sentenced to to be hung. I am ignorant of the details of his crime, or why the sentence was not carried into execution. There were probably some palliating circumstances in the case; for though he was carried to the gallows, seated on his coffin, he was spared for some reason, and his companion was hung. He was afterward sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and this was eventually shortened one year. During the last three years of his term, Friend Hopper was one of the inspectors, and frequently talked with him in a gentle, fatherly manner. The convict was a

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man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but though he made no large promises, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. As soon as he was released, he went imediately to work at his trade of tanning leather, and conducted himself in a most exemplary manner. Being remarkable for capability, and the amount of work he could accomplish, he soon had plenty of employment. He passed Friend Hopper's house every day, as he went to his work, and often received from him words of friendly encouragement.

Things were going on thus satisfactorily, when his friend heard that constables were in pursuit of him, on account of a robbery committed the night before. He went straight to the mayor, and inquired why orders had been given to arrest Patrick McKeever.

"Because there has been a robbery committed in his neighborhood," replied the magistrate.

He inquired what proof there was that Patrick had been concerned in it.

"None at all," rejoined the mayor. "But he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him."

"It is not enough by any means," answered Friend Hopper. "Thou hast no right to arrest any citizen without a shadow of proof against him. In this case, I advise thee by all means to proceed with humane caution. This man has severely atoned for the crime he did commit; and since he wishes to reform, his past history ought never to be mentioned against him. He has been perfectly honest, sober, and industrious, since he came out of prison. I think I know his state of mind; and I am willing to take the responsibility of saying that he is guiltless in this matter.

The mayor commended Friend Hopper's benevolence, but remained unconvinced. To all arguments he replied, "He is an old convict, and that is enough."

Patrick's kind friend watched for him as he passed to his daily labors, and told him that he would probably be arrested for the robbery that had been committed in his neighborhood. The poor fellow bowed down his head, the light vanished from his countenance, and hope seemed to have forsaken him utterly. "Well," said he, with a deep sigh, "I suppose I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison."

"Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?" inquired Friend Hopper, looking earnestly in his face.

"No indeed I was not," he replied. "God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will that do me? Every body will say, he has been in the State Prison, and that is enough."

His friend did not ask him twice; for he felt assured that he had spoken truly. He advised him to go directly to the mayor, deliver himself up, and declare his innocence. This wholesome advise was received with deep dejection. He had lost faith in his fellowmen; for they had been to him as enemies. "I know what will come of it," said he. "They will put me in prison whether there is any proof against me or not. They won't let me out without somebody will be security for me; and who will be security for an old convict?"

"Keep up a good heart," replied Friend Hopper. "Go to the mayor and speak as I have advised thee. If they talk of putting thee in prison, send for me."

Patrick acted in obedience to this advice, and was treated just as he had expected. Though there was not a shadow of proof against him, his being an old convict was deemed sufficient reason to send him to jail.

Friend Hopper appeared in his behalf. "I am ready to affirm that I believe this man to be innocent," said he. "It will be a very serious injury for him to be taken from his business and detained in prison until this can be proved. Moreover, the effect upon

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his mind may be completely discouraging. I will be security for his appearance when called for; and I know very well he will not think of giving me the slip."

The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed till his strong frame shook like a leaf in the wind. The real culprits were soon after discovered. For thirty years after, and to the day of his death, Patrick continued to lead a virtuous and useful life; for which he always thanked Friend Hopper, as the instrument of Divine Providence.

TO MY WIFE.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

AWAY from thee! the morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes
To know that I am far from thee.
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to my own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee! 'tis solitude
Though smiling crowds around me be—
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest, and my only one;
Without thee I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! the words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetness seemed in better days,
Without thee seems no longer sweet.
The dearest joy fame can bestow
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheeks' unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
Oh! who can rest so far from home?
And my heart's home is, love, with thee.
I kneel me down in silent prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seest everywhere,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside.
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free;
Oh! welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, sweet love, I am with thee.

May 3.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

THERE is a spiritual element interfused through the whole material world, and which lies at the source of all action. It is this which lifts the world out of chaos, and clothes it with light and order. The most ordinary act springs out of the soul and derives its character from the soul. It seems trifling, only because its spiritual origin is forgotten. While on the surface of life all may be calm, it is startling to think what mysteries of passion and affection may be beneath. Though heedless of it, we move in a universe of spiritual life. It is with us as with men that lie dreaming in their beds at sea, between whom and the ocean is but a single plank. Cabined, cribbed, confined in our narrow, individual existence, there is all the time rushing by us, its moanings in our ears, its tremblings reaching to our hearts, the mystic tide of spiritual life.

"The spirit giveth life." We need not go far, if we will but open our eyes, to see how the most ordinary acts of men are penetrated by a spiritual element. And where this is, nothing can be tame or common-place. Nothing, at first sight, is more worldly and unspiritual than a commercial newspaper. It deals solely with the affairs of the day, and with material interests. Yet, when we come to consider them, its driest details are instinct with human hopes, and fears, and affections; and these illuminate what was dark, and make the dead letter breathe with life.

Could we but look, through these long lines of advertisements, into the hearts of those who have published them, what

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a revelation would there be of human life. Here are partnerships formed and closed; young men entering into business, old men going out of it; new inventions and speculations; failures, sales of household furniture and dwellings. These have been attended by the most sanguine hopes, by utter hopelessness, by every form of fear, anxiety and sorrow. This young man, just entering business, looks forward, with anticipations bright as the morning, to his marriage day. This sale of furniture speaks of death, diminished fortunes, a scattered family. There is not a sale of stocks, which does not straiten or increase the narrow means of widows and orphans. This long column of ship news—a thousand hearts are this moment beating with joy and thankfulness, or are oppressed by anxiety, or crushed down by sorrow, because of these records which to others seem so meaningless. One reads here of his prosperity; another of ruined fortunes; and the wrecked ship, whose crew was swept by the surge into the breakers, and dashed on the rocks—how many in their solitary homes are mourning for those who sailed with bright hopes in that ship, but who shall never return. And more than this,—could these lines which record the transactions of daily business, tell of the hearts which indited them, what temptations and struggles would they reveal. They would tell of inexperience deceived or protected, of integrity fallen or made steadfast as the rock, of mortal trials, in which noble natures have been broken down or built up. Had we the key and the interpretation of what we here read, this daily chronicle of traffic would be a sadder tragedy than any which Shakspeare wrote.

It is the same with all human labor. "The spirit giveth life." Were it not so earth would be a dungeon. If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants, to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites, if this were all, the labor of man would be as the labor of brutes. But all the products of man's labor are but symbols of a spiritual life beneath. To the outward eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family. She labors by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, could we look beneath, when the mind is right, we should find all these details bound together, elevated, hallowed by the spiritual element blended with them. While, with housewifely care, she goes from room to room, under the labor of her hands grow up, as under the sunshine and dew, the affections and virtues of a happy home. The toy which she takes out and pauses over with tearful eye, and lays away again so carefully, is not a toy; it speaks, in a living language, of a sweet child, the music of whose voice shall never charm her ear, whose smiles shall never warm her heart, again, on earth. It is not mere toilsome care, when, before she herself sleeps, she visits her children's bedside and smooths their pillows. Her heart runs over with love; she folds them about with affection; she drives away every evil thing with her prayers.

It is melancholy enough that the places of human labor should be darkened and degraded by so many unworthy passions, so much sordid worldliness, and doubtful honesty, and unequal gains But there is no labor which is not more or less hallowed by sentiments which give a new value to its products and a higher notion of the nature and character of man.

Here is a whaling vessel in the harbor, her anchors up and her sails unfurled. The last boat has left her, and she is now departing on a voyage of three, and, perhaps, four years in length. All that the eye sees, is, that she is a fine ship, and that it has cost much labor to fit her out. Those on board will spend years of toil, and will then return, while the profits of the voyage will then be distributed, as the case may be, to be squandered, or to be added to already exhausting hoards. So much appears. But there is an unpublished history, which, could it be revealed and brought vividly before the mind, would transfigure her, and enshrine her in almost awful light.

And they who sail in her, leave behind homes, wives, children, parents; and years before they return, those who are dearest to them may be in their tombs. What bitter partings, as if by the grave's brink, are those which take place when the signal to unmoor calls them on board. There are among them young men, married, perhaps, but a few weeks before, and those of maturer years, whose young children cleave to their hearts as they go. How deeply, as the good ship sails out into the open sea, is she freighted with memories and affections. Every eye is

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turned towards the receding coast, as if the pangs of another farewell were to be endured. Fade slowly, shores that encircle their homes! Shine brightly, ye skies, over those dear ones whom they leave behind! They round the capes of continents, they traverse every zone, their keel crosses every sea, but still, brighter than the southern cross or the polar star, shines on their souls the light of their distant homes. In the calm moonlight rise before the mariner the forms of those whom he loves; in the pauses of the gale he hears the voices of his children. Beat upon by the tempest, worn down with labor, he endures all. Welcome care and toil, if these may bring peace and happiness to those dear ones who meet around his distant fireside.

And the thoughts of those in that home, compassing the globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him and to lisp his name. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailings of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

And after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light glancing across the rim of the seas, from the light house at the entrance of the bay. With the morning they are moored in the harbor. The newspapers announce her arrival. But here again, how little of her cargo is of that material kind which can be reckoned in dollars and cents. She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties, and hopes and fears. There are many there, who have not dared to ask the pilot of home. The souls of many, which yesterday were full of joy, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore to answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

Let us follow one of this crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild, and reckless, and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations which had been too strong for his feeble virtues. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But during the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself." Full of remorse for evil courses, and for that parental love which he had slighted, he has said, "I will arise and go to my father's;" they who gave me birth shall no longer mourn over me as lost. I will smooth the pathway of age for them, and be the support of their feeble steps. He is on his way to where they dwell in the country. As the sun is setting, he can see, from an eminence over which the road passes, their solitary home on a distant hill-side. O scene of beauty, such as, to him, no other land can show! There is the church, here a school-house, and the homes of those whom he knew in childhood. He can see the places where he used to watch the golden sunset, not, as now, with a heart full of penitence, and fear, and sorrow, for wasted years, but in the innocent days of youth. There are the pastures and the woods, where he wandered full of the dreams and hopes of childhood—fond hopes and dreams that have issued in such sad realities. The scene to others would be but an ordinary one. But to him, the spirit gives it life. It is covered all over with the golden hues of memory. His heart leaps forward to his home, but his feet linger. May not death have been there? May not those lips be hushed in the silence of the grave, from which he hoped to hear the words of love and forgiveness. He pauses on the way, and does not approach till he beholds a light shining through the uncurtained windows of the humble dwelling. And even now his hand is drawn back, which was raised to lift the latch. He would see if all are there. With a trembling heart he looks into the window,—and there—blessed sight!—he beholds his mother, busy as was her wont, and his father, only grown more reverend with increasing age, reading that holy book which he had taught his son to revere, but which that son had so forgotten. But there were others; and lo! one by one they enter, young sisters, who, when he last saw them, were but children that sate upon the knee, but have now grown

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up almost to womanly years. And now another fear seizes him. How shall they receive him? May not he be forgotten? May they not reject him? But he will, at least, enter. He raises the latch,—with a heart too full for utterance, he stands, silent and timid, in the doorway. The father raises his head, the mother pauses and turns to look at the guest who enters. It is but a moment, when burst from their lips the fond words of recognition—my son! my son! Blessed words, which have told, so fully that nothing remains to be told, the undying strength of parental love. To a traveler, who might that night have passed this cottage among the hills, if he had observed it at all, it would have spoken of nothing but daily toil, of decent comfort, of obscure fortunes. Yet at that very hour, it was filled with thanksgivings which rose like incense to the heavens, because that, "he who was lost, was found; and he that was dead, was alive again."

Thus ever under the visible is the invisible. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear, which is to the former as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray, on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains, where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections, which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the ongoings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery, lifeless, mechanical, common-place repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

He that will set the hearts of other men on fire with the love of Christ, must himself burn with love.

ETERNAL LIFE.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M. A.

That there is another world, outlying from the field of sense, with which each of us has a subtle and personal connection, is a truth to which instinct inclines, which reason yearns to demonstrate, and upon which Scripture has fastened the certainty of a positive revelation. The idea of a future world in the abstract is probably present to every man. It may be fairly questioned whether, on this matter, there ever was an infidel. Some have professed to disbelieve, I know; and in those years of unbridled carnival which preceded the first French Revolution, they wrote upon the walls of Christian temples, "Death is an eternal sleep;" but that was the mad act of passion, and those that were the wildest in the delirium were the most superstitious in solitude, and turned pale when omens were sinister, and when the avenging conscience woke up upon the blaspheming death-bed. There have been others who have affected scepticism, but in all cases the rebel heart has been the prompter to the inquisitive intellect, and the wish the father to the thought. I hold it impossible for any to entertain the idea of a future world without being haunted, to say the least of it, by the tremendous possibilities of its truth. A man may exclude it; he may lose sight of it amid the entanglements of sophistry; he may rush to escape from it into some garish hall of pleasure, or into some desperate enterprise where passion murders thought; but let the thought once have a lodgement within—let it present itself broadly and in all its relations before his mind, and the man cannot refuse its acknowledgment; all his instinct will rise up in its favor, and will protest against the scepticism which would belie them. Aspirations after immortality, stifled often but not dead, will become mutinous if they be not allowed expression; but there will be a crashing of faculties in murmuring dissent within him, like the clashing of swords in a council chamber when the decision has been given for war. Brethren, you know that there is a future world; it does not require any argument to prove it. No train of reasoning would impress it more conclusively upon your mind. There is a force in that conscious-

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ness of yours which startles you with the remembrance, oftentimes when you would rather forget it, that you must live for ever. You know that life is not a brief beacon-fire which in a moment is kindled, sparkles, and is quenched; but a sun ruling the day of man's present, suffering a short occultation in the grave, and then rising for eternal shining in the sky of immortality. You know all this; there is a keen and a restless instinct within you which apprises you of it continually. The monarch of Macedon had his messenger at hand to remind him in the midst of his festivity, "Philip, remember thou art mortal!" The keen and restless instinct which you may not wholly silence, performs this office for you, and reminds you—does it not?—amid the tumult of the life that now is, of that life which is beyond,—so solemn, so still, so changeless, so inscrutable,—which is the inheritance, the belonging of you all. There, in the cradle, is your beginning, but there, in the grave, is not your end. Your life will be hidden in mortality; but when they search for it, the sepulchre will deny its possession, and the grave will say; "it is not in me," and destruction and death will say, "we have heard the fame thereof with our ears." You must live forever!

And then it is equally true, and it is equally impressed, perhaps, upon the universal consciousness, that this future world is a state of conscious, as well as of immortal, existence. The thought of responsibility is co-extensive with the thought of immortality; and that conscious future existence has a retributive connection with the doings of the present life. Immortal existence—responsible mortal existence—is the heritage of you all. Imagination has darted down into the fathomless obscure, and, basing her visions upon some traditionary remembrances of an original revelation, has peopled the world to come with angelic or misshapen forms, and with all the accessories of beauty or of terror. You cannot get rid of this belief, travel where you will. Go and examine the records of ancient paganisms; go and trace out the aboriginal idolatries of the Western world; go look into the voluptuous imposture of Mohammed, and you find underlying them all the same idea of probation and of recompense. Each of them, of course, looks upon the matter from its own stand-point, and conceives of it as adapted to its own votaries; but the idea of conscious responsible existence is, beyond all question, present with them all. Heaven—a vast hunting field to the untutored Indian, a Walhalla of heroes to the classical martial pagan, a sensual court of houris to the voluptuous Mussulman—as in all systems regarded as something awarded for fidelity here, a renewal of the pursuits and intercourses of earth, and a perpetuity of interest in the affairs of this mortal coil.

QUEEN ESTHER.

THE chronicles of great women have been somewhat confined to modern times. History is full of heroic acts, striking virtues, wonderful sacrifices, and exalted heroism, of distinguished women; but little has been said of the illustrious women of the scripture—little, we should say, comparatively speaking. They have been honored, applauded, selected as models of virtue; but profane history has not done them ample justice. Their lives, it is true, were secluded; and few striking occasions occurred for history to note or applaud. Foremost in the list of illustrious women is Queen Esther. Her history is a remarkable one. Few women, of modern times, united so much beauty to so much worth and virtue, so much piety, purity, faith, decision, exalted character, eminent services.

The book of Esther, in which great historical events are recorded, is well known to the reading world. There is so much interest in the narrative, the story is so extraordinary, and the result so great and startling, that, by some, it might have been considered a mere romance—one of those Persian tales and fabulous stories which abound in that empire; but it has been cautiously and understandingly incorporated in the Jewish canons; and, although there are doubts as to

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whom the authorship of the book of Esther should be ascribed—whether to Mordecai, to Ezra, the scribe, to Joachim, the high priest, or the events collected in a book, by order of the Great Synagogue, as it is conjectured by the learned Dupin—it is certain that all the events recorded in that book did, actually, occur, and were so written in the Persian chronicles; and Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his travels through Persia, speaks of the tombs of Esther and Mordecai being still standing at Shusan. The chronology of the book, however, is very uncertain, and it is somewhat difficult to ascertain who was the Persian monarch spoken of in scripture as the king Ahasuerus. Archbishop Usher says it was Darius Hystaspes who married Esther; that Atassa was the Vashti, and Artystina the Esther; but history gives so much character to these personages, as is recorded in the book. Scaliger will have it that Xerxes was the Ahasuerus, and Hamestres the Esther; but, then, Hamestres was a woman of violent character, incontinent, and tyrannical, unlike Queen Esther in every respect.

There are two books of Esther. One is apocryphal; and, from that book, it is evident that Artaxerxes was the king of Ahasuerus. Not Artaxerxes called Mnemon, but Artaxerxes Longimanus. Josephus says it was he. Severus Sulpitius says it was he. Most of the ancient and modern writers speak of this monarch as the king Ahasuerus, from the well known fact that he was ever kind to the Jews, and sent Ezra and Nehemia to raise up the Jews in Jerusalem, to repair their broken fortunes, and reassemble the nation. These historical facts disposed of, let us see where the events occurred which are narrated in the book of Esther.

Persia in which were the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces of Ahasuerus, extended from the Hellespont to Indus, 2800 miles, and from Pontus to the shores of Arabia, 2000 miles. It was founded by Cyrus the Great, 2399 years ago, and was a most powerful empire.

The kings after Cyrus, were Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes the Great, Artabanes, Artaxerxes, Longimanus (Ahasuerus), and other kings of minor note, down to Alexander the Great, who conquered it, Persepolis being the capital. The city of Shusan, in which the great events to which we now refer occurred, was the ancient Susa. It was built by Tithonus, the father of Menmon, and was surrounded by a wall one hundred and twenty stadia in circumference. The palace of the king was built of the finest white marble, and was covered with gold and precious stones. Indeed, the book opens with some indications of the splendor of that palace; for the pavilion in which the banquet was held is described in Scripture as "being fastened, with cords of fine linen and purple, to silver rings and pillars of marble," and their ottomans "of gold and silver upon pavements of red and blue and white marble;" and, in fact, the origin of this banquet to all the nobles was to show "the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honor of his excellent majesty, in the court of the garden of the king's palace." So says the book.

This banquet given to all the princes and nobles of the land, may be considered as the origin and cause of all the wonderful events which subsequently occurred. It was not the custom among those heathens, as among the Musselmen, to conceal their women—to hide them from the public gaze, and vail their faces.

Women had their rights, among the Persians, and mingled on all proper occasions, in the general festivities; but, on this important event, a banquet which was to last seven days, the Queen Vashti refused to be present; aware that, in a weekly festival, continued night and day, when the golden winecup passed briskly around, and

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bacchanalian revels shook throughout the splendid pavilions, it was not a proper place for a lady to be seen. Nevertheless as the scripture tells us, in order to do honor to the king, she "made a feast for the women, apart, in the royal house which belonged to king Ahasuerus." She had a banquet of her own, for the ladies of her court. It will be recollected that this banquet of seven days was but the finale to a festival which had lasted six months; and it was on the last day, when the wine was served in vessels of gold, and every one called upon to drink freely, when the king had exhibited every thing, in proof of his power and glory, the idea suddenly occurred to him, that the brightest Jewel in his crown—his surpassingly beautiful queen—had not yet been presented to his guests. He loved her, was vain of her exceedingly great attractions, and was determined that she should shine the bright effulgent star of the banquet—the observed of all observers; and he ordered seven chamberlains to introduce her, arrayed in her royal apparel, in order, as the book says, "to show the people and princes her beauty."

How few there are, even in our day, who could have resisted the temptation of such an honor! How many a female heart would have bounded at the prospect of so much admiration and adoration from the assembled princes and magnates of the land—how carefully she would have made her toilet, how many graces would have flung themselves around her peerless person—with what majesty she would have walked through the imperial pavilion, receiving the homage of her guests, seating herself on the throne of gold and ivory by the side of her king and husband! Not so Queen Vashti. "She refused to come at the king's commandment." She considered it immodest and unbecoming, as a lady and a queen, to be gazed at by drunken courtiers, and admired by a motley crew of besotted guests; she refused to come. The honor of her husband, her own nice feelings of delicacy and propriety admonished her of the fact that her presence, at such a time, at the banquet, was, at once, improper and uncalled for; and she refused to come.

That refusal saved the Jewish people. The Almighty, in implanting in her mind the sense of what is due to the dignity of her sex, intended, at the same time, to make that refusal the cause of a glorious issue to the Jews.

"The king," so says the book, "was very wroth, and his anger burned within him." He had exhibited to his guests the splendor of his possessions, and the plenitude of his power, yet, on the last day of the banquet, he was rebuked by the decisiveness of the queen—he was not an absolute monarch. What was to be done? Take her life he dare not; there were laws in Persia not to be disregarded; and he called his cabinet together, to know what should be done to his disobedient queen; and they determined to divorce her—to strip her of her crown and power, and send her, forthwith, a wanderer. She paid the penalty of her modest firmness; but her sufferings were, ultimately, joy to countless thousands. Her disgrace averted the distruction of the entire Jewish people; and here, for the first time, Esther is introduced to our notice.

Scripture enumerates many Jewish maidens and women who were an honor to Israel. Our mothers Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, and Rachel, in the days of patriarchs, were models of wives and mothers, pious, obedient, kind and hospitable, eminent for every virtue. Deborah, Miriam, and others, were greatly distinguished; but we doubt if any were to be compared to the greatness of character, firmness of purpose, unbounded love of her people, consistency, devotion, equal to Esther. She stands out, in bold relief, unapproached, and unapproachable. She was an orphan and a captive, the cousin of Mordecai, a Benjaminite, who

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was carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, who had adopted her as his daughter, under the Hebrew name of Hadassah.

Mordecai was a man of great moral and intellectual worth—a shrewd politician, an able statesman—a bold, courageous, pious, devoted, patriotic man; and he educated his adopted daughter with great care and tenderness; and she amply repaid all the affection and kindness bestowed upon her. Independent of great beauty and symmetry of person, she was blessed with every modest, becoming quality, full of amiable feelings and sweetness of temper, and the most graceful and engaging maners.

When the king divorced his wife, and gave orders to assemble all the beautiful maidens of Persia, from whom he could select a queen, Mordecai determined that his adopted daughter should become one of the candidates. Hazardous as was the experiment, painful the privation, yet a secret voice and spirit urged him to make the attempt. He consulted her on the subject, and she consented; and, among other cautious lessons of prudence, he admonished her not to let it be known that she was a Jewess, as they were captives in the land, and prejudice might mar her advancement. The book says "it came to pass, that, when many maidens were gathered into Shusan, the palace, to the custody of Hegai, the chamberlain, Esther was brought, also, to the king's house."

It was, no doubt, hard for Mordecai to part with his child; probably his only solace in captivity, the joy of his age, and the companion of his leisure hour—harder still to urge upon her the concealment of her religious faith—a faith which, in the face of every prejudice, might speak, trumpet-tongued, to all the nations of the earth. But it was a good purpose he designed to bring about. Possibly Esther might find favor in the eyes of the king; her beauty and modest deportment might win him; she might be destined to be queen of Persia; and then—what then were the aspiring hopes of Mordecai? that his daughter should reign in pomp and splendor, in riches and honor, over the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces? No, not so. She was a Jewess. Her people were captives, spread over the realm, well treated, it was true; but an hour of calamity might arrive to threaten their distruction; and then Esther the queen, from her exalted position and persuasive powers, might save them. Such was the pious, the laudable ambition of Mordecai. He brought her to the king's house, gave her a word of paternal counsel, and consigned her to the care of the chamberlain, to undergo her probation for twelve long months; and such was his anxiety for the successful issue of the experiment, that "he walked every day before the court of the women's house, to know how Esther did, and what should become of her;" nay, to such an extent had this solicitude for her success reached, that he finally purchased or solicited the humble situation of porter in the palace, and took his station daily in the discharge of his new duties, without any one being aware of the deep interest he had at stake. Those ladies whose beauty and accomplishments authorized their admission to the palace, as candidates for the high honor destined to one of them, were all treated with princely distinction. They had separate apartments, numerous attendants, and splended dresses. They felt their dignity and importance; their pride was flattered; their power acknowledged; and each haughtily imagined that she was to be the favorite choice of the king. Esther, on the contrary, carried into the palace her usual meekness and modesty—her unwillingness to give unnecessary trouble, her sweetness of disposition, and the absence of all pride or affectation; and Hegai, the distinguished chamberlain, was so struck with her amiable deportment that, after giving her every thing required by her posi-

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tion, "he preferred her and her maids into the best place of the house of women."

And now the hour of trial arrived; the important day, big with the fate of so many ladies, who, with throbbing hearts, were to venture on the trial for the king's love. They arrayed themselves with all possible splendor. We can imagine how magnificently they were attired—with coronets of gems, purple and fine linen—what brilliant complexions, what a galaxy of beauty, must have been present, on that day, at the court of the king's palace! When Esther's turn for attiring had arrived, and the chamberlain was determined that she should be the bright peculiar star, if crowns of jewels, velvet trains, the purest cosmetics, and magnificent robes could make her so, the book tells us "she required nothing"—that is, no costly ornaments, no royal appendage; but, with simple unadorned majesty, with modest looks and downcast eyes, with the "pure red and white, which he who blends the rainbow" had mantled on her cheek, she walked into the presence of the king; and she triumphed. The Almighty was her friend; and the Jewish maiden was proclaimed queen of Persia. "The king loved Esther above all the women; and she obtained grace and favor in his sight, more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti."

Mordecai, we can readily imagine, was overjoyed at her success; yet he did not make himself known to the king. He enjoined upon Esther not to reveal her nation and her creed; the time had not arrived. "Esther did the commandment of Mordecai, as when she was brought up with him," thus evincing her gratitude and filial affection for her kind friend and father, even when surrounded by wealth and power. While Mordecai continued in his humble station as porter to the king's palace, he overheard two conspirators plotting the king's life; and he immediately conveyed to the queen knowledge of the fact; and they were arrested and put to death. This important event was recorded in the chronicles of Persia; and Mordecai, and his agency in the affair, were soon forgotten.

And now a very important personage makes his appearance in this eventful history—the prime minister Haman. He was a man of great address—bold, haughty, ambitious, and revengeful. He was a great favorite with the king. His services had given him unbounded influence at court; and he enjoyed rank, honor, and immense wealth. Such a man, second only to the king, received as much homage as the sovereign himself. It was customary then, as it is now, "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," to power and authority. He who had office and honor in his gift was sure to have followers and fawning sycophants. Every man bowed down before him, as the prime minister walked into the palace. All prostrated themselves in his presence, excepting Mordecai; and why did he refuse to follow in the general homage? Was it from pride, anger, or revenge? Not so. He was a Jew. It was idolatry to throw himself prostrate on earth, before man; besides, Haman was an Amalekite—a bitter enemy to the Jews. He did not like the character of the man; and he let him pass unnoticed. "Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence." At first Haman passed it by unnoticed; but day after day, no reverence, no salutation, no token of respect. His attendants complained of the indignity; and, at length, it aroused in Haman the spirit of revenge. He discovered, also, that Mordecai was a Jew; and his violence and hatred knew no bounds. He did not order him to be bastinadoed or strangled, which he could have done. That was too poor a revenge for his in-

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sulted dignity; and he resolved that the whole nation should die; the many millions spread over the Persian territories should perish by the sword. He knew that his influence with the king could procure a decree, which could not be revoked; and, being found of sorcery and witchcraft, he determined, by casting pur, as it is called in scripture, meaning to cast lots, for the day; and, fortunately, it fell in the month of Adar, the thirteenth day, which gave twelve months' grace to the victims of malice and revenge.

Haman, having fixed the day for the massacre, applied to the king for a decree, representing the Jews to be a worthless race of outcasts—of different religion, difficult to govern, having no union, no alliance with the Persians, and a stain and blot on the national escutcheon; and, to fix the wavering policy of the king, particularly in losing subjects who produced revenue, he promised the king ten thousand talents of silver, upwards of nine millions of dollars. The king, without reflection, without inquiry, without the caution and deliberation due to so important and sanguinary a measure, gave his signate-ring to Haman to affix to the decree; and the fate of all Israel was sealed—all, we might say, because there were but few remaining at Jerusalem, and they were without home or a temple. The decree went forth "to destroy, to kill, to cause to perish, all Jews, both old and young, little children and women, on one day, even on the thirteenth day of Adar; and all the spoils were to go into the king's coffers." This was a thunderbolt to the poor Jews. They had done no wrong; they were peaceable and industrious—always kind and obedient to the laws—and yet were singled out for sacrifice. Well, indeed, might the inspired historian say, on issuing the decree, "the city of Shusan was perplexed." The king and Haman sat down to drink; but "the city of Shusan was perplexed," and in all the provinces there were fasting, wailing, weeping, sackcloth, and ashes. How this cruel edict fell on Mordecai, we can readily imagine.

He had been the cause—the innocent cause—of this intended destruction of his people; his refusal to bow before Haman had been revenged by this sanguinary edict. What was to be done? He was in agony of grief. He rent his clothes, and dressed himself in sackcloth, went round the city bewailing, "crying with a loud and bitter cry," until he reached the palace; and there he sat, the picture of misery and despair. Queen Esther, on hearing of it, was exceedingly grieved, and sent a confidential messenger to know what had troubled him, and another dress for him to wear instead of his tattered clothes. He refused to be comforted, and informed the messenger of the whole nature of the cruel decree; and he demanded that Esther should interpose with the king, to save the life of her people.

Never was a women placed in a position so delicate and embarrassing. She knew that a decree of Persia could not be recalled. She knew that, by the laws, she did not dare present herself before the king to ask a favor, unless he first had touched her with his scepter, in token of confidence and love. The king also had allowed her to remain in her own apartment for thirty days; besides, Mordecai, her father, had commanded her to conceal from the king that she was a Jewess; and now his orders were to confess the fact, and pray for the lives of her people. What was to be done in this dire extremity? Mordecai saw at once the difficulty of her position; but he was determined to overcome every obstacle.

He had asked nothing for himself. His child was queen; yet he sat at the king's gate as usual, as an humble porter. He wanted to save Israel from slaughter; and she must, under Provi-

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dence, be the instrument. Again he urges her interference—animates her to action; appeals to her heroism, her duty; nay, even to her fears; "Think not," said he, "within thyself, that thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews;" and, after presenting the subject to her in every possible form, he says to her solemnly and emphatically, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arise from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." Here was a touching appeal—sufficiently powerful to overcome the timid fears of any woman. In a moment her resolution was taken; she determined to save her people. "Go," said she to Mordecai, "gather together all the Jews that are, at present, in Shusan, and fast ye for me. I, also, and my maidens, will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." How calm, how pious, how firm! Fast and pray with me, in this dreadful extremity; and then I will venture to make the dreadful request of the king; and, if I perish, why, I perish. From fasting, and prayer, and inward meditation, came faith and consolation; she felt all its influence, and was buoyed up with the hope of success. Never, to our recollection, was any measure, any important step, managed with so much skill and diplomacy, as Esther managed to render this frightful decree null and void. With an aching heart, but with a joyful countenance, she entered the royal presence, as a suppliant.

Although uncalled for, although separated from her for some days, he could not behold her beauty, her modest deportment, her suppliant position unmoved; but, holding out his scepter to her—the sign of royal protection—he said, in a voice mild and benignant, "What wilt thou, queen Esther? and what is thy request? It shall be given thee, even to the half of my kingdom." Here were delightful, soothing words of encouragement, of hope, of confidence. Another woman, on the moment, would have fallen at the feet of the king, and asked for the revocation of the frightful decree against the lives of her people. Her heart would have poured forth its grief; and she would have communicated to the king all she wished, all she feared. But Esther was too politic. She had too much tact and address to lay herself open, by this course, to a refusal. She knew that women had no right to interfere in affairs of state; and she had great reason to apprehend that the king might answer, "Take half my kingdom, gold and jewels of countless value; but thou knowest, Queen Esther, that the decrees of the Medes and Persians alter not." This would have been too heavy for endurance; she did not, therefore, rashly put to sea in a frail bark, with all the kindness and encouragement of the king's manner, but simply asked the favor of the king and Haman honoring a banquet with their presence, which she intended to give.

Who could refuse a request so reasonable, so desirable, so agreeable? It was granted; the king accepted the invitation for the ensuing day. Haman, the prime minister, should also come; and Esther retired, rejoiced that thus far her plans had succeeded. Words could not describe the joy of Haman when the invitation and commands of the king were sent to him. To attend a banquet given by Queen Esther to the king, to be the only guest invited—where was his power, his honor, to extend? Overjoyed at his good fortune, he left the palace for his own house; but at the gate there sat Mordecai, again unmoved; and "when Haman saw Mordecai in the king's gate, that he stood not up, nor moved for him, he was full of indignation against Mordecai," and repaired forthwith to his house, called a council, with his wife Zeresh, and friends, and portrayed all his power, his wealth and influence, the high honor destined him by the queen; but what were riches,

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honor, power? "All this," said he, "availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate."

The whole nation was to be destroyed in twelve months, but hatred and revenge called for an immediate object. The delay was too great, and a victim was forthwith required. It was Mordecai; and the wife of Haman and his friends counseled him to make a gallows, fifty cubits in height, and demand of the king his consent that Mordecai be executed thereon; and he did order that gallows to be so erected. While this revengeful and cruel plan was devising, the hand of Providence was directed toward the preservation of Mordecai, and the downfall of his implacable enemy. The king was restless and perturbed. On that night the king could not sleep; and, on calling for the chronicles of Persia, they read the record of Mordecai's services in detecting treason and saving the king's life. Struck with the injustice done to him, he soon ascertained that neither riches nor honor had been conferred on Mordecai; and at that time the king asked, "Who stands in the court?" and the servants answered "Haman standeth in the court." He came to solicit the permission of the king to hang Mordecai, at the very moment the king was reflecting how he could reward him for his fidelity. When Haman stood before the king, he said to him, "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Self-esteem and vanity made up a great portion of Haman's character; and, believing that he alone deserved the highest honor from the king, he answered unhesitatingly, "Let him be clad in royal apparel, with the royal crown upon his head; set him on the king's horse, lead him through the streets of the city, and proclaim, 'Thus shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

We can imagine the rage and disappointment of Haman when the king said, "Do even so to Mordecai, the Jew, who sitteth at the king's gate." There was no evasion, no escape from this degradation—this bitter disappointment; and he led Mordecai throughout the city in triumph, and then returned, in grief and anguish, to his own house; and, in the midst of this grief and mortified pride, orders came from the king to attend the banquet to which he had been especially invited. He was in no frame of mind to enjoy this royal festival; but there was no avoiding it; and he went with the chamberlains; "so the king and Haman came to the banquet with Esther, the queen." This banquet, or rather, this private festival—this confidential meeting to which Haman had been invited—was the time and place intended by the queen to make the request she had contemplated making of the king; and he remembered it—demanded to know her will, to express her wishes, to speak her desires—she should have it, yea, even to the half of the kingdom. What, then, must have been his emotions when he saw Queen Esther prostrate at his feet, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, saying, "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given to me at my petition, and my people at my request." What must have been his amazement at hearing these words! "Ask thy life? thy life in danger? Thy people—what people? What danger threatens thee?" Such must have been the thoughts of the king, while Esther proceeded, in an impassioned agony of grief, "For we are sold—I and my people—to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish."

The king at once saw that some dark plot, some foul conspiracy, had been set on foot, and hastily demanded, "Who is he, and where is he, who durst presume in his heart to do this?" We can imagine, better than describe, the horror of Haman, when the queen, rising in all her majesty, and pointing expressively and indignantly at the prime minister, the great counselor of

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the king, exclaimed, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman."

The truth flashed upon him at once. Esther was a Jewess; and it was her people that Haman intended to have destroyed. The king rose from the banquet, and, darting fierce glances at the wicked minister, rushed into the garden, for air and reflection. It was then that "Haman stood up to make a request for his life to Esther, the queen; for he saw that evil was determined against him; and such was his terror and agony—his apprehension and aberration of mind—that he threw himself on her couch as the king entered, enraged against him; and the attendants muffled Haman's face, as a doomed man, and hurried him out of the presence.

The sequel is known. "They hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai." The Israelites were allowed to defend themselves on the fatal day; and they destroyed those who went against them. The city of Shusan was rejoiced. The Lord had again saved his people.

Every circumstance in this eventful and interesting history carries with it its moral. We see virtue triumphant, and vice punished; error defeated, and tyranny destroyed. Honor is forever due to Queen Esther. Religion and history have concentrated her in the hearts of her people—her firmness and consistency, her truth, piety, and courage, are examples of the purest, the highest character, even to the present age in which we live.

INWARD ENEMIES.—There are greater enemies to be subdued within, than all outward rebels and enemies, even the passions and lusts of our own hearts; from which enemies of a man's own house, come all outward wars, insurrections, rebellions, and disorders. These outward enemies can only be subdued, quelled, and overcome, by following the conduct of Christ, the inward Captain, by his Light and Spirit; not by might nor by outward power, but by his grace, which hath appeared unto all men, and teaches or enables all who obey it, to deny and subdue all ungodliness and worldly lusts, as well as to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. And this victory over one's self by the Christian weapons, is a greater conquest than the subduing of all countries, according to that ancient distich,—

"He that commands himself is more a prince
Than he who nations keeps in awe;
And they who yield to that which doth their souls convince
Shall never need another law."

A SKETCH OF VOLTAIRE.

BY HUBBARD WINSLOW.

AMONG the objects of interest for the thirty thousand annual visitors at Geneva, is Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire. It is five or six miles north from Geneva, within the French territory. It was on a bright September morning that a party of four, including a gentleman from Edingburg, another from London; another from Frankfort, and the writer,—a Scotchman, an Englishman, a German, and an American,—took seats together in a coach to pay a united visit to the mansion of the distinguished Frenchman. Nothing surpasses the beauty of the scenery, or the elegance and comfort of some of the country seats, on the way. At two or three of these we stopped, with letters of introduction, to visit collections of fine paintings and statuary, to admire specimens of architectural elegance; to walk upon floors of polished marble, to look upon side-boards and other furniture of the richest mosaic; and to promenade upon smooth gravel walks, beneath arching canopies of living green, and amidst an endless profusion of flowers and fruits. In these bowers of paradise we would fain have lingered all the day, but Ferney was in prospect.

At length, after walking the horses up a gradual ascent of nearly a mile, our coachman pointed, and said to us, "There it is, gentlemen." It was the Chateau of Voltaire. Beautifully situated on the

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crown of a gentle elevation, it had the appearance of having been a commanding and genteel, though not elegant mansion. It had become dingy and rusty from neglect, and dilapidated by the ravages of time. We entered through an iron gate, and were met at the door by a well dressed and intelligent looking French maiden, who addressed us in her native tongue and received us cordially. Two of the rooms, only, are preserved in the same condition as when Voltaire left them. These are his bed-room and his ante-room. In the last of these he held interviews with persons who called upon him. They are on the ground floor, and look back upon the garden.

The walls of the ante-room were hung with several paintings, two of which, designed by Voltaire himself, were to us of some interest, as indicating his character. On the one side Henry IV., the most illustrious of the French monarchs, was represented in the act of presenting Voltaire to Apollo. On the other side, the same Voltaire was conducted by the Muses in triumph to the Temple of Memory, and his enemies were represented as prostrate before him, writhing in agonies at his feet.

His bed-room, however, was to us most instinct with life and soul-stirring with associations. This then, said we, is the very bed on which Voltaire slept, in the same state, though time-worn, as on the morning he left it, more than eighty years ago, to find a tomb in Paris.

Having gratified our curiosity here, we next visited the garden house. We there found the old man who was in the service of Voltaire as his gardener, and was about twenty years of age when he died. Although far advanced in years he seemed to retain his vigor, and was, of course, very communicative respecting the character and habits of his distinguished employer. It was to us a circumstance of no small interest, to see and converse with one who had been for several years in the service of Voltaire, and was familiar with his private history. To this source I am indebted for many particulars respecting him. The old gardener also showed us several of his private effects, such as his writing-desk, inkstand, watch, pocket-book, and even articles of clothing, which he had preserved with great care. He unlocked to us a small case of private letters, received by Voltaire from several distinguished individuals. These were in French, Italian, German, Dutch, and English. While I was occupied with these, I heard a burst of laughter from several persons in another part of the room, and found that the gardener was showing them the last production of Voltaire before he left Ferney to visit Paris. It was an exceedingly ludicrous and vulgar picture, too indecent to be described, accompanied with some corresponding verses, which he prepared to amuse the guests invited to dine with him on the occasion of his leaving.

Other objects of interest yet remained. On the right, as you look from the Chateau toward Geneva, stood the church, on which was once inscribed the words, then nearly effaced, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" Somewhere on the left, nearly opposite, once stood a theatre, built by the same Voltaire, to gratify his vanity and amuse the populace with the exhibition of his own tragedies. The church, erected to the worship of God, by a hater of Jesus Christ, who said, "conceal the weapon and smite the wretch," now echoes with hosannahs to the Son of David. The theater is utterly demolished; not a vestige of it remains to mark the spot were it stood. This is certainly an interesting fact, when viewed in connection with the history and sentiments of Voltaire.

He was born at Chatenay, near Paris, in 1694, and was partly educated for the law. But his volatile mind and playful fancy would not endure the severe study and dry details of this profession. The revels of poetry and sallies of wit were more congenial to his taste. Hoping to divert his mind from these to graver pursuits, his father sent him to Holland, as a page in the suit of the Marquis de Chateauneuf. But, unfortunately, falling in love with the daughter of a refugee, for this untimely and misdirected indulgence of the "tender passion," he was sent back to Paris and exiled from his father's house. Soon after, for writing a severe satire against the government, he was imprisoned in the Bastile. About this time he wrote his tragedy of "Œdipe," which was brought upon the stage, and so much applauded as to reconcile his father. It is said that he made his acquaintance with Rousseau at Brussels, in 1722, and that they met only to become implacable enemies for life. He was a second time imprisoned in the Bastile for six months, in consequence of a private

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quarrel, and was liberated only on condition of his leaving the kingdom. He went to England, and there published his "Henriade," which received royal patronage, and yielded him a considerable income. His frivolous manners and licentious conversation having disgusted the English, he obtained permission to return to France, where, by lotteries, lucrative speculations, and great parsimony, he swelled his property acquired in England to a large fortune.

Between 1730 and 1744 he wrote and presented to the stage, his tragedy of "Brutus," his "Zaire," his "Alzire," his "Mahomet," and his "Merope," the last of which was exceedingly popular. He also wrote his "Lettres Philosophiques," which, together with his "Mahomet," exhibited him as such an enemy to the Christian religion that it became necessary for him again to quit the capital. Having, however, subsequently ingratiated himself into the royal family by his piece, "La Princesse de Navarre," he was received at court, and became historiographer of France. He was also admitted into the French Academy. By invitation and generous proffers of the King of Prussia, who was desirous of his literary services, he was induced in 1750 to visit Potsdam. Here he spent a portion of each day in the service of his Majesty, correcting his works. Having lost favor with the king, by taking part against his advice with a private dispute, he went to Frankfort, where he was arrested by the king's order, and compelled to restore the poems with which he had been entrusted for correction.

Not being permitted to reside at Paris, on account of having published a poem of so indecent and licentious a character as to turn the public sentiment against him, he purchased the estate at Ferney. It consisted of nine hundred acres. Here he resided till the time of his death, although he died in Paris when on a visit there. He is considered the founder of the village here, as it is said that previous to his time it consisted of only a few hovels. He gathered industrious colonists around him, encouraged manufactures, and administered a sort of dictatorship over the place. He was addressed by the villagers as "Monseigneur," and his vanity was gratified by their honoring him as the champion of human rights. He rode out daily in a gilt coach, drawn by four horses; and it was expected that all would honor him with a low obeisance, as he passed. He was often severe in manner and harsh in rebuke, especially to children, insomuch that he was a terror to all the youth in the village. All feared, but none loved him.

An avowed enemy to all tyranny and oppression, he was resorted to by not a few malcontents from his own and other countries, who were suffering real or imaginary wrongs. Alleged abuses he published throughout Europe, and thus became known as a sort of public censor, holding rulers as amenable at his tribunal. He here wrote and published most of his literary works, which amount in all to seventy octavo volumes.

His genius was inventive and fearless, his imagination brilliant, his fancy exuberant. He had also an uncommonly fine and rapid flow of words and imagery, by which even common sentiments were often made to sparkle under his pen. He wrote, or rather dictated—for he seldom held a pen himself—with apparently little mental effort. To severe and exact thought he was a stranger. As a reasoner he was fluent, loose, superficial; and whenever he gains the reader, it is rather by the sprightliness of his wit and the aptness of his illustrations, than by the stern dictates of sound and thorough argument. Always regardless of logic, and often of facts, he dashed on whithersoever his fancy listed. His best and only lasting productions, if we except some two or three tragedies, are his historical works, which are in many respects valuable. His history of Charles the Twelfth has been pronounced "a model of royal biography." But the two most important virtues of a historian—impartiality and accuracy—are so often wanting in his historical writings, as greatly to impeach their value.

"Of his witty writings," says one of his biographers, "which are very numerous, we may observe in general, that they are not only depreciated in real value, but rendered pernicious in their tendency and effect, by his frequently recurring attacks and sarcasms, leveled against revealed religion; nor should we be thought deficient in candor if we add, that whatever instruction or amusement they afford, they have done more injury, in a moral and religious view of them, particularly among persons of little reflection, than those of any other author."

With strong perceptions of moral excellence and elevation, he was little and

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mean in conduct, a victim to petty passions and caprices; never at rest either in mind or body, never tranquil or sedate. If he was a philosopher, it was in his opinions, not in his actions. He had been accustomed from his youth to pay as much homage to rank and wealth as his vanity would permit; his tastes of life were vitiated, and his manners corrupted; he could not, therefore, be a consistent friend to virtue and liberty, though he might occasionally be captivated with their charms, and even zealous in their support. He was habitually avaricious, though he performed some generous acts, which, however, he took care to make known. He was too selfish to inspire love, and too capricious to merit esteem. He had numerous admirers, but probably not one friend.

Selfish, irritable, capricious, unreasonable, he had the unenviable faculty of making all around him unhappy. Unable to find peace himself, he seemed determined that nobody else should find it. It is said that they who knew him best, esteemed him least. Envious of the reputation of others, it gave him pleasure to hear them defamed, and pained to hear them praised. With all his genius, learning, wealth and fame, he was one of the most restless and unhappy of mortals. A canker-worm was forever gnawing at the root of his temporal enjoyments; and he had no prospect beyond the grave, but such as is afforded to an earthly and sensual mind by a gloomy and uncertain deism.

Such, thought I, was the man, who, in a generation past, was owner of this princely estate; was often sitting where I now sit and looking upon this enchanting scene; was admired for his genius, honored for his wealth, and courted for his influence; was pouring forth his literary productions over Europe, sanguine of being honored, through all time, as the light of the world; who was yet one of the most unhappy of men, and was doomed, even before his humble gardener should find a grave, to be remembered by the wise and virtuous of both continents only to be pitied and avoided! Surely, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

As age advanced, his burning brow of ambition, instead of cooling down for the grave, seemed to gather intenser heat, and he determined to visit the capital and bring on the stage another tragedy. The one which he selected was his "Irene." Having taken his seat in the box, amidst the repeated plaudits of the assembly, an actor advanced and placed a crown on his head. At the conclusion of the play, all the actors and actresses surrounded his bust upon the stage and threw garlands of laurel upon it, while some verses composed to his praise by a nobleman were rehearsed, amidst the pealing shouts of the auditors. This shock of honor was too severe for his feeble frame, and he exclaimed in a tone of deep melancholy, "I am come to Paris to find glory and a tomb."

This was his last appearance in public. From the theatre he was taken to the sick chamber, whence his body was soon after carried to the grave. He died May 30th, 1778, at the advanced age of 84 years.

The writer visited the monument that covers his dust in the Pantheon at Paris. He is exhibited in a statue of marble, holding in his hand a burning torch. That he did throw light upon many of the enormities of papacy and of royal domination, and thus bring some benefit to mankind, whatever may have been his motives, should be cordially admitted. But that in his mad zeal for liberty, and lust of vanity and self-indulgence, he aimed his weapons against all revealed religion, and gave his talents and his example to the subversion of truth and the annihilation of the loftiest motives and brightest hopes of mankind, must forever cast a deep and gloomy shade over his memory. He will be remembered in all future time more to be rebuked than honored, more to be pitied than envied. One of his attendants in his last illness stated that he died as he had lived, a miserable man. Remorse of conscience, dread of death, fearful anticipations of an approaching judgment, made his dying pillow a pillow of thorns.

The Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON, M. A.

It is a conscious and social world into which we are rapidly passing. Heaven is not a solitude; it is a peopled city—a city in which there are no strangers, no homeless, no poor, where one does not pass another in the street without greeting, where no one is envious of another's superior minstrelsy, or of another's more brilliant crown. When God said in the

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ancient Eden, "It is not good for man to be alone," there was a deeper signification in the words than could be exhausted or explained by the family tie. It was the declaration of an essential want which the Creator, in His highest wisdom, has impressed upon the noblest of His works. That is not life—you don't call that life—where the hermit, in some moorland glade, drags out a solitary existence, or where the captive, in some cell of bondage, frets and pines unseen? The life of solitude about which men boast themselves, is not a life of solitude at all. That man does not understand solitude. Life, all kinds of life, tend to companionship, and rejoice in it, from the fecund larvæ and the buzzing insect cloud, up to the kingly lion and the kinglier man. It is a social state into which we are to be introduced, as well as a state of consciousness. Not only, therefore, does the Saviour pray for his disciples, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;" but those who are in that heavenly recompense are said to have come "to the general assembly and church of the first-born written in heaven." Ay, and better than that, and dearer to some of us, "to the spirits of just men made perfect." This is an ancient representation of a social state, in which all affections are pure, in which there is conscious recognition of the friends from whom we have been some time parted, and with whom we are to abide in perpetual reunion; and of a home without a discord, a home without an illness, a home without a grave. And this question of the recognition of departed friends in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of individuals, that it is this mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society; and it is implied in the fact that there is no unclothing of the nature that we possess, only the clothing upon it of the garments of a brighter and more glorious immortality. Take comfort, then, those of you in whose history the dearest charities of life have been severed by the rude hand of death—those whom you have thought about as lost are not lost, except to present sight. Perhaps even now they are angel-watchers, screened by a kindly Providence from everything about you that would give them pain; but if you and they are alike in Jesus, and remain faithful unto the end, doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think? if, amid the multitudes of the heavenly hosts—the multitudes of earth's ransomed ones that we are to see in heaven, we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently long to see! Strange if, in some of our walks along the golden streets, we never happen to light upon them! Strange if we did not hear some heaven-song learned on earth trilled by some clear-ringing voice that we have often heard before! Oh, depend upon it, in a realm of perfect happiness this element of happiness will not be absent—to know and love again those we have known and loved below. And although in heaven there may be a commonwealth, and although in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, yet dearer than all others there will be the wife to the husband, and the husband to the wife, and the friend to the friend who have toiled and suffered on earth together. Oh, what heart is not thrilled by the glorious prospect! Ah, but nearer still and dearer, as every true and loyal believer thinks—heaven is the home of Jesus

A SILKEN MONUMENT.

BY C. T. BATEMAN.

NEAR a neat cottage, nestled in an Alpine valley, a little boy, clad in a silken garment, ornamented with brass buttons, was playing. An eagle saw the glittering prize, and, descending like an arrow, seized the child, in full view of his mother, and bore him to his high and inaccessible aerie. For many months his silken coat, with its bright buttons, hung suspended in plain view of his mother's door, a sad memento of a lost treasure.

Look on those high jutting crags that impend
Near where the Alpine's white glaciers descend;
See! that bright pennon that floats in the breeze,
Caught on the roots of the scrubby pine trees.

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Man never trod on those wild rocky steeps;
Only the cloud-daring eagle there sweeps
With his bold pinions the high dizzy crest,
Bearing his prey to his difficult nest.

Fluttering, fluttering, how it swings high,
Shining and glittering, 'gainst the blue sky;
Silken and brazen, how strangely it gleams,
Painted and tinted by golden sunbeams.

Weeping and grieving, a mother beholds,
From her low cottage, its bright silken folds;
Ever recalling a tragedy wild,
Marking the coffinless grave of her child.

Silken and brazen, his garments were bright,
Gleaming too fairly in evening's red light,
Tempting the eagle that soared on high,
Tempting him down from the deep azure sky.

Silken and brazen, those fragments now tell
Where the young eaglets held carnival, fell
Screaming and fighting, with appetites wild,
O'er the fair form of an innocent child.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE close of the war with Prussia failed to bring peace to the harrassed people of the French Empire. Scarcely had the last German soldier left the precincts of the city of Paris before the mob of that city rose in an attempt to overthrow the existing government at Versailles, which had treated with the invading forces, and sought in its stead to establish a government based upon the principles of the commune. At the head of the Versailles government stood Thiers, who, with his colleagues, represent now, it may be said, all that is national and religiously progressive among a people known for their frivolity and irreligion. In opposition to these men, who sought to create a government of law and order, stood the same element that at the end of the last century erected the guillotine as the bloody symbol of their power, and sacrificed with the fair name of France some of the noblest and best of her population. The reign of terror that existed in 1791 has almost found a repetition in 1871. But for the fact that the Versailles government was powerful enough to menace Paris from the very first uprising of the anarchists, who sought to subvert the people to their infamous control, the excesses of the last century would have paled before those of to-day. For two months Paris has been in a state of seige. Of the wonderful Boulevards, the triumphal arches, the towering monuments, and the models of architecture, that have made Paris the wonder of the age, scarcely one now remains standing. What the guns of the Versaillists did not reach, the insane beings into whose control the city had fallen, destroyed themselves, and works that were built to defy time itself now lie in masses of indistinguishable ruin. The forces of the government *de facto* are now slowly but surely closing around the ill-fated city and the last despatches state that the insurgents, driven from their intrenchments, are fighting from house to house, and firing the city in every quarter. Before the appearance of another MISCELLANY the government forces will, undoubtedly, be in full possession of Paris, and peace and security, to some degree, be re-established. But the throes that have agitated that city will leave an indelible mark, and the beautiful city be for years but the wreck of its former self.

And while reflecting upon the terrible events of which France has been the theater for the past year, it seems curious to realize that the man whose insatiable ambition first plunged the country into a foreign war, and then left her weak and defenceless, a prey to internecine disorder, is living in safety, comfort and affluence on a neighboring shore. The Emperor Napoleon may not be a criminal, according to the ordinary laws of man, but the thousands of lives that have been sacrificed, and the wide-spread desolation that has ensued at his behest, are as justly chargeable to him as though his individual hand had guided the blood-stained steel, or applied the destroying torch. That England should afford him a home and protection it would not accord a common criminal, is not so strange,

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as things are understood in the vague light of the present times, but that England's queen and her nobility should court and countenance the exiled usurper is a sad commentary upon the weakness of human nature. But better days are dawning, and as education and freedom go hand in hand, the time will come, when a king's crown will no longer give immunity from the legitimate consequence of the most monstrous crimes.

THE TENACITY with which the old established churches of Europe cling to their fast decreasing temporal power, is no less remarkable than the persistency with which the various denominations in the United States vie with each other in their efforts to secure public emoluments and political power and protection. The occupation of Rome by King Victor Emanuel has been the last blow to the temporal power of papacy in its very stronghold. The Church has hurled its fiercest anathemas at the reckless monarch, and placed over him the terrible bar of excommunication, but in the face of it all that monarch still lives, and Italy is growing in freedom and education every day. The clergy of Europe have petitioned the Emperor of Austria to interfere in Italian matters, and secure the reinstatement of the Pope in undisputed possession of the city of Rome. These petitioners seem to forget that the true field for the Pope is the spiritual and not the temporal. Yet in the face of the tenets of their own and every other Christian religion, these priests would, if they possessed the physical power, deluge Italy in a sea of blood for the simple possession of a few acres of ground and a number of houses. While Italy is thus shaking off the shackles of ecclesiastical dominion, and England is reducing the burden of her ponderous Church establishment upon the people, what are we doing at home? The following is a list of moneys voted from the public treasury of the city of New York for sectarian institutions in 1869: To the Protestant Episcopal Church, $20,385; to the Reformed (Dutch) Church, $12,630-86; to the Presbyterian Church, $8,363-44; to the Methodist Episcopal Church, $3,073 63; to the Baptist Church, $2,-766 34; to the German Evangelical Church, $2,027 24; to the Roman Catholic Church, $412,062 26. There can be no defence for thus subsidizing our Christian organizations, be they Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, or what not. Our national safety demands a full, clean and clear separation of church and state.

JAMES F. CONOVER, one of the oldest journalists in the city of Detroit, and since 1863 editorial manager of the Detroit *Tribune*, has severed his connection with that paper to become a minister of the Episcopal Church. He will carry with him into his sphere of action the best wishes of his life-long associates.

THE ESTIMATED cost of governing New York city for the year 1871, is $48,000,000, or $50 per head for each resident. The present debt of the city is about $90,000,000. This immense expenditure would be none too great if it brought in return efficient government, and security to life and properity. But it is a lamentable fact that nowhere in the civilized world is lawlessness so prevalent as in the great metropolis. One of the greatest of the many atrocities that have disgraced New York of late, occurred a short time ago, when Avery D. Putnam, a gentleman who was escorting two ladies home from attendance at a church choir, was assaulted by a New York rough, who had previously insulted the ladies, and murdered. Foster, the man who killed him, is in custody, and will probably be tried, but it is doubtful about his getting justice, owing to his position and political influence. The affair has startled the order-loving citizens of New York, and they are asking one another what can be done to stop the rule of assassination and murder that now prevails in the city. Lynch law is freely spoken of, and it will not be strange if, pressed beyond endurance, the civil people of New York, shall take into their own hands the work that they despair of having done by the courts and officials.

Sir John Frederick William Herschel, only son of the great astronomer, and himself an astronomer of world wide repute, died in England on the morning of May 12th, at the age of 73.

A movement is on foot to send abroad, under American auspices, an expedition for thorough explorations of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. And a committee has been organized in the city of New York and is well under way towards carrying out such a plan. Meetings have been held in Dr. Adam's church Madison avenue, and letters received from the Archbishop of York, England, indorsing the movement.

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CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. By the REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D. D., and JAMES STRONG S.T.D.

This Work is to be completed in about Six Volumes, Royal Octavo, of about 1000 pages each, copiously illustrated. Vol. 1., comprising the letters A and B, is now ready. The remaining Volumes are in rapid progress, and will appear at short intervals. Terms: In Cloth, $5 00 per Volume; In Sheep, $6 00 per Volume; In Half Morocco, $8 00 per Volume. This CYCLOPÆDIA is designed to be a Manual of Sacred Literature for the use of Ministers, Students, General Readers, and Sunday School Libraries, so complete in itself that no other work will be necessary for ordinary purposes of reference in these branches of knowledge. It is intended to be scientific and scholarly, yet not repulsive to the mere English reader by an unnecessary display of technical learning. It will be found that the substance of all the valuble Dictionaries of the Bible, and of theology in its various branches, recently issued, is contained in this work. This work is quite a Library in itself, John M. Arnold 133 Woodward Ave. Detroit is the general agent.

ON THE morning of Wednsday May 9th, Judge R. R. Beecher of the City of Adrian, expired of disease of the brain. His death is a great loss to the community in which he lived, where he was honored and trusted to an extent to which few men are fortunate enough to ever attain. His long residence, throughout probity, and sterling good sense gave him a strong hold upon the confidence and affection of the citizens of Lenawee county, and among a numerous acquaintance in the state. We have none too many such men as he was in the walks of public life; and the loss of every one is a loss to be counted and deplored. As a good citizen, a kind neighbor and a true friend, those among whom he has lived from youth to late manhood will testify to his worth with unwonted unanimity, and will mourn their loss with unaffected sorrow—a loss which we have occasion to share, a sorrow in which we sincerely join.

WE want all to pay us promptly. We can afford the MISCELLANY, at its present low rates, only by prompt and advance payment.

WE hope no one will be so small as to ask us to discontinue, until they have paid for all that they have received.

WE hope to have room in our next number to insert several notices, which have been put over for want of room.

AS THE July number begins a new volume, our subscribers will do us a great favor, if they will make a most earnest effort for a large number of new subscribers. All who subscribe for the next volume between this and the issue of the July number, will receive one number extra, as a gift. One lady has, within a few weeks, sent us about thirty subscribers. Let there be a general effort.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3. ADRIAN, JUNE, 1871. No. VI.

Power of Nature Over the Mind.

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

NATURE is full of charms to the contemplative mind. There is a charm in the silent roll of the seasons; is there not? See the spring coming forth crowned with flowers! Beautiful, most beautiful! The morning stars are almost ready to sing again over it. Let them be still; we ask not their music; spring has its own songsters. The choir of nature is complete—all tenor and treble voices. If the raven put in his hoarse bass voice, we will not listen; for the sound is not sweet. All tenor voices! Bush and tree, vale and hill-side, all vocal with the inspired and inspiring melody. Let no man undervalue music; it is God's gift to the birds—God's gift to our hearts; for many a tune is sung within, that the voice cannot utter! Do you complain of the capriciousness of spring? Pray, why should you, friend? She is the mistress of seasons, and she abuses her power frequently; but who does not? Did not Bonaparte and Cromwell abuse their power? If she were a republican, you might indulge in your invectives against her; but the seasons form an aristocracy, and, therefore, you must learn to bear with them. Only think of her power. She triumphs over winter, and makes him hasten off to his polar home. Great power will sometimes be misdirected. If she does frown now and then, it's a privilege the gentlemen often avail themselves of, and why not the ladies? Hence, you must bear with it; for the sunshine will be more welcome, when it floods the sky and the landscape.

If spring has oft offended you, will you not love it, and, standing beneath the softly beaming firmament, and looking upward, will you not say, in Thomson's fine language,

"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And, from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, vailed in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

The invocation is answered. The fair one vails herself, and descends. Brief is her reign, and then she expands into summer; for summer, we would have you understand, is only spring enlarged—an octavo, swelled into a quarto volume, with larger engravings and new binding. Lovelier glows the sky now, and more fragrant the flower. There is now, for the first time, death in nature. Things come to perfection and perish. Spring was all life; summer is mingled life and death. Did you never notice that the seasons treat each other with perfect courtesy? One does not invade the empire of the other. They are respectful and polite, ruling like sister queens. And, therefore, summer resigns, all blushing and ruddy, the scepter to autumn; and he, with generous liberality, combines spring, summer and

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winter, in a measure, together. Only walk into the woods now. They are his palace. There he lives and dies. There he holds court, and receives his audiences. Magnificent are they; for all colors blend, and all charms unite in them. Every sunset is glorious, and the nights shine with double luster. And then follows winter. Short days are his, and long nights, as if he would shut out the world from observing him. The representative of purity is he, for he comes ever and anon and hides the curse that lies heavy on the earth, with an outspread of pure snow. The representative of terror is he, for he frowns darkly and dreadfully, and makes the world tremble beneath him. The representative of power is he, for he sways a mighty scepter, and the ocean and rivers quail beneath it. How appropriate are the words of Thomson:

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God."

And is there not a charm, quiet and deep, in the rainbow? Conquerors have had their triumphal arches, but who has had one like it? Mercy walks beneath it, and restrains the swelling waters, so that there be no more deluge. If seraphs may tread that path, happy are they. Is there not a sweet moral taught us in this? Do the colors blend in it? So may different hearts blend together. Does it announce the retiring storm, and presage the returning calm? So it is in every storm of life. If friends fall into the grave, the bow of promise opens their lonely tomb; if heavy afflictions come, the bow of promise tells that they are passing away, and joys shall again spring up in our bosoms. Is there not magnificence in the ocean, and grandeur in the swelling mountains? And have you never communed with the stars, until your spirit was entranced, and this world could hardly claim you as its inhabitant? If any one thing has subserved the interests of poetry more than another, the stars have; for there is no image in the whole array of figures more vivid and expressive than they. Stars are the emblem of love. If the triumph of ambition be represented, it is by the star of fame; if the light of beauty be pictured, it is by the star's luster. Can any man look upon the stars, and not feel his immortality? Oh! it is in the night-seas, where we wander alone beneath the glittering firmament, that this sense comes home to us most powerfully, and we feel that every star is a token of the heaven beyond and a pledge that we shall never die.

The power of local association is one of the most striking exhibitions of the mind in its relation to nature. If memory be analyzed, it will be found to be somewhat of a physical faculty; it is greatly under the dominion of sense; changes of constitution affect it; and the advance of age is ever betokened by its decay. No wonder, then, that our memory is so closely associated with material objects. The power of local association is not, then, altogether dependent on intellect. If the bird build its nest in a rose-bush one spring, it will return and rebuild it there the ensuing season. If the sportsman would obtain his game, he knows that it has its fixed resorts where it may be met.

Prompted by this sentiment, the traveler in foreign lands will walk reverently through Westminster Abbey, and gaze with delight, on the homes of departed genius and worth. If Mrs. Hemans wrote about Kenilworth, and a leaf from Virgil's tomb; if Southey entered the pulpit where the illustrious Bunyan preached; if Johnson and Leigh Richmond grew eloquent among the ruins of Iona; if the American patriot seek the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, and looks silently on the tomb of Washington;—it is because of this witching of local association. The most general and remarkable exhibition of this sentiment was in the case of the Crusades, when nations were moved by a simultaneous passion to recover

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the land where the elect people of Jehovah had lived, where the son of Jehovah himself had died.

The true position, then, for us to occupy, with regard to nature, is a position midway between that false philosophy which would defy it, and that careless spirit which would reject its influence altogether. Philosophy has often placed visible nature in the relation of a deity, and rendered it supreme homage. Astronomy has sometimes attempted it; geology has tried it. The end is the same, whether you utterly banish all idea of God, or substitute nature in his stead; for what power has nature to affect the moral feelings, apart from the great Creator? If this unwarranted and unreasonable exaltation of nature be as derogatory to man as it is obnoxious to God, we are, also, to beware of that other extreme, the utter neglect of its manifold forms and aspects. The objects of religion are hidden from the natural eye. Our Redeemer is invisible; our heavenly home is invisible; our future associates are invisible. Were it given to mortals to gaze steadily, or at blessed intervals, on them; were it our privilege to look upon the far world, and mark the kingly splendor of the new city;—it may be supposed that faith would acquire unwonted energy, and devotion would burn with unquenchable ardor. What kind of a probation would life then be? Men would then seek religion on the same principle that they seek wealth and honor. The lower parts of our nature would triumph over the higher. The fact is, the necessity for such a visible exhibition of the objects of religion is, so far as expedient, destroyed by the appeal which natural things make to the mind. If we wish to be reminded of God, we have only to open our eyes, and the symbols of his grandeur meet us. If we desire to realize eternity and immensity, we need not ascend to the throne, and converse with its ancient and august occupant; we need not travel through the extended territory of the Prince of the Universe; we have but to look up to the solemn midnight skies, and the impression is received. The aid of sense is thus secured, and that, too, without sacrificing the interests of faith and devotion. Vain, then, is that philosophy which would fill our homes and temples with images of the great God! Has Jehovah not finished his own work? Has he left the universe so imperfect that it cannot represent him? It is ordained that Christianity should have no external representation of its object; it is no patron of idolatry in any form; it addresses the soul; its humbler associate, nature, addresses the senses; and what more would you have? If men are disposed to idolize nature, Christianity approaches with her stately step, and celestial appearance, and checks it; if they are inclined to spiritualize Christianity, nature repels the attempt, and interposes its visible works between them and their end.

And now let us turn to a nobler spectacle than nature, with all her plentitude, can present—the spectacle of redemption. A meek young man appears before us. Others are gay, but he is serious. Others are interested for themselves, he is concerned for the world. Others are proud, he is the personification of humility. No unkind word has ever escaped those lips. The innocence of angel purity beams from his countenance; and the majesty of Godhead occasionally ennobles his actions. A friend to all, and he almost friendless; a servant of his country, and yet treated as a foreign invader; a disguised prince, who can be great without an attending retinue—great from innate greatness; wonderful as a child, for then he astonished the learned doctors; more wonderful as a man, for then he challenged the notice of the universe; it was the first time the world had seen such wisdom, and, therefore, its folly was reproved; it was the first time it had seen such virtue, and, therefore, it was mortified; it was the first time it

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had seen such philanthropy, and, therefore it blushed; it was the first time it had seen such sanctity, and, therefore, it hated the sight, and madly resolved on its destruction. Then came the dreadful tragedy; then came the fearful invocation, "his blood be on us and our children;" then came the fast rushing crowd; then came the consummation—a cross, a spear, a taunt! Let the vail of the temple be rent; and, through the rent let religion go forth to traverse the world. Let the firmament grow dark; for the prince of darkness has triumphed. Let the earth tremble; for Jehovah shakes the rod of his anger over it. Such a scene—far more than fiction—no more than fact. Such a scene! heaven, and earth, and hell, are strangely blended it it. Is there any scene in nature to be compared with this? Where will you find such sublimity, such pathos, such subduing tenderness? The material universe presents you a living Jehovah superintending its multiplied interests, sustaining its well-ordered harmony, sanctifying its perpetually occurring incidents; but, grander still, redemption opens with a dying Redeemer!

All the scenes of religion are profoundly interesting. Witness the dedication of a child to God in the holy ordinance of baptism; witness the solemn commemoration of the Saviour's death; witness the tears of the penitent, and the joys of the believer;—there is more than poetry in them. There is heaven and glory in them. The constant tendency of the human mind is towards ideality. Surround it with as many attractive realities as you please, it cannot be satisfied. If it dwelt in an Eden, it would imagine another and a better Eden. The strong impulse of native taste and passion is ever hurrying it towards the fond creations of active fancy. The poverty of one world is thus compensated by the wealth of another world—the deformity of our planet-home, by the unmarred and unshadowed loveliness of a happier home. To gratify this passion for ideality, man resigns himself to reverie, and suspends reason and sense. To satisfy its intense longings, he cultivates poetry, and, in her fair fields, treads with a light footstep. It is all in vain. Such things alone can not answer the end. There is in them a mockery of the heart; there is in them only an aurora-borealis light skirting the horizon, and spreading up towards the zenith, a picturesque adornment of the night, but leaving it the night still, and rendering its murky shadows only the more visible. Christianity meets the necessities of man. She gives him the communion of heaven, and opens an unsullied world to the range of his imagination, and the eager wishes of his oft disquieted heart. The blessedness of Jehovah is her high bestowment upon man.

The highest compliment infidelity could pay this benevolent system is to oppose it; for, if it were not of heaven—heavenly in its morality and object—it would not have such violent opposition. Vain are the hopes of this opponent of the faith.

Whenever this system of opinions can offer us a better hope, a surer faith, a richer treasure, a nobler support, than Christianity, then, and not till then, let it ask our confidence. It has no promise for the dying hour, no consecrating blessing for the tomb. A celebrated officer of the American Revolution—a Virginia gentleman—had, unfortunately been tinctured with infidel principles. The efforts of Mr. T. Paine to promote American liberty, the effusions of his pen, and the zeal of his life tended to make his infidel sentiments popular with many of our countrymen at the era of the Revolution. This officer had often introduced the subject, strange as it may appear, to his daughter, and urged her to embrace its tenets. If infidelity succeed with man, it can not often master the heart of woman; for, above all others, the law of her nature is trust, and she needs, peculiarly, the holy trust of heaven. The young lady resisted the

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entreaties of the father. She clung to the principles of her Saviour's religion. Disease afterwards wasted her fair form, and she drew near the closing scene. Friends loved her for her loveliness; and the father wept that early beauty should thus languish into the tomb. The work of disease was almost consummated; the light was passing from her eye, and the pulse from her heart; it was a fearful moment—the dividing moment between time and eternity.

She called the infidel father to her bedside, and, as she gently pressed his hand, and looked tenderly up into his sad countenance, she said, "Father, would you have me be an infidel now?" There was a pause, there was a sigh, and the heart-stricken man answered, "No, my daughter, no!"

Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine.

BY HON. JACOB M. HOWARD.

THERE is upon this earth a being whom I love with all the faculties of my soul, whose life is to me a hundred times dearer than my own—a being for whom alone I live and breathe in this world; a being to whom I am united by a most sacred bond, which I have a thousand times blessed; a being whom I love still, a in the most blissful moments of our union. Happy to be near him, happy to keep a constant watch over his fortunes, I lulled myself with the pleasing dream—a dream which, for me, had all the charms of reality—that I should never leave him; and the thought was, indeed, consoling, that I should die at his side, and consecrate my last breath to him.

But, alas! he fixed the day of our separation. He was capable of naming a time when I should see him no more; and the fatal day had already begun to dawn; its morn was advancing with the lightning's speed. Yes, that cruel day, which should never have dawned upon me, approached as rapidly as the days of my felicity had departed; and those—alas! heaven knows how soon they were eclipsed! An ingrate never more quickly let go the hand which had conferred favors on him.

I have said that Bonaparte's habitual distrust of me had caused him carefully to avoid me. For some hours, I remained alone, absolutely alone. A great noise was heard in the palace. Persons were coming and going. They seemed to talk to each other in a hurried manner; and, at length, I learned that the emperor had sent sealed letters to all the great dignitaries of the empire, also to his principal officers, and that the members of the imperial family were invited to assemble, after dinner, in the palace of the Tuileries. At this, I felt indignant, and rose to go to him. Like a light whose last ray is expiring, but still preserves a feeble radiance, I saw that my last hope was nearly extinguished; and yet I was seeking to reanimate its dying spark, when, alas! my son entered, and undeceived me.

He told me that Napoleon required him to carry to the senate the decree that was to dissolve my marriage. "Think, madam," said the prince, "what must be my feelings! On the one hand, the ambition of the emperor, as unjust as it is daring, will plunge us into an abyss of misfortunes; for, by repudiating a wife who smoothed his way to the throne, he is preparing to lose it, perhaps, forever. On the other, I can not forget what I owe to him as my benefactor and my guide, as the man who has been to me a father. 'T is not as a sovereign that my affections cling to him, but as the husband of my mother; and I owe him, as such, respect and obedience; and yet I am required to present to the world the spectacle of a son whose deep afflictions cannot make him forget the duty of submission to the sovereign who has designed to befriend me." Never having learned the art of lying, Eugene was not at all versed in the tactics of the world. He concealed neither his thoughts, his desires, nor his actions; and therefore trod a thorny path, when he found himself placed in the cruel alternative of either breaking a solemn promise to the emperor, or deceiving a beloved mother. Anxious, hesitating, and unhappy, he knew not how to rescue himself from this fatal labyrinth. He determined not to answer the expectations of his Mentor; and, by a resolution with which nothing

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but his critical position could have inspired him, he became the offender of an oppressed women.

"Nothing," said I, "can be compared to the firmness of soul and the resignation which your duty requires you to exhibit to the senate, on this trying occasion. But, after performing that rigorous duty, you will come and mingle your tears with mine—come, and upon my bosom reiterate the sentiments of inviolable attachment to the man of whom I have never as yet spoken to you, but as another father. May he be happy! and I here dare take the pledge that Napoleon will never find in my son aught but one of his most devoted commanders."

"Ah," said the prince, dropping some tears which he had tried to restrain, "I feel that my heart repels every sentiment with which my protector inspired me. I shall no longer count him among my friends; I shall see in him nothing but your persecutor."

For some moments the viceroy was overwhelmed by grief, and could scarcely recover his calmness. I employed my authority to constrain him to fulfill, in a manner worthy of himself, the part which Napoleon had assigned him; and made him feel that both his and my future situation depended wholly upon his firmness in this memorable scene; and that I was still willing to submit to the greatest sacrifices for the good of France. "Besides, my son," said I, who will ever believe that Bonaparte would have had the temerity to make you sanction such an act, when Europe shall discover it is only a last means of precipitating his ruin? My husband is either very improvident or very culpable. He has no right to occasion me this deep affliction. Alas! other wives, were they victims of such inconstancy, were they borne down by such a load of grief as I am, would, perhaps, invoke the Almighty to put an end to their woes. But I, on the contrary, still utter prayers for his good; nay, I could wish to live long enough to be his faithful companion at every step. I should then see the danger that may menace him, and, perhaps, be able to shield him from it. But my son will ever be worthy of his adopted father and of me; and, whatever may befall, Eugene will be ready to defend the man whom, for sixteen years, I have called my husband."

"I will," replied the prince, with emphasis, "yet have the glory of making him sensible to his fault, but only by means of the weapon which alone is worthy of a French chevalier, generosity! I shall have a great advantage over my mother's husband; for I shall be actuated by the hope that he will yet owe something to the son of that woman whom he is about to sacrifice. For, depend upon it, humble pride sees nothing but shame in a reverse of fortune; and that of Napoleon is singularly irritable. Yes, I could wish with one hand to repel the enemies of the great man, and to present to him the other at the moment when, proscribed and abandoned by all, he can have in my eyes no higher claim to my favor and friendship than that of his deep misfortunes. Would he not then be sufficiently punished? Oh! my mother, my unfortunate mother! 'T is one of the greatest sovereigns in Europe, conqueror of so many valiant nations, who now compels me to perform an act for which posterity will blame me; he wishes me to deceive an unfortunate wife! He begs you not to interpose any obstacle to his wishes; they are formal. He is determined to be obeyed. Alas! Bonaparte," exclaimed Eugene, "demand my life; every drop of my blood belongs to you; I would without a murmur see it flow, in sustaining thy cause; but do not oblige me to give the last blow to her who has shed so much luster upon the most brilliant part of thy reign—she who bears thy image in her heart! Permit me, at least, thou too unjust man, to descend to the grave with honor; do not compel us ever to become ungrateful to thee. This would cost the empress and myself too much; our hearts are not formed for hatred. There are enough of others who will charge themselves with the debt of vengeance. Never shall the beings who had loved you so well exercise vengeance toward you."

About one hour after my son left me, Murat entered my apartment. I spoke to him on subjects upon which I wished my husband to be informed. "Alas!" said the brother-in-law of the emperor, with an air of feigned sadness, "in order to fulfill toward him your duty as a true friend, you are about to renounce the happiness; and, as the price of your generous devotion, he will, perhaps, send you away into some city, where you will be guarded with the utmost severity.

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But you are now free, madam; you can tell the emperor your husband, formally, that from this moment his power ceases, and henceforth he has no other rights in respect to you than those of friendship. You must show firmness. 'Tis for you to dictate the conditions; and your husband will be but too happy in obtaining from you the sacrifice which he exacts for the concessions which he finds himself forced to make to you."

I knew the man who held this language to me, and took care not to seem to adopt his advice; it would have tended still more to irritate Bonaparte. On the contrary, I told him that my own intentions were wholly conformed to those of the emperor. "Let him," said I, "seek an heir to his name, since his family does not afford him sufficient guarantees. Yet I could have wished him to confirm the adoption of my son, according to his former promise. But, as his policy has otherwise determined, it is the duty of Eugene and myself to submit. Admirers of his wonderful fortunes, he will ever find us sincerely anxious for his happiness. As to myself, I am, from this evening, wholly prepared to give him this last proof of perfect submission to his will." Murat was silent for some moments; he was afraid I would show an open opposition to the will of the emperor, and could not dissemble his surprise at what I said "Well," said he, "the Archduchess Maria Louisa will, perhaps, be the pledge of happiness to France. Her father has given that assurance (laying stress upon the last word.) To what a man does he present his daughter's hand!—a man governed by a passion which disregards even love, and does not concern itself with things of the heart—a man whose feelings are never melted by the bitter tears he witnesses. A princess who yields herself up wholly to a husband who receives her in his high character of monarch, becomes the guarantee of great political projects, and binds more firmly the ties of ambition.

"Besides, the emperor has waged war, in order to attain supreme power. He knows how to continue it, in order to strengthen and confirm his diadem. For him no treaty will be sacred. Be assured, he is not more afraid of broils within, than coalitions without. His enemies conspire against his life and his crown only during the reign of peace; and I foresee that a new storm is about to burst upon us. My beloved brother-in-law is the god of thunder; but he who now has so many nations under his command, may not, perhaps, always be able to avert the tempest; the proud Germans will not forget that the invulnerable Napoleon has twice taken their capitol, and that the conqueror showed himself generous."

I listened to this speech of Murat without permitting myself to let fall the least observation, well knowing what were his feelings toward me, and kept carefully on my guard against uttering any reproaches in his presence.

At ten o'clock in the evening of that day, the great dignitaries of state repaired to the palace of the Tuilleries, the emperor's family arrived soon after. The stupor which paralyzed me seemed to have seized upon the whole assembly; no person dared utter a word.

The author of this cruel scene appeared to take no part in what was passing around him, though his efforts to appear calm were manifest to all. I expected, at any moment, to receive an order forever exiling me from France; and I was ready to consummate that fatal sacrifice. I presented myself to the emperor, and found myself alone with him in his private cabinet. The lamps were lighted but emitted a sober ray. The whole court now advanced in mournful silence. The emperor stood directly before me; and Cambaceres was placed in front of him. I know not whether the lights, or my deeply affected imagination, were the cause; but a deathly paleness seemed to cover every face present, when Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely presented to me, for my signature, the *acte* which severed forever the bonds by which I had been united to Bonaparte. All the persons present uttered an involuntary sigh. I myself started. "Ah! in the name of heaven," said I, "Napoleon, and is it thus you repay the tenderest affection? What! all I can hope, then, for signing this decree, is to retain the vain title of *empress queen-crowned!* Take back your gifts, and be pleased to remember your oaths. I abandon, it is true, all hope of touching your feelings. What you have said to me leaves no possibility of my moving you, although I did hope to remain your wife, certain that your own renown would suffice to make you respect your obligations; and 'tis only at that price that you can hope

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to continue to reign. By contracting an alliance with the house of Austria, you awaken the jealousy of other sovereigns, They will see in it only another motive to gratify your ambition, and thirst to enlarge and consolidate your victories. You will arouse them from their slumber; they will league themselves against you; and the unconquerable Bonaparte will at length be conquered."

Motionless, absorbed in thought, he stood, and cast an unquiet and troubled look upon me. He tried to speak, but broke off in the middle of a word. All ye who pity me, oh! had you witnessed the distress of him whom people were pleased to call a great man, how could you have pitied him! Such, in that decisive moment, was his weakness, that he could not help stammering out: "The future appears before my eyes; I am frightened!" I can not describe what were his feelings, when, a moment afterward, he heard a voice exclaim:

"Alas! in recalling the error, I lose the charm of my life!" Ah! Frenchmen, this exclamation penetrated his heart like a poisoned arrow; and never will the memory of it be effaced. In the midst of the most noisy gayety, he will ever hear that cry of grief. It was the shriek of a wronged and outraged wife.

I left this scene as soon as possible, and remained for some time pensive and sorrowful. I was now forsaken by the man who ought, from gratitude, to have proclaimed me his protecting divinity, He had put my heart to a terrible proof, and that heart still rebelled against my will; for, when this fatal blow had put an end to the little happiness I had derived from my second marriage, I felt my love increase towards my faithless husband. Oppressed by this double weight of sorrow, I passed rapidly toward the apartment which contained the object of my affections supported by my women. The light of the numerous lamps which were burning in my apartment fell upon my troubled vision. It seemed to me like the light of a tomb, which was yawning to receive the author of my distress. I happened to glance at the portrait of Henry IV.; and, to my bewildered fancy, it seemed to frown upon me. The first sound that struck my ears was the low and mournful chanting of these plaintive words:

"Weep, weep, beloved mothers; weep for your children; for thy second mother is no more!"

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

AWAY o'er the deep, 'mid the ocean's foam,
The mariner brave has taken his home,
Where the wild, blue waves are o'er him rolling,
And the sea-dirge sounds like a death-bell tolling.

No flowers blooming above his head,
No willow-bough weeps o'er his coral bed;
No mourner has stood by his lowly grave,
For 't is far in the depths of the ocean-cave.

And yet not alone, for with him are they
Who for years have slept in the crested spray;
And the fair and brave, at the sea-god's call,
Have taken their way to the mermaid's hall.

The old man has gone with his silvered hair,
And youth, in the bloom of its beauty, is there;
The mother has sunk, and yet, on her breast,
The child of her love, in a death-sleep, pressed.

The maiden whose eye was flashing with light,
And her cheek with a smile e'er beaming and bright,
Like a flower that sinks in the swelling wave,
Has gone 'mid the nymphs of the ocean cave.

But they stand by the couch of the stranger fair,
And sing of the sleeper that's resting there;
Her brow they wreathe with the choicest pearls,
And twine, in tresses, her raven curls.

And the dashing waters that roll around
Will hymn, for the dead, a requiem loud
And the sea-bird's song, that sweeps o'er the main,
E'er tells of them in its burial plaint.

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A DREAM.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON, OF ADRIAN.

To the Editor: I AM frequently visited by the dreamy spirits, but it is not often that their communications are important to any except myself; yet, last night, I had a vision which I think almost worthy a place on the pages of your excellent magazine. I had been employed, until late in the evening, penning, as usual, some wild poetic fancies, until, becoming weary, I drooped my aching forehead on my arm, and began to reflect on the folly and vanity of literary pursuits, unless tending directly to the moral or physical improvement of mankind. I then thought of the reams of paper daily polluted by the pen and the press, and thrown upon the waves of time, carrying pestilence into every house and heart to which they find access. In this state of mind, I was overtaken by the confusion of ideas that float upon the confines of the land of dreams, and presently a grand panorama opened before me.

I found myself standing upon an immense plain, amidst an innumerable multitude, not crushed suffocatingly together, but each having space sufficient to move about, and see all that was passing. On the north of this plain arose a vast precipice built of enormous blocks of crystal piled irregularly together, and resembling a vast amphitheater circling that side of the plain, above which swelled like a rotunda, a high hill, covered and streaming with the most beautiful verdure and flowers, diffusing a fragrance that penetrated the soul, and caused it to expand, and strengthen, and grasp, in a single thought, every occurrence and intention of past existence, with the most minute and insignificant word or action. On the summit of this hill grew a magnificent cluster of the dark

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cedars of Lebanon; and, from the thick bower formed by their strong branches, beamed almost insufferable splendor, forming a burning halo, terminating in a dazzling bow, arching the whole mount from east to west. Above and beyond this, floated radiant clouds of every gorgeous tint; and, amidst them, ever and anon, looked out celestial faces, or glittered pearly limbs, and flowing robes of dazzling whiteness.

The plain on which I stood terminated abruptly towards the mountain, between which and it lay an unfathomable gulf, far down in which, the shudderer might see the blackness of darkness rolling like a tempestuous ocean. Suddenly, the glory of the height became insufferable, fierce flashes like lightning darted forth on every side, and a hand, brighter than a focus of concentrated sunbeams, waved over the awe-struck multitude, which, like grass before the scythe of the mower, fell prostrate on the plain. Then a voice indescribable in the august melodyof its mighty tones, bade the Literary World draw near. There was no resistance, no hesitancy—moved by a resistless impulse, authors, writers, poetasters, and scribblers of every grade, approached the brink of the dark gulf from which seemed to arise the mount of splendor; and every one found, lying before him, every sheet that had been written by his hand, or dictated by his mind. And now commenced the grand display. It was announced, in tones like the voice of a mighty trumpet, that every one was to read aloud all that they had given to the world. First advanced the authors of the old world, those who, before the flood, disseminated the mysteries of idolatry and bloody superstition, until it repented God that he had made man upon the earth. Although their languages were to me unintelligible, I was unutterably amazed at seeing all their motives painted plainly upon their foreheads, changing and varying as they went on from one

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subject to another, while the crystal wall became a mountain of mirrors, reflecting vividly to their view, and the eyes of the assembled world, all the effects and catastrophies which their works had occasioned. I observed that every one proceeded until, overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and confusion, they threw themselves, with their volumes, into the black abyss. At length the sacred writers approached. Glorious and beautiful were the displays of the blessed effects of their written doctrines. Idol after idol, with their temples, and altars, and symbols, crumbled down into the oblivion of the dark abyss; and beauty, and peace, and holiness, came hand in hand, scattering blessedness and all the holy affections wherever they moved. The savage became a gentle creature, crowned with the wreaths of domestic bliss; the female character arose from the dust, cleansed from pollution, and shone forth with angel radiance, circled with a halo of pure love, and rearing generations of men, whose virtues wreathed their maternal brows with crowns of ineffable glory. When these writers had finished reading, they were encircled in clouds of snowy luster, and borne, with their works, majestically upwards, until they were lost in the light of infinite majesty.

There was a pause when these had passed away, and then came foward the modern literati. The population of the old world had vanished; and the beings whom modern authors had influenced, filled the background.

Strange and thrilling now became the varied exhibition, as one after another met his final recompense. But the details would be too voluminous, as I have not the eternal duration for their rehearsal which was allowed for the acting; so I content myself by instancing a few particulars. The polemic writers of the early ages of Christianity came forward, each with an air of importance, and proud confidence of victory. But most of them grew suddenly and fearfully pale and depressed, as their motives for every essay, written on their foreheads, reflected in the crystal before them; and fearful were their emotions, as those life-like mirrors presented scenes of battle and bloodshed; estranged friends, weeping in agony; prisoners, suffering and emaciated, lying almost naked in loathsome dungeons, their hearts bleeding for the loved ones whom they should see no more; blameless victims, agonized upon the rack, and under other excruciating tortures; martyrs expiring at the fire-bound stake; and of various hideous devices of torture. My soul grew sick as I look upon the writhing and distorted sufferers, and I hid my face in horror. When I looked again, the scene had changed, and I knew not how those mistaken zealots were disposed of; but the horrible impression upon my mind was almost effaced by the lovely and peaceful effects which greeted the ministers who had preached Christ and him crucified. Bitter enemies embracing each other, belligerent nations signing articles of peace, cities arising in desolate places, and the deserts of the earth becoming as the garden of God. The humane and gentle affections flourishing in hearts lately overgrown by the bitter and baleful passions, and forming beautiful garlands around the domestic altar. Despair threw down her poniard: Sorrow raised her wet eyes, with a sweet smile, to heaven; the wounded spirit ceased to bleed; and the broken heart healed under the sweet application of the balm of Gilead; and a sweet hymn of praise arose from the peaceful and blooming earth, on which the instruments of such blessedness arose, mingling, as it were, with the rapturous melody, until lost in the glory of the radiant light that dwelt upon the mountain.

At length, a wasted form arose, clad in humble vestments, and it was easy to perceive that he saw not the light of heaven. He raised his face towards

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the mount, but saw not its glory. Beside him stood a drooping female, with a small volume in her hand. At the signal, she read; and many a lofty emotion responded to the glowing passages of Paradise Lost; but the bard, as he listened, became impressed with a humble sense of the utter failure of his attempts to delineate the majesty of the powers of heaven, and to fathom the purposes of the Eternal. He covered his sightless eyes with his emaciated hands, and fell prostrate, overwhelmed with humility. Then there came a bright form from amid the clouds without the radiant arch, and alighted gently beside him. It was Mercy. She raised him from the earth, and threw around him a robe of glory, in the dazzling radiance of which they both vanished away. Awe and terror fell upon the whole congregation of poets, as they beheld his fear and humiliation, and an audible murmur ran through the throng; yet some few commenced their exhibition exultingly, but they invariably plunged with their works into the gulf, as they witnessed the ruin and misery which they had occasioned.

Heart-rending, indeed, were the scenes presented in the faithful mirrors, of mourning parents, ruined youth, consumption, suicide, misanthropy and murder, which confronted them, as the fruits of the sentiments which they had thrown upon the streams of time. Another class there was, whose efforts had been to amuse and provoke to laughter. Now, how utterly contemptible did they and their works appear. And the grotesque representations of the mirth they had occasioned, how did they appear, in that august presence, and hanging over the abyss of darkness? I heard, with surprise, these authors of the ludicrous directed to mingle with the promiscuous crowd, and repeat their buffoonery, anecdotes, and songs, continually. I thought their doom would be pleasant to them; but, as I marked the expressions of anguish, self-disdain, and abhorrence, which marked their faces as they turned to perform their tasks, I could not but pity them. Not one of all the myriad poets, but felt the reading of his manuscripts a severe penance; and not one who, but for the aid of mercy, would have expired of shame and despair.

The scribblers were all disposed of, and next were summoned the critics. A meagre-looking and sharp-featured set they were; and, as they, perforce, pursued their tasks, malice, interest, envy, favoritism, and party spirit appeared alternately upon their brows; and deep and utter were the miseries that appeared in fearful reality before them. Here sat a pale, intellectual young man, with clasped hands, and features expressing regret, mortification, bitterness and despair. Another picture presented one who had wrestled variously with fortune, and been foiled in every attempt; he had essayed his last hope; the approval of friend ship had ripened hope to confidence; but he held, in his stern grasp, the fatal critique. His faded yet beautiful wife sat meekly by; and the big tears fell, as she endeavored to soothe the little ones who clung around her, begging for bread. There, a chained maniac raved of the unjust sentence that crushed his reason with his proud aspirings, Here were acted every scene of recklessness and inebriety, robbing, voluntary death. Now appeared a delicate young girl, with burning cheek, and trembling eye, perusing the malicious animadversions which had been penned in a moment of asperity and misanthropic excitement; but the heedless shaft has entered her spirit. Again, a middle-aged woman, emaciated and sickly, weeping frantically over her sleeping babes. The only source from which she had hoped to be able to draw a subsistence for them, had poured gall and consuming fire upon her heart, which affliction had already broken; she is now sinking to the grave, and her orphan children—I will not trace their fate. On the other hand were seen authors wallowing in wealth and pride, and reaping honor and applause, who were recognized as amongst the very worst of those

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who had gone down to darkness. A few critics there were, who with generous hearts, and upright intentions, had endeavored to foster merit, and point genius to the noble and honorable path, to correct its errors, and cultivate its excellences, and bring forward its germs of beauty. Grateful and beautiful were the scenes that passed before them as they read; and the light of approval shone from the holy mountain; numerous bright hands brought laurel for their chaplets, and they passed away, amid bright rolling clouds, vanishing in mid air.

And now the editors were summoned. Amongst them I recognized many whose names were familiar to me, and I thought that eternity would hardly suffice for the examination of the enormous piles of newspapers and pamphlets that were heaped up around them. But, before they commenced, the morning song of the glad wild birds frighted away the spirit of slumber, and I found myself pen in hand, with my half-written sheet before me.

THOMAS COOPER.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE person who assumed this name was called Notly, when he was a slave in Maryland. He was compelled to labor very hard, was scantily supplied with food and clothing, and lodged in a little rickety hut, through which the cold winds of winter whistled freely. He was of a very religious turn of mind, and often, when alone in his little cabin at midnight, he prayed earnestly to God to release him from his sufferings.

In the year 1856 he found a favorable opportunity to escape from his unfeeling master, and made his way to Philadelphia, where he procured employment in a lumber-yard, under the name of John Smith. He was so dili gent and faithful, that he soon gained the good-will and confidence of his employers. He married a worthy, industrious woman, with whom he lived happily. By their united earnings they were enabled to purchase a small house, where they enjoyed more comfort than many wealthy people, and were much respected by neighbors and acquaintances.

Unfortunately, he confided his story to a colored man, who, for the sake of reward, informed his master where he was to be found. Accordingly, he came to Philadelphia, arrested him, and carried him before a magistrate. Having brought forward satisfactory evidence that he was a slave, an order was granted to carry him back to Maryland. Isaac T. Hopper was present at this decision, and was afflicted by it beyond measure. John's employers pitied his condition, and sympathized with his afflicted wife and children. They offered to pay a large sum for his ransom; but his savage master refused to release him on any terms. This sober, industrious man, guiltless of any crime, was handcuffed and had his arms tied behind him with a rope, to which another rope was appended, for his master to hold, While they were fastening his fetters, he spoke a few affectionate words to his weeping wife. "Take good care of the children," said he, "and don't let them forget their poor father. If you are industrious and frugal, I hope you will be enabled to keep them at school, till they are old enough to be placed at service in respectable families. Never allow them to be idle; for that will lead them into bad ways. And now don't forget my advice; for it is most likely you will never see me again." Then addressing his children, he said, "You will have no father to take care of you now. Mind what your mother tells you, and be very careful not to do anything to grieve her. Be industrious and faithful in whatever you are set about; and never play in the streets with naughty children."

They all wept bitterly while he thus

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talked to them; but he restrained his sobs, though it was evident his heart was well nigh breaking. Isaac T. Hopper was present at this distressing scene, and suffered almost as acutely as the poor slave himself. In the midst of his parting words his master seized the rope, mounted his horse, snapped his whip, and set off, driving poor John before him. This was done in a Christian country, and there was no law to protect the victim.

John was conveyed to Washington and offered for sale to speculators, who were buying up gangs for the southern market. The sight of dejected and brutified slaves, chained together in coffles, was too common at the seat of our republican government to attract attention; but the barbarity of John's master was so conspicuous, that even there he was rebuked for his excessive cruelty. These expressions of sympathy were quite unexpected to the poor slave, and they kindled a faint hope of escape, which had been smouldering in his breast. Manacled as he was, he contrived to trip up his master, and leaving him prostrate on the ground, he ran for the woods. He was soon beyond the reach of his tyrant, and might have escaped easily if a company had not immediately formed to pursue. They chased him from the shelter of the bushes to a swamp, where he was hunted like a fox, till night with friendly darkness overshadowed him. While his enemies were sleeping he cautiously made his way, by the light of the stars, to the house of an old acquaintance, who hastened to take off his fetters, and give him a good supper.

Thus refreshed, he hastened to bid his colored friend farewell, and with fear and trembling set off for Philadelphia. He had several rivers to cross and he thought likely men would be stationed on the bridges to arrest him. Therefore, he hid himself in the deepest recesses of the woods in the daytime, and traveled only in the night. He suffered much with hunger and fatigue, but arrived home at last, to the great astonishment and joy of his family. He well knew that these precious moments of affectionate greeting were highly dangerous, for his own roof could afford no shelter from pursuers armed with the power of a wicked law. He accordingly hastened to Isaac T. Hopper for advice and assistance.

The yellow fever was then raging in Philadelphia, and the children had all been carried into the country by their mother. Business made it necessary for Friend Hopper to be in the city during the day-time, and a colored domestic remained with him to take charge of the house. This woman was alone when the fugitive arrived; but she showed him to an upper chamber secured by a strong fastening. He had been there but a short time when his master came with two constables, and proceeded to search the house. When they found a room with the door bolted, they demanded entrance, and receiving no answer, they began to consult together how to gain admittance. At this crisis the master of the house came home, and received information of what was going on up stairs. He hastened thither, and ordered the intruders to quit his house instantly. One of the constables said, "This gentleman's slave is here, and if you don't deliver him up immediately we will get a warrant to search the house."

"Quit my premises," replied Friend Hopper. "The mayor dare not grant a warrant to search my house."

The men withdrew in no very good humor, and a message soon came from the mayor requesting to see Isaac T. Hopper. He obeyed the summons, and the magistrate said to him, "This gentleman informs me that his slave is in your house. Is it so?"

The wary Friend replied, "Thou hast just told me that this man says he is. Dost thou not believe him?"

"But I wish to know from yourself whether he is in your house or not," rejoined the magistrate.

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"If the mayor reflects a little, I think he will see that he has no right to ask such a question, and that I am not bound to answer it," replied Friend Hopper. "If he is in my house, and if this man can prove it, I am liable to a heavy penalty; and no man is bound to inform against himself. These people have not behaved so civilly that I feel myself under any especial obligations of courtesy toward them. Hast thou any further business with me?"

"Did you say I dared not grant a warrant to search your house?" asked the mayor.

He answered, "Indeed I did say so; and I now repeat it. I mean no disrespect to anybody in authority, but neither thou nor any other magistrate would dare to grant a warrant to search my house. I am a man of established reputation. I am not a suspicious character."

The mayor smiled as he replied, "I don't know about that, Mr. Hopper. In the present case I am inclined to think you are a very suspicious character." And so they parted.

The master resorted to various stratagems to recapture his victim. He dressed himself in Quaker costume and went to his house. The once happy home was desolate now; and the anxious wife sat weeping, with her little ones clinging to her in childish sympathy. The visitor professed to be very friendly to her husband, and desirous to ascertain where he could be found, in order to render him advice and assistance in eluding the vigilance of his master. The wife prudently declined giving any information, but referred him to Issac T. Hopper, as the most suitable person to consult in the case. Finding that he could not gain his object by deception, he forgot to sustain the quiet character he had assumed, but gave vent to his anger in a great deal of violent and profane language. He went off, finally, swearing that in spite of them all he would have his slave again, if he was to be found on the face of the earth.

John Smith remained under the protection of Friend Isaac about a week. Spies were seen lurking around the house for several days, but they disappeared at last. Supposing this was only a trick to put them off their guard, a colored man was employed to run out of the house after dark. The enemies, who were lying in ambush, rushed out and laid violent hands upon him. They released him as soon as they discovered their mistake; but the next day Friend Hopper had them arrested, and compelled them to enter into bonds for their good behavior. On the following evening the same man was employed to run out again, and this time he was not interrupted. The third evening John Smith himself ventured forth from his hiding-place, and arrived safely in New Jersey.

He let himself to a worthy farmer, and soon gained the confidence and good will of all the family. He ate at the same table with them, and sat with them on Sunday afternoons, listening to their reading of the Scriptures and other religious books. This system of equality did not diminish the modesty of his deportment, but rather tended to increase his habitual humility.

He remained there several months, during which time he never dared to visit his family, though only eight miles distant from them. This was a great source of unhappiness, for he was naturally affectionate, and was strongly attached to his wife and children. At length he ventured to hire a small house in a very secluded situation, not far from the village of Haddonfield, and once more he gathered his family around him. But his domestic comfort was constantly disturbed by fear of men stealers. While at his work in the daytime he sometimes started at the mere rustling of a leaf; and in the night time he often woke up in agony from terrifying dreams.

The false friend, who betrayed him to his cruel master, likewise suffered greatly from fear. When he heard that John had again escaped, he was

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exceedingly alarmed for his own safety, He dreamed that his abused friend came with a knife in one hand and a torch in the other, threatening to murder him and burn the house. These ideas took such hold of his imagination, that he often started up in bed and screamed aloud. But John was too sincerely religious to cherish a revengeful spirit. The wrong done to him was as great as one mortal could inflict upon another, but he had learned the divine precept not to render evil for evil.

The event proved that John's uneasiness was too well founded. A few months after his family rejoined him, Isaac T. Hopper heard that his master had arrived in Philadelphia, and was going to New Jersey to arrest him He immediately apprised him of his danger; and the tidings were received with feelings of desperation amounting to frenzy. He loaded his gun and determined to defend himself. Very early the next morning he saw his master, with two men, coming up the narrow lane that led to his house. He stationed himself in the door-way, leveled his gun, and called out, "I will shoot the first man that crosses that fence!" They were alarmed, and turned back to procure assistance. John seized that opportunity to quit his retreat. He hastened to Philadelphia, and informed Isaac T. Hopper what had happened. His friend represented to him the unchristian character of such violent measures, and advised him not to bring remorse on his soul by the shedding of blood. The poor hunted fugitive seemed to be convinced, though it was a hard lesson to learn in his circumstances. Again he resolved to fly for safety; and his friend advised him to go to Boston. A vessel from that place was then lying in the Delaware, and the merchant who had charge of her, pitying his forlorn situation, offered him a passage free of expense. Kindness bestowed on him was always like good seed dropped into a rich soil. He was so obliging and diligent during the voyage, that he more than compensated the captain for his passage. He arrived safely in Boston, where his certificates of good character soon enabled him to procure employment. Not long after he sent for his wife, who sold what little property they had in Philadelphia, and took her children to their new home.

When John left New Jersey he assumed the name of Thomas Cooper, by which he was ever afterward known. He had early in life manifested a religious turn of mind, and this was probably increased by his continual perils and narrow escapes. He mourned over every indication of dishonesty, profanity, or dissipation, among people of his own color, and this grew upon him, until he felt as if it were a duty to devote his life to missionary labors. He became a popular preacher among the Methodists, and visited some of the West India Islands in that capacity. His christian example and fervid exhortations, warm from the heart, are said to have produced a powerful effect on his untutored hearers. After his return he concluded to go to Africa as a missionary. For that purpose he took shipping with his family for London, where he was received with much kindness by many persons to whom he took letters of introduction. His children were placed at a good school by a benevolent member of the Society of Friends; and from various quarters he received the most gratifying testimonials of respect and sympathy. But what was of more value than all else to the poor harrassed fugitive, was the fact that he now, for the first time in his life, felt entirely safe from the fangs of the oppressor.

He remained in London about a year and a half. During that time he compiled a hymn book, which his friends published, with his portrait in front. He preached with great acceptance to large congregations; several thousand persons assembled to hear his farewell sermon on the eve of his departure for Africa. He sailed for Sierra Leone

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in the latter part of 1859, and was greeted there with much cordiality; for his fame had preceded him. All classes flocked to hear him preach, and his labors were highly useful. After several years spent in the discharge of religious duties, he died of the fever which so often proves fatal to strangers in Africa. His wife returned with her children to end her days in Philadelphia.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beam'd
The early sunbeam in one chamber there,
Showing where e'er its glowing radiance gleam'd,
Rich, varied beauty. 'T was the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long cherish'd art,—
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart.
The language of the soul, the feelings of the heart!

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seem'd that they were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head,—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair
Had separate, yet blended grace,—
A poet's brighest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed
On the mysterious painting gazed;
"Whose work is this!—speak, tell me!—he
Who to his aid such power can call!"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all;
Would I had done it—Ferdinand!
Istruitz! Mendez!—say whose hand
Among you all;"—with half breathed sigh,
Each pupil answer'd, "'Twas not I"

"How came it then?" impatiently
Murillo cried; but we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian."

At the summons came
A bright eyed slave.
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave.
For order'd in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threaten'd (if he did not tell
The truth at once,) the dungeon cell.

"Thou answer'st not!" Murillo said,
(The boy had stood in speechless fear,)
"Speak, or"—at last he raised his head,
And murmur'd, "No one has been here,"
"'Tis false!"—Sebastian bent his knee,
And clasp'd his hands imploringly,
And said—"I swear it! none but me!"

"List," said his master, "I would know
Who enters here;—there have been found
Before, rough sketches strewn around,
By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show;
See that to-night strict watch you keep,
Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
If on to-morrow morn you fail
To answer what I ask,
The lash shall force you—do you hear!
Hence! to your daily task.
* * * * *

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
From one small lamp, a dim, uncertain ray
Within Murillo's study;—all were gone
Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay
Pass'd cheerfully the morning hours away.
'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save—
That to sad thoughts, and torturing fear a prey,

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One bright-ey'd boy was there,—Murillo's
little slave.

Almost a child, that boy had seen,
Not thrice five summers yet,
But genius marked his lofty brow,
O'er which his locks of jet
Profusely curled ; his cheek's dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing
through
Each trobbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

" Alas !" what fate is mine !" he said,
" The lash if I refuse to tell
Who sketched these figures—if I do
Perhaps e'en more, the dungeon cell !"
He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid,
It came ! for soon in slumber laid,
He slept until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

" I'll sleep no more," he cried, " and now
Three hours of freedom I may gain,
Before my master comes, and then
I shall be but a slave again.
Three hours of blessed freedom ! how
Shall I employ them ?—ah ! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be,—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light
Gave to the head a softened glow ;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
He cried, " Shall I efface it ?—No !
That breathing lip ! that beaming eye !
Efface them ?—I would rather die."

The terror of the humble slave
Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feeling Nature gave,—
Which only gifted spirits know ;
He touched the brow—the lip—it seem'd
His pencil had some magic power.
The eye with deeper feeling beamed.
Sebastian forgot the hour !
Forgot his master and the threat
Of punishment still hanging o'er him,
For with each touch new beauties met
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished ; rapturously
He gazed—could aught more beauteous
be ?
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood—
Then started ; horror chill'd his blood ;
His master and the pupils all
Were there e'en at his side !
The terror-stricken slave was mute.
Mercy would be denied,
July 3.

E'en could he ask it ;—so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered for a space,
They gazed upon that perfect face,
Each with an artist's joy ;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke
" Who is your master, boy ?"
" You, senior," said the trembling slave,
" Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave
Before that Virgin's head you drew ?"
Again he answered " only you."
" I gave you none," Murillo cried,—
" But I have heard," the boy replied,
" What you to others said,"
" And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said, " 'tis plainly shown
That you have profited.

" What " (to his pupils) is his meed ?
Reward or punishment ?
" Reward, reward ?" they warmly cried.
(Sebastian's ear was lent
To catch the sound he scarce believed
But with imploring look received,)
" What shall it be ?" they spoke of gold
And of a splendid dress,
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

" Speak !" said Murillo kindly, " choose
Your own reward, what shall it be ?
Name what you wish, I'll not refuse ;
Then speak at once, and fearlessly."
" Oh ! if I dared,"—Sebastian knelt
And feelings he could not control,
(But feared to utter even then,)
With strong emotion shook his soul.

" Courage " his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his over-powering dread.
He scarcely heard till some one said,
" Sebastian ask, you have your choice,
Ask for your *freedom* ?"—At the word
The suppliant strove to raise his voice,—
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently,
" *O ! master, make my* FATHER *free !*"

" Him and thyself ! my noble boy,"
Warmly the painter cried.
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.
" Thy talents rare, and filial love,
E'en more have fairly won ;
Still be thou mine by other bonds,
My pupil and my son."

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Murillo knew, e'en when the words
Of gen'rous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian's talents soon must lead
To fame that would his own eclipse.
And constant to his purpose still,
He joy'd to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care such matchless skill,
As made his name the pride of Spain.

TRUTH.

BY PRESIDENT E. O. HAVEN.

THE whole universe is a combination of facts. There are certain facts of geography, for instance. The earth on which we stand occupies a certain amount of space, has a certain form and weight and texture; so much of it is covered with water, so much with forests, so much deserts, so much with snow. Was there ever a man who understood all the facts about the entire surface of the earth, so that if a blank globe was given to him of the same size, and he had the requisite power, he could reproduce exactly everything that is now found on this earth? Not one! Even a Humboldt or a Ritter would only make a few scratches, or draw some outline maps on the globe. Probably not all living men together could complete the picture. And yet some men know much, the most of men a little, of geography. But extend your vision to other worlds, and how little we know. We can count the planets of this solar system—perhaps not all of them. Combined astronomical science might succeed in placing every one in its proper orbit, and set it whirling and advancing at the proper rates, and tell its weight and size, and something about its material, learned lately by the spectroscope; and that is about all. But are they clothed with vegetation? None can reply. Are they inhabited? Possibly; some of them probably; perhaps none. Who knows? We could ask questions by the hour, but no one can satisfactorily answer. There is but one pathway in material things from the little circle which we do understand into the infinite around us. There are innumerable pathways of the kind, just as you can conceive of innumerable radii from a center toward the circumference.

Turn now to mental things. What is thought? What is soul? What is a thinking being? Does a thinking being carry with it some of those phenomena that we call material? In other words, is there ever a soul without a body? Who knows?

We know that there are minds. We know that we have minds. We can reason. We can count, measure, combine numbers, and compare qualities, and study angles and curves, until we are lost, and can possibly see no further, and yet are conscious that what we see is no more all than what we know of astronomy is all. We have a dim picture of the past, written in a few books, representing the partial, prejudiced, and fragmentary glimpses of centuries, giving us not nearly so correct and full a view as a man would get of a landscape from an old blurred photograph taken in a dark day; for much of what we do see is false. And then when we turn our gaze forward in time, and toward that great ocean of eternity which is to come, how little we know of it!

All this shows the very limited amount of truth man can learn. Indeed, the tendency just now is to discard everything except what may be called ascertained facts. "The Positive Philosophy" is now most ably advocated. The imagination is not to be indulged; faith is not to be recognized; a man is not only to believe only just what he knows from actual sight, but to discard all other thoughts as puerile, or belonging to that age of each man and that age of the world which every wise man and the world ought to outgrow! The senses are to be credited, the intuitions to be denied, forsooth!

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This is a silly theory, but it is not my business now to expose its folly. It has often been manifested by obstinate, ignorant persons, before it was reduced to the form of philosophy, falsely so called. A truly wise man ought to remember that a human soul never outgrows any of its faculties. Polywogs shed their tails and become frogs, but human beings should never shed their imaginations nor their faith. They may develop them, chasten them, and bring them under the proper dominion of reason; but drop them, never. "Positive science" never did fill the whole orb of a man's soul, and never will. Childlike fancy may be developed into a philosophic preconception, which always precedes a scientific discovery, and after the last discovery it still exists. It may also develop into Christian faith that precedes an experience that prepares the soul for heaven.

But if the vision of man at best is so limited, how important is it that what he does know, or what he thinks he knows, should be correct! For who is not aware that many of the beliefs of men are false!

Even many geographic beliefs are false. The most of human beings that have lived have believed that the sun moved around the earth. The most of men now believe it, if they ever think any thing about it. Millions think the sun and moon are being swallowed by a huge serpent when eclipsed. Many believe now in lucky and unlucky days, and that what they call changes in the moon change the weather on earth, though, probably, the moon never changed any more in any one minute than in any other minute since it was made! What strange notions the ancients entertained about the ocean, the air, fire, and earth, the precious metals, the philosopher's stone, and the influence of the stars! How many baseless notions are now entertained!

What groundless prejudices exist among the people of different nations toward each other! Not many years ago it was a part of the education of the Englishmen and Frenchmen to hate each other. How many cruelties have been justified by a misinterpretation of the biblical expression, "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be!"

But why is truth preferable to falsehood! Is it universally conceded to be so! Is not a pleasing delusion better than a disagreeable fact! I have heard this doctrine maintained. It has even been said by divines, in their defence of the christian religion, that were it not true, so pleasing is the doctrine of the love of Christ, so elevating to man is a belief in the immortality of the soul, so productive of the best interests of society are the practical teachings of the Gospel, they would still defend it. I do not sympathize with that position. I would say, let me have the truth, though it be bitter, rather than error, though it be sweet. I do not envy the lunatic his visions, though they make him laugh. If the temple I am building is only a cob-house or a palace of straw, let me know it, though all my hopes are dashed to the ground. I would rather die at once with truth than live any length of time with error.

In this thought, too, I am but expressing a common passion of healthy, thinking souls.

Truth, then, is to be coveted, loved, uttered, and maintained, because God has made man to love it. It is enough that truth is intuitively desireable, falsehood intuitively disagreeable.

Now this love of truth is not depravity. It is the healthy, right exercise of intellect. It is the one right stimulant of the mind. Love of error is a perversion. That is depravity. God loves truth. He has so declared. A little thought will convince any one that it must be so. The very idea of God supposes a being cannot be deceived. It is impossible for God to imagine a falsehood without knowing it to

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be a falsehood. He sees things as they are. If there be in things the relations of time—past, present, and future, God knows things properly—the past as past, the present as present, and the future as future. If the future in any of its parts actually now exists as undetermined and contingent, then God knows it as such, and to know it in any other condition would be to know a falsehood, of which he is incapable. If things exist in relation to space, as material things seem to us to exist, (we cannot ascertain,) God sees them as they are, and cannot be deceived; and when we come to see as we are seen and know as we are known, we shall not be deceived

Therefore, for a man to say that he would prefer falsehood to truth because the falsehood may be pleasing, is deliberately to choose to be unlike God; it is, consequently, the cardinal sin, and such a choice betrays already a radical depravity.

It is the prime characteristic of a healthy mind, that it longs to know the truth; it longs, too, that all its knowings may be true. It detests false cognitions, spurious faiths, delusive opinions. It has no objection to imaginations, if they are only perceived to be imaginations; it likes the dreams of a poet in the place of dreams, but not as facts.

Another reason for the love of truth is a profound conviction that in the end truth is the only safe guide. Though falsehoods may delude and please for a season, all who believe in such a God as the Bible describes, himself truthful and just and holy, must see that the end of all false beliefs is evil, just in proportion to the degree of their trueness.

It takes ideas a long time to produce their legitimate fruits. But if God has written any lesson indelible upon all his works, in every possible character it is that truth begets perfection and error begets deformity; truth begets joy, error begets pain; truth leads to life, error leads to death.

This may be predicated, so far as its influence extends, of every individual truth and of every individual error. Every lie on any subject, however abstruse, or impractical, or trivial, if believed, is dangerous. Every truth, however trivial, may prove to have a value. We can conceive of instances in which lies may seem temporarily to benefit men, just as we can conceive of instances in which poisons may be of benefit to the body, or wounds or bruises may help a man; but they are exceptional, and do not affect the rule; all error is pernicious; all truth is profitable.

Truth, on any one subject, obeyed, will bear its legitimate fruit, though the same mind that entertains it is a victim of error on other subjects. The temperate sinner will be healthy, as the fruit of his temperance; the intemperate saint will be sickly, as the fruit of his intemperance. But the temperate sinner will suffer in his soul as the result of his sins, while the intemperate saint will be profited spiritually by his mental rectitude. But generally error begets error of other kinds, and truth encourages truth of every other kind. All errors, though mutually contradictory and hostile, agree in a combined hostility to truth; while any one truth correctly ascertained predisposes the mind for other truths. Therefore science must aid religion, and religion must aid science. Any science, so-called, that is hostile to true religion, is sophistical and false; and any religion that is hostile to true science is superstitious and false.

A truly religious man is always ready to acknowledge and investigate any fact. He does not shrink from facts of history, however they may seem to bear upon the Bible; or from facts of science, however they may seem to conflict with theology. He is ready at any time to adjust his notions to facts, without sacrificing what he regards as central and actual virtues. The man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday is not a model man. The theology of to-day is not the same in form as that of a century ago. The past cannot be restored without its ignorance, and who would desire that?

Some men have no faith in truth, as able to defend itself. They make a cage and put truth in it, and bandage its eyes, and clip its wings, and then say to all around, come and see how much we love truth! Do you love it? then break down the bars, tear off the bandages, and let the captive fly. If it be a creature of God he will take care of it.

Some have maintained that all fiction is to be discarded by carrying out the principle of this commandment.

This is a narrow view and false. God has given us imagination to be indulged. We need it, to picture before us by anticipation the results of wrong action, to

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repel us from it; and of right action, to attract us to it. Hypotheses always precede scientific deductions and intelligent inventions. The wildest of fancies may be useful. They may even illustrate the highest truth. It is only needful that they should be known as fictions, and not regarded as true.

The deliberate falsifier is perhaps the greatest of sinners. He perverts the intellect, which is the fountain of action, to falsify and corrupt the very nature of those over whom he exerts an influence. The devil is called in the Scripture "the father of lies," and is pronounced "a liar from the beginning." It must have been a lie, deliberately chosen and defended, that caused the fallen angels to swerve from the integrity in which God first created them. Falsehood has been and is the source of all sin.

"But there are instances of lies recorded in the Bible, and attributed even to men and women that were commended, if not for their falsehoods, certainly for their general character." Certainly there are. Such as Jacob, who deceived Isaac by the help of his good mother; and Rahab, who concealed the spies and lied to her own countrymen, on the principle that all is right in war, and was afterward commended as a woman of faith; and David, who feigned madness to save his life. What shall we say of them? simply this. The Bible described facts as they occurred, and not the fancies of its writers. Also these people, so far as they sinned, could not have been approved by a just God, and it would have been better had they not borne false witness, though it was not against their neighbor, except in the case of Jacob, who was undoubtedly punished for his sin, and was in no way benefitted by the birthright which he stole.

How many histories, so-called, are tissues of lies! How many political essays, and even religious writings, so-called, are permeated with falsehood! How disgraceful to Christianity is the word, how much more disgraceful the thing expressed by the words, "pious frauds!" Is there any reproach to our fallen human nature so deep as the fact that the very word derived from the name of Jesus, the Son of God, jesuitism, signifies chicanery and lies? Is not this indeed "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in?"

There is not a thing in nature primarily designed to deceive. We speak fancifully of the deceitful ocean, the deceitful mirage of the desert, of poisonous fruits and flowers attracting us by their beauty only to injure and destroy. But all these things exist according to law, inflexible, unchanging. They do not change their natures and their shapes. The instincts of the unreasoning animals are always a sure guide, and if man will use his reason he may learn the facts and laws of nature, which abide. "The Father of Lights" has "no changeableness or shadow of turning." What is this but to say that he is true? The laws of nature, never varying, are the sublimest expression of truth.

Reflect upon Christ. Read his life over and over again, and see how absolutely free from the least tinge of falsehood it is. We have no intimation that he was suspected even of this sin. Paul was charged with the fault. Peter actually did dissemble, and was rebuked by Paul for the wrong; but the Saviour not only always uttered the truth, and nothing but the truth, but was never suspected of the opposite. His words were sometimes perverted, even when he knew it and did not correct the wrong impressions; but he was never responsible for an incorrect idea. He was "the Way, the Truth, the Life."

Observe that a deliberate untruth always annihilates that peculiar peace which is the greatest reward of a Christian life. It is an essential element of Christian doctrine that every true spiritual disciple of Christ who has repented, believed, and become a child of God by adoption, has a peace that no other possession will give, and that nothing but sin can permanently take away. This peace abides till death. It flows as a river. It destroys the fear of death. It illumines the grave. It ushers the departing soul into heaven. Now there is no more deadly foe to this Christian peace than a conscious falsehood. It is an unfailing poison, a deadly enemy.

It was this that prevented the early Christians, when threatened with martyrdom, from saving their lives by an insincere compliance with the ceremonies of paganism. Many a Christian was told that if he would but offer a sacrifice to an idol, if he would but toss a piece of incense upon the altar, if he would but disown Christ by a word, though he might still cherish him in his heart, he should

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be unmolested. Why did he not yield so little? Was it not obstinacy? So it seemed to many. But their reply was in substance: "I cannot do this small thing without sanctioning what I believe to be a lie. Truth is to me a precious thing. If I pervert it my peace of mind is gone. My conscious hold upon my unseen Redeemer broken. I am cast off, a waif, an orphan, helpless, dead. I live only by preserving my integrity. I can bear martyrdom, which can last but a few moments. I cannot bear desolation which may be eternal;" and therefore the Christian died. But so sublime was the example, that appealing to the natural admiration of sincerity in every heart, for one that fell two arose to take his place, and "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church."

Finally, let no one suppose that it is an easy thing to abstain from falsehood and always to abide by the truth. It is the very summit of manhood; it is emancipation from sin; it is union with God.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE is a poetry of sound, susceptibility to which is wholly independent of science. Taste for this exquisite pleasure may be cultivated to the highest degree, by those who have no musical skill, and are ignorant even of the vocabulary of the art. Perhaps, indeed, music is felt by none so much as those to whom it is a sweet mystery, a luxury never analyzed, an unexplored avenue, leading at once, and by a process too enchanting to examine, into the happy precincts of the ideal world. To such minds the vagueness of music is one of its greatest charms. To them it occasions no surprise to remember that musicians were anciently deemed seers; and that even Christians followed an idolatrous example, and canonized Cecilia when the muses were no more. They can sympathize with the monk of Catania, whose dying request it was to be buried beneath the organ whose harmonies had so long blessed him. Like the opium eater, they love to "construct out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure." They delight to lose, or rather quicken their consciousness in the inspiring atmosphere of song. "Succession," says Burke, "gives the idea of continuing on to infinity." Perhaps this acounts for the spell which music exerts over imaginative spirits. It is a magic river, down which they float to the verge of the infinite. Without the definiteness of sculpture and painting, music is, for that very reason, far more suggestive. Like Milton's Eve, an outline, an impulse is furnished, and the imagination does the rest. Anticipation, that mighty principle of happiness, is called into immediate action. Expectancy is constantly aroused. "The essence of musical feeling," says an ingenious writer, "consists in this, —that we endeavor, from a sense of pleasure, to dwell on and even to perpetuate in our minds, some kind of emotion of a joyful or painful nature." Music thus seems the prelude to that perfect satisfaction, the entire expression of itself, for which the heart is ever aspiring:—

"The golden key
That opes the palace of eternity."

Could we penetrate further into the facts of nature, perhaps it would be discovered that the most ethereal of physical influences is sound, and that music is the element in which matter and spirit most nearly assimilate. A more refined sense and a deeper sensibility would doubtless reveal more of the poetry of sound than we can now imagine. It has been suggested that as the telescope enables us to see stars otherwise invisible, so auditory tubes might be constructed by which we could hear the music of the spheres. Nature's music falls upon inattentive ears. The wind awakens harmonies innumerable and too various to be transcribed. The ocean is an infinite organ of sound. Forests are mighty

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harps; and every brook "makes music with the enameled stones." Yet how rare is the auditor, who, like Beethoven, could sit on a style out in the summer noon-tide, and gather up the blending music of creation, to repeat in new combinations or more striking forms:

"While mellow warble, sprightly trill
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight."

There is perhaps no better definition of music than—the language of the soul. Thus regarded, it is a curious and pleasing speculation to trace its effects upon man, and note how it mingles with the experience of those distinguished by eminent gifts or rare achievements. Wherever the poetic temperament obtains, wherever human nature is discussed by a master-spirit, we find the poetry of sound recognized as the true dialect of emotion, and adopted, as it were, spontaneously, as a medium of expression, a profound solace, a rich stimulus or a graceful diversion. As a language, then, consider its universality. The Spanish muleteer chants the ballads of his country amid her lonely hills, beneath her palaces is heard the tinkle of the guitar, and in her fields the clink of castinets. The Savoyards carry over the world their mountain songs. The shrill bagpipe wakes the echoes of the Highlands, and Paganini's violin filled the concert room of St. Petersburg. Amid the ruins of Rome, at Christmas, the savage Calabrian plays his wild reeds; and the streets of Paris resound with the Marsellaise. A London audience hail the national anthem, and the American Indians have their war-whoop and death song.

A not less striking indication of the powerful hold this diversion has upon the popular mind in Italy, is the facility with which the artisans adopt favorite airs, and the skill with which a casual band of night strollers strike spontaneously into a new chorus. The honors lavished upon the prima donna are equally significant. The well-timed applause, the shower of wreaths, the torch-bearing procession and the more private tokens of admiration bestowed upon these queens of song, render their triumphs, though brief, the most brilliant of modern times. When Malibran was passing through Arezzo, the inhabitants secreted her horses, and, assembling in the principal piazza, beneath the hotel windows, refused to allow her to proceed until she had favored them with a favorite air. Their town was too small for a large theater, and they adopted this course in despair of ever hearing, in any other way, the voice with whose fame all Italy rung Farinelli purchased a duchy. Pasta's residence on the banks of Lake Como, is a beautiful evidence of her success, and the cultivated friends around her still keep alive the consideration her splendid career excited. Catalani, at the age of sixty, lived in honored retirement in one of the most delightful villas in the neighborhood of Florence. Bellini's memory is cherished in Sicily, as the redeeming genius of that unhappy island. In the old world, music is the subtle language through which restricted talent finds scope—the cheering atmosphere in which poverty seeks refreshment—the elevating element in which even the victims of despotism breathe freely. The bravi, who were hired to despatch Stradella, abandoned the meditated crime, with horror, after hearing him sing. Keller, a poor peruke maker, received the still poorer Haydn into his house, merely from having enjoyed his voice at the cathedral.

It is worthy of remark that the productions of composers are finished as soon as imagined. No medium of human expression is so fresh, so directly the offspring of sentiment. That it has to do with the very depths of our nature is evident from the melancholy which characterizes all impassioned music. It addresses the memory with singular power. How often it breaks up at once the deep of the affections,

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and conjures back all that is beautiful and dear in the domain of the past!

Anecdotes of celebrated composers are full of interest. Haydn imagined a little romance, and then wrote it out in music. Gluck kindled his fancy by sitting at the piano in the midst of a beautiful meadow. One composer could only invent with a diamond ring upon his finger, the donation of an illustrious friend; and another read one of Petrarch's sonnets to awaken his "fine frenzy." Many of the fragments which Bellini left are so marked as to show they were written under the influence of feelings resulting from personal experience. It was his custom to incorporate these fruits of private sentiment into his operas. Hence, doubtless, their reality of style and truth of expression.

Even the physical effects of music are but very partially explored. The beautiful story of David's consoling strains, so finely embodied in Alfieri's Saul, is probably but faintly typical of the power of harmony in cases of mental malady. "The devil is of a melancholy cast," says Luther, "and music soon drives him away." Invalids of nervous temperament, may raise their tone of health to an astonishing degree by frequenting musical entertainments. Haydn's biographer declares himself cured of a fever by a fine mass. Philip V. of Spain, when a confirmed hypochondriac, was alive to nothing but music. Whoever has witnessed the tranquil state sometimes induced by melody, in cases of violent insanity, or traced the world of meaning which the blind realize in cultivating sound, will appreciate the undiscovered efficacy of music as a resource and a restorative.

The occasions of the art are as various as the exigencies and aspects of human life. Our triumphs would indeed prove dull, and our wants wasting, were not this sweet resource provided. Miriam celebrated with her timbrel, the escape of her people from bondage, and Jepthah's daughter went out to meet him with a song. The morning stars sang together at the dawn of creation, and the melody of angels hailed the rising star of Bethlehem. The fame of the moon of Spain has found its best echo in legendary songs; and Byron sums up the woes of Venice in one line, when he tells us that

"Songless rows the silent gondolier."

The lover soothes his impatient heart, and the loved plumes the wings of her affection, as the serenade floats through the moonlit air, The infant falls asleep upon its mother's bosom to the lulling strain of a nursery song; and the aged man who has died in honor, is laid in his grave with the solemn harmony of the dirge. The grace of festivity is the banquet song; and the tears of repentance become sublime amid the solemn pathos of the *miserere*. The bitterness of bondage passes from the slave's heart as his chant accompanies the plashing oar; and the fear of death is lost in valorous resolves, as the trumpet's onset falls on the ear of the soldier. The nun forgets the world she regrets, when joining in the vesper hymn; and the belle is, for a moment, redeemed from the thrall of fashion, when alone with her harp. Blind and maimed though he be, the strolling musician smiles blandly as he plays; and the peasant thinks the world his own, as his reed welcomes the sunset hour.

How nobly music mingles with the lives of the good and great! In early youth the author of the reformation endeavored to support himself by singing in the streets. This he calls "bread music." In later years his heroic spirit found scope in hymns of devotion, and when his great work was finished, these sacred melodies were sung by the tearful multitude that clustered around his coffin. What a sublime picture does Milton present seated at his organ, raising those sightless orbs, whose darkness only made the light within more bright, while his aspirations found a response in the solemn strain. Haydn was wont to muse upon God's goodness until the "fire

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burned," and then he penned those devotional compositions which have kindled a like flame in countless hearts. Mary Stuart's captivity was cheered by her lute; and Galileo turned from the abstruse researches of science to the refreshment of music. It is related of Marie Antoinette that, when standing before her inhuman judges, she thrummed the bar with her fingers, as if it were a piano, and seemed endeavoring to support her courage by wandering in fancy through some remembered melody. The wild fancy of Salvator expatiated in the boundless domain of sound, not less than amid the forest scenes of the Appenines. Mozart, we are told, was a king at the piano, though inadequate elsewhere. Old Walton, while at his favorite pastime, cheered by the singing of the birds, was wont to ejaculate, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" How characteristic of Thomson, that he loved to lean out of the window at Richmond, and listen to the nightingales, through the long summer nights; and what a genial resource proved Goldsmith's flute, in his wanderings over the continent.

The effects that consecrate music are chiefly chronicled by the poets. They have cherished the influence and celebrated the triumphs of the art, as kindred to their own. Indeed, the susceptibility essential to poetic power, is equally alive to the spell of harmony. Moore says he is no poet apart from the sensation of music. Dante, in his Paradise, speaks of the melody that

"Sounds sweetest here
And draws the spirit most unto itself;"—

thus recognizing one of the striking metaphysical results of the art. Petrarch poured forth his verses to the sound of the lute, which he bequeaths to a friend. His voice was sweet and of great compass. Alfieri sought at the grand opera, the inspiration under which his dramas were composed.

June 4.

Dryden has left a noble record of his sense of the power of music in Alexander's Feast. Wordsworth says of Lucy, in his beautiful poem of that name:—

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Shelley's description of music, of which he was passionately fond, and to whose every inspiration he was singularly susceptible, is equally fanciful and characteristic:

"The silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild,
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother Care, like a weary child,
Is laid asleep in flowers."

Milton's deep sense of the beautiful in sound, is expressed in many instances with his usual power and felicity. To him music was an immense consolation. Pleasure at one sense "quite shut out," the other overflowing with enjoyment. In Comos, the poet recorded, in language too grand and musical ever to be forgotten, his estimation of the "soft and solemn breathing sound:"

"At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled."

Can the utmost familiarity ever rob that passage of its charm? But of all the poets, Shakspeare has most perfectly suggested the philosophy of music. When suspicion has blighted the affection of the Moorish warrior, he bids a solemn farewell to the "shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife." The charm they once possessed is dispelled with love's departed melody. Richard III. can find no pleasure in the art save as a rude minister to his testy ambition, a sound to drown the railings of his bereaved accuser. "Strike up, I say"—is a command, with the attendant

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circumstances, singularly illustrative of his tyrannical character. Sir Toby Belch talks of rousing "the night-owl with a catch," and Jacques declares he "can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. What significance in Cæsar's objection to Cassius—"he hears no music." What an effective touch of description, bringing into view all the delicacy and tenderness of the female character, in Lear's observation of Cordelia:—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low;—an excellent thing in woman."

Desdemona's baffled heart seeks a relief in the willow song, accordant with her gentle nature. Ophelia's madness finds an expression in her pensive strains most appropriate to her fanciful temperament. It comports with the ideal character of the Tempest, that Ariel's melody should draw Ferdinand to Miranda; and how finely has the poet betrayed a lover's yearning for pathetic music, in the Duke's command to his page, in Twelfth Night:—

"Now, good Cesario, that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought that it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times;—
Come, but one verse.

* * * * *

———It is old and plain:
The spinners and knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Did use to chant it; it is silly sooth
And dallies with the innocence of woe
Like the old age."

From the tender strain which gives "an echo to the seat where love is throned," to the "sweet thunder" of the Spartan hounds; from the mysterious harmony of invisible spirits, to the hearty carolings of conviviality, Shakspeare has introduced and depicted music with a marvellous truth to human nature. How exquisitely is Cleopatra's fond caprice displayed, in this brief colloquy after Antony's departure:

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attendant. The music, ho.
Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards; Come, Charmian.

The proud queen, even in reference to an art whose "voluptuous swell" was so adapted to her luxurious tastes, is still described,

"As variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made."

In the Merchant of Venice, we have, as it were, an epitome of our subject. The power of music, its association with the deep things of the heart, its divine accordance with the bright serenity of nature, its sweet response to the bliss of reciprocated affection, the comfort it affords the sorrowful, all its meaning and its truth, are here casually but vividly sketched. When viewed in relation to the respective scenes and persons, these touches of the poet, if faithfully conned, are more significant than a whole volume of comments on the poetry of sound.

AMERICAN DELUGE.

A SHARP HIT BY DR. J. L. COMSTOCK.

With respect to the deluge which Mr. Lyell predicts will happen about 30,000 years hence in North America, we will state the grounds on which his profoundly scientific vision presage a catastrophe so awful to this devoted country.

"It was," says he," contrary to analogy to suppose that nature has been, at any former epoch, parsimonious of time, and prodigal of violence, to imagine that one district was not at rest, while another was convulsed; that the disturbing forces were not kept under subjection, so as never to carry simultaneous desolation over the whole earth, or even over one

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great region." * * * * "In speculating on catastrophes by water, we may certainly expect great floods in future, and we therefore presume that they have happened again and again in past times. The existence of enormous seas of fresh water, such as the North American lakes, the largest of which is elevated more than 600 feet above the level of the ocean, and is in part 1,200 feet deep, is alone sufficient to assure us, that the time will come, however distant, when a deluge will lay waste a considerable part of the American continent. No hypothetical agency is required to cause the sudden escape of the confined waters. Such changes of level and opening of fissures, as have accompanied earthquakes since the commencement of the present century, or such excavations of ravines as the receding cataract of Niagara is now effecting, might break the barrier. Notwithstanding, therefore, that we have not witnessed within the last 3,000 years the devastation by deluge of a large continent, yet, as we may predict the future occurrence of such catastrophes, we are authorized to regard them as part of the present order of nature, and they may be introduced into geological speculations respecting the past, provided we do not imagine them to have been more frequent or general than we expect them to be in time to come."—*Principles of Geology*, vol. i. p. 88.

Mr. Lyell's argument runs thus: "Because there are great lakes in North America, situated 600 feet above the sea, and because the cataract of Niagara is receding at the rate of fifty yards in forty years, therefore, we may anticipate great floods in future; and we therefore presume that they have happened again and again in past ages." Consequently, we must presume that all the changes the earth has undergone by water, have been produced by such catastrophes, and therefore Noah's flood never happened, and so the Mosaic history is not to be believed.

It is plain that Mr. Lyell's zeal to show that there has been no universal deluge, made him forget that in another part of his volume, he states that the quantity of sediment which is every year deposited in lake Erie is such that it will finally be filled up and become dry land; and as he does not expect the cataract of Niagara will drain this lake until the end of 30,000 years, we may hope that it will become solid within that period.

But independently of this oversight, no person of the least reflection, whether geologist or not, would for a moment believe that a lake, formed like a dish, and surrounded on all sides by solid limestone rocks, 90 feet thick, as Erie is, could be drained to its bottom in a few hours by the action of its own waters. Suppose the cataract of Niagara now at the outlet of lake Erie, and moving into it at the rate of 50 yards in 40 years, or a little more than a yard per year, we would inquire of Mr. Lyell how long a period would be consumed in draining it to the bottom, and whether the escape of its waters thus *sudden*, "would cause a tremendous deluge;" as he asserts.

Who Would Be A Boy Again.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Oh who would be a boy again!
Life's journey just begun;
Methinks 'twere better far to know
The race was almost run.

Through pleasant plains and flow'ry vales
Our paths do often lay;
And yet how oft we weary grow
And faint upon the way.

We may not shun the cares and toils,
We may not shun the strife,
For these are part of nature's plans;
Yes, these are part of life.

We may not pluck life's flowers alone.
This is to all denied;
For often does the sweetest fruit
And thorns grow side by side.

And those who journey on,
To duty's call obey,
Will find it oft a cheerless road,
A rough and rugged way.

Then who would wish again to live
Those years of joy and pain,
Or backward turn the wheels of time
To be a boy again.

Nay, rather let our hearts rejoice!
As each day's work is done,
And with the weary traveler say,
"I'm one day nearer home."

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TRUE REFINEMENT.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

REFINEMENT is one of the outworkings of faith in the spiritual. It is the lifting of one's self upwards from the merely sensual—the effort of the soul to etherealize the common wants and uses of life. A really refined man who ignores Christianity is a creature to beget wonder. A man whose sense of color is so exquisite that one wrong shade cannot escape his eye, that harmony of hues is his soul's delight, I marvel that *that* man's eye has never pierced the blue, and caught the sparkle of the gems that glow with matchless dyes upon the gates of the eternal city. A man whose ear is all attuned to melody, who has brought music to its highest earthly perfection, and stands entranced by the sweetness of its passing tones, I marvel that *he* never hears the ringing of the harps of heaven. And he who has lifted his affections until no touch of grossness ever defiles them, who has made them pure as crystal from the taint of life's vulgarity, I marvel, more and more, that along their edges plays no fire from the celestial treasury of love—that as the lightning from the earth leaps forth and joins and mingles with the lightning from the cloud, his love is oft touched and intensified by the love of God. What rapine! what havoc! when such an one—his life being touched—goes forth, naked and alone, to find that he has stopped infinitely short of any preparation which could make the happiness of heaven possible to him.

MANY a man never sees into heaven, till he sees there through the grave of his little child, or till he loses his wife, not only the better half, but often the whole better part of himself. That unutterable loss which darkens the house, which darkens life itself, which takes the breath out of the years, and leaves a man to go staggering through the world, like one smitten at noonday with blindness.

JAMES NAYLER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"YOU will here read the true story of that much injured, ridiculed man, James Nayler; what dreadful sufferinges, with what patience he indured, even to the boring of the tongue with hot irons, without a murmur; and with that strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatised as blasphemy, had given place to clearer thoughts, he could murmur his error in a state of the beautifullest humility."—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

"WOULD that Carlyle could now try his hand at the English Revolution!" was my exclamatian on laying down the last volume of his remarkable "History of the French Revolution," with its brilliant and startling word-pictures still flashing before my vision. To some extent this wish has been realized in the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." Yet I confess that the perusal of these volumes has disappointed me. Instead of giving himself free scope, as in the French Revolution, and transferring to his canvas all the wild and ludicrous, the terrible and beautiful phases of that moral phenomenon; he has concentrated all his artistic skill upon a single figure,—whom he seems to have as the embodiment and hero of the great event. All else in his canvas is subordinate to the grim image of the collossal Puritan. Intent upon presenting him as the fitting object of that "Hero-Worship," which in its blind admiration and adoration of mere abstract Power, seems to us at times a species of Devil-Worship; he dwarfs, casts into the shadow, nay, in some instances, caricatures and distorts the figures which surround him. To excuse Cromwell in his usurpation, Henry Vane, one of those exalted and noble characters, upon whose features the lights held by historical friends or foes detect no blemish, is dismissed

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with a sneer, and utterly unfounded imputation of dishonesty. To reconcile, in some degree, the glaring discrepancy between the declarations of Cromwell, in behalf of freedom of conscience, and that mean and cruel persecution of the Quakers, carried on under his sanction and authority, the generally harmless fanaticism of a few individuals, bearing that name, is gravely urged.

James Nayler was born in the parish of Ardesley, in Yorkshire, in 1616. His father was a substantial farmer, of good repute and competent estate; and he in consequence received a good education. At the age of twenty-two he married and removed to Wakefield parish, which has since been made classic ground by the pen of Goldsmith. Here, an honest, God-fearing farmer, he tilled his soil, and alternated between cattle-markets and independent conventicles. In 1641, he obeyed the summons of "my Lord Fairfax" and his Parliament, and joined a troop of horse composed of sturdy independents, doing such signal service against "the man of Belial, Charles Stuart," that he was promoted to the rank of quarter-master, in which capacity he served under General Lambert, in his Scottish campaign. Disabled at length by sickness, he was honorably dismissed from the service, and returned to his family.

For three or four years he continued to attend the meetings of the Independents, as a zealous and devout member. But it so fell out, that in the winter of 1651, George Fox, who had just been released from a cruel imprisonment, in Darby jail, felt a call to set his face towards Yorkshire. "So travelling," says Fox in his journal, "through the countries, to several places, preaching Repentance and the Word of Life, I came into the parts about Wakefield, where James Nayler lived. The worn and weary soldier, covered with the scars of outward battle, received, as he believed, in the cause of God and his people, against Anti-Christ and oppression, welcomed with thankfulness the veteran of another warfare; who in conflict with "Principalities and Powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places," had made his name a familiar one in any English hamlet. "He and Thomas Goodyear," says Fox, "came to me, and were both convinced and received the truth." He soon after joined the Society of Friends. In the spring of the next year he was in his field following his plough, and meditating, as he was wont, on the great question of life and duty, when he seemed to hear a voice bidding him to go out from his father's house, with an assurance that the Lord would be with him, while laboring in his service. Deeply impressed he left his employment, and, returning to his house, made immediate preparations for a journey. But hesitation and doubt followed, he became sick from anxiety of mind, and his recovery, for a time, was exceedingly doubtful. On his restoration to bodily health, he obeyed what he regarded as a clear inclination to duty, and went forth a preacher of the doctrines he had embraced. The independent minister of the society to which he had formerly belonged sent after him the story that he was the victim of sorcery; that George Fox carried with him a bottle, out of which he made people drink; and that the draught had the power to change a Presbyterian or Independent into a Quaker at once: that in short, the Arch-Quaker, Fox, was a wizard, and could be seen at the same moment of time riding on the same black horse, in two places, widely separated! He had scarcely commenced his exhortations, before the mob, excited by such stories, assailed him. In the early summer of the year we hear of him in Appleby jail. On his release he fell in company with George Fox. At Walney he was furiously assaulted, and beaten with clubs and stones: the poor priest-led fishermen being fully persuaded that they were dealing with a wizard. The

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spirit of the man, under these circumstances, may be seen in the following extract from a letter to his friends.

"Dear friends! Dwell in patience, and wait upon the Lord who will do His own work. Look not at man who is in the work, nor at man opposing it; but rest in the will of the Lord that so ye may be furnished with patience, both to do and to suffer what ye shall be called unto, that your end in all things may be His praise. Meet often together; take heed of what exalteth itself above its brother; but keep low, and serve one another in love."

Laboring thus, interrupted only by persecution, stripes and imprisonment, he finally came to London and spoke with great power and eloquence in the meetings of the friends in that city. Here, he for the first time found himself surrounded by admiring and sympathising friends. He saw, and rejoiced in the fruits of his ministry. Profane and drunken cavaliers, intolerant Presbyters, and blind Papists, owned the truths which he uttered, and counted themselves as his disciples. Women, too, in their deep trustfulness and admiring reverence, sat at the feet of the eloquent stranger. Devout believers in the doctrine of the inward light and manifestation of God in the heart of man, these latter, at length, thought they saw such unmistakable evidence of the true life in James Nayler, that they felt constrained to declare that Christ was, in an especial manner, within him, and to call upon all to recognize in reverent adoration this new incarnation of the Divine and Heavenly. The wild enthusiasm of his disciples had its effect on the teacher. Weak in body, worn with sickness, fastings, stripes, and prison-penance, and naturally credulous and imaginative, is it strange that in some measure he yielded to the miserable delusion? Let those who would harshly judge him, or ascribe his fall to the peculiar doctrines of his sect, think of Luther engaged in personal combat with the devil, or conversing with him on points of theology in his bed-chamber, or of Bunyan at actual fisticuffs with the adversary; or of Fleetwood, and Vane, and Harrison millenium-mad, and making preparations for an earthly reign of King Jesus. It was an age of intense religious excitement. Fanaticism had become epidemic. Cromwell swayed his parliaments by "revelations" and Scripture phrases in the painted chamber—stout generals and sea-captains exterminated the Irish, and swept Dutch navies from the ocean, with old Jewish war-cries, and hymns of Debora and Miriam; country justices charged juries in Hebraisms and cited the laws of Palestine oftener than those of England. Poor Nayler found himself in the very midst of this seething and confused Maelstrom. He struggled against it for a time; but human nature was weak; he became, to use his own words, "bewildered and darkened," and the floods went over him.

Leaving London with some of his more zealous followers, not without solemn admonition and rebuke from Francis Hewgill and Edward Burrough, who at that period were regarded as the most eminent and gifted of the Society's ministers, he bent his steps towards Exeter. Here, in consequence of the extravagance of his language and that of his diciples, he was arrested and thrown into prison. Several infatuated women, surrounded the jail, declaring that "Christ was in prison," and on being admitted to see him knelt down and kissed his feet, exclaiming, "Thy name shall be no more called James Nayler, but Jesus!" Let us pity him and them. They, full of grateful and extravagant affection for the man whose voice had called them away from worldly vanities, to what they regarded as eternal realities, whose hand they imagined had for them swung back the pearl gates of the celestial city, and flooded their atmosphere with light from

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heaven; he, receiving their homage, (not as offered to a poor, weak, sinful Yorkshire trooper, but rather to the hidden man of the heart, the "Christ within" him,) with that self-deceiving humility which is but another name for spiritual pride. Mournful, yet natural, such as is still in greater or less degree manifested between the Catholic enthusiast and her confessor; such as the careful observer may at times take note of even in our Protestant revivals.

How Nayler was released from Exeter jail does not appear, but the next we hear of him is at Bristol, in the fall of the year. His entrance into that city shows the progress which he and his followers had made in the interval. Let us look at Carlyle's description of it: "A procession of eight persons—one, a man on horseback riding single, the others men and women partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single rider, at whose bridle walk and splash two women, 'Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!' and other things, 'in buzzing tone,' which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single rider is a raw-boned male figure, with lank hair reaching below his cheeks, hat drawn close over his brows, nose rising slightly in the middle, of abstruse down look, and large dangerous jaws strictly closed; he sings not; sits there covered, and is sung to by the others, bare."

Truly, a more pitiful example of hero worship is not well to be conceived of. Instead of taking the rational view of it, however, and mercifully shutting up the actors in a mad-house, the authorities of that day conceiving it to be a stupendous blasphemy, and themselves God's avengers in the matter, sent Nayler, under strong guard, up to London, to be examined before the Parliament. The following horrible resolution was agreed upon:

"That James Nayler be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory in the Palace Yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets, from Westminster to the Old Exchange, and there, likewise, be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory for the space of two hours, between eleven and one, on Saturday next, in each place wearing a paper containing a description of his crimes; and at the Old Exchange his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there stigmatized on the forehead with the letter 'B;' and that he be afterwards sent to Bristol, to be conveyed into and through the said city on horseback, with his face backward, and there, also publicly, whipped the next market day after he comes thither; and from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labor hard until he shall be released by parliament; and during that time be debarred the use of pen, ink and paper, and have no relief except what he earns by his daily labor."

Such, neither more nor less, was, in the opinion of parliament, required on their part to appease the Divine vengeance. The sentence was pronounced on the 17th of the Twelfth Month; the entire time of the parliament for the two months previous having been occupied with the case.

Nayler was called into the parliament house to receive his sentence. "I do not know mine offence," he said mildly. "You shall know it," said Sir Thomas Widdington, "by your sentence." When the sentence was read he attempted to speak, but was silenced. "I pray God," said Nayler, "that He may not lay this to your charge."

The next day, the 18th of the Twelfth Month, he stood in the pillory two hours, in the chill winter air, and was then stripped and scourged by the hangman at the tail of a cart through the streets. Three hundred and ten stripes were inflicted; his back and arms were horribly cut and mangled,

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and feet crushed and bruised by the feet of horses treading on him in the crowd. He bore all with uncomplaining patience; but was so far exhausted by his sufferings that it was found necessary to postpone the execution of the residue of the sentence for a week. The terrible severity of his sentence, and his meek endurance of it, had in the meantime powerfully affected many of the humane and generous of all classes in the city; and a petition for the remission of the remaining part of the penalty was unanimously signed and presented to parliament. A debate ensued upon it, but its prayer was rejected. Application was then made to Cromwell, who addressed a letter to the speaker of the house, inquiring into the affair, protesting an "abhorrence and detestation of giving or occasioning the least countenance to such opinions and practices" as were imputed to Nayler, "yet, we being entrusted in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations; and not knowing how far such proceedings entered into wholly without us may extend in the consequence of it, do hereby desire that the house may let us know the grounds and reason whereon they have proceeded." From this, it is not unlikely that the Protector might have been disposed to clemency, and to look with a degree of charity upon the weakness and errors of one of his old and tried soldiers, who had striven like a brave man, as he was, for the rights and liberties of Englishmen; but the clergy here interposed, and vehemently, in the name of God and His church, demanded that the executioner should finish his work. Five of the most eminent of them, names well known in the Protectorate, Carly, Manton, Nye, Griffith and Reynolds, were deputed by parliament to visit the mangled prisoner. A reasonable request was made, that some impartial person might be present, that justice might be done Nayler in the report of his answers. This was refused. It was, however, agreed that the conversation should be written down, and a copy of it left with the jailer. He was asked if he was sorry for his blasphemies. He said he did not know to what blasphemies they alluded; that he did believe in Jesus Christ; that He had taken up His dwelling in his own heart, and for the testimony of Him he now suffered. "I believe," said one of the ministers, "in a Christ who was never in any man's heart." "I know no such Christ," rejoined the prisoner, "the Christ I witness to fills heaven and earth, and dwells in the hearts of all true believers." On being asked why he allowed the women to adore and worship him, he said he denied bowing to the creature, but if they beheld the power of Christ, wherever it was, and bowed to it, he could not resist it, or say aught against it." After some further parley the reverend visitors grew angry, threw the written record of the conversation in the fire, and left the prison, to report the prisoner incorrigible.

On the 27th of the month he was again led out of the cell and placed upon the pillory. Thousands of citizens were gathered around—many of them earnestly protesting against the extreme cruelty of his punishment. Robert Rich, an influential and honorable merchant, followed him up to the pillory, with expressions of great sympathy, and held him by the hand while the red-hot iron was pressed through his tongue, and the brand was placed on his forehead. He was next sent to Bristol, and publicly whipped through the principal streets of that city, and again brought back to the Bridewell prison, where he remained about two years, shut out from all intercourse with his fellow beings. At the expiration of this period he was released by order of parliament. In the solitude of his cell he said the angel of patience had been with him. Through the cloud which had so long rested over him, the clear light of truth shone in upon his spirit; the weltering chaos of a disordered intellect, settled

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into the calm peace of a reconciliation with God and man. His first act on leaving prison was to visit Bristol, the scene of his melancholy fall. There he publicly confessed his errors, in the eloquent earnestness of a contrite spirit, humbled in view of the past, yet full of thanksgiving and praise for the great boon of forgiveness. A writer who was present says the "assembly was tendered and broken into tears, there were few dry eyes, and many were bowed in their minds."

In a paper, which he published soon after, he acknowledges his lamentable delusion. "Condemned forever," he says, "be all those false worships with which any have idolized my person in that night of my temptation, when the power of darkness was above me—all that did in any way tend to dishonor the Lord, or draw the minds of any from the measure of Christ Jesus in themselves, to look at flesh, which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to him. Darkness came over me through want of watchfulness and obedience to the pure eye of God. I was taken captive from the true light; I was walking in the night, as a wandering bird fit for a prey. And if the Lord of all my mercies had not rescued me, I had perished; for I was as one appointed to death and destruction, and there was none to deliver me. It is in my heart to confess to God, and before men, my folly and offence in that day; yet there were many things formed against me in that day to take away my life, and bring scandal upon the truth, of which I was not guilty at all. The provocation of that time of temptation was exceedingly great against the Lord, yet he left me not, for when darkness was above, and the adversary so prevailed, that all things were turned and perverted against my right seeing, hearing or understanding; only a secret hope and faith I had in my God, whom I had served, that He would bring me through it, and to the end of it; and that I should again see the day of my redemption from under it all; and thus quieted my soul in its greatest tribulation." He concludes his confession with these words: "He who hath saved my soul from death—who hath lifted my feet up out of the pit, even to Him be glory forever; and let every troubled soul trust in Him, for His mercy endureth forever."

June 5.

Personal Impressions Regarding Gen. Prim.

BY PROF. C. E. STOWE, D. D.

I desire, in a few simple words, to give my personal impressions in regard to Gen. Prim, unmodified as far as possible by anything I have heard or read respecting him.

I was in Spain during the months of September and October, 1868. At the outbreak of the revolution I had lodgings in the Alameda hotel at Malaga. The royal Gov. General of Andalusa had his headquarters in the same hotel, and there were three regiments of the Queen's troops under his command to quell the first appearance of insurrection. Everything seemed perfectly quiet and secure. We heard of the revolt in Cadiz. That evening at twilight the Governor General paraded his three regiments on the Alameda near the hotel, and began to address them. Quietly, and without uttering a word, two of the regiments, with their arms and music, but without a single horseback officer, marched off the ground to the Plaza de Revolution (I think it was called) and offered their services to the revolutionary junta. The Governor General saw at once how hopeless his position was, and with a few soldiers who adhered to him, and the leading royalists of the city, withdrew to the old Moorish castle on the summit of a high hill overlooking the city and harbor. The next morning the chief clerk of the hotel whispered to me, "At 10 o'clock to-morrow morning Marshal Serrano and

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General Prim will take breakfast here, with ninety of the leading revolutionists." Early next morning a Spanish ship-of-war was seen anchored in the harbor, and the streets were thronged with an expectant crowd. At about nine o'clock A. M., there was a procession of carriages from the harbor approaching the hotel, and Marshal Serrano and Gen. Prim were seen sitting together in an open barouche. Serrano was a tall, dark, grave looking Spaniard, the very ideal of a Spanish grandee of the noblest blood and most ancient line. Prim was comparatively short and slight, lithe as an arrow, with a complexion less swarthy, and evidently all palpitating with life from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, though he kept himself perfectly self-collected and quiet. He was like a handsome music box locked up and silent.

It had obviously been arranged that Serrano should be the pageant and Prim be kept in the back-ground, positions which were respectively admirably suited to the physique of these two distinguished men. There were fuglemen unnoticed all along the line, who led the multitude to shout *vive Serrano*, to which he gracefully responded with hat in hand and dignified bows. Prim sat by his side apparently unnoticing and unnoticed, with his arms folded across his breast, his eyes fixed downwards, and entirely motionless. It was evident the multitude were growing impatient, they were longing to shout for Prim. In spite of all the preconcerted arrangements there would be heard along the line here and there, *Viva General Prim*, to which he made no response, but persistently maintained his unsympathetic position. But as the barouche approached the entrance of the hotel, the multitude could no longer be restrained. There was a loud, universal *Vi-va General Pr-i-m.* Still not a movement, no recognition on the part of Prim. The excitement became almost fearful. It was *Vi-i-va General Pri-i-i-im.* Prim at length responded with two or three short, bobbing bows, cap in hand; and then the shout was terrific. The whole atmosphere seemed filled with it, and the earth seemed to vibrate with it from its very centre. I had no idea that human lungs could pour sorth such a volume of sound. A dozen Niagaras would be voiceless in the comparison; yet it was not noisy. There was a harmony and majesty in it, as in the roaring of the sea. It was a voice from the very inmost heart of a people long suppressed and smothered under the vilest and filthiest of tyrranies both in Church and State.

When the barouche stopped men were seen clambering over the wheels, over the back of the carriage, over the very horses, to seize Prim by the hand, but not one succeeded. He persistently refused to shake hands with anyone; not haughtily nor superciliously, but with the determination of a man who knew he must reserve his strength for purposes more important. He rose to speak, and there was the silence of the tomb: I am no adept in the Spanish tongue—I have not been accustomed to speak it, though I *read* Don Quixote in the original more than forty year ago. But Prim's voice was so clear, his ideas so perfectly distinct, his words so well chosen, so compact, so utterly free from any tinge of superfluousness, that I seemed to understand him like a book. He had visited the United States a few years previously, had studied and well understood our institutions, and wished to transfer them to Spain, as far as the genius and habits of the nation would permit. I cannot pretend to give anything like a phonographic report of his speech, my want of familiarity with the spoken language, and the lapse of two years since I heard him, would plainly render that impossible; but I think I can give the substance of what he said.—"We must have a government. We cannot, we will not, any longer endure the vile tyranny under which Spain has been crushed for centuries. The executive and legislative branches must be separate, and the money power, the pow- of taxation, must be with the legislature, and not with the executive. We must have entire freedom of worship and of speech, just as they do in the United States of North America; and to carry out the idea, we must have a free school in every neighborhood in Spain, just as they have in the free states of North America, and every child must be taught to read and write and keep accounts. We must have entire freedom of worship, just as they have in the United States of North America; the Catholic church, the Prostestant chapel, the Jewish synagogue, the Mohammedan mosque, must be allowed to stand side by side, without hindrance and without molestation, just as they do in the United States of North America. I am a Christian, I am a Catholic, a Christian Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic, and the religious freedom

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which I claim for myself, I freely give to every one else." This, as I understood it, was the substance of his address. What could be better? He said not a word about democracy, not a word about republicanism; his feelings were evidently in favor of a constitutional monarchy, as best adapted to the habits and genius of the Spanish people, and I must confess that in this, as in everything else, I sympathize with him wholly. All his subsequent conduct has been entirely in accordance with this speech, which I heard him make in Malaga in the last week of September, 1868. I believe he was perfectly sincere and whole-hearted; I loved him; I could have put my arms around him and kissed him, if that had been the fashion.

I saw and heard him several times after this, and always with the same favorable impression. I believe he was a true patriot, and an enlightened, far-sighted statesman; the man in Spain who understood best what Spanish people need, and who was best able to give it to them. His assassination at this time I consider as great a calamity to Spain, as would have been to England the death of Oliver Cromwell immediately after the execution of Charles I. It looks as if God were not ready yet to give peace and freedom to Spain, as if she must suffer somewhat longer for the sins and cruelties of past generations. The Spaniards are a splendid people, one cannot help admiring them; and yet there is in them a strong mixture of the barbaric Moor, as well as of the civilized European. Three centuries of the worst form of the Papacy and the vilest specimens of absolute monarchy would be enough to ruin and demoralize any nation. The Spaniards have scarcely ever in all their history had a decent sovereign, except for the very short time that Louis Napoleon ruled over them. The much vaunted Isabella I., though a more interesting woman, was not a very much better sovereign than bloody Mary of England, and the magnificent Charles was a glutton, a hypocondriac, and a liar, as well as a relentless, cruel, narrow-minded bigot and devotee. Poor Spain, when will she ever come to good? She has for ages shed the blood of saints, and God in large measure is giving her blood to drink. Perhaps, however, the very assassination of Prim may have something the effect there that the assassination of Lincoln had here, and establish his work instead of destroying it.

THE RIGHT WAY.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

When a man says to me, "When I saw that mother weeping, and her house burning, and when I rushed into the flames, and at the peril of my own life saved and restored to her her child, am I to be told that that was not a good action—that it was a sin in the sight of God?"

Not by me, friend, not by me. That *was* a good action. It was a hint of what there is planted in your nature by God; and it shows your guilt is not coming to the Sun of Righteousness, that all such things within you may be warmed into a continual life.

A man who is capable of such generous acts out to be ashamed not to be what the love of God would make him. And if he will not love God, and be made into his image he needs no other condemnation. It is not by the fits and starts of your conduct that you are to be judged, but by its *whole course*. And if the centre and principle of your life, be not love to God, then you are radically and fatally wrong.

When we tell you that you are without God, you run and gather up all your occasional emotions of gratitude towards him, and of admiration for him, and heaping them together before us, say, "What! *I* without God!"

Now, you may feel admiration, even very warm admiration, for God—every refined mind must; and perhaps, when you are on the summit of your joys, just as you cross the highest line, you look off and say, "Thank God! thank God!" it may be very heartily; but does your gratitude and love for him go down beneath thought and feeling, and take hold upon the secret springs of your soul? Is your life directed, ruled, and formed by that love? Can you look upward and say; with glowing breast, "Father, Abba, Father!"

If not, your love is but the starlight, and the moonlight, when it should be the light of the fervid sun.

Why, when the sun shines with long, slant ray on Greenland, what lives or thrives beneath its power? But when he pours down straight from meridian, there springs up life and luxuriant growth.

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Such love as you speak of is the slant beam of the winter sun, or like the shining of moonbeams on Nova Zembla.

You cannot go to heaven with *that* love. You must be born again. Your *course* must be changed.

Why, suppose a shipmaster starts from New York harbor for the Mediterranean Sea. He goes beautifully out of the harbor, and steers straight for Greenland. Off Newfoundland he is hailed by another sail. His destination is enquired and given.

"Bound for Malta!" shouts the stranger. "You? Why, you're steering for the North Pole."

"Don't tell me that," returns our captain, very much offended—"Don't tell me that. My ship is good and well stored; my men are good, and they find me the most generous of captains. They have long sleeping hours and short watches; they have an abundance of all that is good for food. In my cabin are plenty of books and flowers, and we have fine times down there. We enjoy ourselves very much indeed—don't tell me that all this time we are on our way to any place but Malta; I don't believe it."

The stranger passes on, saying derisively: "I don't care how good you are to your men, or how many good books or beautiful flowers you have got below; all this is very fine, no doubt; but I say that the man that's going to Malta, and heading direct for the North Pole, is *a fool.*" And so he is; all his flowers won't save him. His *course* must be changed; and it's just so about the sinner. He's heading for hell. All the flowers and all the good things that are in him won't save him, if he don't turn short about. He is living for self, when he should be living for God. Self is his idol, when he should worship God. He is all wrong, wrong, and will certainly be lost if he doesn't come to Jesus for help, safety, and grace to fit him for heaven.

"But," do you say: "must a man be converted, when he is already good enough?"

Certainly not. If he is as good as conversion can make him, he may go to heaven on that ground; there is no jealousy in the matter. If you can deserve heaven, God is perfectly willing that you should do so.

If any of you can go to him and say truly, "Lord, I've always loved thee with all my heart, and strength, and mind, and my neighbor as myself—need be converted? Can't I go to heaven as I am?" God will answer:

"Yes, certainly, you are like the angels, and need no conversion or redemption."

THE RICH MERCHANT.

A TOUCHING SKETCH.

It was night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially, as it was snowing fast. A single traveler, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly, as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

"Please, sir," said she, "If it is only a penny; mother is sick, and we have had nothing to eat to-day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on— the second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of good impulses; so he put his hand towards his pockets, intending to give her a shilling. But the traveler forgot that his overcoat buttoned tight over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," he said to himself, "And this wind is very cutting. Besides, these beggars are, usually, cheats. I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in some gin-shop." And, speaking harshly, he said, "I have nothing for you! If you are really destitute, the guardians will take care of you!"

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form; but a tear glistened on her cheek, in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed on, and, turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splended mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy

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light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footsteps, the parlor door was opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist in removing his overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said; "if I had known where you were I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love, I was at my lawyer's busy, very busy, and all for you;" and he kindly patted her cheek. "But, now, Maggy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure would delight in, just the supper for a traveler on a night like that.

"Pa," said the daughter, when it was finished, "I hope you are in good humor for I have a favor to ask of you;" and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up in his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. "I wish to give a ball, on my birth-day—my eighteenth birth-day. It will cost, oh! a sight of money; but you are kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes, my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's, and told him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall give up the business."

"O! do, do, papa. But you will give this ball won't you?"

"You little tease," said her father; but he spoke smilingly; and, putting his hand into his pocket-book, he took out a note of five hundred dollars, and placed it in his child's hand.

"Take this; if it is not enough, you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear; but the snow was a foot deep, and lay here and there in large drifts, blocking up the door-ways. At ten o'clock the rich merchant was on his way to his counting room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered round the open cellar door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to see what the matter was.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators; "she starved to death it is said; and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night; I believe she was begging. That's her, moaning."

"Ah!" said the merchant; and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt; for he remembered having denied the petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd, and descended the cellar-steps. A girl cowered over an emaciated corpse that lay in a heap in one corner of the apartment. It was the girl he feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

"My poor child;" he cried laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for; God forgive me for denying you last night. Here, take this;" and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up, and gazed vacantly at him; then she put back the proffered money.

"It will do no good now," she said; "mother is dead;" and she burst into hysteric tears.

The merchant at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson, thus learned, he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for her mother, and afterwards took her into his house, educated her for a high position in life, and on her marriage presented her with a proper dowery. He lived to hear her children lisp their gratitude.

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Monthly Record of Current Events

CHARLES READE'S remarkable novel, delineating the despotism of trades unions, and the shameful disregard to life and comfort that existed among the manufacturing classes of the old country, tended much to draw public attention to the necessity of reforms in ameliorating a condition of society in the very heart centers of England's greatest wealth and productive power, that was really a disgrace to any age or any people. It yet remains for some American fictionist to combine facts with his fertile imaginings, and searching out the homes of the Pennsylvania coal miner, and diving into the cavernous recesses where he plies his arduous and perilous vocation, really "put himself in his place," and see if something cannot be done to better the general condition of affairs that seems to exist among the thousands who delve among the rugged hills of the Keystone State, for the black diamonds that are infinitely more precious to the needs of commerce and the whole community than the glittering baubles of Brazil. The terrible tragedy of Avondale, something over a year ago, where scores of miners, hemmed in by a fire at the mouth of the mine, perished miserably, has not had time to die out of the public mind before it is capped by a companion horror. On the afternoon of May 29th, dispatches dated 2.30 Saturday, P. M., contained the information that the shaft of the West Pittston mine was on fire. A few men escaped, but thirty-seven were confined in the mine by the fire. A large force worked all Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday morning succeeded in reaching the men, who had barricaded themselves in one of the galleries of the mine. Eighteen were found stone dead, and many others were more dead than alive. But four of those taken out alive regained their senses. Among those who revived were Thomas Edwards and his son, aged 12 years. Edwards story of their trials in the mine is truly heart-rending; strong men, unused to prayer, invoked Divine interference for their safety; hymns were sung, and men kissed each other in an agony of despair. In anticipation of accidents of this nature the law provides that all mines should have two places of exit, but in this, as in probably hundreds of other instances, the law is disregarded, and human life almost wantonly sacrificed for want of the most reasonable precautions. Inspectors are provided whose duty it is to see that these and other provisions of the law are carried out, but these are either careless or incompetent, and despite the wisest legislation, the miners of Pennsylvania, who obey implicitly the arbitrary intimations of their trades unions, while their families starve, and the commerce of a whole community is clogged, will heedlessly enter these mines, where, by the casual heating of a journal, the friction of a rope, or the accidental dropping of a single spark, certain and inevitable death awaits them.

ON Saturday, June 17th, the people of the country were shocked to hear that the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, was at the point of death, having been accidentally shot on the evening previous. Mr. Vallandigham's remarkable career, coupled with the peculiar and distressing circumstances attending his death, have excited more general feeling than any other event of the month. He was engaged at Lebanon, in defending McGehan, charged with the murder of Meyers, at Hamilton, some weeks ago. On Friday evening, about 6 o'clock, he and his associate counsel, ex-Gov. McBurney, were discussing the case. Two revolvers were on the table, one loaded and the other not, and to demonstrate his theory that Meyers might have shot himself, Mr. Vallandigham took one of them, and, supposing it to be unloaded, placed it in his right-hand pocket, drew it partly out, and cocked and snapped it. The weapon—Mr. Vallandigham's own, a Smith & Wesson, caliber No. 32—was discharged, the contents entering his abdomen at a point nearly corresponding with that in which Meyers was shot. He did not fall, but tore open his clothes and showed Gov. McBurney the wound, exclaiming meantime that he had taken the wrong pistol. Physicians were at once called, and began probing for the ball. Mr. Vallandigham assisting and quietly watching the operation. He also telegraphed to his physician in Dayton, urging him to come at once, as he feared that he was fatally injured. Throughout the night he grew rapidly weaker, and expired at 15 minutes before 10 the following morning. An affecting incident in his last hours was the bringing before

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him of McGehan, the alleged murderer, whom he was defending. McGehan wept profusely, and repeated several times, "he died for me." The event produced a deep impression upon the community, and profound sympathy was expressed for his afflicted wife and his only son. Mrs. Vallandigham was absent at Cumberland, Md., at the time of the accident, attending the funeral of her brother, the Hon. John V. L. MacMahon, and upon receiving the intelligence of her husband's death became completely distracted. After several years, in which his name had been but little heard, Mr. Vallandigham came forward among the leaders of a party whose new policy he was the principal framer, and whose course seemed destined to influence in no small degree the immediate political future. In the very midst of the first seething of political discussion around the platform he had supported, the telegraph brings the intelligence of his sudden death by the quick result of an accident, happening while his health and comparative youth seemed to give him hope of seeing the ending of the contest into which he had barely entered. Mr. Vallandigham was born in 1822, at New Lisbon, Columbia County, Ohio. His education was begun in schools at home, and continued at Jefferson college. After graduating he was for some time the principal of an Academy at Snow Hill, in Maryland, but he returned to Ohio to pursue the study of law at Dayton, where he was admitted to the bar. From this time until the spring of 1863, Mr. Vallandigham filled various official positions, with satisfaction to his constituents and credit to himself. But at that time he adopted a course which gained him the almost universal execration of the northern people, and it is safe to say that next to the leader of the rebellion, he was the most universally detested man in the land. On the 1st of May, Mr. Vallandigham delivered a speech at Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, in which he called the war "wicked, cruel, and unnecessary," and declared that he believed it to be "a war for the purpose of crushing out liberty and erecting a despotism." An order was at once issued for Mr. Vallandigham's arrest, and this was carried out on the morning of the 5th of May, when he was taken from his home at Dayton, amid intense excitement, conveyed to Cincinnati, imprisoned, and tried by a military commission, which assembled on the 6th of May. He was found guilty on the main points of the specification, which charged him with seditious sympathy with the enemy, and was sentenced to confinement in Fort Warren, but the President commuted this sentence, and sent him into the rebel lines. He was not received by the rebel leaders as had been expected, however, and running the blockade from a southern port, he reached Canada and there took up his residence. The intense excitement caused by his arrest. which had culminated in a riot at Dayton, gave great prominence to his name in the Democratic ranks; and when the Convention met to nominate a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, he was unanimously selected. Mr. Brough was nominated against Mr. Vallandigham. Intense excitement prevailed throughout the state. The indignation which Mr. Vallandigham's course had excited, was fostered in a thousand ways; while on his own side he found the support of only a portion of the Democratic party. An address from the Democratic Convention drew from Mr. Lincoln a vindication of the course of the Government. His able statement of his grounds of action lent the people new interest to a campaign that even then presented to issues of immense importance. At the election Mr. Vallandigham was defeated by 100,000 majority. This was Mr. Vallandigham's last prominent appearance in public and political life, until his inauguration of the movement known within the last few months as the "New Departure.,' He returned unmolested to Ohio in the Fall of 1863, and although still delivering occasional speeches he took no very prominent part until recently in party affairs. Personally Mr. Vallandigham was regarded as the soul of probity. The peculiar nature of his end, coupled with his eminent personal qualities, has done much to clear away the prejudice which the error of his position during the great civil war had engendered in the national mind. Resolutions of respect and sympathy poured in upon the bereaved family from all quarters, and his funeral is said to have been one of the most imposing ceremonies of the kind ever witnessed in the state. In consideration of his personal virtues our people can well afford to cast the mantle of charity over his political faults.

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At last the demons who have wrought such destruction to Paris have been overpowered. For many and many a day that once proud city will carry the remembrance of the work of the Communists, in her terrible wounds and scars. The next question is what is France going to do now? The Versailles government is all the stronger for having come into power through bloodshed and battle, and will not likely meet any more armed resistance. Being provisional in its character, it looks to the permanent establishment of some form of Government. What that form will be cannot be predicted with certainty. Pretty certainly it will not be a republic. The probability is that a monarchy in some form will be decided upon. The Bourbons, the Orleanist and the Bonapartist factions are working, and it is not impossible that after all Napoleon III. may again ascend the throne of France.

In the latter part of May Vice President Colfax—who was presiding at a special session of the senate convened to consider the treaty submitted by the joint high commission to settle the long standing difference existing between the United States and England—was stricken with severe illness, and carried in an unconscious state from the senate chamber. Great fears were at first entertained that the illness might terminate fatally, but fortunately these fears were dissipated, and the genial vice president still lives, and is likely to survive for many years, one of the most promising of all the grand array of our great public men.

Our mother earth seems to be in trouble again, and in some portions of the globe the most terrible convulsions have agitated her bosom. On the 11th day of April China experienced one of the most disastrous earthquakes that has occurred in modern times. Over 2,000 lives were lost, and a vast area of country, estimated at 20,000 square miles, was almost completely devastated. In some places high hills sank into deep pits, and all the roads were made impassable. A volcanic eruption and earthquake have also shaken the island of Rura in the Indian ocean. The country was terribly devastated, and 4,000 lives lost. In the United States several minor shocks have been felt, predominating mostly in the eastern states; while in the far west the heretofore extinct craters in Oregon have relit their lurid fires, and threatening perturbations have ensued in their vicinity. There is an intangible horror even to the most stalwart mind, in regard to earthquakes. Some geologists arguing from the past assert that the line of earthquakes can be as distinctly settled as the orbit of a planet, and that in this temperate zone we are never likely to be greatly endangered by these terrible terrestrial visitations. While we incline to doubt the soundness of their scientific predications, it is perhaps well to extract what satisfaction we can from their assumptions.

The Miscellany.—This number completes the third volume of the Miscellany. We are glad to be able to speak of its continued prosperity. We feel much obliged to friends for their patronage. With the next number (July) we begin the fourth volume. We hope all whose time of subscription expires with this number will continue their patronage another year. If all our subscribers will work for it in good earnest our subscription will reach 5,000 by 1872. The Miscellany is, everywhere it is known, growing greatly in influence. We hope all will renew their subscriptions whose time expires with this number. We shall continue to send it to all whose time expires with this number, unless we get orders to discontinue before we send out the July number. As the July number begins a new volume, a great number of new subscribers might be obtained with the thorough effort of each subscriber. The July number will be mailed about the 20th of the month.

If you owe for the Miscellany just put the amount into a letter at once, and send it by mail to J. K. Wellman, Adrian, Mich. It will come all right, and make us glad.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4. ADRIAN, JULY, 1871. No. I

JUSTICE

BY J. A. VAN AUKEN.

THE history of the universal consciousness clearly shows, that, inseparably associated with the phenomena of conscience is the idea of a power superior to that of men. And these phenomena distinctly reveal a sense both of dependence upon and of obligation to this power. This voice within, this sense of obligation, has been, by all ages and by all people, regarded as that of some personal being, of Almighty power, to whom men, in their joy, give praise and adoration—from whom, in their affliction, seek relief in penance and prayer. By this same means is also revealed an idea of retributive issues in this life—and one that can in no way be eradicated—an idea of an impersonal justice, imperatively demanding that, in the final issue, all human acts shall receive their just deserts. Hence it is, by the constitution and real circumstances of men, that their first ideas of desert, of punishment, of law, receive their objective suggestions, through earthly laws and earthly institutions. This natural reason—this regulative idea of human conduct—Justice, is that element of character, that basis-principle implanted in every rational mind, to render unto every creature its deserving rewards. "There is, says Burke, "one element that is common to all mankind, I mean Justice. That which

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emanates from the divine part of every human creature, and which, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, will stand as our advocate or accuser before that great bar on high, when man shall be called to render up an account for the deeds done here in the body." This Justice, then, is a regulative idea, and comprehending the doctrine of rewards and punishments, in its bearings upon human conduct, in civil society, is a moral force, grounded in the reason and conscience of universal humanity. Hence, true government, though exercised by men, is a divine institute, with divine sanctions, having for its end the conservation of morality and civil economy. And, unless the state upholds morality as an end in itself, it will signally fail in its economical purposes also. This Justice presents a threefold aspect: One looking to future conduct, as preventive; another to present, as reformatory, and a third to the past, to the intrinsic demerit of acts themselves, as retributive. That such is Justice, such the nature of the State, may be clearly shown from three distinct sources; the philosophy of language, a true expediency, and the teachings of inspiration. If then, language have any meaning aside from mere arbitrary names, then the idea of Justice, the intrinsic fitness of things, the doctrine of rewards and punishments, is grounded in the very soil and roots of language. Language, indeed, is a necessary outgrowth of ideas arising in the mind, and hence inseparably associated with them. In fact, to think is but to embody ideas in

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language, and in it all human thinking must find a fitting expression. Language, then, is a necessary condition for the evolution of ideas. And those words coined to the expression of an idea necessarily belong to it as such. Divest, if we will, an idea, of the language in which it is expressed, and what have we left? Divest human beings of the means of giving vent to their souls, and what, I ask, remains? The answer is obvious; nor is it a peurile, pitiful begging of the question either; nor can those who deny retribution in respect to past acts, help applying the term penal in respect to its preventive aspect. Law, indeed, is not the mere popular will in written form, but it is accepted thought and truth coined into statutes, and admitted by the moral sense in reason and conscience. Law thus constituted cannot be violated with impunity. Whenever the moral sense is shocked and aggrieved, law violated, it at once demands reparation, that the wrong be righted, the offender punished; not because the act was an inconvenience to society, a nuisance, a mere state to be regretted; if so, then along with it goes all conviction of intrinsic demerit, leaving a condition of soul, in which punishment, disciplinary suffering, can have no real reformative efficacy; but because the act is wicked in itself, for which he deserves to suffer. There is, indeed, no essential difference between human justice and the Divine, the one being but an imperfect form of the other. In fact, throughout the universe, there is but one morality, one idea of punishment, one justice; and when these are departed from, only counterfeits take their places. Again, the retributive principle of justice is made more manifest in the light of a true expediency. A true utility demands something higher, more noble, more inflexible, than mere popular will, and more substantial than modern chicane. If men are responsible beings, then there must be a power to which they are obligated. This power lies either in society as such, or in a light received by society from that higher power, the fountain of truth and justice. If the former, then might constitutes right, a dogma long since exploded in the light of reason and conscience, and only the latter remains; and that a high expediency requires only what tends to conserve this end. If indeed it be, that offenders are punished only that other crimes may not be committed, then is taken away that sacred feeling with which law ought always to be regarded, if it would exert its best economical and moral influences. It must take away that reverence due to ministers of justice even of a mere economical expediency. It is only when men are taught that punishment is a mere temporal expedient, unconnected with any of those moral ideas that take hold upon the invisible and the eternal, and hence, having no permanent standard, that there is a sinking lower and lower, a dragging down of all law, and the courts, and humanity with them, until, disregarding moral guilt, it may be justly doubted whether the horse thief is not just as good as another who has become an inconvenience to society by having more horses than his neighbors. Such are the necessary results of attempting to rule men through their understandings rather than their moral nature. Not that intellectual culture would in the least be depreciated; far from it, but moral and intellectual culture should go hand in hand together. It does seem, however, that popular education is fast sinking into mere sensual, secular, partial training, disciplining the human animal only, and neglecting a cultivation of those inherent forces and senses of the spiritual and responsible. An insane dread of the imperatives and retributions of religion and law, originated by a single education of the intellect, is driving many from the restraints of morality to the licentiousness of sensualism and the anarchy of atheism. Nothing among an intel-

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lectual nation but a rigid adherence to the dictates of justice can preserve it from absolute skepticism, and, if you please, animalism. Men may weep over the animal sufferings of men and yet have very little of that yearning of soul which seeks to raise a kindred spirit from a deeper bondage and degradation in the slavery of the flesh. But if the moral be educated with the intellectual, then is the sovereignty of law—of justice—a fixed certainty. Again, inspiration most emphatically declares the truth of the principle now contended for, in that men are commanded to "avenge not themselves," but rather to "give place unto wrath," and this, of course, as individuals, either singly or aggregate. Thus far society can have, at best, only regulated lynch law. Fortunately, however, the Apostle does not cease here, but adds, "let every soul be subject to the powers that are over us. For the authority is not except from God, so that he that resisteth the ordinance resisteth the authority of God. Magistrates are not a terror to the good, but to the wicked. Do that which is good, and thou shalt have the reward of the same; but if thou doest evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain. He is God's minister, an avenger upon him that doeth evil." What can be more explicit than this? Yet men will prate about the "error of those who would grasp the awful power of retributive justice, and drag it down from the high and holy sphere to which it belongs, into the lower regions of human polity, thereby giving to earthly rulers, under the notion of a divine right, not only to protect society, but to punish what they may view as moral guilt." How men can obtain such notions of Scripture is beyond present comprehension. Yet apparently great and good men are daily launching forth such views into the field of public consideration, and there is, indeed, a tickling fascination in them, which excites "pleasing sensations," not, however in the hearts and souls of men, but in their animal propensities. Wicked and unholy men may obtain the administration of government, and pervert it to unhallowed uses, but the essential idea will yet remain. Churches may become places of refuge for thieves and robbers, yet remain sanctuaries for the worship of God. Religion may be made a cloak for multitudes of sins, and still remain the same in essence and purity. Injustice may sit enthroned while justice lies writhing at its feet; injustice, however, can only pretend; it is justice alone that can rightfully execute. It is, then, in this sense, and this alone, that men have even a right thus to talk, for the censuring of bigotry, narrow-mindedness, drunkenness, deceit, hypocrisy, lying, licentiousness and injustice, is often the most proper, equitable and effective means of maintaining civil liberty and justice. A great problem with which humanity is now concerned is, what will be the effect upon civil society if mankind progress indefinitely in the knowledge of this world, when at the same time those moral forces of the human soul are wholly neglected? Can intellect enthrone itself in the human mind above those moral faculties of duty and religion, without impairing the true interests of men? A problem indeed and in truth, one involving materially the future interests of mankind. Yet men will still persist, as they ever have done, in pursuing the bent of their own fallen natures, even to a disregard of that part intended to exert the saving influence, following "hopeful, enterprising, vigorous truth," as they call it, and claiming the "*future* and the *unknown*" as their inheritance, fearlessly casting aside those great moral and religious truths as fast as they evolve themselves within them. Truth, indeed, is not mere opinion, nor that which is trowed in upon the public gaze; but it is that which cannot, will not he hidden long at a time, that which manifests itself by its own light. Nor should that which comes in one

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way be preferred to that of another. Nor is there a difference between moral and religious truth, save that the one comes directly from God, and the other from Him through Christ. But physical truth, it is said, is to "uproot these old prejudices." However the relations between physical and moral truth may be changed, the one is by no means to supplant the other; but the two are, indeed, one and inseparable. Each having all the more validity as it is the more firmly established by the other. Rationalism long had the field in the German intellect, and Nihilism long prevailed in the truth, and with what effects is known to all. Infidelity now has the vantage ground in the English mind, and skepticism no small hold upon the educated mind in our own clime, foisted in chip by chip from German workshops, transplanted root by root from English universities. It is, however, human intellect that constitutes man a progressive being. Age after age brings him nearer to a complete apprehension of the myriad wonders that surround him, though he must ever remain, while fettered to the earth and blinded by the body, unable to grasp and comprehend the infinite. But the time will come, though not in this or in a succeeding age, when this problem, perplexing indeed to the reason, and hidden truths of to-day, will be as clear as the noon-day sky, if men will only listen to the behests of conscience, of religion, parts, indeed, of that same immortal spirit that urges them onward. If not here then in the hereafter. For the final prevalence of truth is sure. It may be temporarily suppressed; error may triumph over it, and it may seem to be lost; yet its disenthrallment is just as certain as the release of the earth, by solar heat, from the mists that press upon its bosom. Error gravitates, its nature is downward; but truth soars, its own intrinsic buoyancy bears it sooner or later to the surface of human observation; it cannot perish, it is the companion of immortality, and will survive all sublunary things, and will be seen and admired ages after falsehood and all her base crew shall have gone down to their dark dwelling places. *Magna Charta*, although for centuries trampled under foot by Norman tyrants, died not, but still lived on, and although at the cost of terrible scourges and sanguinary wars, triumphed in the end. The attributes of truth are indeed too often overlooked by men in their blind zeal for self aggrandizement, even to a complete disregard of the moral and religious sense of the soul. Nor is it without its rewards and consequent attendants—Skepticism, Atheism, Pantheism, Nihilism, Polytheism, and indeed anything but Actualism. As in the more extended field of universal science, so in the political arena, a true expediency, and the prerogatives of inspiration, demand that a stern justice be rigidly adhered to. It is a deplorable fact that many public men base a life-long career upon a no firmer foundation than a mean selfish expediency, so called. But a true expediency demands what is right, and that alone; Roscoe Conkling arises in the United States Senate and asks, "is this measure expedient? is it politic? will it enhance the interests of the party in power? If so, then I am for it." And all the energy of his keen and pungent intellect is bent for its adoption." And how often is the moral sense shocked at such a procedure. Charles Sumner then arises and asks, "is this measure right? If so, then I am for it, for right only in the long run is expedient." Not only is the intelligence convinced but the moral sense applauds; and well it may, for it is such sentiments, and such only, that find lodgment in the hearts and consciences of men. How long will men in their folly persist in following the blind lights of their own creating? When, too, will men be wise enough to see what is right, and noble enough to execute it; and learn that justice is more efficient for the policy of a nation than passion or interest. Universal consciousness, a true expe-

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diency, and the teachings of Scripture, then, do most positively affirm that the great end of the State is the conservation of society, and the aim of society the conservation of justice, and in it the moral nature of the races, not, however, merely to maintain social order, to preserve personal rights, to secure property, but above all these, to school the moral sense of humanity, to train the soul to a reverence for law as law, and a constant contemplation of moral ideas in those temporal forms, which God has given to man in His divine constitution, and intended to be real, although imperfect forms of a higher law and a holier justice. Ultra reformers may prattle their silly cant about "lifting the fallen soul from its degradation, of inspiring the debased with a true sense of self-respect, and winning him by love from the paths of sin and shame, to those of virtue and honor." Cruel, indeed, is it in that man who excites such pleasing anticipations in the minds of poor fallen wretches of humanity, for when left to themselves the spell is surely broken, only to plunge the deeper into licentiousness and crime. Well does the philosophy of passion show that nothing is more deadening or hardening to the soul than a spurious emotion unconnected with any right following of moral guilt and conviction. Nor, in truth, can there be any real reformation without a deep sense of moral guilt; for it is only when men become to know that they are suffering because they deserve to suffer, that real reformation can occur. How much more humane then, is this apparently sterner view, not only for society, but for its offenders also. Thus, when justice shall triumph, as triumph it will, then shall be that golden epoch of earthly purity and completion the eye of ancient, grey-haired prophesy descried afar off, and descrying, rejoiced; ancient psalmody, too, saw; apostlehood believed the same, and spake concerning it, foretelling for "things on earth" and for "things in heaven." Such a consummation of their hope men have not heard, neither hath the eye seen it. The leopard is to change his nature; the wolf shall dwell in peace with the lamb. A holy mountain shall the earth be, in which shall be nothing to hurt or destroy. We thus shall look for a time when God shall take off this mantling curse of sin, not only from the souls of his redeemed sons, but also from every nature; when Eden itself shall be found again, whence justice once drove the fallen, that self-same paradise which "even in the sight of the great malign one lay pleasant," and where "the pure air of the heart inspired vernal delight, able to drive all sadness."

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

THOUGHTS of Heaven! they come when low
The summer eve's breeze doth faintly blow;
When the mighty sea shines clear, unstirred
By the wavering tide or the dipping bird;
They come in the rush of the surging storm,
When the blackening waves rear their giant form—
When o'er the dark rocks curl the breakers white,
And the terrible lightnings rend the night—
When the noble ship hath vainly striven
With the tempest's might, come thoughts of Heaven.

They come where man doth not intrude,
In the untracked forest's solitude;
In the stillness of the grey rocks' height,
Whence the lonely eagle takes his flight;
On peaks, where lie the eternal snows;
In the sun-bright isle, 'mid its rich repose;
Where the fair swan sails from her silent brake;
Where nature reigns in her deepest rest,
Pure thoughts of Heaven come unrepress'd.

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MARY MORRIS

A WOMAN, who was born too early to derive benefit from the gradual emancipation law of Pennsylvania, escaped from bondage in Lancaster County to Philadelphia. There she married a free colored man by the name of Abraham Morris. They lived together very comfortably for several years, and seemed to enjoy life as much as many of their more wealthy neighbors. But, it unfortunately happened that Mary's master ascertained where she lived, and sent a man to arrest her, with directions either to sell her, or bring her back to him.

Abraham Morris was a very intelligent, industrious man, and had laid up some money. He offered one hundred and fifty dollars of his earnings to purchase the freedom of his wife. The sum was accepted, and the parties applied to Daniel Bussier, a magistrate in the District of Southwark, to draw up a deed of manumission. The money was paid, and the deed given; But the agent employed to sell the woman absconded with the money. The master, after waiting several months and not hearing from him, sent to Philadelphia and caused Mary Morris to be arrested again. She was taken to the office of Daniel Bussier, and notwithstanding he had witnessed her deed of manumission a few months before, he committed her to prison as a fugitive slave. When her husband called upon Isaac T. Hopper and related all the circumstances, he thought there must be some mistake; for he could not believe that any magistrate would be so unjust and arbitrary, as to commit a woman to prison as a fugitive, when he had seen the money paid for her ransom, and the deed of manumission given. He went to Mr. Bussier immediately, and very civilly told him that he called to make inquiry concerning a colored woman committed to prison as a fugitive slave on the evening previous.

"Go out of my office!" said the undignified magistrate. "I want nothing to do with you."

He replied, "I come here as the friend and adviser of the woman's husband. My request is reasonable, and I trust thou wilt not refuse it."

In answer to this appeal Mr. Bussier merely repeated, "Go out of my office!"

Friend Hopper offered him half a dollar, saying, "I want an extract from thy docket. Here is the lawful fee."

All this time, Mr. Bussier had been in the hands of a barber, who was cutting his hair. He became extremely irritated, and said, "If you won't leave this office, I will put you out, as soon as I have taken the seat of justice."

"I wish thou wouldst take the seat of justice," replied Friend Hopper; "for then I should obtain what I want; but if thou dost, I apprehend it will be for the first time."

Mr. Bussier sprang hastily from his chair, and seated himself at the magisterial desk, which was raised about a foot from the floor, and surrounded by a railing. Conceiving himself now armed with the thunders of the law, he called out, in tones of authority, "Mr. Hopper, I command you to quit this office!"

The impassive Quaker stood perfectly still, and pointing to Abraham Morris, he again tendered the half dollar, saying, "I want an extract from thy docket, in the case of this man's wife. Here is the lawful fee for it. Please give it to me."

This quiet perseverance deprived the magistrate of what little patience he had left. He took the importunate petitioner by the shoulders, pushed him into the street, and shut the door.

Friend Hopper then applied to Jacob Rush, President of the court of Common Pleas for a writ of *habeas*

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corpus. The woman was brought before him, and when he had heard the particulars of the case, and examined her deed of manumission, he immediately discharged her, to the great joy of herself and husband.

Friend Hopper thought it might be a useful lesson for Mr. Bussier to learn that his "little brief authority" had boundaries which could not be passed with impunity. He accordingly had him indicted for assault and battery. He and his political friends were a good deal ashamed of his conduct, and finally after many delays in bringing on the trial, and various attempts to hush up the matter, Mr. Bussier called upon Friend Hopper to say that he deeply regretted the course he had pursued. His apology was readily accepted, and the case dismissed; he agreeing to pay the costs.

A FOREST HOME.

They call our dwelling lonely, but they err;
We have companions in the very winds
That wake the oak's rich murmurs, and that stir
The pine tree's solemn branches; on our minds
Fall images of beauty day by day;
And sounds of wildest natural music mould
Our inmost thoughts to peace, and steal away
All fancies that might make the heart grow cold.

The glory the autumnal sunset brings,
The shadows of the changeful clouds that sweep
Above the trees, as o'er the lyre's sweet strings
Runneth a master hand, arousing deep,
Undreamed of harmony; the varied woods,
That like a wreath of triumph crowned yon hill;—
All these have power to cheer our saddest moods,
And make our hours of joy more joyful still.

Alas! these words are all too cold and weak,
They tell but of our joy the lesser part;
Would that a voice were given us to speak
The hidden music breathing at the heart,
The thousand lovely thoughts that leap to life
And like sweet spirits haunts this solitude,—
The freedom, the forgetfulness of strife,—
Pain soothed, grief hushed, and care almost subdued.

Deem not it is in vain that daily thus
The soul holds commune with the beautiful
Not only all the past had left with us
Of sorrow or of care, grows calm and dull,
Not this alone; for, half unconsciously,
We gather up a blessed treasure store
Of sights and sounds, whose beauty shall not die,
But haunts the secret heart for ever more!

Our forest lonely? There are kindly oaks
Lifting their rugged branches as of old,
When in their shadow rang the battle-strokes
Of warrior men, long ages dead and cold;
The birch-tree waves its tresses in the breeze,
The unchanging pine defies the tempest's power,
The stately beech a queen among the trees,
Flings from her moss-grown stems a golden shower.

There are shy deer that glide across our sight,
Or pause with lifted neck and glowing eye,
There are wild owls, that oftentimes at night,
From tree to tree give out their cheerful cry,
Yea many a happy creature round us dwells,
And we have caught an echo in their bliss,
And learned to love their haunts, their woods, their dells,

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And e'en a home they deem so lone as this.

At even-tide whene'er the driving rain
Hides from our view the fair autumnal scene,
Rushing like white-robed ghosts in rapid train,
Then turn we from what is to what has been.
Some gorgeous history of olden time
Unfolds its pageants to our gladdened sight,
Or poet's lay, with sweet returning chime,
Fills the hushed soul with beauty and delight.

Nor deem a home is lonely where a child—
A gay and happy child—in joy doth move;
Earth has no other sound so glad and wild
As an infant's laughter: mirth and love
Beam from a young child's presence; and 'tis well
(E'en by the power God gives to sympathise),
Our worldly wisdom for a time to quell,
And look around us through a child's pure eyes.

And still, as Time glides on, we ever feel,
'Twas wisely done to make our dwelling here,
And take to heart such joys as cannot steal
Like shadows from our grasp; more and more dear,
And far more beautiful, doth Nature seem
To them who daily meet her face to face,
And learn from her a bliss, that, like a dream,
Robes common things with beauty and with grace.

Henry Martyn, after a severe contest with many distinguished competitors for the prize of senior wrangler (the highest mathematical honor of Cambridge) observed, after receiving it, "I was astonished to find what a shadow I had grasped."

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Every land has its own "beau ideal" of women, and its own ladies have been bepraised in certain good set terms, with which everybody the least read in polite literature is perfectly acquainted. Who has not heard of the noble bearing, the beauty and domestic virtue of the dames of England? Of the sprightliness, grace and fascination of the ladies in France? How have the light footstep of Spain, the melting eye of Italy been said and sung. And to this florist's feast of nations, may not the plain old farmer, New England, come, spade in hand, and bring the flower of his own land? Let the English lady be enthroned as the lily,—the French, the ever bright and varying tulip,—the Spanish and Italian, the full moss rose; the richest and most voluptuous of flowers. The Yankee girl is the rose laurel, whose blossoms no garden flower ever excelled in rosy delicacy and gracefulness of form, but whose root asks neither garden-bed nor gardener's care, but will take for itself strong hold where there is a handful of earth in the cleft of a rock, whose polished leaf shakes green and cheerful over the snows of the keenest winter. In her you shall find the union of womanly delicacy and refinement with manly energy and decision, womanly ingenuity and versatility in contrivance, with manly promptness and efficiency in execution.

While some ladies found their claim to interest on a delicate ignorance and inability as to all the practical parts of life, the only fear of the New England girl is that there should be anything that woman ever did, which she cannot do, and has not done a little better than ever it was done before, Born of frugal parents, who, with any other habits would be poor, she learns early to make energy and ingenuity supply

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the place of wealth. Born in a land where all are equal, no princess could surpass her in the feeling of self-respect. Born where the universal impulse of all is to rise, there is nothing in the way of knowledge and accomplishment, which she does not some day hope to acquire, and even without any advantages of culture, womanly tact, quickness of mind, and lady-like self-possession, add the charm of grace to her beauty. Now if you wish to find this lady of our fancy you must not look for her in our cities, where all the young ladies speak French, play on the piano, and are taught to be as much like one another as their bonnets. If you wish to investigate the flowers of a country, you do not look for them under the shade of damask curtains, in the windows of drawing-rooms, but seek them, as they grow free and individual at the roots of old mossy trees, and in the clefts of overhanging ledges of rocks, or forming eye-lashes to the thousand bright eyes of merry brooks. So if you would see this Yankee girl as she is, take a flight up with us,—up—up—not to the skies, but to the north of New Hampshire. Alight with us now in this cosy little nook, where the retiring mountains have left space for cultivation, and hard hands have been found to improve it. There, on the green-breasted turf, have been dropped some dozen or so of dwellings, a meeting-house, and a school-house, all in very nondescript and unutterable styles of architecture. There, in that village which never was roused by the rattle and tramp of the mail coach, whose only road has a green ribbon of turf in the middle, with a little turfy line on each side, you will perhaps find what I speak of. How still and sabbath-like seems the place to-day—does anybody live here? There is nobody to be seen in the street—nothing stirring but the leaves of the dense heavy sugar maples, that shade the old brown houses, and the blue flies and humble bees which are buzzing about, with great pretension to business, in the clover fields. But stay! there are signs of life; else why the rows of shining milk pans,—and hark! by the loud drawl from the open windows of yonder school-house, you perceive there is a rising generation in the land. Come with us, where a large, motherly, old-fashioned house seems to have sat down to cool itself on that velvet slope of turf, while the broad masses of the maples and the superb arches of the elms, form an array of foliage about it, truly regal. That house is the palace royal of one of the sovereign people of New Hampshire, to wit, Jonathan Parsons. Jonathan is a great man, a wise man, and a man of valor, moreover. He is rich too, for he is the undisputed possessor of all that he wants. He is wise, for he knows a little more than anybody about him. We have only to say in addition, that besides the patriarchal wealth of flocks and herds, Jonathan has a patriarchal complement of sons and daughters, among whom we shall only mention the eldest, whom we introduce by the very verdant name of Mary. Her form, naturally slender, is developed by constant and healthful exercise, and displays in every motion the elastic grace of her own mountain sweet-brier. And, more than all this, there is a certain cool, easy air, a freedom and nobility of manner, a good taste in speaking and acting, that give to her, though untaught in the ways of the world, that charm beyond beauty which is woman's most graceful gift. For this instinctive sense of what really is due to one's self and others—this perception of times, places and proprieties, which forms the highest attraction of the lady, though it may be wrought out by laborious drilling, and the tutelage of etiquette, is often the free gift of nature, poured on the fair head of some one who has never trod a carpet, seen a piano, or taken one step in the labyrinth of artificial life.

It came to pass, one bright summer afternoon, that as two young gentlemen, strangers in the village, were riding by the house of Jonathan Parsons,

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the sudden explosion of a gun caused the horse of one of them to start, and throw his rider, who, falling against a post in front of the door, was very seriously injured. The consequence of all this was, that the two very good-looking gentlemen were detained at the house for some two or three weeks. They were from Canada, and had come down into New Hampshire on a summer shooting and exploring expedition. The younger of them was the young Earl of Beresford, and the gentleman with him, a Mr. Vincent, his traveling companion, to whom happened the unlucky accident. He was so seriously hurt as to be confined entirely to his bed, and my young lord being thus suddenly thrown out of business, and into a dismally calm, roomy, clean, uninteresting old house, with no amusement but to tend a sick friend, and no reading but Scott's Family Bible and the Almanac, thought himself in very deplorable circumstances, until he caught a glimpse of the elegant form and face of Mary, which suddenly roused him from his apathy. The young earl really thought, all things considered, that he would do our fair Yankee the honor to institute a flirtation with her—so at least said his manner, when he made his first advances. He was repulsed, however, with a cool and determined indifference, which seemed to him quite unaccountable. We could have told the young gent the reason. It was not that Mary had not a woman's love of admiration, when honestly and sincerely offered, but there was something in the gallantry of Beresford altogether too taking-for-granted and condescending. She could perceive from his traveling equipments, his general air and manner, that he had alighted among them from quite another orb of society than any of which she had ever conceived, and there was a something indefinite even in his politeness, that told her that he looked down both on her and her parents as beings of a vastly inferior order,—and the thought roused all the woman's pride within her. No princess of the blood could have been more stately, self-possessed and politely determined to keep one at a distance, than our village beauty.

The Earl of Beresford was a mere man of fashion, with no more than a barely comfortable degree of reflection and feeling. Entirely incapable of estimating the real worth of Mary's character, and valuing her merely by the rules of conventional life, he was still struck, by the quiet determination of her manner, into something like respect. Our gentleman, however, had been thoroughly accustomed to have his own way, and as is usual with such persons, the thing he could not attain assumed in his eyes a sovereign value. He, moreover, piqued himself particularly on his success with women, and was not disposed to yield his laurels in an obscure country village. Consequently, the more Mary receded, the more eagerly he advanced,—the less she seemed disposed to value his attentions, the more obsequious they became, till at length my young lord grew so excited, that he determined on the magnanimous expedient of declaring his name and rank and making love in regular form, rather than lose the game.

"Vincent!—" said Beresford to his friend, one evening, after walking up and down the room several times, adjusting his collar and brushing up his whiskers, like a man that is getting ready to say something.

"Well, Beresford, out with it," said Vincent.

"Vincent, I have come to a very serious determination."

"I should think you might have," said Vincent, laughing, "we have been in serious circumstances lately."

"Nay, but without joking—"

"Well, without joking, then."

"I have determined to be married."

"For the two hundred and fortieth time," replied Vincent.

"Vincent, do be serious."

"Serious! have I not been dolefully

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serious, ever since I came head first into this philosophic retreat? However, Will, proceed to particulars, for any news is better than no news."

"Well, then, Vincent, I have determined to marry this lovely little hostess of ours."

"Not old Mrs. Parsons, I presume," said Vincent, laughing, "there would be little *eclat* in an elopement with her."

Beresford grew angry, but as Vincent still continued to laugh, was at last obliged to join, though with a very poor grace.

"Now, Vincent," he resumed, "you may spare both your wit and your wisdom, for my determination is unalterable,—you know, of course, I mean the lovely Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Vincent, growing serious in his turn. "Now, Beresford, is not this just like you? Because you are here, in a stupid place, and in want of amusement, must you set yourself to ruin the peace of an honest, artless country girl,—it's too bad,—I'm ashamed of you."

"Ashamed! too bad! what do you mean? Did I not tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"And have you gained her consent and that of her parents, to this wise scheme?"

"Her consent!" said Beresford,—"of course she will consent, though I have not yet opened the subject with her."

"And pray how do you know that?"

"How do I know? why, I shall tell her who I am, and plead the cause officially, you see,—and, with all deference to the *elite* of this region, such offers do not occur every day,—she must see this, of course."

"Well," replied Vincent, "I have seen little of her, to be sure, but from the sobriety of mind and good sense that seem to characterize the family, I have some hopes that you will not succeed."

"That's past praying for, I fear," said Beresford, "if I may judge from certain little indications, and so forth," and Beresford turned on his heel and whistled himself out of the room, with a very contented and assured appearance.

His confident expectations had arisen simply from the fact that our heroine, from the joint influence of acquaintanceship and natural good humor, had grown, of late, much more approachable; besides which, for a few days past a more marked change of manner had supervened,—Mary had become absent, occasionally melancholy, and more than usually excitable,—her color was varying, her eye restless, and there was a nervous tremor of manner, entirely different from anything she had ever before exhibited. The truth was that she was wholly engrossed by certain little perplexities and sorrows of her own; but, as Beresford knew nothing of the kind, he formed for himself a very natural and satisfactory theory, as to the cause of her altered manner.

Accordingly, at the close of a still afternoon, when Mary's mother and sisters were absent, Beresford stole suddenly upon her, as she was sitting by an open window curtained by green vines. He commenced his enterprise by a series of complimentary remarks, in just that assured, comfortable way, that is inexpressibly vexatious to an inexperienced and sensitive woman—a manner that seems to say, "I understand all about you, and can manage you to admiration." Mary felt annoyed, yet conscious of her own inability to meet, on his own ground, the practised and ready man of the world, who addressed her.

"Mr. Beresford," she said at length, after some silence, "I presume that all this is very fine in its way, but I beg you will not waste it upon me,—I really have not the cultivation to appreciate it."

Beresford protested that he was entirely and devotedly serious in every word.

"I am very sorry for it, if you are," said Mary, smiling.

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Beresford proceeded to reveal his name and title, and to make an offer in regular form.

With some surprise, but with great simplicity and decision, our heroine declined the proposal.

Beresford pleaded the advantages of station he had to offer, his own disinterestedness, and so forth.

"Indeed, Mr. Beresford," replied Mary, "I do not know enough about these things to feel in the least honored or tempted by them. It may, very possibly, seem to you that you do me a great honor by this proposal, but I have no such feeling. You are accustomed to such a different kind of society, such a different manner of estimating things, from anything I have ever known, that I cannot very well understand your feelings. If I ever marry, it will be one who can fully appreciate the affection I give, for its own sake, and not one who will always look upon me as a sort of ornamental appendage to his station, and so forth."

"Some Yankee peddler or tinker, perhaps," replied Beresford, angrily.

"Very possibly," replied Mary, calmly, "and yet he may be more truly noble than the only earl I ever had the honor of knowing," and our heroine left the room.

"Handsomely done, that!" said the earl, walking up and down the room—"'pon my word, a duchess could not have executed the thing better. I was a fool for being angry with her, for, after all, it would have been awkward if she had consented," and the earl, who never in his life troubled himself five minutes about anything, made up his mind to pass off the whole as a good joke; and in less than three weeks from this time he was desperately in love with a captivating little opera dancer at Quebec.

And yet on the evening of that very day, you might have caught glimpses of the white dress of Mary, as she stood beneath the old vine-arbor, in the garden, alone with one other, listening to the oft told tale again. But this time one might perhaps see that she listens with no unwilling ear, while a manly hand clasps hers, and words of passionate feeling are poured forth.

"I must go, Mary,—with such a form and face, such a soul, what might you not demand in one that dared hope for you, and I have nothing to offer—nothing."

"And do you think that I count a heart and soul like yours for nothing?" said Mary.

"Yes, yet there is so long an uncertainty before me—so much to be done single-handed, and not a soul thinks I shall succeed—not a soul—not even my own mother."

"Yes, George, you know I do," said Mary, "and you know what I say is worth more than all put together."

"Indeed I do—indeed I do—or I should have given up in despair long ago, my life, my angel."

"To be sure I am an angel," said Mary, "and so I beg of you, believe every word I say,—that six or seven years from this time, you will come back here the great Mr. George Evarts, and everybody will be making bows and shaking hands."

"Ah, Mary!" said the young man, smiling, and immediately after his face changed; an anxious and thoughtful cloud again seemed to settle upon it,—he took her hand and spoke with an expression of sorrow, such as she had never before seen:

"Mary, I fear I have done you wrong, to involve you in my uncertainties—to make your happiness in any respect dependent on my doubtful success in a long, hard struggle. I ought not to leave you bound to me by any promise. If, during these future years you see one who makes you an immediate offer of heart and hand—one worthy of you—and you think that if it were not for me—"

"I am to take him, of course," said Mary. "Well, I will remember it. Oh, George, this is just like you,—al-

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ways desponding, when you hope most. Come back to me five or ten years hence, and if you have any advice of the kind to give then—why, I'll think of it."

But what was said after this we will not stop to relate; we will only pause a little in our story, to explain the "who and what" of the last scene.

There dwelt in the village, a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband had been a carpenter, but being suddenly killed by a fall, had left to his wife no other treasure than a small house and garden, and as bright and vigorous a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up, fair and flourishing by an old, decaying stock. Little George was a manly, daring, resolute fellow, with a heart running over with affection and protecting zeal for his mother, and for a while he hoed in the garden, drove the cow, milked, and helped in various matters in-doors, with an energy and propriety that caused him to be held up as a pattern in the neighborhood. But when the days drew on that he should be put to some effective way of making a living, the various wise advisers of his mother began to shake their heads,—for with a deal of general ability he seemed to have no elective affinity for anything in particular.

There was a good natured shoemaker who offered fully to teach him the mysteries of his craft, and his mother looked upon it as a providential opening, and George was persuaded to essay upon the lapstone; but it would not do. Then Jonathan Parsons, being a neighborly, advising man, thought he knew what was best for the boy, and offered to take him on his farm and make something of him; and so George wielded spade, and hoe, and ax, and a very capable young farmer he promised to be; but after a while he declared off from this also. In short, he seemed in the eyes of many to be in danger of falling into that very melancholy class of instances of clever people, who, in common phrase, "don't seem to stick to anything."

But the gossips of the place were for once mistaken, for there was that which George did stick to, after all. He had in his veins that instinctive something or other, which leads one to feel after and find what he is made for. George had come across various odd volumes of books,—history, travels, biography,—and these had awakened in his mind a burning desire to do or be something in the world—something, he scarce knew what, and so he determined he would go to college. And what a sighing and wondering there was from his old mother, and what talking and amazement among the village worthies. Jonathan Parsons gave the young man a faithful and fatherly lecture, from the top of a codfish barrel, on the subject of tempting Providence, and other kindred topics, enforcing his remarks by alluding to the example of Jack Simpson, a poor nondescript, who was generally reported to have lost his wits in the attempt to study Latin, as a most forcible illustration of his argument. Poor George had but one friend to encourage him amid all this opposition, and that was our warm-hearted and trusting Mary. He had become acquainted with her during his stay at her father's, and she had entered warmly into all his plans, and encouraged his scheme with all a girl's confident, undoubting enthusiasm. They had never, until the evening interview we relate, settled any definite expectations for the future, for both knew that it was not a subject to be mentioned to Jonathan Parsons, who would set it down as a clear indication of lunacy on the part of Mary, and of something worse upon that of the gentleman.

We will not tell of the year-long efforts that had been made by our hero, up to the date of his last interview—of the ragged Latin Grammar studied by fire-light at his mother's hearth—the Euclid pored over during the long hours of the night, while he was tend-

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ing a saw-mill for a neighboring farmer. Suffice it to say, that alone and unassisted, he had now conquered the preparatory studies necessary to fit him for college, and had earned, beside, a small stock of money. This, his little all, he laid out in a peddlar's box and the necessary outfit for it, and after bidding adieu to Mary, and promising his mother to send her a portion of all his earnings, he left his native village with the determination never to return, till he had fulfilled the destiny he appointed for himself.

Six years from this time, and Mary was a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty, and not only beautiful, but educated and accomplished; for her own efforts had procured for her advantages of culture superior to what it is the lot of many to attain. George returned to his native village, a newly admitted lawyer, with the offer of a partnership in a very extensive business in Boston. Of course, everybody in the village altered their minds about him directly. His old mother laughed and almost blushed when complimented on her son, and said that somehow George always did seem to have it in him, and his neighbors, one and all, remembered how they had prophesied that George would be a remarkable man. As to Jonathan Parsons, he shook hands with him in extra style, invited him to drop in and see him any time, and even inquired his opinion as to one or two measures of Congress, about which he professed he had not yet made up his mind; and Mary—ah, well! Mr. George and Miss Mary had a deal of business by themselves in the little front room, from which came in time as gay a wedding as ever made an old house ring with merriment; and then they took a house in Boston, and Mr. George Evarts began to make a figure in the papers, as a leading young man in the political world, which made Jonathan Parsons a more zealous reader of them than ever; for, as he often took occasion to remark, "he felt that he had some hand in forming that young man's mind."

Many years after this, the Earl of Beresford and our heroine again met at a court drawing-room, in his own land, and to her, as the wife of the American Minister, his Lordship was formally presented. He was now a regular married man, somewhat gouty, and exceedingly fastidious in the matter of women, as his long experience on these subjects entitled him to be. He was struck, however, with the noble simplicity of Mary's manners, and with a beauty which, though altered in style, time had done little to efface; nor did he know, till the evening was over, that he had been in close attendance on the little village beauty of New Hampshire and the wife of a Yankee peddler.

THE CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.

These lines were written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, and inscribed 'To my Mother.'

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam.
And time since then has rolled its years,
And marked them on my brow,
Yet I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking on the day mother,
When at thy tender side
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wove
To deck thy darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to Heaven—
Your hope your trust was there,
Fond memory brings thy parting words,
While tears stole down your cheek;
Thy long, last, loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

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I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To sooth me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow,
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are all now torn from me.
They left me when the trouble came—
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblessed;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed;
I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But soothe me with your tender word,
And bid me hope again

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brighest hopes decay—
The tempter with his baneful cup,
Has dashed them all away:
And shame has left its venom'd sting
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

O! I have wandered far, mother!
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea!
O, mother! still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit might have flown
To its eternal rest;
And while I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

A few short years—and then
What changes Time hath wrought!
So strange they seem, we scarce can deem
The world, our life, ourselves are aught
But one long fitful dream.
The clouds that fly
Across the sky,
Waves tossed upon the sea,
Shadows that pass
Before a glass,
Our fitting emblems be.

A few short years—and then
Where are the hopes that shone
When youth with flowers unwreath the hours,
And earth had but one music tone
Of joy for us and ours?
The rainbow's hues,
The morning's dews
The blossoms of a day,
The trembling sheen
On waters seen
More stable are than they.

A few short years—and then
Where is the ad'mant chain
That passion wrought, and madly thought
Nor time or change could ever strain
Till life's last strife was fought?
A rope of sand,
A goss'mer band;
The filmy threads that e'en
The spider weaves
Amongst the leaves
A firmer bond had been.

A few short years—and then
Where is ambition's pile,
That rose so high against the sky,
O'ershadowing all around the while
With its proud boast might vie?
A shadow's shade,
A card house made
By children for their play;
The air-blown bells
That folly swells
May vaunt a surer stay.

A few short years—and then
Where is the mighty grief
That wrung the heart with torture's art,
And made it feel that its relief
Time's hand could ne'er impart?
A stream that's burst
And done its worst,
Then left the heaven more clear;
A night mare dread,
With morning fled,
These sorrows now appear.

A few short years—and then
What of our life remains,
The smiles and tears of other years,
Of passions joys, of sorrow's pains
Ambitions hopes and fears?

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Intellectual and Moral Power.

BY REV. E. L. MAGOON.

1. TRUE power is intellectual. Its honor and reward lie in the capacity of uttering the bright coinage of immortal thought. Providence has placed our existence in such an age and country, most favorable for the illustration of this point. In ruder ages, physical strength obtained mastership in life. In the subsequent era of chivalry, the prowess of military chieftains monopolized the brightest smiles and the richest honors. But under the highest civilization of modern times, beautiful thought is the favorite sovereign, who from the printed page or speaking lip, sways the omnipotent energy a scepter that is omnipresent.

2. Look at the regal power of mind. If it cannot "create a soul under the ribs of death," it will chisel frosty marble into the lineaments and gracefulness of more than kingly majesty. Disdaining to employ agents weak and fragile to execute its purpose, creative mind has produced a Titan progeny, whose strength is greater than Briareus with his hundred hands. Vivified with a soul etherial and lightning-winged, those servants, whose toil is neither uncompensated nor unjust, open the quarry and drive the loom; or when linked to the car and ship, they unexhausted go,

> "Trailing o'er the earth,
> And bounding 'cro s the sea."

3. There are intellects at this moment extant and luxuriating in the solitudes of profound meditation, or active in public toil, whose conceptions long since dispatched on their mission of conquest, are rushing in a thousand directions with infinitely more speed and energy than the eagles of imperial Rome. As the lightning shineth from the east into the west, so the clear, broad light of sterling thought, glittering through "the spacious circuits of her musing," is pouriug an effulgence around the globe. Not the fitful corruscations of vapid mediocrity, but profound and glowing mind is the universal queen whom all must adore or serve. Republicans though we are, we must acknowledge that here is a sovereign victorious beyond our envy or our hate.

Even here in this doomed earth, where storms howl and disease destroys, the Empires that rise, and the institutions that rule, are only lengthened shadows of individual minds, walking before the sun of immortal glory. It is the same now as it ever has been; the thick ranks of the great army of mankind, are marching, with lock-step, over the field of time to great conflicts and eternal rewards.

They march to the music of thought, regular or distracting, and who plays loudest and best, will be followed by the strongest host. A thought put into action, is infinitely more effective than exploding cannon. The tones of true eloquence will drown all their uproar, counteract the force of their destruction, and render the mightiest despots utterly impotent before the splendors of inspiring truth.

The will of God requires us not to elevate a few by depressing the many; but on the contrary to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. What means are to be used? We must educate. Let us not leave the mass of mind to grow ignorant and corrupt, and afterwards attempt coercively to bind it. Xerxes may as well expect to chain the vexed Hellespont in peace. Legislation is impotent any longer to resist the beamings of a brighter day.

Knowledge is generous and communicative, and jealousy at its progress is a sure symptom of its want. But the day has come when it cannot be successfully resisted. Superstition may have condemned Gallileo for his improved astronomy, but the earth continues to turn round with all its stupid inhabitants, revolving into light. Some are born in darkness, and have always dwelt there from choice; it is their native land; for it they fight, and it is the only sense in which they are patriotic. This is natural, but they and all like them, who fear the effulgence bursting up the horizon, should kindle counter fires, and educate! educate!

The more obstructions are thrown before the flooding tide of knowledge, the more destructive energies will be developed. The force of cannon may quell mobs, but education will prevent them. Moral power creates the strongest munitions of safety, while arbitrary compulsion degrades both the tyra it and his victim. We may expect a few will cry out against increased illumination, as that which they deprecate shames bi-

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gotry, cures superstition, and destroys all tyranny over body and soul. But the fire-cross of wisdom is shining from hill-top to hill-top, and is rapidly bounding from land to land. Aggressions into the kingdom of darkness have commenced. We do not cry "havoc and bloodshed," but we do say "let there be light."

Incidents in the Early Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE fearlessness and firmness of character, which he inherited from both father and mother, manifested itself in many ways. He had a lamb whose horns were crooked, and had a tendency to turn in. His father had given it to him for his own, on condition that he should keep the horns carefully filed, so that they should not hurt the animal. He had a small file on purpose, and took such excellent care of his pet, that it soon became very much attached to him, and trotted about after him like a dog. When he was about five or six years old, British soldiers came into the neighborhood to seize provisions for the army, according to their custom during the revolutionary war. They tied the feet of the tame lamb, and threw it into the cart with other sheep and lambs. Isaac came out in season to witness this operation, and his heart swelled with indignation. He sprang into the cart, exclaiming, "That's my lamb and you shan't have it!" The men tried to push him aside; but he pulled out a rusty jack-knife, which he had bought of a pedlar for two-pence, and cut the rope that bound the lamb. A British officer rode up and seeing a little boy struggling so resolutely with the soldiers, he inquired what was the matter "They've stolen my lamb!" exclaimed Isaac; "and they shan't have it. It's my lamb!"

"Is it your lamb, my brave little fellow?" said the officer. "Well they shan't have it. You'll make a fine soldier one of these days."

In general, his conscience reproved him as soon as he had done wrong, and he hastened to make atonement. A poor boy who attended the same school, usually brought a very scanty dinner. One day, the spirit of mischief led Isaac to spoil the poor child's provisions by filling his little pail with sand. When the boy opened it, all eagerness to eat his dinner, the tears came into his eyes; for he was very hungry. This touched Isaac's heart instantly. "Oh, never mind, Billy," said he. "I did it for fun; but I'm sorry I did it. Come, you shall have half of my dinner." It proved a lucky joke for Billy; for from that day henceforth, Isaac always helped him plentifully from his own stock of provisions.

Isaac and his elder brother were accustomed to set traps in the woods to catch partridges. One day, when he was about six years old, he went to look at his traps early in the morning, and finding his empty, he took a plump partridge from his brother's trap, put it in his own, and carried it home as his. When his brother examined the traps, he said he was sure he caught the bird, because there were feathers sticking to his trap; but Isaac maintained that there were feathers sticking to his also. After he went to bed, his conscience scorched him for what he had done. As soon as he rose in the morning, he went to his mother and said, "What shall I do? I have told a lie, and I feel dreadfully about it. That was Sam's partridge. I said I took it from my trap; and so I did; but I put it in there first."

"My son, it is a wicked thing to tell a lie," replied his mother. "You must go to Sam and confess, and give him the bird."

Accordingly, he went to his brother, and said, "Sam, here's your partridge. I did take it out of my trap; but I put it in their first." His brother gave him a talking, and then forgave him.

Being a very bright, manly boy, he was intrusted to carry grain several miles to mill, when he was only eight years old. On one of these occasions, he arrived just as another boy, who had preceded him, had alighted to open the gate. "Just let me drive in before you shut it," said Isaac, "and then I shall have no need to get down from my wagon." The boy patiently held the gate for him to pass through; but, Isaac, without stopping to thank him, whipped up his horse, arrived at the mill post haste, and claimed the right to be first served, because he was the first comer. When the other

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boy found he was compelled to wait, he looked very much dissatisfied, but said nothing. Isaac chuckled over his victory at first, but his natural sense of justice soon suggested better thoughts. He asked himself whether he had done right thus to take advantage of that obliging boy? The longer he reflected upon it, the more uncomfortable he felt. At last, he went up to the stranger and said frankly, "I did wrong to drive up to the mill so fast, and get my corn ground, when you were the one who arrived first; especially as you were so obliging as to hold the gate open for me to pass through. I was thinking of nothing but fun when I did it. Here's sixpence to make up for it." The boy was well pleased with the amend thus honorably offered, and they parted right good friends.

At nine years old he began to drive a wagon to Philadelphia, to sell vegetables and other articles from his father's farm; which he did very satisfactorily, with the assistance of a neighbor, who occupied the next stall in the market. According to the fashions of the times, he wore a broad brimmed hat, and small-clothes with long stockings. Being something of a dandy, he prided himself upon having his shoes very clean, and his white dimity small clothes without spot or blemish. He caught rabbits and sold them, till he obtained money enough to purchase brass buckles for his knees, and for the straps of his shoes. The first time he made his appearance in the city with his new finery, he felt his ambition concerning personal decoration completely satisfied. The neatness of his dress, and his manly way of proceeding, attracted attention, and induced his customers to call him "THE LITTLE GOVERNOR." For several years, he was universally known in the market by that title. Fortunately his father had no wish to obtain undue advantage in the sale of his produce; for had it been otherwise, his straight-forward little son would have proved a poor agent in transacting his affairs. One day, when a citizen inquired the price of a pair of chickens, he answered, with the utmost simplicity, "My father told me to sell them for fifty cents if I could; and if not, to take forty."

"Well done my honest little fellow!" said the gentleman smiling, "I will give you whatever is the current price. I shall look out for you in the market; and whenever I see you, I shall always try to trade with you." And he kept his word.

Soon after he went to reside in Philadelphia, a sea captain by the name of Cox came to his uncle's on a visit. As the captain was one day passing through Norris Alley, he met a young colored man, named Joe, whose master he had known in Bermuda. He at once accused him of being a runaway slave, and ordered him to go to the house with him. Joe called him his old friend, and seemed much pleased at the meeting. He said he had been sent from Bermuda to New-York in a vessel, which he named; he had obtained permission to go a few miles into the country, to see his sister, and while he was gone, the vessel unfortunately sailed; he called upon the consignee and asked what he had better do under the circumstances, and he told him that his captain had left directions for him to go to Philadelphia and take passage home in the first vessel. Captain Cox was entirely satisfied with this account. He said there was a vessel then in port, which would sail for Bermuda in a few days, and told Joe he had better go and stay with him at Mr. Tatem's house, while he made inquiries about it.

When Isaac entered the kitchen that evening, he found Joe sitting there, in a very desolate attitude; and watching him closely he observed tears now and then trickling down his dark cheeks. He thought of Mingo, whose pitiful story had so much interested him in boyhood, and caused him to form a resolution to be the friend of Africans.—The more he pondered on the subject, the more he doubted whether Joe was so much pleased to meet his "old friend," as he had pretended to be. He took him aside and said, "Tell me truely how the case stands with you. I will be your friend; and come what will, you may feel certain that I will never betray you." Joe gave him an earnest look of distress and scrutiny, which his young benefactor never forgot. Again he assured him, most solemnly, that he might trust him. Then Joe ventured to acknowledge that he was a fugitive slave, and had a great dread of being returned into bondage. He said his master let him out on board a ship going to New-York. He had a great desire for freedom, and when the vessel arrived at its destined port, he made his escape, and traveled to Phila-

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delphia, in hopes of finding some one willing to protect him. Unluckily, the very day he entered the City of Brotherly Love he met his old acquaintance Captain Cox; and on the spur of the moment he had invented the best story he could.

Isaac was then a mere lad, he had been in Philadelphia too short a time to form many acquaintances; but he imagined what his feelings would be if he were in poor Joe's situation, and he determined to contrive some way to assist him. He consulted with a prudent and benevolent neighbor, who told him that a Quaker by the name of John Stapler, in Buck's County, was a good friend to colored people, and the fugitive had better be sent to him. Accordingly, a letter was written to Friend Stapler, and given to Joe, with instructions how to prodeed. Meanwhile, Captain Cox brought tidings that he had secured a passage to Bermuda. Joe thanked him and went on board the vessel, as he was ordered. But a day or two after, he obtained permission to go to Mr. Tatem's house to procure some clothes he had left there. It was nearly sunset when he left the ship and started on the route, which Isaac had very distinctly explained to him. When the sun disappeared, the bright moon came forth.—By her friendly light, he traveled on with a hopeful heart until the dawn of day, when he arrived at Friend Stapler's house and delivered the letter. He was received with great kindness, and a situation was procured for him in the neighborhood, where he spent the remainder of his life comfortably, with "none to molest or make him afraid"

This was the first opportunity Isaac had of carrying into effect his early resolution to befriend the oppressed Africans.

While the experiences of life were deepening and strengthening his character, the fair child, Sarah Tatim, was emerging into womanhood. She was a great belle in the neighborhood, admired by the young men for her comely person, and by the old for her good sense and discreet manners. He had many competitors for her favor. But though some of her admirers abounded in worldly goods, her mind never swerved from the love of her childhood. The bright affectionate school-boy, who delighted to sit with her under the shady trees, and twist her shining curls over his fingers, retained his hold upon her heart as long as its pulses throbbed

Her father at first felt some uneasiness, lest his daughter should marry out of the Society of Friends. But Isaac had been for some time seriously impressed with the principles they professed, and when he assured the good old gentleman that he would never take Sarah out of the society, of which he was born a member, he was perfectly satisfied to receive him as a son-in-law.

At that period, there were several remarkable individuals among Quaker preachers in that part of the country, and their meetings were unusually lively and spirit-stirring. One of them, named Nicholas Waln, was educated in the Society of Friends, but in early life seems to have cared little about their principles. He was then an ambitious, money-loving man, remarkably successful in worldly affairs. But the principles inculcated in childhood probably remained latent within him; for when he was rapidly acquiring wealth and distinction by the practice of law, he suddenly relinquished it, from conscientious motives. This change of feeling is said to have been owing to the following incident. He had charge of an important case, where a large amount of property was at stake. In the progress of the cause, he became more and more aware that right was not on the side of his client; but to desert him in the midst was incompatible with his ideas of honor as a lawyer. This produced a conflict within him, which he could not immediately settle to his own satisfaction. A friend, who met him after the case was decided, inquired what was the result. He replied, "I did the best I could for my client. I have gained the cause for him, and have thereby defrauded an honest man out of his just dues." He seemed sad and thoughtful, and would never after plead a cause at the bar. He dismissed his students, and returned to his clients all the money he had received for untinished cases, For some time afterward, he appeared to take no interest in anything but his own religious state of feeling. He eventually became a preacher, very popular among Friends, and much admired by others.—His sermons were usually short, and very impressive. A cotemporary thus describes the force of his preaching: "The whole assembly

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seemed to be baptized together, and so covered with solemnity, that when the meeting broke up, no one wished to enter into conversation with another." He was so highly esteemed, that when he entered the court-house, as he occasionally did, to aid the poor or the oppressed in some way, it was not uncommon for judges and lawyers to rise spontaneously in token of respect.—Isaac had great veneration for his character, and was much edified by his ministry.

Mary Ridgeway, a small, plain, educated woman, was likewise remarkably persuasive and penetrating in her style of preaching, which appeared to Isaac like pure inspiration. Her exhortations took deep hold of his youthful feelings, and strongly influenced him to a religious life.

But more powerful than all other agencies was the preaching of William Savery. He was a tanner by trade; remarked by all who knew him as a man who "walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome drunken neighbor, whom I will call John Smith. The next week, the following advertisement appeared in the County newspaper: "Whoever stole a lot of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind." This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done. A few nights afterward as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back Mr. Savery. Where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee." As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back toward her and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence for a moment, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I am sure I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to drinking, and then quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man who has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee tomorrow at good wages. Perhaps we may find some employment for thy family also. The little boy can at least pick up stones.—But eat a bit now and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger tonight. Doubtless, thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary and she will always give it to thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After an ineffectual effort to compose his excited feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while, he ate and drank with a good appetite; and his host parted with him for the night with this kindly exhortation; "Try to do well John; and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

This practical preacher of righteousness was likewise a great preacher orally; if greatness is to be measured by the

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effect produced on the souls of others. Through his ministry, the celebrated Mrs. Fry was first excited to an interest in religion. When he visited England in 1798, she was Elizabeth Gurney, a lively girl of eighteen, rather fond of dress and company. Her sister alluding to the first sermon they heard from William Savery, writes thus: "His voice and manner were arresting, and we all liked the sound. Elizabeth became a good deal agitated, and I saw her begin to weep. The next morning, when she took breakfast with him at her uncle's, he preached to her after breakfast, and prophesied of the high and important calling she would be led into." Elizabeth herself made the following record of it in her journal; "In hearing William Savery preach, he seemed to me to overflow with true religion; to be humble, and yet a man of great abilities. Having been gay and disbelieving, only a few years ago, makes him better acquainted with the heart of one in the same condition. What he said, and what I felt was like a refreshing shower falling upon the earth that had been dried up for ages.

This good and gifted man often preached in Philadelphia; not only at stated seasons, on the first and fifth day of the week, but at evening meetings also, where the Spirit is said to have descended upon him and his hearers in such copious measure that they were reminded of the gathering of the apostles on the day of Pentecost. Isaac was at an impressible age, and on those occasions his thirsty soul drank eagerly from the fountain of living water. To the end of his days, whenever anything reminded him of William Savery, he would utter a warm eulogium on his deep spirituality, his tender benevolence, his cheerful, genial temper, and the simple dignity of his deportment.

Isaac was about twenty-two years old, when he was received as a member of the Society of Friends. It was probably the pleasantest period of his existence. Love and religion, the two deepest and brightest experiences of human life, met together, and flowed into his earnest soul in one full stream. He felt perfectly satisfied that he had found the one true religion. The plain mode of worship suited the simplicity of his character, while the principles inculcated were peculiarly well calculated to curb the violence of his temper, and to place his strong will under the restraint of conscience. Duties toward God and his fellowmen stood forth plainly revealed to him in the light that shone so clearly in his awakened soul. Late in life he often used to refer to this early religious experience as a sweet season of peace and joy. He said it seemed as if the very air were fragrant, and the sunlight more glorious than it had ever been before.

LOVE;

Or, the Force of Gravity in the Moral World.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

In the material universe, there is one grand royal law, upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law, the union and source of all the laws known to the physical world, is the law of Gravitation. In its object, operation and effect, it is to the material world just what the royal law of love is to the moral. To every atom of matter in the universe, it is the command, and the command is obeyed. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" thou shalt attach thyself to his eternal throne with all thy capacity of adhesion, and draw with thee thy fellow atom towards the same center. Since the world was made, not a grain of sand, not a drop of rain or dew, not a vesicle of air, has ever broken that law; and there has been peace, perfect peace, through all the peopled amplitudes of space. Pervading the whole universe with its socializing influences, it attracts particle to particle, plant to primary, sun to sun, system to system; mooring all the creations of God around his throne, the common center of matter and of mind. And there, firm and peaceful, that royal law holds them, while they make music with the harmony of their motions, singing as they revolve in the orbits which it prescribed them when eternity was young, and which shall remain unaltered by a hair, when eternity shall be old. Upon the almighty and omnipresent force of that law, depends the destiny of worlds which geometry never measured, the condition of

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beings outreaching the arithmetic of angels. Should it release its hold upon a single atom of matter floating along the sunless disk of non-existence, trembling would run through all those innumerable creations, "and signs of woe unutterable that all was lost." Suppose, now, that some human government should undertake to suspend the operation or existence of this royal law of the physical world. And suppose that its puny arm could palsy that all pervading, concentrating force; what mind could not conceive the wild catastrophe that would ensue through the material universe? Millions of millions of suns would be quenched simultaneously in everlasting night. All the worlds they lighted and led, would crumble in their orbits into the minutest divisions of matter, filling the whole immensity of space with hostile atoms, each at war with its fellow, repelling its society, and dashing on in its centrifugal madness, to "make confusion worse confounded." All the beings that peopled those decomposed worlds, would float promiscuous and dismembered over the black surges of the boundless chaos; and not a throb of life nor a ray of light would beat or shine amid the ruins of the Desuniverse. Can any one doubt for a moment, that all this, and more than we can conceive of ruin, would be the instantaneous consequence of destroying the great law of gravitation? But what is all this; what to God and his moral universe is all this dire disaster, this wreck of matter and crush of worlds; what this disruption of every vein of life and form of beauty; what is all this to that other and more dreadful catastrophe which war would produce, when it reaches up and essays to paralyze, with its iron hand, the great law of Love, the law of Gravitation in the moral world, which attracts and centers around the heart of God, all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence! Amid the decomposition of the material universe, every undying spirit would be safe from the general ruin, nor verge a hair from its moral orbit, nor be jostled from its centripetal tendency towards its great Source and Center. But in that other act of immeasurable iniquity, man would consign the moral world to a chaos infinitely more apalling than that which would involve the material universe, should he strike from existence the law of gravity. He would sever every ligament of attraction that attached heart to heart, spirit to spirit, and angel to angel, and all created beings to God. He would set the universe on fire with malignant passions, on whose red billows contending spirits, once blessed, now damned, would thrust at each other's existence, and curse themselves and God. That act would put a sword in every angel's hand, and every harp in heaven, with horid discords, would summon the frenzied and battling seraphs to mutual and deathless slaughter. It would blast the foliage of life's fair tree, turn the crystal river into burning pitch, and line its banks with fighting fiends. Hate, malignant and quenchless, would burn in every heart, and no two spirits in the universe would unite, even in common malevolence.

THE PRIMITIVE EARTH.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M.

Number One.

He who looks out upon the earth in its present condition, with unscientific eyes, can have but little idea of its primitive state. Here he beholds winding streams, bordered by rich farm lands, or forests green with summer's pleasant robes; there he sees the mountains, lifting their bold peaks heavenward, and fading insensibly away in the blue dim distance; here he beholds prairies, with their fresh green slopes, tinted with innumerable flowers; there he views in wonder the blue ocean, mighty in calm and terrible in storm; above his gazing eye sees all the glories of heaven, sun, moon, stars, meteors, and clouds; his ear hears the music of life; the bounteous earth regales his palate, and odors breathe sweet incense on the passing breeze. He thinks, perhaps, that these things have always been as he sees them, or that God spoke them into existence in a single day, and that sometime in the

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future he will suddenly blot them out. He perceives not the long chain of causes and effects by which the known creation has been brought to its present perfection. If you would tell him earth's history, as developed by science, he would think you were detracting from God's power, by giving him more than six days in which to build this vast universe. He could believe more easily that God had been idle from eternity up to within six thousand years ago, when he created matter from nothing, and then built from this matter thus brought into existence, our stupendous sun, and all his magnificent retinue of revolving worlds. In order to study the earth's primitive condition, let us begin first with the sun, the great central orb of our system: The sun's diameter is 880,000 miles; its mean distance from the earth, 91,500,000 miles; it revolves on its axis once in about twenty-five days, and is supposed to be moving through space on a journey of about 18,000,000 years around some star situated in the constellation Taurus. The telescope reveals vast spots upon the sun's disk, which pass through various changes and often wholly disappear; these changes seem to be connected in some way with great disturbances and tremendous magnetic storms, which are felt, more or less, upon the earth, and, probably, upon all the other planets. The sun is the source also of much of the light and heat that give life and motion to the solar system; By means of the new science of Spectrum Analysis, we have learned many facts about the sun hitherto unknown; we learn that the sun has at least eighteen elements common to it and the earth; that it contains several elements not yet found on earth; that oxygen is not found in the sun; that it is a liquid mass of incandescent matter; that this liquid mass is surrounded by a gaseous envelope four hundred miles in depth, containing eighteen of the elements found in the lower mass, and destined in time to form part of the sun's solid crust; that outside this is another envelope six thousand miles in depth called the chromysphere of the sun, composed largely of incandescent hydrogen; that still outside of this is another envelope hundreds of thousands of miles in thickness, corresponding to our atmosphere; that lastly, outside of all, is the solar corona, somewhat resembling our aurora polaris. Hence, we see that the sun is a vast globe of fire, surrounded by gaseous envelopes, arranged according to their respective densities. The question may be asked, what keeps this great fire in operation? From whence does the fuel come? It must be remembered, however, that this fire is not the result of combustion, but rather the result of the war of two great forces in nature—gravitation and heat. Without gravitation matter would tend to division, and the sun, as well as other bodies, would fall into fragments too minute for even the strongest microscopic eye, and would be disseminated through space; but, without heat, gravitation would contract all bodies into almost infinitely smaller spaces. In the sun this war goes on and on through the ages, slowly but surely gravitation is getting the mastery, and as the body of the sun contracts that very contraction developes heat for the use of its dependent worlds. Contraction goes on, the heat is radiating through space, and sometime in the far distant future, when the sun shall have been sufficiently diminished in volume, and cooled enough, its chromosphere will condense upon the sun's rough, rocky crust, forming mighty oceans, and encircling all within its airy robe, an atmosphere will rest upon a sedate and habitable world. The sun in its present condition is an image of the earth in its morning of life. By the aid of science we can trace the history of our planet back, through its various changes, until we see it a molton globe of fire, shining like a tiny star upon the inhabitants

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of some distant world, and ever near it, in its elliptical course, its companion, the moon, shining too with unborrowed light. We may go even farther, until we see it in its vaporous condition, encircled by a band of cloud-like matter, resembling one of Saturn's rings. Thus far science can go with considerable certainty; but here it stops, upon the borders of infinity, and turns back wearied with its long flight.

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O, STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life we start—
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart!

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook no force and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains;
The simple heart, that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is:
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,
And wearies Heaven for naught above
Our common needs

Which brings to God's all-perfect will
That trust of his undoubting child,
Whereby all seeming good and ill
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
Of favor, is content to fall
Within the providence that shines
And rains on all.

Alone the Thebaid hermit leaned
At noontime o'er the sacred word.
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance, sweet and mild;
And, looking up the hermit saw
A little child.

A child with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man? No shade
Of cool, green doums, nor grass, nor well,
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said:
"With God I dwell.

"Alone with him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live
Here alone?—where the desert's rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field: beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while,
My mother weaves.

"And then the millet's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
"Dear Lord!" he said "Thy angel speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smile through lavish locks,
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,
And bleat of flocks.

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"O child!" he said, "thou teachest me
There is no place where God is not;
That love will make where'er it be,
A holy spot.

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand in hand
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,
And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her eyes;
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surprise.

And, lo!—with sudden warmth and light
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
A man became.

"O, sister of El Zara's race,
Behold me!—had we not one mother?"
She gazed into the stranger's face;—
"Thou art my brother."

"O, kin of blood!—Thy life of us
And patient trust is more than mine;
And wiser than the gray recluse
This child of thine.

"For, taught of him whom God hath sent,
That toil is praise, and love is prayer,
I come, life's pains and cares content
With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit's better life began;
His holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
And found a man!

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT DEMANDED BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Baron Von Stauffenberg, a Roman Catholic, who represents Bavaria in the German parliament, said in that body, a few weeks since; "Let all creeds be as free as they are in America. The dissension in the Catholic Church is daily increasing. We stand at the beginning of a movement which will become as world-renowned as the Reformation. Ere long we may hear the question raised, 'What is the true Catholic Church?' I do not say this to offend any one, but it is one of those things which must be said. You will sooner find the square of the circle than reconcile the papal pretensions with that religious liberty you affect to ask for. Let all creeds be as free as they are in America."

July 4.

Speak Gently to the Erring One.

BY FREDERIC GEORGE LEE.

Speak gently to the erring one—
Ye know not all the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour,
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell!

Speak gently to the erring—
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet,
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring—
For is it not enough,
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin crush'd heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly of the erring—
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

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Josephine the Wife of the First Consul.

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The winter of 1799 opened upon France in the deepest gloom. The French were weary of the horrors of the Revolution. All business was at a stand. The poor had neither employment nor bread. Starvation reigned in the capital. The Austrians had again entered Italy, and beaten the French at almost every point. No tidings were received from Bonaparte and the army in Egypt. Rumors of the death of Napoleon and a disastrous state of the enterprise filled the city. The government at Paris, composed of men who had emerged from obscurity in the storms of revolution, was imbecile and tyrannical in the extreme. The nation was weary beyond endurance of the strife of contending factions, and ardently desired some strong arm to be extended for the restoration of order, and for the establishment of an efficient and reputable government. "The pear was ripe."

On the evening of the 9th of November, a large and very brilliant party was assembled in Paris at the house of M. Gohier, president of the Directory. The company included all the most distinguished persons then resident in the metropolis. Josephine, being in Paris at that time, was one of the guests. About midnight, the gentlemen and ladies were gathering around a supper table very sumptuously spread, when they were startled by a telegraphic announcement, communicated to their host, that Bonaparte had landed at Frejus, a small town upon the Mediterranean shore. The announcement created the most profound sensation. All knew that Napoleon had not returned at that critical moment without an object. Many were pale with apprehension, concious that his popularity with the army would enable him to wrest from them their ill-gotten power. Others were elated with hope. Yet universal embarrassment prevailed. None dared to express their thoughts. No efforts could revive the conviviality of the evening, and the party soon dispersed.

Josephine, with the deepest emotion, hastened home, immediately summoned her carriage, and, taking with her Hortense and Louis Bonaparte, set out, without allowing an hour for repose, to meet her husband. She was very anxious to have an interview with him before her enemies could have an opportunity to fill his mind with new accusations against her. The most direct route from Paris to Frejus passed through the city of Lyons. There is another and more retired route, not frequently traveled, but which Napoleon, for some unknown reason, took. It was a long journey of weary, weary leagues, over hills and plains. Josephine alighted not for refreshment or slumber, but with fresh relays of horses, night and day pressed on to meet her spouse. When she arrived at Lyons, to her utter consternation she heard that Napoleon had taken the other route, and, some forty-eight hours before, had passed her on the way to Paris. No words can describe the anguish which these tidings caused her. Her husband would arrive in Paris and find her absent. He would immediately be surrounded by those who would try to feed his jealousy. Two or three days must elapse ere she could possibly retrace her steps. Napoleon arrived in Paris the 10th of November. It was not until nearly midnight of the 13th that Josephine returned. Worn out with the fatigues of traveling, of anxiety, and of watching, she drove with a heavy heart to their house in the Rue Chantereine.

The enemies whom Josephine had most to fear were the brothers and sisters-in-law of Napoleon. They were entirely dependent upon their illustrious brother for their own advancement

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in life, and were exceedingly jealous of the influence which Josephine had exerted over his mind. They feared that she would gain an exclusive empire where they wished also to reign. Taking advantage of Josephine's absence, they had succeeded in rousing Napoleon's indignation to the highest pitch. They accused her of levity, of extravagance, of forgetfulness of him, and of ever playing the coquette with all the debauchees of Paris. Napoleon, stimulated by that pride which led the Roman emperor to say, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected," threatened loudly "divorce—open public divorce." Said one maliciously to him, "She will appear before you in all her fascinations, explain matters; you will forgive all, and tranquillity will be restored." "Never! never!" exclaimed the irritated general, striding to and fro through the room. "I forgive! never! You know me. Were I not sure of my resolution, I would pluck out this heart and cast it into the fire."

Such was the mood of mind in which Napoleon was prepared to receive Josephine, after an absence of eighteen months. Josephine and Hortense alighted in the court-yard, and were immediately enfolded in the embraces of Eugene, who was anxiously awaiting their arrival. With trembling steps and a throbbing heart, Josephine, accompanied by her son and daughter, ascended the stairs to a small circular family room where they expected to find Napoleon. He was there with his brother Joseph. As his wife and her children entered the room, Napoleon glanced sternly at them, and instantly said to Josephine, in a severe and commanding tone, almost before she had crossed the threshold,

"Madame! it is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison."

Josephine came nearly falling lifeless upon the floor. She was caught in the arms of Eugene, who, in the most profound grief, had kept near the side of his revered and beloved mother, He supported her fainting steps, as sobbing with anguish, she silently retired to her apartment. Napoleon, greatly agitated, traversed the room with hasty strides. The sight of Josephine had rekindled all his love, and he was struggling with desperate efforts to cherish the sense of wrong, and fortify himself against any return of clemency.

In a few moments, Josephine and Hortense, with Eugene were heard descending the stairs to leave the house. It was midnight. For a week Josephine had lived in her carriage almost without food or sleep. Nothing but intensity of excitement had prevented her from sinking down in utter weariness and exhaustion. It was a drive of thirty miles to Malmaison. Napoleon was not prepared for such prompt obedience. Even his stern heart could not resist its instinctive pleadings for his wife and her daughter. He hastened from his room, and, though his pride would not allow him directly to urge Josephine to remain, he insisted upon Eugene's returning, and urged it in such a way that he came back, leading with him his mother and sister. Napoleon, however, addressed not a word to either of them. Josephine threw herself upon a couch in her apartment, and Napoleon, in gloomy silence, entered his cabinet. Two days of wretchedness passed away, during which no intercourse took place between the two estranged parties. But the anger of the husband was gradually subsiding. Love for Josephine was slowly gaining strength in his heart. On the third day, his pride and passion were sufficiently subdued to allow him to enter the apartment where Josephine and Hortense had kept themselves secluded, awaiting his pleasure. Josephine was seated at a toilet table, with her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in the profoundest grief. On the table were exposed the letters which

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she had received from Napoleon during his absence, and which she evidently had been reading. Hortense was standing silently and pensively in an alcove by the window, half concealed by the curtain. Napoleon advanced with an irresolute step, hesitated for a moment, and then said "Josephine!" She started up at the sound of that well-known voice, and, her beautiful countenance all suffused with tears, mournfully exclaimed, "*Mon ami*," in that peculiar tone, so pathetic, so musical, which ever thrilled upon the heart of Napoleon. "My friend" was the term of endearment with which she invariably addressed her husband. Napoleon was vanquished. He extended his hand to his deeply-wronged wife. She threw herself into his arms, pillowed her aching head upon his bosom, and in the fullness of blended joy and anguish wept convulsively. An explanation of several hours ensued. Every shade of suspicion was obliterated from his mind. He received Josephine again to his entire confidence, and this confidence was never again interrupted.

When Napoleon landed at Frejus, he was received with the utmost enthusiastic demonstrations of delight. There was a universal impression that the hero of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt, had returned thus unexpectedly to France for the accomplishment of some magnificent enterprise; yet no one knew what to anticipate. The moment the frigate dropped anchor in the bay, and it was announced that Napoleon was on board, thousands surrounded the vessel in boats, and the air was filled with enthusiastic exclamations. His journey to Paris was one continued scene of triumph. Crowds gathered around him at every stopping-place, intoxicated with joy. The bells rang their merriest peals; the booming of cannon echoed along the hill sides, and brilliant bonfires by night blazed upon every eminence. Upon his arrival in Paris, the soldiers, recognizing their leader in so many brilliant victories, greeted him with indescribable enthusiasm, and cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" resounded through the metropolis. His saloon, ever thronged with generals and statesmen, and all who were most illustrious in intellect and rank, resembled the court of a monarch. Even the most prominent men in the Directory, disgusted with the progress of measures which they could not control, urged him to grasp the reins of power, assuring him that there was no hope for France but in his strong arm. In less than four weeks from his arrival in Paris, the execrated government was overturned. Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos were apointed consuls, and twenty-five members were appointed from each of the councils to unite with the consuls in forming a new constitution. One unanimous voice of approval rose from all parts of France in view of this change. No political movement could take place more strongly confirmed by the popular will. Napoleon hastened from the scenes of peril and agitation through which he had passed in the accomplishment of this change, that he might be the first to announce to Josephine the political victory he had acheived.

During the perilous day, when, in the midst of outcries, daggers, and drawn swords, he had been contending with the Council of the Five Hundred, he could find not even one moment to dispatch a note from St. Cloud to his wife. The previous day he had kept her constantly informed of the progress of events. Josephine remained throughout the whole of the 19th of November, from morning until evening, without sight or tidings of her husband. She knew that, in the fierce strife of parties in France, there was no safety for life; and when the darkness of night settled down around her, and still no word from her Napoleon, her anxiety amounted almost to distraction. Several weary hours of suspense lingered slowly along, when, at four o'clock in the morning, she heard

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the well-known footsteps of her husband upon the stairs.

She sprang to meet him. He fondly clasped her in his arms, and assured her that he had not spoken to a single individual since he had taken the oaths of the office, that the voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him on his virtual accession to the empire of France. An animated conversation ensued, and then Napoleon, throwing himself upon his couch for a few moments' repose, gayly said, "Good night, my Josephine! to-morrow we sleep in the Luxembourg."

The next day the three consuls met in Paris. His colleagues, however, immediately perceived that the towering ambition of Napoleon would brook no rival. He showed them the absurdity of their plans, and compelled them to assent to the superior wisdom of his own.

In this most astonishing revolution, thus suddenly accomplished, and without the shedding of a drop of blood, Napoleon was much indebted to the influence which his wife had exerted in his behalf during his absence in Egypt.

Impressions of Children.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHILDREN think much more, and much more deeply, than we are aware, upon religious subjects.

I remember that I was seriously exercised upon the doctrines of election, free-agency, etc., by the time that I was eight years old. I was brought up on doctrine. The things that most influence children are acted things, not things that are said.

I don't remember to have been affected by any sermon until I was more than thirteen years old. But the prayer and talking meetings were the ones. I used to be convicted there; and I would go about trying to be "pricked in the heart." I had got that figure and so tried to prick myself. I wanted to be taken up by some resistless wind of conviction, and to be made to suffer such agonies about my sinful state as I had heard others tell of; for I thought that right after that would follow conversion, and I should be safe.

I don't think fear has much really good influence upon children—a powerful influence it certainly does have. I remember once we children were all called together into our kitchen—which we thought the best room in the house; its windows looked out upon trees and flowers, and its door, when opened, revealed the long line of road along which we always made haste to run as soon as we could gain our freedom. We were called into the kitchen to be talked to by a minister who was staying at my father's. He told us how wicked boys and girls were by nature, and what an awful end was before them if they never repented. He told us the story of one wicked boy who saw the devil coming after him. The idea almost froze our young blood with horror, and we resolved with all our might to be good, that such a fate might not befall us. But as for myself I don't think that talk ever did me one particle of good; on the contrary, I believe I never did cut up so bad any one week as I did that week, spite of all my efforts to stop myself by thoughts of that dreadful story, and of how I should feel to see the devil coming up the road after me.

I remember that one Sunday morning, as soon as I awoke, I began to play, picking the cotton out of the quilt, and rolling it into balls to throw at my brother. Suddenly came the thought "You wicked boy! to begin the Sabbath by playing."

At once I was condemned, and ducked beneath the bed clothes least something dreadful should catch me. There I lay quietly five minutes, as long as I ever kept still.

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There came a woman to live with us —Aunty Chandler we were taught to call her; she became my fast friend, and used to beg me off from whippings. There was a tree whose apples used to get me up and out early in the morning. I was often whipped for stealing them; but whippings used to make me very brave. One morning, just as I was stealing out to go for the apples, Aunty Chandler stopped me. "Oh! Harry," she said, tears rolling down her face, "I cannot bear to have you whipped so; why will you go and get those apples?"

This was a new idea. It had never struck me that Aunty C. got the whippings on her heart. After that there were not ropes enough in old Connecticut to draw my young feet to that tree.

In those days people used to get together and pray and make a solemn time of it when a train of emigrants were about to start for Ohio. It was almost as if they were to start for another world. Well do I remember the long lines of white-covered wagons that used to wind through Litchfield, and I used to run into the house and hide under the table that they might not steal and carry me off. Well, the time came when Aunty Chandler went away in one of those slow-moving trains. I shall never forget it. I thought I was near the end of my gospel when she went. Her life was strong in its good influence upon me. Next came a negro servant. He was my next evangelist. I used to watch him in the field, and in the house, and even now, with my mature reflection, I cannot remember ever to have seen him do a wrong act. As I worked beside him in the field, he used to tell me his experience, and where he learned this and that hymn; and then he would sing as only the African can sing, and I used to wish that I could have such religion as that negro enjoyed. When we went to bed—he and I slept in the same garret, he in one corner and I in the other; some people would think it a dreadful thing to have to share a garret with a negro—when we went to bed he used to pile his pillows up behind him so that he could lie sitting up, take his hymn-book, fasten his candle up somewhere, so that he could see, and commence having a regular good time. He would sing hymn after hymn with such relish and enjoyment, the big tears frequently rolling down his dark face, that I used to be cut to the heart with remorse, that I, a minister's son, brought up with every advantage, should be so much worse than a poor negro. I would lie there and pretend to be asleep, while all the time he was singing right at my conscience, and I was crying heartily to hear him. Oh! how glad I should have been could I have changed places with that poor negro serving-man, if it hadn't been for cheating him. I think that living, acted out religion, does more good to children than all the talking that can be done, though talking, certainly, should not be omitted. That African did me more good than all the ministers that ever came to my father's house.

A Scene in a House of Worship. —The Bishop of Manchester concluded his sermon at the consecration of a church on the 26th ult., with the following anecdote: A few weeks ago they had in Manchester a week of special service, held in six churches, in the most densely populated part of the city, and at these services all seats were free to those who choose to occupy them. One evening a gentleman at one of these meetings saw two working men, and told them to go to any pew in which they could get seats. They took their places in a pew, and soon afterward a lady came, and asked them, "What do you want there? That's my seat." One of the men said to the other, "Come along, Bill; let's be off. I told you this was too swell a place." He (the Bishop) left his audience to draw their own inference.

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Nature a Minister of Happiness.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE secret of happiness lies in the health of the whole mind, and in giving to each faculty due occupation, and in the natural order of their superiorities, the Divine first, the human second, the material last. And every one can find, but in different degrees, the food for all their faculties in that sphere into which God has cast their lot. Instead of seeking happiness by going out of our place, our skill should be to find it where we are. Our pleasures, like honey, should be extracted not from a few stately flowers, named and classic, but from the whole multitude, great and small, which God has sown with profuse hand to smile in every nook, and to make the darkest corners warm with their glowing presence. Every thing which is made has an errand to us, if we will hear. No difference among men is more noticeable than the facility of happiness.

From the grand tranquility that reigns on every side I turn my thoughts with dreamy surprise, to those whirlpools of excitement where men strive for honor, and know not what is honorable; for wealth, and do not know true riches; for pleasure, and are ignorant of the first elements of pleasure. There comes to me a sad sense of the turmoil of men fiercely bent upon happiness, who will never know it. They are starving amidst unexampled abundance. In their Father's house is bread enough and to spare, and a divine wine that inspires ardor, without intoxication, within the soul. Why should they be furrowed with care, and my unwrinkled heart be purpled over with blossoming joy? Are we not made alike? Have they not every one, he faculties that I have? Every sense hat rings to the strokes of joy they have even as I have. And they have, too, the very things that make me supremely joyful, a hope of immortality, a present and paternal God, the sun, the face of the world, the clouds, the trees and the birds which keep house in them, the air, the innumerable grass! It is not anything that I own, it is no stroke of grand fortune, no special success, that rejoices me. It is nothing but the influence of those things in which every man has common possession—days, nights, forests, mountains, atmosphere, universal and unmonopolized nature! But having eyes they will not see, and ears they will not hear, and a heart they will not understand. As the old prophet touched his servant's eyes, and he beheld the mountains filled with the angels and chariots of God, and feared no more; so, methinks, if I could but bring the eager thousands forth who pant and strive for joy, only for joy, and unseal their eyes, they should behold and know assuredly that happiness was not in all the places where they delve and vex themselves. In the presence of these heavenly hours, riches, touched with the finger of God, would say, "Joy is not in me." Fame would say, "It is not in me." Passion, hoarse from toils of grossness, would say, "It is not in me." And amidst their confessions a voice should come down through the clear air from heaven and the very bosom of Christ, saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In that rest, which Christ gives every created thing, lies an atmosphere of enchanted beauty!

Yea, Lord! that promise is a highway without a chasm. Ten thousand feet have trod it, and found it true. My own soul knoweth it right well. And this out-spread crystal vault is full of the light of thy countenance. This earth, which the sun unrolls and reads daily, is thy written parchment! It were a dead and mute thing but for the presence of the living God. As upon

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mountain tops, the noise of the valley dies away and is not heard, and men's dwellings are no bigger than leaves, and all the mightiest uproars are whispers, and the silent spectator looks down upon life unharrassed by its currents, so, in such hours as this, the soul stands with God, and moves somewhat in the eternal course of the Divine soul; while the eddies, the dark dangers of the deep pools in life's rocky stream, the hoarse, rushing, and impetuous outburst of the furious currents of human passions are so far below, that we either see them not, or see them as a silent vapor! Thus, Lord, wilt thou hide whom thou choosest in thy pavilion, and the storm shall thunder unheard beneath them, the darkness shall be light around about them, and perfect peace shall abide upon their hearts for ever!

Is it Nature that has the power of conferring such religious joy, or is it Religion that inspires Nature to such celestial functions? To a Christian heart it is both. The soul seeks and sees God through nature, and nature changes its voice, speaking no longer of mere material grandeur and beauty, but declares through all its parts the glory of God. Then when Christ is most with us, do we find nature the most loving, the most inspired; and it involves a deeper significance, in all its phases, and chants, with its innumerable voices, solemn but jubilant hymns of praise to God!

But let no one go forth to declare what nature shall do for him. Let no one sound the key-note of his own desire first, and ask nature to take up the harmony and evolve it. Let one go as a little child, opening his heart, and waiting to see what God shall do unto him. Let him accept just what is sent—clouds when clouds are sent, sunlight when sunlight comes; little things, rude things—all things.

The fullest enjoyment of the country does not arise from stray excitements acting in straight lines; nor from august mountains, wide panoramas, awful gorges, nor from anything that runs in upon you with strong stimulations. All these things have their place. But they are occasional. They are the sub-base, and come in as the mighty undertone upon which soft and various melodies float. A thousand daily little things make their offering of pleasure to those who know how to be pleased.

We have said that there is no difference between one person and another more characteristic and noticeable than the facility of being happy. Some seem pierced with half a hundred windows, through which stream warmth, light, and sounds of delight. Others have but one or two stately doors, and they are mostly shut. Some persons are always breaking out into happiness, because every thing is bringing them pleasure. It comes in at the eye, and at the ear, at the portals of smell, taste, and touch, in things little and great, in shapes and colors, in contrasts and analogies, in exactitudes, and in fanciful associations; in homely life, and in wild and grand life. But others there are that go for enjoyment to nature just as they dress for company, and receive pleasure formally, and in the stiffness of ceremony. They march out to behold noble aspects, as if they felt bound to keep up a respectable show before nature. The full enjoyment of nature requires that we should be as many-sided as nature herself. It is to be considered that God found a reason of pleasure in every individual thing which he has made, and that an education on our part, toward God in nature, consists in developing in ourselves a pleasure in every single object which exists about us. So sadly are we brought up in this respect, that it must be a very serious education to most persons.

As things go in our utilitarian age, men look upon the natural world in one of three ways; the first, as a foundation for industry, and all objects are.

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regarded in their relations to industry. Grass is for hay, flowers are for medicine, springs are for dairies, rocks are for quarries, trees are for timber, streams are for navigation or for milling, clouds are for rain, and rain is for harvests. The relation of an object to some commercial or domestic economy, is the end of observation. Beyond that there is no interest to it.

The second aspect in which men behold nature, is the purely scientific. We admire a man of science who is so all-sided that he can play with fancy or literality, with exactitudes or associations, just as he will. But a mere man of accuracy, one of those conscientious-eyed men, that will never see any thing but just what is there, and who insist upon bringing everything to terms; who are forever dissecting nature, and coming to the physical truths in their most literal forms, these men are our horror. We should as soon take an analytic chemist to dine with us, that he might explain the constituent elements of every morsel that we ate; or an anatomist into a social company, to describe the bones, and muscles, and nerves that were in full play in the forms of dear friends. Such men think that nature is perfectly understood when her mechanism is known; when her gross and physical facts are registered, and when all her details are catalogued and described. These are nature's dictionary-makers. These are the men who think that the highest enjoyment of a dinner would be to be present in the kitchen and that they might see how the food is compounded and cooked.

A third use of nature is that which poets and artists make, who look only for beauty.

All of these are partialists. They all misinterpret, because they all proceed as if nature were constructed upon so meager a schedule as that which they peruse; as if it were a mere matter of science, or of commercial use, or of beauty; whereas these are but single developments among hundreds.

The earth has its physical structure and machinery, well worth laborious study; it has its relations to man's bodily wants from which spring the vast activities of industrial life; it has its relations to the social faculties, and the finer sense of the beautiful in the soul; but far above all these are its declared uses, as an interpreter of God, a symbol of invisible spiritual truths, the ritual of a higher life, the highway upon which our thoughts are to travel toward immortality, and toward the realm of just men made perfect that do inherit it. No one who has made himself conversant with the representations given of the natural world by the old Hebrew mind, but will feel the infidelity of our modern occidental mind. When the old prophet felt his sense kindled by the Divine touch, and read the face of the heavens and of the earth, as God meant them to be read, how full of meaning and of majesty were the clouds, the mountains, the morning and the evening, the storms, the birds and beasts, the insects, and the grass through which they creep!

When clouds begin to gather, and, growing dark and blacker, travel up from the horizon full of solemn intent, their folds moving upon themselves, and their whole aspect full of an unspeakable majesty, as if they did not see the earth, nor know so small a thing in their headlong march toward some distant goal, the Anglo Saxon remarks that it is a fine thunder gust, and speculates upon the probability of rain! The old Hebrew would chant, in low and reverent tone, "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, yea he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the sky." Thus gazing upon the grandeur of the gathering storm, beholding in it the robes which hid the majesty of Jehovah, the clouds are rent with light-

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nings, and the heaven roars with awful thunders which fly in terrible echoes from cloudy cliff to cliff, bellowing and rolling away in sullen sounds into interior depths of the heaven. It is the voice of God. It is the glance of the eye of him upon whom no man can look and live; "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice, hail stones and coals of fire."

As the burden of the storm passes, and we see its fiery forks plunging upon the mountain with silent vehemence we say, the lightning struck something; and we reflect upon electricity and lightning-rods, upon Dr. Franklin and his kite. The old Hebrew would have thought: These be the arrows which God shooteth forth. He searcheth out his enemies. The Lord sitteth upon the flood. The Lord sitteth King for ever! All the aspects of the earth ministered sublime conceptions of God. Mountains were his highway. The clear, open sky, declared his glory. The light was his raiment of joy; the darkness of storms his terrible apparel of judgment. Flowers and sparrows taught his providence and care.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE spirit of intolerance, which, in the lower classes of the Irish people, descends to brutality, and is a partial outgrowth of the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, resulted in the fearful riot which deluged New York with blood on Wednesday, July 12th, In that city the power of the Irish Catholics has assumed such proportions that it is hardly an exaggeration to call it the "Established Church." For several years past it has drawn large sums from the Treasury, in direct violation of the Constitution of the State; and on Tuesday, July 11th, the authorities made their complete surrender by forbidding the peaceable parade of a few hundred Orangemen, a society originally organized in Ireland for the discouragement of Catholicism. The right of these men to assemble together and march through the streets was unquestioned. Every year there are numerous parades of Catholic societies, and of other associations, both religious and civil, almost innumerable, and no one has thought of interference. But with cowardly truckling to the passions of intolerant mobs, the Mayor, put forth, through his Superintendent of Police, an "order" prohibiting a body of peaceable men from exercising one of the most valuable rights of American citizens. Gov. Hoffman, pressed by the outbreak of popular indignation which followed the promulgation of this order, revoked it and promised protection to all persons in the exercise of their rights; and it must be acknowledged that he fulfilled his promise with remarkable thoroughness and pluck. But his action came too late to repress the passions of the mob. They had been elated the night before over their victory, and the appearance of the Orangemen, guarded by the police and militia, was the signal for a murderous attack on the procession, and the consequent killing and wounding of hundreds of persons. On Tuesday the Produce Exchange held an *inpromptu* meeting, and denounced the course of the authorities. News was received of Gov. Randolph's proclamation, guaranteeing protection to all citizens in New Jersey who assembled for a peaceable parade. He assumed command of the militia, and ordered several regiments at Jersey City to be in readiness for duty. This action created more feeling in New York, Tuesday night, July 11th, the Hibernians (Catholics) held a stormy meeting at Hibernia Hall, in Prince street, at which an address was adopted, thanking the authorities for prohibiting the parade, and declaring that they (the Hibernians) had a right to expect that

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their feelings should not be "wantonly outraged." At midnight the city authorities met for consultation with Governor Hoffman, the result of which was the revoking of Superintendent Kelso's prohibitory order. Governor Hoffman thereupon issued a proclamation, in which he said: "Having been only this day apprised, while at the Capital, of the actual condition of things here with reference to proposed processions to-morrow, and having, in the belief that my presence was needed, repaired hither immediately, I do make this proclamation. The order heretofore issued by the police authorities in reference to said procession having been duly revoked, I hereby give notice that any and all bodies of men desiring to assemble and march in peaceable procession in this city to-morrow, the 12th inst., will be permitted to do so. They will be protected to the fullest extent possible by the military and police authorities." As complete arrangements had been made with the police and militia of the city, (the former numbering some 1,500, and the latter about 10,000,) seven o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday found the authorities all ready to quell any riot that might take place. General Shaler, commander of the militia, Governor Hoffman, Mayor Hall, and the police authorities, had their headquarters in Mulberry street, where they could communicate by telegraph with any part of the city. A number of the police were mounted, and stages were in readiness to convey others quickly to any place. The Hibernians gathered in crowds at several points, but no riots occurred during the forenoon. A disorderly assemblage at Hibernia Hall was dispersed by the police, but came together again at other points. An effigy of an Orangeman was cut down in Spring street. In the upper part of the city the rioters compelled the laborers on the Boulevards to suspend work. Many and exciting rumors came in from all parts of the city, and bodies of troops and police moved about in all directions. It was indeed a strange scene to see the city awaking from peaceful slumber, clad, as it were, in all the habiliments of war. The Orangemen held a meeting at their headquarters, Twenty-ninth street and Eighth avenue, and decided to parade, informing the authorities of their intention. In the meantime the police were busy dispersing crowds of Ribbonmen, who, excited and angry, were breathing vengeance on the Orangemen. Many of the rioters carried concealed weapons. The police used their clubs most vigorously. Protection was afforded to Orangemen whose houses were threatened. Harper's building was guarded, and two regiments were quartered in Elm Park, the scene of the riot last year. As the hours passed by, the crowds grew larger and more threatening, many persons becoming inflamed with liquor, and uttering strong imprecations against the Orangemen. An armory, in which there was 138 stand of arms, was attacked, but the weapons were saved by the police. Another armory, on Broadway, was attacked, but a volley of blank cartridges frightened the crowd away. At 2 P. M., the Orangemen formed in procession in front of their hall, Eighth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, in the following order: Police on foot and mounted, Seventh Regiment, mounted police, Orangemen, (numbering between 100 and 200,) Twenty-second and Eighty-fourth Regiments, one on each flank, Sixth Regiment, Ninth Regiment, and police. Some 700 police were distributed on the flanks of the procession, next to the mob. The Orangemen bore two banners, on one of which was inscribed "Americans, freemen, fall in!" They avoided wearing much yellow, and their band discoursed only patriotic airs. While in their Lodge a prayer was offered calling upon the Almighty to protect them. The ladies who were present then retired unmolested to

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their homes. The rioters gathered in immense numbers in Eighth avenue, and momentarily grew more threatening. The police fought them bravely, beating them back with their clubs. It appeared almost impossible to keep the mass of humanity, surging with excitement, maddened hate, and demoniac fury, from beginning a work of death. Before the procession had moved half a block down Eighth avenue the frenzied mob began their attack. A pistol shot was fired from a window, and bricks, stones, and other missiles were hurled from roofs and sheds, which were covered with people, and from among the crowd along the street. The police again did excellent work, and the soldiers making a demonstration, the crowd fell back. Like a refluent wave, however, it again closed around the procession, and all saw that the rioters were bent on terrible work. The attack was resumed with redoubled fury. Projectiles of various kinds filled the air. Even women engaged in the assault. Still the soldiers did not retaliate, though one of their number had already been wounded. Near Twenty-fourth street a shot was fired from a window, wounding a soldier of the Eighty-fourth. Captain Douglas was also injured at the same time. The Eighty-fourth Regiment then raised their guns and fired a volley into the densely packed mob, with terrible effect. The firing then extended all along the line, all the soldiers participating except the Twenty-second Regiment. It is probable the Eighty-fourth fired without orders, but Gen. Varian, commanding the troops, says, in a published card, that the moment was a critical one, and had he been present in person he would have given the command to fire. The firing lasted but a moment or two, during which the procession halted. The scene that met the eye when the firing ceased beggars description. The mob rolled back in terror, trampling down persons, regardless of age or sex, and leaving one-hundred and thirty-seven persons dead and wounded. Sixteen persons were killed instantly, and many were left, with gaping wounds, in the agonies of death. Human bodies lay piled one upon another, blood was spattered over the pavement, and the dying were trying to drag themselves to doorways and sheltered places, marking their paths with gore. The crowd soon returned, gazing on the terrible scene in silence. The dead lay in the street an hour before they could be removed to Bellevue. The wounded were taken to Bellevue and Mount Sinai hospitals and cared far. On the morning of Thursday, thirty-nine bodies lay dead in the Morgue, several of the wounded having died. Ten of the wounded have since died, making the whole number of deaths forty-nine. Several who were killed and wounded among the crowd had come thither through curiosity, taking no part in the attack. Two women, a girl aged ten, and a boy were among the killed, and two women were wounded. William J. Latimer, merely a spectator, was also killed. Two soldiers, were killed, Henry C. Page and Sergeant Wyatt, of the Ninth Regiment, and twenty-four were wounded, including policemen. Page, who was business manager of the Grand Opera House, was deliberately shot by a ruffian with a horse-pistol, nearly the whole top of his skull being torn off. His comrades quickly avenged his death, the dastardly rioter falling, pierced with their bullets. Walter A. Pryor, of the Ninth, has since died of his wounds. Sunday, July 16, the funeral of Sergeant Wyatt and Henry Page, of the Ninth Regiment, took place from Calvary Episcopal Church. Ten companies of police, the Sixth, Ninth, Seventy-first, Twelfth, and First Regiments, and delegations from the Thirteenth, (Brooklyn,) and several other regiments, marched in procession. Several thousand persons gathered in the streets along the line of march. Chaplain Flagg delivered

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the funeral sermon. The funerals of Thomas Sullivan and other victims of the riot also took place. Two officers of the Seventy-first Regiment, while returning from the funeral of the dead of the Ninth, were attacked by several men, one of whom attempted to run them through with a sword-cane. At a meeting of the Irish Brigade Officers' Association, July 15th, the calling out of the militia was condemned. The Fenian Brotherhood have passed resolutions denouncing Governor Hoffman for revoking Superintendent Kelso's order. July 16th, a large meeting was held in Indianapolis, at which resolutions were adopted regarding the attack of the mob on a peaceable procession as an outrage against civil liberty, deprecating the conduct of Mayor Hall, and commending the action of Governors Hoffman and Randolph. Three police officers have been placed on trial for holding a meeting contrary to rules, and passing resolutions denouncing the action of the Eighty-fourth Regiment in firing on the mob. The citizens of Morristown, N. J., serenaded Gov. Randolph July 16th. The Governor made a speech expressing his gratefulness for the approval of his acts by all citizens, regardless of party or religion. The police and militia behaved nobly. Governor Hoffman has tendered the police his thanks. The Police Commissioners have also adopted resolutions complimentary to the force. One regiment got into a slight confusion during the attack, but soon recovered their order. Further disturbances were expected at night, and the troops slept on their arms; but no outbreak occurred, and morning dawned on a quiet city. The Merchants' Exchange and the Grand Jury have passed votes of thanks to Governor Hoffman. There was considerable excitement in Brooklyn and Jersey City, but no serious disturbance occurred. Orange celebrations in various cities of Canada, and in Dublin, Ireland, passed off quietly. July 17th the Police Commissioners adopted resolutions to prevent all processions in the future in the streets of New York, except funeral and military, without having first obtained permission from the police. A committee was also appointed to obtain legal opinions on the subject. The riot was the self-infliction of the severest wound which the Catholic portion of the Irish have ever received in this country. Their whole proceeding in regard to the Orange procession, from first to last, shows that they are animated with a despotic spirit which would have been a disgrace to the age of Hildebrand, and which, under the circumstances, invites an indignation mingled with contempt, such as is scarcely felt in reading the acts of the Inquisition. It shows that they have but little appreciation of the American idea of liberty, and that they are ready to be used as the pliant instruments for the establishment of the worst forms of tyranny and oppression. We ought, however, to remember the disadvantages under which their race has labored for the past two hundred years, and to permit this recollection to modify our judgment of their present conduct.

The delegation sent from the United States by the Evangelical Alliance have arrived in Russia, and presented their petition to Prince Gortschakoff, which was favorably received. The petition asks that religious tolerance may be granted to those Protestants of the Baltic Provinces who are prevented from "openly returning to the faith of their Lutheran ancestors." The petitioners ask still further, in behalf of American missionaries, distinguished by intelligence, piety and scholarship, who have labored long and successfully among Armenians, Nestorians, and other Christians under Mohammedan rule in Turkey, and on the borders of the Russian Dominions, that his Imperial Majesty's Christian government may be induced to grant, within the limits of its jurisdiction, among all

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subjects not belonging to the Orthodox Greek Church, liberty of worship and religious instruction, including circulation of the Holy Scriptures.

PROF. PORTER has been chosen President of Yale College, to succeed Dr. Woolsey. He was elected by a vote of 14 to 5. The other candidates were Prof. Gilman, Dr. Thomson, and Wm. M. Evarts. Prof. Porter graduated from Yale in 1831, and has been Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the College for over thirty years. Last year he published an important work on American Colleges, giving at length his views on college government and college studies. He is now sixty years old. Yale has graduated 103 persons.

"Tad" Lincoln, whose death is announced, was a great favorite with his father, and very frequently the President—his private secretary tells us—sought recreation and amusement from the cares of office and the annoyances of office seekers, in watching the pranks and performances of this precocious lad. When Mrs. Lincoln was exposed to the frowns of the world, she apparently drew nearer to this son, and he was her constant companion during her sojourn abroad. That she should now be inconsolable at his death is not at all surprising.

Rev. Dr. Eggleston has resigned as superintending editor of Independent. He began his connection with the paper as a Western correspondent, signing himself "Penholder." A little more than a year ago he was made one of the editors, and upon the retirement of Theodore Tilton as editor-in-chief, Dr Eggleston was appointed to the position he had just vacated.

Scientists have a new phenomenon to analyze. A tidal wave has disturbed the waters of Lake Superior, an occurrence never before known to have taken place on the great lakes. The water at Duluth swept into the canal, carrying every thing before it at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the flow continuing thirty minutes. The current then turned, and ran out at the same velocity for twenty minutes. The people who saw it were much amazed, never having before experienced, as a cotemporary puts it, such a "big scare." They demand an explanation, which we hope will be given.

An old and hallowed tradition requires the Mikado of Japan to seclude himself from the public gaze. The highest minister of the realm is rarely permited to enter the presence of the august monarch, and he has been absolutely safe from the intrusion of all classes of interviewers. The present Mikado, however, who is a youth of nineteen, often departs from the established custom. He granted a personal interview with Secretary Seward some time since, and now United States Minister de Long has had a conversation with him. It is also said that he holds frequent personal consultations with his ministerial council, and indicates in other respects an inclination to conform to the progress of civilization.

Lord Derby has greatly surprised his tory friends by advocating the abolition of the commission purchase system. The system has undoubtedly greatly impaired the efficiency of the army, and proved a great evil. It has afforded an opportunity to "elegant young gentlemen" to lead an easy and indolent life, and their fathers gladly purchase them commissions to keep them from getting into mischief. A parent some time since bought the office of ensign for his son, paying $1,500 for it; but the candidate could not pass examination; he returned to school learned the multiplication table, and received his position. This is perhaps a fair illustration of the workings of the system. The candid English mind seems to be awaking to the necessity of a reform, and the support of so prominent a Tory as Lord Derby will have great influence in bringing it about.

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MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

PERIODICAL excitements are normal to the human constitution. Our very life stands on this foundation. Sixteen hours' excitement and eight hours' stupor—sleep.

There is in the human soul "a common feeling," which, being roused and stimulated, renders it possible for men to do in one hour the ordinary work of ten. It is somewhere said, "God never works by periodical fits." But I can hardly think of an instance in which he works otherwise.

A man has a right to stimulate himself, for right purposes, in his lower, intermediate, and higher nature. It is needful that he should do so. All men recognize this need in regard to business, politics, social life—but if needful here, where the senses and even selfishness have much influence, how much more needful when we rise into the realm of moral and spiritual things! Revivals of religion are in strict accordance with natural law. They are not to supersede the regular, calm, organized action of the church, but to work with all this, as an occasional, especial power. Men are energized by the Holy Spirit, and made able to work rapidly. But when the excitement is worn out, let it go. Don't try to keep it up unnaturally, or by effort. All very strong feeling must rest quick.

To men who object to this intensifying a work, or to repenting in a hurry or under excitement, it may be said, "See to it, then, that you take the first calm moments when the reaction arrives to become a christian, or you will prove that these objections of yours are all mere excuses to escape conversion."

When men have a great stone to move, they first dig away all the earth around it, working moderately and taking care to reserve their strength. When the earth is removed, they apply their lever, and now all take hold. At the word, "Now heave, men, heave!" each man stands with nerve and sinew—he throws his whole strength into that moment's effort, and the stone is forced from its bed.

Now what if some man, just as the final effort were to be made were to cry out, "Stop, men, stop! Have you reflected well on what you are about to do? Have you thought whether you will be able to keep on working all day at the rate you will work while upheaving that stone?"

This doctrine of delay, of shunning excitement upon a subject which ought always to excite men more than anything else can, and which ought to cause them to be in the greatest possible haste, is a delusion and trap of the devil, in which he has caught thousands of souls.

ADRIAN COLLEGE.

THE first article in this number, was the graduating address of the author. This is both a credit to Mr. VanAuken and the Adrian College. Four young men, and two young women graduated at our college on the 22nd of June. The addresses in the aggregate were of a very high order. We expect to publish several of them in future numbers of the miscellany. They were generally delivered in a very natural and unpretending style. We are glad to see the spread-eagle style of speaking go out of date. Another improvement noticeable was a general freedom from ministerial and other unnatural tones. We think Adrian College students, by some means for several years past, have been noted generally for their good and correct elocution. Notwithstanding Adrian College has not gained as yet a

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great name; we believe that few institutions carry the student through a more solid and thorough course; and students that graduate in such institutions are more apt to succeed than those who have been dazzled by Yale and Harvard. We are glad to state that Adrian College is gaining influence and stability. It has a musical department under Prof. J. M. Thomson, in a most prosperous condition. It is not strange that the musical department in this college is in high repute. Prof. Thomson is a very modest and unpretending man, and is thorough to the last. If you want your children to learn the science of music, put them under his tuition.

It would please us very much to have all who owe for the Miscellany send us the amount by mail at once. We gave notice in the June number that we should continue to send the Miscellany to all who did not notify us before the issue of the July number that they wished to discontinue. As we have given a fair notice we shall expect those to whom we send this number will continue at least this volume. The expense of the Miscellany is now so very small that but very few are unable to take it. We give a great amount of reading for the cost. We give on the average forty large pages of closely printed matter. Where can any one get so much reading of so high a character for the same amount? The paper is of a very fine quality, and the printing a great credit to those whom we employ to do it. Our terms are in advance at the present low rates. We shall expect no one to delay payment, only under peculiar circumstances, of strict necessity.

PROSPECTUS.

The design of the Miscellany is the highest possible influence upon the mind. It is made up with great care from the best authors of the age. A part of the articles are written for the Miscellany, and the other part made up from the gems, abridged with care, from the costly and rare books of the world. We are confident that no other publication, for the same money, presents so rare a treat to the elevated soul.

It is a very pleasing thing to us, that our subscribers are doing more to extend the circulation of the Miscellany than ever before Of late a lady subscriber in this city, said to us, "I expect to visit Chicago and St. Louis and be gone some ten days, I will see if I can get some one to take the Miscellany." This lady is highly educated, is wealthy, and living in the highest style. We speak of this to show that persons who occupy the highest positions in society, if they really are refined and noble minded, do not feel that it is beneath their dignity to solicit subscribers for a work so elevating in its influence.

Back numbers can always be furnished. The terms are $1.25 for the year (2 vols.) or 63 cents for one vol. of six months. July and January begin volumes.

We invite particular attention to those who are interested in the literature of our sabbath schools, to the Miscellany. We think for the larger scholars no work could be introduced more appropriate. Where three or more copies are taken a discount of 25 cents will be made on each.

We want active agents in all parts of the county, to whom a most liberal percentage will be given.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4. ADRIAN, AUGUST, 1871. No. II

FORMS OF MOUNTAINS.

THOU, who would'st see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony, on Nature's face,
Ascend our Rocky Mountains. Let thy feet
Fail not with weariness; for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and above,
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens
And streams, that, with their bordering thickets, strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads; and there, on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek.—BRYANT.

"There is a charm," says Howitt, "connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! How the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our hearts bound to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkling of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! When we let loose the imagination, and give it free charter to range through the glorious ridges of continental mountains, through the Alps, Apennines or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character! By the sky-ward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

'Palaces where nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls!'

the dark Alpine forests; the savage rocks and precipices; the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever precipitating waters; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness and thunder; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odors of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine grove; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aerial hues; the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants."

But beyond their moral grandeur and their charms of scenery, mountains subserve some very important purposes in the great economy of nature. Their influence upon the temperature and fertility of vast regions, and upon the formation and direction of clouds and air-currents, will be noticed in the lessons on the atmosphere. They are also the most common boundaries of nations. Frequently the language spoken by the dwellers on one side of a mountain is unintelligible to the inhabitants of the other slope. And not

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only the language, but the moral, social and political condition of man is influenced by the bold and picturesque scenery of mountain peaks,

"That wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun."

Mountains on land, like mountains in the sea, whose tops we call islands when they appear above the water, are seldom found detached or insulated. Sometimes, though rarely, they exist in aggregated groups, extending from a common center and not externally connected; but most commonly they are in ranges or mountain chains, traversing extensive regions.

The great mountain ranges generally follow the direction of the continents, and it is to this circumstance that all large countries owe their peculiarities of climate and productions. "Suppose," said Guyot, "the Andes, transferred to the eastern coast of South America, hindered the trade winds from bearing the vapors of the ocean into the interior of the continent, the plains of the Amazon and of Paraguay would be nothing but a desert."

When mountain chains occur near coasts, it has been observed that their slope is steeper toward the ocean than toward the interior. It has also been remarked that the mountains of the eastern continent have their long slope toward the north, and the steep or short slopes toward the south. In the western continent the long slopes are toward the east, and the short slopes toward the west. The highest peak in the world, as far as ascertained, is Mount Everest, one of the Himalayas, which is 29,000 feet in altitude. Chimborazo, the most elevated point ever reached by man, is 19,700 feet in height. Mount St. Elias, which is 17,860 feet in height, is the highest point in North America.

The Alps, famous in the records of military achievements as having been crossed by the armies of Hannibal and Napoleon, and pre-eminent for the picturesque grandeur of their scenery, are the most celebrated of all mountain elevations, and the highest in Europe. Mount Blanc, the loftiest peak, is an enormous mass of Granite, reaching the height of 15,750 feet, the ascent to which is rendered exceedingly difficult by the surrounding walls of ice, fearful precipices, and the everlasting snows by which it is covered; yet its summit has often been reached by adventurous tourists and men of science. The thoughts very naturally suggested to a contemplative mind by a view of these "proud monuments of God," are very happily expressed in the following lines:

THE ALPS.

Proud monuments of God! sublime ye stand
Among the wonders of his mighty hand:
With summits soaring in the upper sky,
Where the broad day looks down with burning eye;
Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp repose,
Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows;
Piles of triumphant dust, ye stand alone,
And hold, in kingly state, a peerless throne!

Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear
The regal ensign and the glittering spear;
Round icy spires the mists, in wreaths unrolled,
Float very near, in purple or in gold;
And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,
Fill with wild music the unpillared air;
What garden, or what hall on earth beneath,
Thrills to such tones as o'er the mountains breathe?

There, through long ages past, those summits shone
When morning radiance on their state was thrown;
There, when the summer day's career was done,
Played the last glory of the sinking sun;
There, sparkling lustre o'er the cataract's shade,
The chastened moon her glittering rainbow made;
And, blent with pictured stars, her lustre lay,
Where to still vales the free streams leaped away.

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Where are the thronging hosts of other days,
Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine ways;
Who, through their high defiles, to battle wound,
While deadly ordnance stirred the heights around?
Gone; like the dream that melts at early morn,
When the lark's anthem through the sky is borne;
Gone; like the wrecks that sink in ocean's spray,
And chill Oblivion murmurs, Where are they?

Yet "Alps on Alps" arise; the lofty home
Of storms and eagles, where their pinnions roam;
Still round their peaks the magic colors lie,
Of morn and eve, imprinted on the sky;
And still, while kings and thrones shall fade and fall,
And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall—
Still shall their glaciers flash; their torrents roar;
Till kingdom fail, and nations rise no more.

—*Willis Gaylord Clark.*

Great as the elevations of mountains seem to us, they are small compared with the globe itself. A grain of sand on a twelve-inch globe would represent a mountain relatively much higher than the loftiest of the Himalayas. And so small a portion of the globe is the sum of all the mountains, that its diameter would be but slightly increased if they were leveled to their bases, and spread over its surface.

Yet, comparatively slight as these elevations are, showing the narrow range, in point of elevation from the sea level, to which man is confined, they furnish him by far the best opportunities which he has for observing the phenomena of nature; and of all mountains, those of the torrid zone are the best adapted for this purpose. The celebrated traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, has the following remarks on this subject:

"Among the colossal mountains of Quito and Peru, furrowed by deep ravines, man is enabled to contemplate alike all the families of plants, and all the stars of the firmament. There, at a single glance, the eye surveys majestic palms, humid forests of bambusa, and the varied specimens of musaceæ; while above these forms of tropical vegetation appear oaks, medlars, the sweet-brier, and umbelliferous plants, as in our European homes. There, as the traveler turns his eyes to the vault of heaven, a single glance embraces the constellation of the Southern Cross, the Magellanic clouds, and the guiding stars of the constellation of the Bear, as they circle round the arctic pole. There the depths of the earth and the vaults of heaven display all the richness of their forms and the variety of their phenomena. There the different climates are ranged the one above the other, stage by stage, like the vegetable zones, whose succession they limit; and there the observer may readily trace the laws that regulate the diminution of heat, as they stand indelibly inscribed on the rocky walls and abrupt declivities of the Cordilleras."

Let these remarks suggest to the reader how much of interest the various aspects of nature present to the observant eye of the philosopher, and how much a knowledge of the laws of nature is calculated to contribute to our intellectual pleasures.

A vessel at the commencement of its voyage may be in good condition, and full freighted: it may be navigated by skilful hands, and weather many storms; yet for want of proper attention to the conpass, quadrant, and plummet, be run aground even at the mouth of the port.—IBID.

He is an accomptant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—DILLWYN.

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AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Shining with effulgent beauty,
Sparkling ever, lovely star;
Is not joyous praise my duty,
While I view thee from afar?

He who formed this lucid splendor,
Pendant from bright worlds above,
Bids me all my heart surrender,
Seeks my poor imperfect love.

His the heart that never wanders
From the object of its cares;
Mine the heart that seldom ponders
On the love the Saviour bears.

Oh for some celestial kindling
In my cold and icy breast;
Then, with heaven I should be mingling,
While yon star illumines the west.

AN OLD HAUNT.

The rippling water, with its drowsy tone,—
The tall elms, tow'ring in their stately pride,—
And—sorrow's type—the willow sad and lone,
Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;—

The gray church tower,—and dimly seen beyond,
The faint hills gilded by the parting sun,—
All were the same, and seem'd with greeting fond
To welcome me as they of old had done.

And for a while I stood as in a trance,
On that loved spot forgetting toil and pain,—
Buoyant my limbs, and keen and bright my glance,
For that brief space I was a boy again!

Again with giddy mates I careless play'd
Or plied the quivering oar, on conquest bent;—
Again, beneath the tall elm's silent shade,
I woo'd the fair, and won the sweet consent.

But brief alas! the spell,—for suddenly
Peal'd from the tower the old familiar chimes,
And with their clear, heart thrilling melody,
Awaked the spectral forms of darker times.

And I remember'd all that years had wrought—
How bow'd my care-worn frame, how dimm'd my eyes,
How poor the gauds by Youth so keenly sought,
How quench'd and dull Youth's aspirations hight.

And in half mournful half upbraiding host,
Duties neglected—high resolves unkept—
And many a heart by death or falsehood lost
In lightning current o'er my bosom swept.

Then bow'd the stubborn knees, as backward sped
The self accusing thoughts in dread array,
And, slowly from their long-congealed bed,
Forced the remorseful tears their silent way.

Bitter yet healing drops! in mercy sent,
Like soft dews falling on a thirsty plain,—
And ere those chimes their last faint notes had spent,
Strengthn'd, and calm'd I stood erect again.

Strengthn'd, the task allotted to fulfill;
Calm'd the thick coming sorrows to endure;
Fearful of naught but my own frail will,
In His Almighty strength secure.

For a sweet voice had whisper'd hope to me,—
Had through my darkness shed a kindly ray;—
It is said: "The past is fix'd immutably,
Yet is there comfort in the coming day?"

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SUMMER PASTIME.

Do not ask how I'd amuse me
When the long bright summer comes,
And welcome leisure woos me
To shun life's crowded homes;
To shun the sultry city,
Whose dense oppressive air
Might make one weep with pity
For those who must be there.

I'll tell you then—I would not
To foreign countries roam,
As though my fancy could not
Find occupance at home;
Nor to home-haunts of fashion
Would I, least of all, repair,
For guilt, and pride, and passion,
Have summer-quarters there.

Far, far from watering places
Of note and name I'd keep,
For there would vapid faces
Still throng me in my sleep;
Then contact with the foolish,
The arrogant the vain,
The meaningless—the mulish,
Would sicken heart and brain.

No—I'd seek some shore of ocean
Where nothing comes to mar
The ever-fresh commotion
Of land and sea at war;
Save the gentle evening only
As it steals along the deep,
Spirit-like and lonely,
To still the waves to sleep.

There long hours I'd spend in viewing
The elemental strife,
My soul the while subduing
With the littleness of life;
Of life with all its paltry plans,
Its conflicts and its cares—
The feebleness of all that's man's—
The might that's God's and theirs!

And when eve came I'd listen
To the stilling of that war,
Till oe'r my head should glisten
The first pure silver star;
Then, wandering homeward slowly,
I'd learn my heart the tune
Which the dreaming billows lowly,
Were murmuring to the moon!

JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLEON, soon after he became first consul, published a decree inviting the emigrants to return, and did what he could to restore to them their confiscated estates. There were, however, necessarily exceptions from the general act of amnesty. Cases were continually arising of peculiar perplexity and hardship, where widows and orphans, reduced from opulence to penury, sought lost property, which, during the tumult of the times, had become involved in inextricable embarassments. All such persons made application to Josephine. She ever found time to listen to their tales of sorrow, to speak words of sympathy, and, with great soundness of judgment, to render them all the aid in her power. "Josephine," said Napoleon, in reference to these her applications for the unfortunate, "will not take a refusal. But it must be confessed, that she rarely undertakes a case which has not propriety, at least, on its side." The Jacobin laws had fallen with fearful severity upon all the members of the ancient aristocracy and all the friends of royalty. The cause of these victims of anarchy Josephine was ever ready to espouse.

A noble family by the name of Decrest had been indebted to the interposition of the wife of the first consul for their permission to return to France. As nearly all their property had disappeared during their exile, Josephine continued to befriend them with her influence and her purse. On the evening of a festival day, a grand display of fire works on the banks of the Seine, a rocket, misdirected, struck a son of the marquis on the breast, and instantly killed him. The young man, who was on the eve of his marriage with the daughter of an ancient friend, was an officer of great promise, and the hope of the declining family. His death was a terrible calamity, as well

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as a most afflictive bereavement. The father abandoned himself to all the delirium of inconsolable grief, and was so utterly lost in the depths of despair, that it was feared that his mind would never again recover its tone. The Duke of Orleans was a grand uncle to the young man who was killed, and Madame Montesson, the mother of Louis Phillippe, sent for her distressed relatives that she might administer to their consolation. All her endeavors, however, were entirly unavailing.

In the midst of this afflictive scene, Josephine entered the saloon of Madame Montesson. Her own heart taught her that in such a grief as this words were valueless. Silently she took by the hand the eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, whose loveliness plead loudly for a father's care, and in the other arm she took their infant child of fifteen months, and, with her own cheeks bathed in tears, she kneeled before the stricken mourner. He raised his eyes and saw Josephine, the wife of the first consul, kneeling before him, and imploringly presenting his two children. He was at first astonished at the sight. Then bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Yes! I have much for which I am yet bound to live. These children have claims upon me, and I must no longer yield to despair." A lady who was present on this occasion says, "I witnessed this scene, and shall never forget it. The wife of the first consul expressed, in language I shall not attempt to imitate, all the tenderness which the maternal bosom alone knows. She was the very image of a ministering angel, for the touching charm of her voice and look pertained more to heaven than to earth." Josephine had herself seen days as dark as could lower over a mortal's path. Love for her children was then the only tie which bound her to life. In those days of anguish she learned the only appeal which, under these circumstances, could touch a despairing father's heart.

Several conspiracies were formed about this time against the life of the first consul. That of the Infernal Machine was one of the most desperate, reckless, and atrocious which history has recorded. On the evening of December 24, 1800, Napoleon was going to the opera. Three gentlemen were with him in his carriage. Josephine, with Hortense and one or two others, followed in another carriage. In passing from the Tuilleries to the theatre, it was necessary to pass through the narrow street St. Nicaire. A cart, apparently by accident overturned, obstructed the passage. The coachman, however, who was driving his horses very rapidly, crowded his way by. He had barely passed the cart when a terrific explosion took place. which was heard all over Paris. Eight persons were instantly killed and more than sixty wounded. Some of the houses in the vicinity was nearly blown down. The windows of both the carriages were shattered, and Hortense was slightly wounded by the broken glass. Napoleon drove on to the opera, where he found the audience in the utmost consternation, for the explosion had shaken the whole city. He entered with a countenance as pefectly calm and untroubled as if nothing unusal had occurred. Every eye was fixed on him. As soon as it was perceived that his person was safe, thunders of applause shook the walls of the theater. On every side Napoleon was greeted with the most devoted expressions of attachment. Soon Josephine came in pale and trembling, and, and after remaining half an hour, they both retired to the Tuilleries. Napoleon found the palace crowded with all the public functionaries of Paris, who had assembled to congratulate him upon his escape.

The life of Josephine was saved on this occasion by apparently the merest accident. She had received a magnificent shawl, a present from Constantinople, and was preparing to wear it

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that evening for the first time. Napoleon, however, in playful criticism, condemned the shawl, remarking upon its pattern and its color, and commending one which he thought more beautiful. "You are a bold man," said Josephine, smiling, "in venturing to criticise my toilette. I shall take my revenge in giving you a lesson how to attack a redoubt. However," she continued, turning to one of her attendants, "bring me the general's favorite. I will wear that." A delay of a few moments was caused in exchanging the shawls. In the mean time, Napoleon, with his friends, entered his carriage and drove on. Josephine soon followed. She had just entered the street when the explosion took place. Had she followed, as usual, directly behind Napoleon, her death would have been almost inevitable.

It was subsequently ascertained, greatly to the surprise of Napoleon and all Europe, that the Royalists were the agents in this conspiracy. Napoleon had been their benefactor, and while he knew it to be impossible to replace the Bourbons on the throne of France, he did everything in his power to mitigate the misfortunes which Jacobin violence had inflicted upon their friends. The first consul made no disguise of his utter detestation of the Jacobins, and of their reign of merciless tyranny. He consequently supposed that they were the authors of the atrocious crime. The real authors of the conspiracy, were however, soon discovered. Fouche, whom Bonaparte disliked exceedingly for his inhuman deeds during the Revolution, was the Minister of Police. Upon him mainly devolved the trial and the punishment of the accused. Josephine immediately wrote a letter to Fouche, most strikingly indicative of the benevolence of her noble heart, and of that strength of mind which could understand that the claims of justice must not pass unheeded.

"Citizen Minister,—While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am disquieted and distressed through fear of the punishment necessarily to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives; and my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead.

I know that the clemency of the first consul is great, his attachment to me extreme; but the crime is too dreadful that terrible example should not be necessary. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe—inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who have been accomplices in these odious transactions. Let not France, so long overwhelmed by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. It is even better to soothe the public mind than to exasperate men by fresh terrors. In short, when the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced as they may have been by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions.

"When just invested by supreme power, the first consul, as seems to me, ought rather to gain hearts than to be exhibited as ruling slaves. Soften by your counsels whatever may be too violent in this just resentment. Punish—alas! that you must certainly do—but pardon still more. Be also the support of those unfortunate men who, by frank avowal or repentance, shall expiate a portion of their crime.

"Having myself narrowly escaped perishing in the Revolution, you must regard as quite natural my interference on behalf of those who can be saved without involving in new danger

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the life of my husband, precious to me and to France. On this account do I entreat you, make a wide distinction between the authors of the crime and those who, through weakness or fear, have consented to take a part therein. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-rendings of those who apply to me. Act, citizen minister, in such a manner that the number of these may be lessened. This will spare me much grief. Never will I turn away from the supplications of misfortune. But in the present instance you can do indefinitely more than I, and you will, on this account, excuse my importunity. Rely on my gratitude and esteem."

Hortense was now eighteen years of age. Louis Napoleon, brother of the first consul, was twenty-four. The plan was formed by Napoleon and Josephine of uniting them in marriage. Louis was a studious, imaginative, pensive man, with no taste for the glitter and pomp of fashion, and with decided aversion to earth's noisy ambition. He loved communing with his own thoughts, the falling leaf, the sighing wind—the fireside with its books, its solitude, its sacred society one or two congenial friends. He belonged to that class of men, always imbued with deep feeling, whose happiness is only found in those hallowed affections which bind kindred hearts in congenial pursuits and joys. As Napoleon was riding triumphantly upon his war-horse over the Austrian squadrons in Italy, achieving the brilliant victories which paved his way to the the throne of France, Louis, then a young man but nineteen years of age, met in Prris a young lady, the daughter of an emigrant noble, for whom he formed a strong attachment, and his whole soul became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon was informed of his attachment, and, apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old Royalist families might endanger his own ambitious projects, he sent him away on a military commission, and with his inflexible will and strong arm broke off the connection. The young lady was soon after married to another gentleman, and poor Louis was plunged into depths of disappointment and melancholy from whence he never emerged. Life was ever after to to him but a cloudy day, till, with a grief-worn spirit, he sank into the grave.

Napoleon, conscious of the sensitive wound he had inflicted on his brother, endeavored in various ways to make amends. There was very much in his gentle, affectionate, and fervent spirit to attract the tender regard of Napoleon, and he ever manifested toward him a disposition of peculiar kindness. It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung, though hopelessly, yet so tenaciously to the lost object of his idolatry, that he could not think, without pain, of his union with another. More uncongenial nupitals could hardly have been imagined. Hortense was a beautiful, merry, thoughtless girl—amiable, but very fond of excitement and display. In the ball-room, the theater, and other places of brilliant entertainment, she found her chief pleasures. In addition to this incongruity, she was already in love with the handsome Duroc, the favorite aid of Napoleon. It is not strange that such a young lady should have seen as little to fancy in the disappointed and melancholy Louis as he could see attractive in one who lived but for the pageantry of the passing hour. Thus both parties were equally averse to the match. The tact of Josephine, however, and the power of Napoleon combined, soon overcame all obstacles, and the mirth-loving maiden and the pensive scholar were led to their untoward nupitals. Hortense became more easily reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised in consequence of this alliance, to introduce her to seats of grandeur where all her desires should be gratified. Louis, resigning himself to any lot in a world which had no further joy in store for him, suffered himself to be conducted submissively to the altar.

At the fete given in honor of this marriage, the splendors of ancient royalty seemed to be revived. But every eye could see the sadness of the newly married bride beneath the profusion of diamonds and flowers with which she was adorned. Louis Napoleon is the only surviving offspring of this uncongenial union.

The gay and handsome Duroc, who had been the accepted lover of Hortense, was

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soon after married to an heiress, who brought him, with an immense fortune, a haughty spirit and an irritable temper, which embittered all his days. The subsequent life of Hortense presents one of the most memorable illustrations of the insufficiency of human grandeur to promote happiness. Josephine witnessed with intense solicitude the utter want of congeniality existing between them, and her heart often bled as she saw alienation growing stronger and stronger, until it resulted in an entire separation. Hortense might easily have won and retained the affections of the pensive but warm-hearted Louis, had she followed the counsels of her noble mother. Josephine, herself the almost perfect model of a wife, was well qualified to give advice in such a case. The following letter, written to Hortense some time before her separation from Louis, exhibits in a most amiable light the character of Josephine:

TO QUEEN HORTENSE.

"What I learned eight days ago gave me the greatest pain. What I observe to day confirms and augments my sorrow. Why show to Louis this repugnance? Instead of rendering him more ungracious still by caprice, by inequality of character, why do you not rather make efforts to surmount your indifference? But you will say, he is not amiable. All that is relative. If not in your eyes amiable, he may appear so to others, and all women do not view him through the medium of dislike. As for myself, who am here altogether disinterested, I imagine that I behold him as he is, more loving, doubtless, than lovable, but this is a great and rare quality. He is generous, beneficent, feeling, and, above all, an excellent father. If you so willed, he would prove a good husband. His melancholy, his love of study and retirement, injure him in your estimation. For these, I ask you, is he to blame? Is he obliged to conform his nature to circumstances? Who could have predicted to him his fortune? But, according to you, he has not even the courage to bear that fortune. This, I believe, is an error; but he certainly wants the strength. With his ascetic inclinations, his invincible desire of retirement and study, he finds himself misplaced in the elevated rank to which he has attained. You desire that he should imitate his brother. Give him, first of all, the same temperament. You have not failed to remark that almost our entire existence depends upon our health, and that upon our digestion. Let poor Louis digest better, and you will find him more amiable. But, such as he is, there can be no reason for abandoning him, or making him feel the unbecoming sentiments with which he inspires you. Do you, whom I have seen so kind, continue to be so at the moment when it is precisely more than ever necessary. Take pity on a man who has to lament that he possesses what would constitute another's happiness; and, before condemning him, think of others who, like him, have groaned beneath the burden of their greatness, and bathed with their tears that diadem which they believed had never been destined for their brow."

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This, surely, was admirable counsel, and, had Hortense followed it, she would have saved herself many a long year of loneliness and anguish. But the impetuous and thoughtless bride could not repress the repugnance with which she regarded the cold exterior and the exacting love of her husband. Louis demanded from her a singleness and devotedness of affection which was unreasonable. He wished to engross all her faculties of loving. He desired that every passion of her soul should be centered in him, and was jealous of any happiness she found excepting that which he could give. He was even troubled by the tender regard with which she cherished her mother and her brother, considering all the love she gave to them as so much withheld from him. Hortense was passionately fond of music and of painting. Louis almost forbade her the enjoyment of those delightful accomplishments, thinking that she pursued them with a heartfelt devotion inconsistent with that supreme love with which she ought to regard her husband. Hortense, proud and high-spirited, would not submit to such tyranny. She resisted and retaliated. She became, consequently, wretched, and her husband wretched, and discord withered all the joys of home. At last, the union of such discordant spirits become utterally insupportable. They separated. The story of their domestic quarrels vibrated upon the ear of Europe. Louis wandered here and there, joyless and sad, till, weary of a miserable life, alone and friendless, he died. Hortense retired, with a restless and suffering heart,

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to the mountains of Switzerland, where, in a secluded castle, she lingered out the remaining days of her sorrowful pilgrimage. It was an unfortunate match. Having been made, the only possible remedy was in pursuing the course which Josephine so earnestly recommended. Had Josephine been married to Louis, she would have followed the course she counseled her daughter to pursue. She would have leaned fondly upon his arm in his morning and evening walks. She would have cultivated a lively interest in his reading, his studies, and all his quiet domestic pleasures. She would, as far as possible, have relinquished every pursuit which could by any possibility have caused him pain. Thus she would have won his love and his admiration. Every day her power over him would have been increased. Gradually her influence would have moulded his character to a better model. He would have become proud of his wife. He would have leaned upon her arm. He would have been supported by her affection and her intellectual strength. He would have become more cheerful in character and resolute in purpose. Days of tranquility and happiness would have embellished their dwelling. The spirit of Josephine! It is noble as well as lovely. It accomplishes the most exalted achievements, and diffuses the most ennobling happiness. There are thousands of unions as uncongenial as that of Hortense and Louis. From the woes such unions would naturally engender there is but one refuge, and Josephine has most beautifully shown what that refuge is. Hortense, proud and high-spirited, resolved that she would not submit to the exacting demands of her husband. In her sad fate we read the warning not to imitate her example.

RICHELIEU.

BY A. C. RICKETS.

We are to speak of one whose name is a synonym for patriotism; whose life, with its unparalleled powers, was consecrated to his country, "when its rich men were despots, its poor banditti; when sloth was in the mart, and schism within the temple; when brawls were festering to rebellion, and weak laws rotting away with rust in antique sheaths." To confront such public confusion, to grapple with an avaricious power seeking nobility when the laws are so weak as no longer to demand respect or obedience, requires a statesman of quick perception, ready determination and undaunted firmness, whose fear of bitter defeat only makes its weapons sharper and more effective. History can boast of but few names of this noble type of statesmanship, among whom none are more prominent than that of Armande Richelieu, better known in history as Cardinal Richelieu.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, did a nation plunge more precipitously from a height of apparent prosperity, into the wildest tumult and confusion, than did France on May 14th, 1610, when Henry IV. fell a victim to the dagger of Ravaillac. Louis XIII. was but nine years old, and the appointment of the late queen, Mary of Medici, as regent, was the natural source of all the artifices of political intrigue which followed. Mental weakness and an unscrupulous ambition left the queen an easy victim for designing grandees, which soon drove from her court all worthy and earnest men, for she was made the subject of Florentine subtlety and political intrigue, without a barrier of patriotism interposed between the state and its enemies. The same blind bigotry which had been curbed, not crushed, during Henry's reign, burst forth as a fasted lion, with accumulated terror. The prosperity of the last reign was but a scene behind which the rapacity of a restless nobility had been whetted to keenness, only awaiting the fatal event which was to leave the state at its mercy. Those who should have been its protectors became the excitors of brawls and mobs, and were being compromised with large pensions, only that they might begin again. Thus was the full treasury, accumulated by the rigid economy of the previous reign, soon e

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squandered, and the nation impoverished, in quieting the rebellious natures of a serf-mastering nobility. This turned the attention of the crafty nobility to the fortresses, districts and towns of which every duke and count sough to seize for himself that he might gratify his despotic ambition, by thrusting his tyrannical sword into the heart of the nation, and his hands into the pockets of the people.

When at last the unsatiated nobility could find nothing more to plunder, when the fanatical clergy had become dissatisfied with the privileges and prosperity of the Huguenots, and when the people could no longer endure the domineering tyranny of a serf-owning spirit and the utter disregard of their rights in the administration of the laws, a united voice was sent up from all parts of the nation for the assemblage of the States General. The States General was convoked, recalling many unpleasant associations, and awakening new anxieties and intrigues. Here were the representatives of all classes, the oppressed people, the intolerant clergy, and the defiant, lawless nobility. Whatever may have been expected, amongst the most incredulous, in the way of redressing wrongs, adjusting rights, and the restoration of order and regularity, all were disappointed, and but little was accomplished. An unhallowed spirit brooded over the misgivings of men, the strong, steady minded lost their balance in the midst of dissensions, and toppled into passion, the weaker ones grew wild with rage when they saw their rights were to be disregarded, and the unscrupulous nobility sought every advantage their long experienced intrigues could afford. When the dissensions had reached their culmination, and bitter discord was sweeping over all like a tropical hurricane, an individual arose, whose youthful appearance, whose firm and manly bearing, bespoke the statesman who had laid aside prejudice to seek for truth, who could forget party and sectional interest, and make a final struggle to enthrone justice, and redeem his downtrodden country from the vile hands of its enemies. He advanced broad and liberal views, saw and shadowed forth the true relation between the subjects and the state, the nobility and the populace, the Catholic and the Protestant; showed the weakness of the laws and their administration, and vividly painted the lawlessness of the nobility. Though hidden beneath the veil of exaggerated grievances, he beheld justice, and "marked her for his own." He grappled with and was solving the great problems which were sundering the assembly and dividing the people. His words fell with sledge-like weight upon that agitated audience. He was drawing dissenters together with his eloquent advocacy of justice and patriotism, and binding them with the iron band which he forged with his logic. But the labors of five long months vanished before those barred doors, and resounding hammers, like the noonday sunshine, hotly pursued by deep dark shadows, hurried on by deafening thunders, just when hopeful success had almost reached its zenith, sudden gloom and disappointment o'ershadowed all true men as they turned homeward to behold a more unindurable anarchy, for nothing tangible had been accomplished. But each had heard the eloquence and iron logic hurled by a heart of justice and patriotism, and beheld the undaunted courage and zeal of a statesman, whose powers all felt to fear, and whom they never could forget. It was the young bishop, hero, statesman and patriot, Armand Richelieu. Something was accomplished; a man was revealed in whose breast was reposed justice, and in whose mind dwelt powers that could not be chained. Richelieu returned to his bishopric without a shadow of dispair darkening his manly countenance, for his heart was warmed with the love of his country, whilst deep down in his soul he meditated the rescue of the state

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and the overthrow of its enemies. The three years that followed witnessed in France all that is sweeping, devastating, bitter and terrifying to a nation, for all was enveloped in a galling anarchy. The court grew weaker, the mob grew stronger, law was defiantly violated, even to attacking of the young king and his retinue. The queen and her Florentine minister looked out upon the nation only to witness crime and vice, which they had no power to control. Thou weak-minded and ambitious, the regent began to fully realize her utter incapacity to longer control the conflicting elements. Remembering the zealous Richelieu, she sent for him, and made him guardian over the state. He seemed to grasp all intuitively, for he had not been an idle, indifferent observer of his country's wrongs. He handled his new weapons with the skill of the most experienced, always striking in the weakest places, that his blows might be most effective. Examples were made of the more haughty and defiant, the less dangerous were banished and degraded. The hearts of patriots were warmed, and those of traitors chilled, by his strong meaning proclamations and manifestoes. He was preparing for the subjugation of the districts, fortresses and cities, over which dukes and counts exercised complete sovereignty, and which coiled about the nation as a serpent its victim preparatory to the crushing out of all vitality. But the work had hardly begun when the young king conspired against the life of Concini, the minister, banished the queen, and sent Richelieu back to his bishopric, and assumed the prerogative as well as the name of king. Though the seven long years of national dissipation and degradation which followed was the natural result of Louis' imbecility, it must be regarded as a blessing in the end, because it gave the undivided control of the state into the hands of its preserver and guardian. If possible, the anarchy was still more sweeping than under the control of the queen, for new and still more serious evils were developed. The Huguenots, whose rights and guarantees had been most shamefully violated, organized a political league, established their own laws, and fortified themselves against their enemies, forming a state within a state, and the two branches of the house of Austria were causing all Europe to tremble on account of the magnitude of their power and their threatening encroachments. The king only realized his weakness when the nation had become a ghastly skeleton, a tottering frame-work, and was pursuaded by the queen mother, who had been reconciled to her son, to recall Richelieu. Again the little bishopric of Lucos was divested of its noble prelate, who welcomed with enthusiasm and a heart of overflowing joy, the superior claims of his country upon his power of mind and his unshaken patriotism, Richelieu was ambitious for honors and self-aggrandizement; this was gratified by obtaining the Cardinalship, after being appointed Chief Minister of State; but his ambition took on a nobler form than that of most men, for it was always subordinated to the highest good of the object for which he labored. On the assumption of his new duties, Richelieu records these words in his political testament: "When your majesty resolved to give me entrance into your councils and a great share of your confidence, I promised your majesty to use all my industry, and all the authority you gave me, to ruin the Huguenot party, to abase the pride of the high nobles, and to raise your names among foreign nations to the place where it ought to be."

His visible policy comprised three grand objects: The overthrow of the political power of the Huguenots, the subjugation of the lawless nobles, and the humbling of the houses of Austria and Spain; but this, by no means, measured the work he accomplished. We must look deeper down, even into

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the secret thoughts of men, the change in political and religious opinions which followed throughout all Europe. We must dig up and examine the roots upon which almost every system of government has been engrafted, not omitting our proud America, for he first marked the distinction between Church and State, and cleft them asunder. The remainder of his career is an exhibition of his powers and capacity as well as his zealous patriotism. His history is the history of France, and enters largely into that of all Europe during the remaining eighteen years of his life.

France was not large enough for the full play of his genius. He planted a germ in every court in Europe, which developed to producing abundant fruition. Having formed alliances with England and Holland, which gave him a precedence of unequalled diplomatic powers, he unsheathed the rusted laws and gave them a diamond polish by the most rigorous activity. He began by pruning the court itself of sapping suckers, and engrafting the stalks with the most carefully selected fruits, freed the Vateline district from the dominion of Rome and Spain, securing an alliance with Switzerland. His sagacity and rigid adherence to justice, brought him swarm of enemies from among the querulous people and the seditious nobility who could no longer practice their chicanery defiantly. This exposed his life to constant danger from the sanguinary hand of the conspirator. But these attempts afforded ample opportunities for abasing and punishing these men of high places, who had long been inexorable in crime. For these conspiracies were not only against the life of Richelieu, but always included the usurpation of the throne. His eagle eye never failed in its detection, and ere the assassin could drop his dagger the halter was about his neck. First came the Challais conspiracy, and the others followed, each in its turn, but the participants were always apprehended and punished, some with death others with banishment, and Gaston, the king's brother, with the most humble submission, and even with banishment. He remained a constant terror to evil doers, always bringing them to justice, which seemed almost like tyranny after so long a period of lawlessness and checked the rage of dueling, which had become a bane to the nation, though it besprinkled the scaffold with the blood of the proudest, haughtiest men of all France. When this work was under headway, he turned his attention to the second grand object of his political policy, the overthrow of the Huguenots, who were strongly fortressed at Rochelle. Richelieu undertook the siege in person, and showed during its continuance the valor of a soldier, the skill of a general, the wisdom of a statesman, and, in the end, the magnanimity of a victorious patriot. He encompassed the city with miles of wall, supported by numerous forts and redoubts, and, in remembrance of Alexander at the siege of Tyre, constructed a dyke across the mighty channel, to prevent the succor of foreign aid, raising up a fleet to protect it. He found time in the midst of the siege to check the frauds of officers, reorganize and discipline his soldiers, selecting men of merit and noble parts to lead them, so that it was his boast that "from a mob the army became a well ordered covenant." Not only had he to subdue the Huguenots, the kings of England and Spain, but also the king of France, who deserted him when the darkest cloud overshadowed, because of the artifices of the nobility. Never was a statesman surrounded by more trying difficulties, but it only gave scope to his genius, and his ambitious spirit supplied the energy and perseverance, which triumphed over all opposition. Though the Huguenots' courage and valor could resist the arms of Richelieu, their fortitude yielded before the appalling presence of starvation, and Rochelle became a vanquished

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city, and the Huguenots were no longer a political power. But Richelieu's grandest victory was yet to come—a Catholic Cardinal, minister, and stern ruler of a Catholic nation, at a time when heresy was the most criminal of crimes, he showed a magnanimity of soul toward vanquished Protestants, which stands proudly without a parallel among the noble deeds of men. His right arm stayed all punishment and persecution. The freedom of their religious worship was confirmed and established, and position given to their noble leaders of talent and merit. The bitter calumny of religious bigotry could no longer be hurled at him whose character was now shown to be free from the stains of all prejudice. The Protestants were his enemies only so far as they were enemies to the well-being and prosperity of the nation. He is a patriot and a hero who subdue the enemies of his country, but he who can lay aside all prejudice, granting justice mantled in charity to a vanquished foe, is a philanthropist also. This work accomplished, he turned his attention to Austria and Spain, upon which his searching eye had long rested with a vengeful avidity. We who only know Spain in its decay, and Austria as an ill-compacted power, can form little estimate of the fears caused to all Europe at this time by the preponderance of the two houses of the House of Hapsburg. By the sagacity of his diplomacy, Richelieu allied himself to all the Protestant powers of Europe, and by the subtlety of his genius and the richness of his treasury excited the most skilled in arms and the most powerful in intellect against this mighty giantess. He aided the Lutherans against the Emperor of Austria, and the Calvinists against the King of Spain. He subdued army after army, district after district, made treaty after treaty, until the two proud monarchs bowed before the mighty Richelieu, supplicating protection from his sweeping arms. Austria and Spain, and with them Catholicism, received wounds from which they have never recovered. Their strongholds were wrenched from their firm grasp, and the quick throbbings of the European heart were calmed. Richelieu, whose statesmanship marks the one great epoch midway between the reformation and the revolution, was the true architect of French monarchy, and the great parent of her civilization. By precept and practice he marked, with his broad liberal views, the distinction between politics and religion—between Church and State. He taught the world for the first time that religious toleration was the true policy of the statesman—the clergy and the people. He gave a healthy extension and rightful establishment of the boundaries of France—subjugated the petty sovereignties, and abased the serf-mastering nobility. He introduced new life and prosperity into all classes, except the nobility, whom he sought to crush, called forth trade, re-established the navy, and restored order and peace where chaos and anarchy had stamped their fatal brands. The arts and sciences took new growth under his fostering care, and intellectual worth and merit received a demand hitherto unknown; even philosophy raised its drooping head to become a proud science. He freed Portugal from the dominion of Spain, and placed it under the House of Briganza; humbled the House of Austria, which had long precluded the peace and prosperity of all Europe; defied the temporal power of the Pope, and was the means of uniting all the great powers of Europe into a national league, as a peace monitor. So great and grand are the results of his labors that Peter the Great, of Russia, said, "I would give one half of my dominions for one Richelieu to teach me how to govern the remainder." The imbecile king seemed but a phantom, into which Richelieu had the power of breathing from time to time his own passions and feelings. This great ruler has, in his knowledge

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of the political art probably never been surpassed, not even by that "prodigy of genius," Napoleon, for he displayed what Napoleon never possessed, a just appreciation of the spirit of his own age. His zealous patriotism directing his wonderful powers enabled him to mount to the culmination of human glory; by it he made himself absolute master of France, owning neither colleagues nor equals; commanding the respect of England, because of fear and reverence; wove a net-work about the nations of the north by means of his sagacious diplomacy, and dictated terms to humbled Austria and Spain. A proud monarch because he ruled all Europe, a prouder patriot because it was all given for the glory of his country.

The Indian with his Dead Child.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians.—*See Tudor's Letter on the Eastern States of America.*

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs,
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as Love and Scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave, son,
By the white man's path defiled;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
"Go, bring us back thine own!"
And the streams from all the hunters' hills,
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings,
For evermore, behind;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay,
Uncheer'd I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"
There was none!—pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial,
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

The holy deportment of a believer often operates as a check to sinners.

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CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

BY THE LATE EDWARD THOMSON.

His doctrines are popular. The earth has produced many great and good men, but where is one whose words are so broad as those of Christ? The words of an Alexander may move armies; the words of Jesus move hearts. The words of a Demosthenes may move a nation; the words of Jesus move the world. An Aristotle may sway the human mind for ages, but he must erelong drop the scepter. The words of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed, abide not the light; the words of Christ make light, and make it more and more abound. Scott, Baxter, Byron, can move only a particular frame of mind and tone of heart; thy Savior reaches the mind in all its frames, the heart in all its tones. Every principle he announces has a world-wide sweep. Mark his summary of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind," etc.—a precept so narrow as to measure the smallest thought of the smallest man; so broad as to compass the mightest outgoings of the largest angel; so perfect as to bind all moral beings to the throne of God, and to produce eternal and universal harmony, and happiness, and progress. Mark, too, his revelation of God: "God so loved the world," etc. Neither the element—love; nor the measure—the gift of his "only begotten;" nor the purpose—the "whosoever"—can be exceeded even in conception.

His style is popular. He that would teach the people must condescend to speak as they speak. Christ's style is either dialogistic, as when he would confound his foes; or allegorical, when he would reprove the captious; or metaphorical, when he would instruct the inquiring—bring down philosophy from heaven to earth. He always teaches. In the field, and in the highway, in the tumult and in the solitude, walking and resting, seated at meals or reposing on the mountains, he is, concerning things both temporal and eternal, "a living epistle, known and read of all men." He flies through all the scenes, and employments, and trials of life, scattering "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He so associates truth with the heavens and the earth as to make every thing a memorial of duty, a remembrancer of the truth, or a reprover of sin. He charges the delighted babe drinking at the fountain of the breast, with the message to its happy mother of "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." He hath taught the hammer to echo in the ear of the laborer in every stroke, the admonition, "Labor not for the meat that perisheth." Who doth not drink water? Well, over every fountain and flood Christ hath poured his crystal stream of truth, but "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. Who hath not lifted up his eyes to that glorious sun? Well, in his bosom Christ hath set this eternal truth, "I am the light of the world." Who hath not felt the night closing around him? Well, Jesus hath written on all its curtains this luminous line, "The night cometh when no man can work." Who hath not had his thoughts carried down to the chambers of death? Well, there is a voice from the sepulcher, "I am the resurrection and the life." Thus Christ touches almost every object in nature; and whatever he touches, though it be but a lily or a sparrow, forth leaps a living truth. With simplicity, Jesus blends majesty. When he states a precept, it is as though he had planted a new rock on the earth. When he utters a doctrine, it is as though he hung a new star in heaven.

Jesus is popular in his sympathies. Teachers often make distinctions among their pupils. Thus Aristotle confined his attention to Alexander because he was Philip's son, and Plato left the Academy that he might instruct Dionysius; but Christ, like his Father, is "no respector of persons." He looks at man as man; he pierces through parentage, and rank, and wealth, and fame, and genius, and power on the one hand, and through shame, and toil, and ignorance, and suffering, and rags on the other, to the simple spirit; and when he finds it, he estimates it by its character and qualifications, all that constitutes its manhood—its capacity to be angel or devil forever. Whether he treads the highest or lowest walks of life, he stands upon the same platform; whether he is surrounded by beggars or princes, he speaks as to the same brotherhood. While he

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pays due attention to Nicodemus, and the centurion, and Joseph, of Arimathia, he was wont to turn from the palace to the hut, to gather around him the children of want and sorrow, to move in light and mercy amidst blinded minds and bleeding hearts—not because of his partiality, but of their necessities. With a godlike spirit he stooped to children; with kingly condescension he ate at the tables of the poor. Without sympathy with sin, and as a shepherd goes into the wilderness to seek and to save the lost, he preached to publicans and harlots; not with the rude elbow of stoical indifference, but with the soft hand of life-giving love, he touched the coffin and the couch. In all this there is a peculiar beauty and propriety. Behold poor Bunyan in his prison, as his children have gathered around him! to which does his heart most strongly turn? to his poor, pale, blind daughter; and now as they bid him farewell see how he grasps the hand of the helpless one, and detains her after the rest have gone, and pours over her his most earnest, agonizing prayer! Now, had the Father of mercies come down to that family, would he not, also, shown most pity and tenderness to his eyeless one? Even so when he did come to this world in the person of the blessed Jesus.

Christ was a teacher democratic in the largest and best sense—for the people, for all the people, for even the lowest of the people, for all the people alike. If he had not been, our hearts would have turned from him as being unworthy to represent the Being who lighted up that sun, and poured the oceans from his urn.

Christ was a humble teacher. His spirit is one of meekness and lowliness. Let us beware of mistake here. These qualities may be passive; if so they are infirmities; they are incompatible with decision, dignity, energy—with highest manhood. In Christ they are active. His answers are soft, because he chooses that the words which might burst from his lips, like the rebukes of Sinai, should distil as the dew of Hermon; his reproofs are gentle, not because they want force, but because they enter the heart obliquely; his censures are mild, not for lack of power, but for abundance of love; his manners are affable, not because he is fearful, or unsteady, or dependent, but because, while he holds the keys of death and hell, he wills, by bearing injuries, and reproaches, and persecutions, and crucifixion with a forgiving temper, to set revengeful man an example. He is humble, not because of his fallibility, but because he would correct the arrogance of fallible man; he is modest, not because he undervalues his own qualifications, but because man overvalues his; he was lowly, not because his mind was not set on high, but that he might teach us how, while we pour heavenly music on the skies, we may dwell upon the ground. On suitable occasions, when mild reproof had been neglected, he stands up like fire and breathes like famine. In his dilemmas there was a caustic that burned scribes and Pharisees to the quick; in his hand there was a scourge before which the defilers of the temple fled; in his parables there played a hidden lightning which erelong rent every tower in Jerusalem; yet his prevailing manner, how gentle! how sweet! To those who listen to learn he gives, with untiring patience, line upon line, and precept upon precept. In the wayside he halts to welcome the softest voice of supplicating sorrow. When he delivers his farewell to his disciples, we see how he would "gather his children together as a hen gathered her brood under her wing." When the disciple that had denied him with oaths and cursing, stood trembling in his presence, and he says, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" we learn what that meaneth, "He will not break the bruised reed." Though Christ suffered even to the cross, he acted—ah, how gloriously! He touched all the realms of nature, and they felt him! they feel him now. Though he went down to the sepulcher, he ascended the skies, and bade his disciples follow him to heaven. Though he owned no foot of land, he gave notice of his coming conquest of the world.

The themes of Christ evince his humility. Had he opened the veins of silver, or formed the philosopher's stone, or invented the elixir of mortal life; had he pointed to the compass, or the steam-engine, or the press; had he exhibited the imposing spectacle of history, or lifted the vail from the invisible world, how would warriors, philosophers, and monarchs have tracked his footsteps to lay their honors at his feet! True, his mind moves through all nature as though he were familiar with its law, and he not

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only makes no mistakes concerning them, but flashes beams of light across them which the intellect of man requires ages of study to appreciate; but he does not teach science, not because he could not, but because man could. Jesus, however, has no jealously of philosophy; he never condemns it; he often, indeed entices man to nature, and would have him linger over its precious wells. He has no prejudice against books. This well, too, is deep, and he leaves it, not because he has no bucket, but because he that would draw can make a bucket for himself. He confines his attention to moral knowledge—that which the world by wisdom could not know. But though his themes are most novel, most elevated, most satisfying, yet the blinded and depraved world concentrates all its contempt upon them

The pretensions of Christ are humble. True, he says, "I and the father are one;" and yet it required the greatest humility to make such a pretension. If a man even profess that God has forgiven his sins and made him his child, he is branded as an enthusiast, he is watched, and hated, and, if opportunity serve, pierced. How much philosophy has cried against Jesus, "He hath a devil and is mad!" No wonder the mob took up stones to stone him; no wonder the Sanhedrim could not rest till they led him to Calvary. But we see not yet the depth of his humility. In the passage quoted he speaks of the divinity within him; in others he speaks of his humanity as contradistinguished from it. "I can of mine own self do nothing;" instead of setting up his human reason as a God, he brings it to naught. It is not in figurative, but in literal language; not merely in one, but in many forms that he ascribes his teachings to another, even the Father. "My doctrine is not mine." It is not to God, as the Creator, that he ascribes his doctrines, as though he would remind us that intellect is of God; but to God, as the revealor, that he attributes his plans, his doctrines, his very words. He who taught all nature as God, who brought life and immortality to light, and opened a fountain of mercy for all lands and all times, says, nothing of my wisdom has welled up from my own soul—it hath all come down from the Father of lights.

Christ is an independent teacher. It is a pretty speculation of philosophy that every great man is either an embodiment of the genius of his own age, or a happy anticipation of the next. According to this theory, the race, like the individual, is progressive, and its great minds are the marks of its successive stages of advancement. Bacon, for example, did but give visibility to the great thoughts that had been gathering over the civilized world ages before he arose; Newton did but catch the apple which his times had already ripened; and Washington was but a manifestation of the spirit that had long rushed through the quickened veins and breathed through the dilated nostrils of his ancestors. As in the distant spaces of creation a new world is the mere condensation of a floating nebulæ, so in the regions of the mind. But Jesus stands alone—the embodiment of no age, the anticipation of none; though he lived two thousand years ago, he is ten thousand years ahead. His character has been studied age after age, and the more studied the more admired. Who hath ever found a fault in it? His enemies have sought for one as for hid treasures, but in vain. And yet, if it were there, it would be as a mountain in a plain—conspicuous from all points. His friends have endeavored to equal it, but no one has succeeded. It is more than primitive innocence and goodness. Though visible on earth, its place is far in heaven; and, to see it, you must look through a long colonnade of celestial light. The truth he brings is not truth in blossom or in fruit, but in seed; not to adorn or to wither, but to fall into the soul and germinate. Within his simplest rule of man's duty are wrapped up the grandest principles of God's government; by proverbs and examples he sets up guide-boards on all the cross-roads in the realm of truth; in outline he sketches the map of human knowledge, and by hints points us to the details; his instructions have been the subject of study for centuries, and they are still of unexhausted interest—an unwasting cruse of oil to feed the fires of mind. In a few sentences, such as, "Take no thought that ye shall eat and drink;" "When thou dost thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee;" "Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth;" "Fear not him which can kill the body;" "Ye are the salt of the earth"—he teaches the great principles of the subordination of

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the body to the soul, of fame and interest to duty, of the present life to that which is to come, of individual to general happiness, etc.--principles which philosophers and poets, kings and prophets, sought but never found. We may develope, and illustrate, and systematize Christ's teachings, but never go beyond them. The germs of mental philosophy, as well as morals, are all in his blessed words. Political economy lies wrapped up in his golden rule, and all the forms of charity and improvement are but streams from the fountain of his law of love. He discloses the true principle of reformation. It is doing little to point out sin; it is doing little to punish it; it is even doing little to prevent it. You padlock the fists, and the feet, and the lips, and yet the murder, and the lust, and the lie may be in the man. Back of organs and nerves in the intentions and principles of the living agent is a vice or virtue: hence, to make better men you must make better hearts. The spirit of Christ upon the soul, like the warm body of the prophet upon the corpse of the child, wakes up the stagnant pulse of spiritual life. In this Christ had no exemplar.

Jesus is independent of instructions. Few great men are self-taught; they generally owe their excellencies to their opportunities: hence, Philip thanked the gods, not so much that they had given him a son as they had given that son an Aristotle. Even the mightiest intellects are very dependent. Plato, although he enjoyed the tutorship of Socrates, and the companionship of Xenophon, goes to Cyrene to listen to Theodorus; he travels to Megara, and sits down, day after day, with Euclid, to enlarge and settle his mathematical knowledge; he journeys to Italy and Sicily, to quicken his reason and store his memory by conversation with the learned—to collect materials of wisdom from primitive sources, and inflame his imagination by extraordinary natural objects. He compares teacher with teacher, argument with argument, system with system, that he may correct his errors and enlarge the compass of his truth. While communing with the giants of his own times, he communes also with them of old; he stands with holy awe on the banks of the Nile, until he seems to see Orpheus tune his lyre and Solon light his lamp. It was otherwise with Christ. He was not reared at an Athens; no Porch, or Academy, or Lyceum opened its gates to his footsteps. He was the son of a carpenter, in an obscure village of a rural district, in a despised province of the world; and when he read the Scriptures to his neighbors, they said, in astonishment, "How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?" He travels not beyond the limits of his native land; he is a radiator, not a reflector of light.

He is independent of books; he reads none, he writes rone, he needs none. He turns every thing around him into books; he makes legible the sympathetic ink with which every soul is overwritten. He did but touch Nathaniel's memory, and he brought out the truth, "Thou art the King of Israel;" he did but touch Peter's heart, and forth leaped the exclamation, "Thou art the Christ;" he did but breathe his dying prayer over the centurion that guarded his cross, and out burst the revelation, "Truly, this man was the Son God." It was not Christ's words that startled the Samarian woman at the well, but her own biography, which he telegraphed to her in an instant; it was not what Christ wrote upon the sand, but their own quickened consciences which convicted those that stood around the adulteress, and made them slink away one by one. How much better this unwritten knowledge than all written: it is unerring, adapted to each case. It was an experiment of modern times to restore a sick person by transfusing the blood of a healthy one into its veins; but it was unsuccessful, because the transfused current was not in a proper relation to the vessel which received it; it irritated and bloated the sinking system. Too much of our learning is of this kind—a transfusion of thought into channels unadapted to it, which only vitiates and puffs them up. The sick soul, like the sick body, must restore itself; its vital organs must be aroused to vigorous action before its streams can be enriched and purified. Of Wesley it is said, that he was the quiescence of turbulence; calm himself, he set every thing around him in motion. He learned this lesson of his Master, who, wherever he moved, set the world on fire. But how did he do it? by kindling a furnace in himself and radiating the heat around him? Nay; but by touching the heart and quickening the pulses of men; the heat which he kindled within them was

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vital—the more they ran from it the more it flamed; it fed upon their thoughts, and was fanned by their emotions; it was a part of them; they feel it now; they feel it ever. The word of Christ resting upon the moral world is like the spirit that brooded over chaos—it makes all life and motion, but to each its own life and its own motion, while all is beautiful and all is good. Some men seem to think that their capacity to teach depends upon the number and size of the books which they master. Enoch, Noah, Abraham were teachers—world teachers—before there were books. The heavens and the earth are full of truth; it shines down and leaps upon all men alike. O, that our eyes were couched to see it! The human soul is pregnant with truth; let it be but delivered of its burdens, and it will have a family of living children, whose cherub faces will fill the spiritual house with light. The greatest of ancient teachers said that he was but a moral midwife, aiding the youth to bring forth their ideas and sentiments, and to distinguish between the abortive and the living birth. Alas! the births were too often dead. The Spirit of Christ overshadows the soul as the power of the Highest rested upon his mother, Mary, to quicken the holy things within, that they may come forth "sons of God."

A JULY IDYL.

BY C. A. MELLEN.

I

TURN thou thy steps from busy haunts of men,
And view with me the fields with living green,
Rest on the steep of yonder mountain when
The god of day peeps through a golden sheen,
And earth and air replete with budding glee,
Drinks nectar sweet from pearly drops of dew,
And zephyrs floating 'neath an azure sea,
Stir up the drooping spirit with a new
And soul invigorating minstrelsy.

II

Stroll by yon babbling brook whose narrow bed
Is strewed with pebbles from the mountain side,
Drink generous draughts from the fountain head,
Then follow the source of its rippling tide
O'er tiny cascades to the lakelets brim,
Where the lillies bow their heads to the sky,
And the red-throat'd divers afar off skim,
With argus eyed sentinel floating nigh—
A zealous watch that death alone shall dim.

III

The balmy breath of the rose-tinted morn,
Laden with perfume from the new mown hay;
The silken tassels of the yellow corn,
Like pennons wave in the new fledged day:
And the oriole in her swinging nest,
Chants to her brood a tender lul-a-by;
Till their gold capped heads sink 'neath her breast,
And in unconsciousness of slumber lie,
Then she floats away to'ard the mountain crest.

IV

Now wander o'er the undulating vale
To the farther verge, where the meadow cot
Has enshrined full many an untold tale;
Which cheerful heart and willing hand hath wrought:
Hopes, aspirations, breed in quiet bliss,
And lifted up ascend to Heaven's King;
Content with what they have—a true thesis
To live or die by; man must ever cling
To what is pure, to gain a goal like this.

V

The savory smell of the morning cheer,
Like sweet enchantment fills the glowing skies;
And jocund laughter trills upon the ear
From cherub lips; fledglings of Paradise
White robed, with tawny pattering feet,
And angel eyes o'er-cast with silken bars;
Hearts flowing o'er with innocence concrete,
And thoughts refulgent as the vesper stars,
With wings unclip'd, untrammeled by deceit.

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VI

The repast o'er the sturdy farmer's snath
Is lifted from its peg, and now the chime
Of stone and steel, with measured beat, hath
Filled the meadow with melodious rhyme;
And songs of labor join the glad refrain,
From bearded lips and brawny sun burnt breast,
Glad as the glorious heavenly strain
Of song, borne downward from the land of rest
To purify from sin's accursed stain.

VII

The nodding grass falls 'neath each steady blade,
And lies in swaths along the level plain;
Thus step by step they reach the woodland shade,
And rest upon their ready snaths, again
Their gleaming blades spring thro' the verdant grass;
And grim death's bloodless harvest reaping;
The sun mounts up to noon of day, alas!
His ponderous scythe keeps onward sweeping—
Life 's but a dream, its seasons quickly pass!

VIII

But now the god of day sinks to his rest,
And balmy winds float o'er the sombre lea;
New life springs up in nature's teeming breast,
And o'er the senses steal a symphony,
Grand as the theme that angel voices raise
In song, beyond the ever flowing tide,
O'er which the spirit seems to stretch its gaze,
And drink from founts to mortal man denied;
Until he shall have pass'd death's gloomy maze.

IX

The shadows fall, and in his easy chair
The farmer sits and builds a palace grand;
With minarets of gold that mount in air;
And battlements that form on every hand:
A structure staunch within his honest mind;
Built from the wrecks that gather on the shore,
Huge argosies that left a track behind;
To warn the ship, 'mid the terrible roar
From passion's fatal reefs, that wreck mankind.

X

A day with nature's undisturbed repose,
Far from the smoke and din of city life;
The heart of man with gladness overflows,
And manhood beautified, subdues all strife,
For God in nature ever points the way,
To blissful realms beyond the golden gate;
Where all of life is one long festal day,
And love, immaculate, shall satiate
The soul, unfettered, free from sin's decay.

Man—Primitive and Derivative.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

MAN is not a natural production, and the elements of earth are not sufficient for his completion. He is an embodied spirit, and from the source of his existence he must derive those supplies which may fit him to fulfill the purposes of his creation, and satisfy his capacity for knowledge and happiness.

It is worthy of especial notice that there is scarcely a people to be named which has not among them the tradition or the prophecy of a perfect human nature; and probably every mind imagines some model man, some ideal type or standard of humanity, which all ought to admire and imitate. But earth, as it is, has never been deemed his home. Some supposed him to have existed in a golden era long since departed; others expect him yet to come. Some think we are his degenerated offspring; others believe that we are progressively improving upon our ancestors, and that, in due time, the progeny of our successors shall be perfect beings, according to an orderly development, "from inherent qualities," by which at length living monads become spiritual paragons, under astronomical influences and in virtue of gravitation, and "the modes of action depending solely on organization." We can not exactly calculate how long a period may be

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necessary for the purpose of converting an infusorial animalcule into a man, such a transformation never having yet been observed in progress; but we are pretty well assured, by the reluctant testimony of infidels, as well as by the careful research of believers, that man can not have been an inhabitant of earth above seven thousand years. Geology, ethnology, and the natural history of our race, bear ample testimony, in this respect at least, to the truth of the book of Genesis, which testimony is itself a fact strongly in evidence of the inspired origin of that book; since to guess at such coincidences in chronology and science is beyond the reach of fancy. This length of time seems not to be quite enough to answer the purposes of the development theory, but we can get no more. We are not ignorant that skulls and other bones of man have been discovered in caves and in stalagmite formations, mixed with those of extinct mammals, both ruminants and carnivora, and that these bones in no respect differ from modern specimens. It is also true that geologists are nearly unanimous in assigning these remains to periods far within the date above named, and all their conclusions on the subject tend to confirm rather than invalidate the statement in the book of Genesis. If, however, man had existed at an earlier period there can be no very evident reason why his fossil remains should not be found imbedded with those of other creatures in the anterior formations.

As it appears from recent theorists that even now man is at best but a paulo-post chimpanzee, he could scarcely become beanal and biped at that date, or, at least, monkeys and men ought then to have been mingled in the same family circle.

History, either sacred or profane, has no respect for the theory of development, and does not quite agree with it. Instead of finding mankind brutal and destitute of the arts of social comfort in the early periods of our race, we have reason to believe that they were highly civilized and cultivated; not, it may be, after the complicated manner of the moderns, but still with sufficient decision, in two forms at least, very much as they now present themselves. There were those among the people of most ancient date who took pleasure in exercising power, in tyranny and rapine; while others, impressed by the manifestations of divine wisdom in the wonderous works of creation, or by tradition of God's covenant with man, took delight in meditating upon his providence, and preserved a life of quiet thoughtfulness and worship. According to moral motives and the state of will, with regard to the relations of existence, the minds of men appear always to have been actuated to the attainment of ends in keeping with their faith and knowledge. Religion always made the grand difference among mankind. There were always sons of God as well as of Belial. Those who, being instructed concerning righteousness, and believing and loving truth, were looking forward to a future life, occupied their faculties in subserviency to that end, while those who regarded the present life as their only hope, gave themselves to the indulgence of their tastes for sensual pleasures, and to the contrivance of such means as best promised the fulfillment of their unholy desires. This, substantially, is all we learn of the history of mankind up to the deluge.

The anxiety of infidels to dispose of the deluge, and to satisfy themselves that they need not believe the Bible, is most wonderful and deplorable. How eagerly some of the French savans seized upon the zodiacs sculptured on the temples of Dendera and Esneh, with the hope that they had therein discovered a demonstration that the Mosaic statement was a mistake. Their ingenuity would have been amusing had it not been impiously absurd. M. Jomard proved to his own satisfaction that these zodiacs were three thousand, and M. Dupois that they were, at the very least, four thousand years older than the christian era, while M. Gori would not abate a week of seventeen thousand years. That their mathematical wits were racked to little purpose is seen in their discrepancy. But observe how the truth at last prevails. M. Champollion comes forward in the promising manhood of his intellect, and gives his life to the study of Egyptian antiquities, and instead of guessing at the meaning and dates of these zodiacs, learns really to read them, and finds that the zodiac, the date of which M. Dupois had so clearly demonstrated to have been at least four thousand years before Christ, was actually erected in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and that which

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M. Gori had carried back in his imagination seventeen thousand years, had been raised in the time of Antoninous, A. D. 140.

If we may credit the oldest history we possess, the correctness of which none can invalidate, the most difficult arts were not unknown amidst the family of the first man. And there is little doubt that before the flood the imaginations of men were refined enough for the invention of whatever might contribute to heighten the enjoyment of mere outside beauty, and to render evil so indomitable in the heart of man that to allow him to live on would be but to permit the propagation of iniquity in such fascinating forms as to banish the beauties of holiness from the earth. It could not have been mere ignorance that was hardened against the preaching of Noah: ingenuity and unbelief, satisfied with their own substitutes for divine order in the appliances of a proud and perverted reason that delights in its works, were always the resisters of righteousness. Savages would have been converted. The antediluvians in general, at the time of Noah, must have been sceptical geniuses, rationalists, and despots, who could not believe in especial judgments, abrupt transitions and miraculous interferences for the punishment of vice. They lived under the reign of violence and terror, and being ingenious in disobedience, invented their own religion, and worshipped a mock reason while they blasphemed God, and polluted his sacred image in the form of man. Their spirits were fit to be imprisoned.

The flood came—need it be proved? All nations acknowledge it. A reserved few replenished the new world. Whence have we the tradition of a deluge if it never happened? It was not a partial event—the world owns it. The Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Grecians, Romans, Phœnicians, Syrians, Armenians, Persians, Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians, Turks, Africans, the North and South Americans, the Aborigines of the South Seas, and every stray tribe of men, all hold a tradition of the deluge; and science finds the record written on the earth—the grand catastrophe assuredly occured, and faith reads its significance. The Almighty altered the face of the world which he had made, because the spirits of men required a judgment coextensive with their abode, and they were removed to a place adapted to their wickedness. The living earth perished in the great deep; but Noah and his sons were not barbarians—they could enter into covenant with their Maker, for they had obeyed his voice, But the original evil was in their blood, and soon we find their offspring madly desirous of reigning without righteousness. That they were not, however, without skill, the tower of Babel bears them witness. The city of Nineveh was magnificent in works of art, and the ancient Memphis was not mean. But we will pass on a few hundred years. What does the progress of time prove? Not that man was not mentally developed, but that his intellect was ever prone to seek satisfaction without obeying God, and that Almighty interference has always been required to prevent the total apostacy of our race. Was Abraham, the friend of God, less a man than any of us, or more so than the first son of Adam? No; but he had superior motives, and in the largeness of his heart he believed God, and was also fit to associate with kings. In trusting to the absolute power of Jehovah as the sovereignty of mercy, and reaching forward in faith for life beyond death, and for an endless futurity of blessing at the hand of the Omnipotent, he exhibits, in his brief story, all that constitutes the sublimity of a human soul; while yet, in the folly of his fears, we see a perfect picture of man's infirmity and guiltiness. Thus we are taught, as he was, that our recovery from degradation to the true standing of obedient and believing spirit is a divine work, accomplished by the intelligent an apprehensions of God's purpose to one self, and a growing conformity to his will from a growing confidence in his love.

The men of old were not minors in humanity. If we may judge from what Moses has written, he was as great a man as Newton: he preferred to suffer with the people of God rather than to dwell as a prince among ingenious idolaters; and he has presented us with reasons for trusting in Jehovah. It is true that he has not given us the mathematical elements of the celestial mechanism; but yet Newton could discover such plain indications in the writings of the chosen shepherd that Omniscience was his teacher, that the philosopher would at once have distrusted his own calculations had they in any instant contradicted the Mosaic

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statement. Who would credit Moses if he wrote merely like a philosopher? He does not seek for causes, but sees the hand of God; he states facts, explains not physics; he writes history, not theories; he defends no hypothesis; he does not speculate; and instead of doubtful opinions he enunciates positive precepts. The moral law which he first conveyed to men is so perfectly suited to man's social and spiritual relations that to break it in any particular is evidently in spirit to contravene the whole, and it is so intimate and consistent, that, like creation itself, it bears the impress of its Maker, and can be no other than a transcript of the Eternal Mind, humanly expressed.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

WHAT shall we do to be saved? this is now the daily utterance of men's voices. Believe in Christ—drop instantly and forever all known sins—all meannesses, all dishonesties, all unkindnesses, at home and everywhere, all wrong thoughts and evil imaginations. You never can go in at "the strait gate," with any of these clinging to your will.

Do you cry out, "I cannot do this; the work is too hard for me—if I quit my sins they won't quit me. I cannot say to passion, avarice, selfishness, and pride, 'lie down and move no more;' I cannot think right and act right. I am not able to enter the gate if this is the way." If you think thus, how comes it that you have been putting off this matter of repentance to a sick-bed, or to old age? If you cannot reform your thoughts and disposition now, how can you then? You say truly, you cannot reform them, and for this cause you need a Savior. But you can remove them, and turn from them, and consecrate your whole body and soul to him, and he will reform you by aiding all your efforts. He will forgive as often as you break down if you carry a steadfast purpose to conquer self, for the sake of his love. He will not fail you, if you are sincere in seeking him; but he will abhor your offering if you do not mean to make clean work with yourself by laying open your whole heart and life to his influence.

Many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able; but not because of any trouble in the gate, or in the Lord that stands at the head of the way, but because they try to carry in their barrels of spirit, or their selfishness, or their vile and evil dispositions and habits. Such can never enter. No rich man can go through that gate carrying with him his usury, or his exorbitant rents, wrung from sweating and groaning tenants. No unjust judge can go through with his oppressions. But there never was, and never will be, a naked, trembling soul, sincerely sorry for sin, and heartily desirous of escaping from its power, and to be made white in the blood of sprinkling, for which there is not abundant room. And yet "Many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." Many are the secret sins of heart and life whose clingings shall prevent the sinner.

Ships, when the tide rises and sets strongly in any direction, sometimes turn and seem as if they would go out upon it. But they only head that way, and move from side to side, swaying and swinging without moving on at all. There seems to be nothing to hinder them from sailing and floating out to sea; but there is something.

Down under the water a great anchor lies buried in the mud. The ship cannot escape. The anchor holds her. And thus are men holden, by the cords of their own sins. They go about trying to discover some way to be forgiven, and yet keep good friends with the devils that are in them. And this they call "being serious." It is almost all self-will fighting against the Spirit of God. Now, let men be honest with

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themselves, and if they think their sins, any or all of them, are better than the love of God and the salvation of their souls, why stick to them, that is all; and give up thinking; but if they feel that the redemption of the soul is precious, and that it ceaseth forever, let them abandon all that hinders it, and begin at once to work with God for their own salvation. What they can do they must do, or be lost, and that is, stop all wrong doing that they can stop; and what they can't, Christ will attend to, reforming their interior dispositions by the love which he will send abroad in their souls. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? Now is the accepted time—all things are ready. The Lord has brought you nigh unto him, and on every side of you men are hastening to make their peace with God. Beware how you let this opportunity pass. You may not have another. What would you say when some great steamer had run aground where there was but one tide a year that would float her, if, upon the day before that tide came, her officers got together for a council, and decided that as there was but one tide a year, and they didn't believe in taking advantage of extraordinary times, that they should make no effort to get the ship off. When the tide rose, surging and booming about the ship, if they had got up steam and set all sail, and worked her giant wheels, grating, groaning, and reluctant, she might have moved and struggled of into deep soundings. But they let the flood tide pass; and the water sank away from the ship's keel, and she cracked and parted asunder.

Anon the beautiful and mighty ship was floating, but it was plank by plank, and spar by spar.

What, I ask, would you think of those officers?

But what is a ship when compared to a human soul; which, being created, is to go step by step with God throughout eternity; forever rising in purity and love, or forever sinking into the blackness of darkness?

When you and I, my hearers, stand in the fore front of the judgment ranks to hear our doom, when all above us and around us is the glory and the brightness of the Holy City, and all beneath us is the blackness of despair, you will not accuse me of exaggeration in saying to you that there are none so unwise, so blind, so miserably foolish and desperate, as those who, for any cause, do not first attend to the safety of their own souls. With all my power I warn you; with all my strength I entreat you; with all my skill I will aid you. Oh! seek ye the Lord while he may be found.

THE LESSON OF A MOMENT.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," is a truth which the unhappy repeat to themselves, perhaps, too often. That the bitterness of other hearts is unknown to them, is equally true; and if it were more habitually and distinctly present to their minds, would often stifle the murmurs of discontent, if it did not illumine them with a ray of cheerfulness. We magnify our own troubles. We extenuate those of our friends. We draw comparisons unfavorable to ourselves, with a most superficial knowledge of those with whom we put ourselves in contrast. From a smiling and sunny exterior, we infer that all is peace within, forgetting that the same erroneous impressions might be received in our own case, by one who saw only that side of us which is turned to the world. Were all the houses of our friends unroofed by another Asmodeus, we should find that none of them was without its dark shadow, and we should realize the truth of the Italian proverb, which says, that there is a skeleton in every house. Were there a window in every breast, what startling revelations would

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be made of unknown sorrows and unsuspected struggles,—the rust of discontent eating the heart of the prosperous, and the vulture of care gnawing the vitals of the gay,—untold and hopeless grief lying with the weight of mountains upon apparently the lightest bosoms, and the settled gloom of despair resting upon those, whose life seemed glowing with the brightest hues of morning. How often should we find, that the repose which we supposed to flow from the absence of disturbing impulses—the glassy calm of the waveless lake—was the equilibrium of resisting and struggling forces, which, without the unslumbering presence of the great law of duty, would make shipwreck of the life which they perplex, but cannot subdue. How often should we learn, that he, whose sparkling wit and airy vivacity had won our admiration, and perhaps awakened our envy, had fled to society to escape the presence of some spectral care, which haunted his solitary hours, and that his vivid eloquence and pointed sallies owed their birth, in some measure, to the stimulating and morbid influence of "some fatal rememberance," which kept his mind in a state of perpetual effervescence and unrest. Could we see others as they see themselves, what lessons of submission might we not learn; and not merely submission, but of toleration also. How many wrong opinions should we correct, how many unjust judgments should we reverse, many cruel censures should we recall.

It was at an early hour in the evening, in the month of December, 18—, that a young man was walking through one of the most fashionable streets of one of our large cities. The last lingering traces of daylight were still visible in the heavens. The western sky was all a-glow with those blended hues, which give to our winter sunsets so peculiar and striking a charm. The space nearest the horizon was occupied by a broad strip of orange, from which the colors gradually and imperceptibly softened until they disappeared in the sober tints of the zenith, ending in a faint and quivering line of the most delicate green. The evening star sparkled in its station, as if it were conscious of the beauty by which it was surrounded, and of which it formed so conspicuous a part. The dying wind sighed among the naked branches with a sound, melancholy or inspiring, according to the mood of mind in him who listened to it. The elastic air gave quickness to the pulse, and made the "bosom's lord sit light upon his throne." It was a scene and an hour which affect an imaginative mind the more from the absence of that verdure and bloom, which make the charm of summer's scenery, and which seem like a veil which the hand of winter withdraws, bringing us face to face with the Invisible. The hues which glow and burn upon the western sky, appear like the glittering portals of another world, and the spiritual, low-toned wind seems to blow upon us from a realm "beyond the flight of time."

Our young friend was, from his age, character, and position, peculiarly susceptible to these influences. He was one of that class, which make no inconsiderable element in the pride and glory of New England. Born in an humble position, he had achieved, mostly by his own efforts and with little assistance from others, the best education which the institutions of our country can afford, and now that he stood upon the verge of manhood, he felt himself equal in capacities and opportunities to those who had begun life under the most favorable auspices. His powers and energies were of a high order, and his moral nature was such as would help him to make the most of them. He had won literary distinction, confidence, respect, and attachment, and many were watching his progress with assured hope. Surely these were happy elements,—but the picture was not without its shadows.

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Like most hard students in our country, he had earned his honors with some sacrifice of health. He had passed triumphantly through many struggles, and surmounted many obstacles; but the efforts, though successful, had infused a tinge of gloom into a character naturally cheerful as well as resolute, as the captive's fetter, though broken, leaves, long after, its mark upon the freed limb. His future was bright, but indistinct, and the distant future was brighter than the near. It seemed to him that a long space was yet to be passed over, new difficulties yet to be overcome, before he could gain a well-defined social position, and take the part which he felt to be his due in the business of life. Though assured that all his reasonable wishes would be gratified, though confident that the energies which had brought him to where he was, would carry him on still further, he could not distinctly perceive the manner in which it was to be brought about, nor trace clearly the successive steps of the path which was to lead him to honor and distinction.

Reflections like this gave a shade of pensiveness to an unusually animated brow, and made him walk more slowly than was his usual custom. Raising his head suddenly as he came opposite the lighted windows of a very handsome house, his eyes were involuntarily attracted by a scene, which made him pause for a moment to behold it, though he felt conscious, that there was something of an impropriety in his so doing. It was a room beautifully furnished, betokening wealth, taste, and cultivation in its occupants. Pictures hung upon the walls, and books lay upon the table, in such a way that the scholar's eye saw at once that they were there for use, and not for show. The lamps had not been lighted nor the curtains let down, but a blazing wood-fire threw a ruddy and flickering blaze over the walls and ceiling, and made the room and its contents distinctly visible. The apartment was occupied by two persons, a male and a female, in the bloom of youth, and apparently man and wife. Their position was such that the student could not see the faces of either of them. The gentleman was speaking, as it appeared, from his attitude, with a good deal of earnestness; but no inference could be drawn, from the position of the lady, who sat in front of the fire, buried in the recesses of a deep arm-chair. The imagination, however, could easily represent her as listening, with tranquil delight and assured happiness, to the voice of her husband-lover. The whole scene realized the young student's fondest day-dream. Here was before him, in open vision and actual presence, that which his imagination had delighted to trace in the dim, distant future. Here was the goal, towards which he was pressing, the prize for which he was contending. "How happy should I be," said he to himself, "could I find myself in that young man's position! He has all that my heart covets. Competent fortune, books, pictures, doubtless troops of friends, literary leisure, the exercise of generous hospitality, and all the thousand delights that centre in the word, Home. With all these, and, dear Mary," (our student was in love,) "with your sweet face and loving nature to fill my heart and house with sunshine, how happily would my days glide by! Would that I could find my bark moored in some peaceful haven, and no longer buffet the waves, and struggle against wind and tide. He seems to be but little older than I, and how long must I toil to obtain that, which, without any merit of his own, has fallen into his lap. Indeed, I may never win it; or, if at all, success may be deferred till I am too old, or till I have become too subdued to the drudgery of life, to enjoy it. I cannot help breaking a commandment, and coveting my neighbors goods, though I feel ashamed of myself as I confess it."

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About two years before the incident, which we have just related, took place, there were visible in the same street along which the student was passing, signs of a brilliant and fashionable party. A house of the largest size was lighted up throughout its whole extent, throwing a broad stream of splendor into the dark air, and forming a conspicuous object of attraction to the idlers in the street, far and near. Throngs of carriages whirled over the pavements, and clustered before the door, the coachmen letting down the steps with a quick, impatient jerk, which showed that there was no time to be lost. Within, there were all the means and appliances which wealth can purchase and luxury devise, to charm the senses and gratify the love of beauty. The costliest hot-house flowers were scattered around with a profusion which knew no other limit than that of good taste. Strains of the softest music stole upon the ear, and made the hearer almost wish that the other objects which distracted his attention were withdrawn, and that he might give himself up, without interruption, to the delight of listening. Forms more beautiful than flowers, glided through the dance, and voices sweeter than music threw their witching spells upon the air. This fairy scene of enchantment had been called into being on the occasion of the marriage of an only daughter of a wealthy merchant. The bridegroom was one of a class rare in our country, the possessor of an ample inherited fortune, and on that acount the object of peculiar attraction to those scheming mothers and worldly fathers, with whom marriage is merely house-keeping. He had been well educated, had a taste for literature and the arts, strong domestic feelings, and had in a great measure escaped those perils with which the path of a young man of fortune is beset, and which so often make shipwreck of his happiness and respectability. But he was without resolute strength of purpose or decided energy of moral principle. Accustomed to deference and indulgence from childhood, and to have everything which stood in the way of his wishes withdrawn, he had not learned the habit of self-command, or the power of controlling a naturally impetuous and irritable temper. He was a man of cultivation and accomplishments, rather than high intellectual powers, and though of good and generous moral impulses, he had not that deep-anchored religious principle, which nothing can subdue or remove. His career and destiny would be much influenced by circumstances, and especially by the character of the woman he might marry. Returning home from a tour in Europe, his admiration had been powerfully awakened by the grace and beauty of a young lady, who shone with conspicuous lustre in the world of fortune, and wooing her with impassioned and characteristic ardor, soon succeeded in winning her; for wealth, when combined with an agreeable person and manners, a cultivated mind, and a character unstained by vices or grave defects, seldom woes in vain. These were the nuptials which gave occasion to the splendid fete we have just spoken of.

Few persons ever began their married life with a larger proportion, seemingly, of the elements of happiness. But their example proved no exception to that general rule, which sternly forbids that sacred relation to be contracted upon any other than the highest moral and intellectual grounds. His marriage was one, not of the heart and the mind, but of the eye only. He knew nothing of the woman whom he had promised to love, honor and cherish, but that she was beautiful in person, graceful in bearing, well-mannered and well dressed. He was not long in discovering that he had made a fatal mistake. Her nature was one of hopeless and incurable frivolousness. Without any mind to rouse and quicken his

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own, without any affections to respond to his, she was no more of a solace or refreshment to her husband than the porcelain image which stood upon his mantel-piece. It was out of the question to think of improving, cultivating or elevating her, for there was no material to work upon; there was no soil to sow any good seed in; it could no more have been done than water could have been taken up and moulded by the hands into the shape and consistency of a human figure. He was perpetually mortified by her want of knowledge, vexed by her want of tact, disgusted by her selfishness, and pained by her want of dignity of character. Her temper was querulous and exacting; and an over-indulgent, injudicious training, and the atmosphere of adulation, in which her beauty and her father's wealth, had caused her to be encircled, had taught her none of the lessons of endurance and self-control. Accustomed to the homage and devoted attentions of crowds of admirers, she could not conceal the pique and mortification, which her husband's gradual estrangement produced in her. Though her affections were not wounded, her vanity and self-esteem were. She had that petty love of power which is so often found in feeble characters, and took vengeance upon him for his coldness and indifference, by teasing his sensitive and fastidious nature, thwarting his reasonable wishes, rebelling against his authority, and kindling his jealousy, a passion to which his nature somewhat inclined him.

His condition became only the more unhappy from the presence of those elements in his lot which, to a superficial observer, made it so enviable. The leisure which his fortune allowed him, permitted him to brood the more uninterruptedly over his disappointment, and to torment himself with useless, and worse than useless, regrets and self-reproaches. The daily drudgery of a profession would have been a relief to him, by diverting his thoughts from their accustomed channels, and would have furnished both food and medicine to his diseased mind. As it was, he became tyrannized over by one wasting thought. In vain did he have recourse to his books for entertainment, for it seemed to him that, by some strange fatality, he was perpetually stumbling upon something which reminded him of his own trial. Besides, reading is a resource in pains of the body, but it does not take strong hold enough to make us forget those of the mind. He wanted the stoical element, which tramples circumstances under foot, and forges an armor of stern indifference, upon which all the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" fall harmless. Nor had he the religious principle, which hopes all things, endures all things, and from pain and sorrow extracts the elements of spiritual growth. His nature had neither depth nor strength, but was essentially superficial and epicurean. He was formed for enjoyment, and not for action; for the sunshine and the calm, and not for the night and the storm. Trial and disappointment did not soften or elevate him, but made him fretful and irritable. His literary cultivation had the same characteristics. It was various, but not profound. He could appreciate the creations of genius, but had not the creative energy himself. He was fond of reading, but had not the resolution to pursue a vigorous course of study. He could not shut himself up in his library, and comfort himself by writing a poem or a book. His mind was not its own place.

The restless despair in which he finally found himself, he had approached by degrees. Between him and his wife, the outward proprieties and courtesies of life had been hitherto maintained. Good taste and good breeding had restrained him from any other expression of his feelings, than could be read in his silence, his altered countenance, and his clouded brow.

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But this was a state of things not likely to continue with so irritable a temperament as his, and with so much recklessness and so little dignity of character, as belonged to her. On one particular evening, under the pressure of some peculiar provocation, the long-repressed torrent of feeling burst out into language. His smothered passions found a vent in those bitter, burning words, which are never forgotten or forgiven, and which at once put a gulf of separation between them, which neither in time nor eternity could be closed. He vehemently reproached her for her insensibility, her unreasonableness, her selfishness, her cruel indifference to his tastes, sympathies and wishes. He poured out, in his wrath, all the tempest, which had long been gathering in his breast, and which now raged with the more fury, from its having been so long pent up. All that a more prudent nature would have left unsaid, that a colder one would not have felt, that a higher one would have subdued—all the storm of contending passions which had desolated his heart—all his blighted hopes, his starving affections, his shattered expectations, his vanished dreams—found a tongue and an utterance in those hot words of invective, reproach and remonstrance, which scalded as they fell. And she—the star that had so fallen from his heaven, the idol that had been cast down from his altar—she, that had lacerated the heart that she should have filled with a happiness, which the earth seemed too narrow to contain—with what spirit and in what mood did she listen to him? Not with tears of hopeless anguish and convulsive sobs of wretchedness, for these would have betokened a sensibility, of which she had not the slightest portion, and would have flowed from a heart, broken with the stunning consciousness, that she was nothing to him who was everything to her—nor yet with sparkling rage and vehement recrimination, for not even the breath of passion could wake into life the cold and stagnant surface of a soul like hers—but with sullen indifference, with freezing apathy, with rigid unconcern, and with that cold, contemptuous silence, which provokes an impatient temper more than the angriest rejoinder or the most cutting retort.

And this was the scene, of which the student was a momentary witness, and these were the persons, upon whom his passing glance had fallen, and such was the condition of the possessor of that wealth, elegance and comfort, whose lot he had thought so enviable. Despair and indignation were lending their force and expression to that attitude, and those gestures, which he had interpreted to be the signs of fond affection and overflowing confidence. Could he have known all, how would he have recoiled with horror at the prospect of being placed in the position of the unhappy master of that beautiful mansion!

THE PRIMITIVE EARTH.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M.

Number Two.

The history of nations is written on the printed page, or handed down by tradition from age to age, but earth's history is written on tablets of stone, by the hand of time, and laid away in the great subterranean libraries of the solid earth. Nature itself has turned for man's inspection many a rock-bound page, and lifted from its long resting place many a tablet engraved with the secrets of olden time. By these stony records man can trace earth's history back to the reign of fire. Then fire was king, with no aspirant to his blazing throne. The earth was then a self-luminous body, giving forth light and heat, and the moon, perhaps, not

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the cold, dead orb it now is, but a bright and habitable world, cheered with the genial warmth of a neighboring sun. The moon being comparatively a small body, passed more rapidly from the vaporous ring to a globe of fire, from the fire to a solid form, washed by miniature oceans and enveloped by an atmosphere, from that earth-like condition, to the sealess, airless, lifeless, rugged ball or rock we now see, than the larger and weightier globe we inhabit. Yet our earth is hastening on its journey to that same cold, lifeless state. How long fire reigned on earth is not measured by years, but by results. Ages on ages he sat on his brilliant throne, claiming the earth as his own for all coming time, but slowly and surely his scepter was slipping from his grasp. Contraction went on evolving heat, and heat radiated into space, until rocky crusts began to envelop earth's surface.

Still the process went on. Great chemical and mechanical changes gradually took place. The over-burdened atmosphere began to deposit some of its heavier constituents. Oceans boiling and seething on the slowly cooling rocks, and bursting lavas, began to contend with the fire king. His transition state was undoubtedly a period of great convulsion and turmoil. The fierce elemental war went on, until finally a new king rose on earth. Water ruled over the wide world, and the fire king concealed himself far within the subterranean regions, where he even now makes his power felt on earth. Earthquakes, that rend the solid mountains, and overwhelm populous cities in a moment, and terrify whole nations with scenes of death and ruin, are but his writhings as he struggles to break from his rocky prison. At this time earth was tenantless. No sound of life was heard in the air, no sentient beings swam in the briny sea or crawled on its beaten sands. The rough, broken surface of earth, the ajoic formation, began to yield to the pounding of the waves and the action of the elements. The waters bore away the detritus and began to form stratified rock. The shrinking of the earth from loss of heat caused depressions and upheavals, giving to the seas various depths, and forming the rudimentary frame-work of the future continent. So unheeded time rolled on, upheavals, earthquakes, oscillations, washings, erasions, chemical combinations and depositions went on, piling stratum on stratum, tearing down and building, sorting, mixing and preparing for life.

The hills and the valleys did not suddenly bloom with verdure or teem with sentient life, nor the sea swarm with living beings. The dawn of life was feeble, and its types of the lowest cast. The silurian formation contains the lowest known fossilliferous rocks, and the Potsdam sandstone, of New York, the lowest of this series in the United States. The vegetable kingdom of this primordial period is only represented by a few sea weeds. Of the four great classes of the animal kingdom, three are represented, viz: Radiates, Articulates and Mollusks. As we pass upward through the several subdivisions of the silurian rocks, we notice some of the older species drop out, and others take their places. Through all the vast deposits of this series no signs of any terrestrial plant or animal has been discovered. The seas, however, were full of life, especially of Molluscan life. Some silurian limestones are composed almost entirely of the remains of Mollusks, hence this is called the age of Mollusks. More than a thousand series of animals have been found in these rocks. The Orthoceras, a Cepalapod with a chambered shell, resembling a straight horn, was a noted denizen of the silurian seas, and the undisputed king of all marine life, a king of fierce aspect and huge size, a veritable sea monster, that fed on his weaker associates. Prof. Winchell thus describes this animal: "Imagine a hollow cone of limestone

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of the dimensions of a saw-log, animated with a 'Kraken Octopod' ensconced in the open end, staring with glassy, sinister eyes to the right and left, and numerous slimy, muscular, insinuating arms, feeling in every direction for their prey. Is not this an enemy from which the lesser tenants of the deep would flee without pausing to raise the question of supremacy? These monsters maintained the ascendancy till the introduction of fishes, toward the close of the upper silurian, or later." This age was remarkable also for the large number of Trilobites, the principal representative of the Articulates. These curious creatures received the name Trilobites from their peculiar trilobed bodies. They had the power of rolling themselves into a ball, and are often found fossilized in this shape. They are found of various sizes, from one or two inches to twenty inches in length, and a foot broad. In some specimens the eyes have been well preserved, and show that light was not wanting in that far distant age. They had a very wide geographical distribution, the same species in some cases being found in North America, Europe and Australia. There is now no living representative of this family. The silurian is found in every country of the globe, and is composed of many kinds of rocks; sandstone, slate, conglomerate and limestone form the larger part. The aggregate thickness of these rocks has been estimated at 30,000 feet. At this time it is more than probable there were no very large bodies of land, and the whole earth had a warm and moist climate. The silurian closed a long and important period in geological history. The earth had taken another long step in her progressive course; had passed from death to life, and begun to rejoice in the unfolding of her Creator's great plans.

God's glory is his goodness. This, by his own showing.

THE LAST OF THE PROPHETS.

BY F. L. A.

Nearly 1,240 years ago, in the Arabian city of Medina, died a man, who has since been revered as the last and greatest of the prophets. Mahomet spent his boyhood in the priestly house of his uncle, Abu Yaleb, who had charge of the Caaba, a temple in the city of Mecca, to which the people resorted in pilgrimage from distant parts. Thus reared, his mind early received a religious bias, but he seems to have received no more education than Arab children in general, and, it is said, could not read nor write. The early part of his life was spent in the caravan of the Arabian merchants, from the time he was old enough to be of any service, and being possessed of intellectual qualities of an extraordinary kind, he made up for the want of an early education, during his travels and extensive intercourse with various tribes of the desert and inhabitants of other countries.

The superstitious fancies engendered in the minds of the Arabs, by the vast solitudes of the desert, made a deep impression on his mind, and as the ceremonies of the Caaba fostered religious sentiments, so did the fairy tales of the desert cultivate and develop the tendency to meditation and solitude, with which nature had largely endowed him.

At the age of twenty-five he married the widow of a wealthy merchant, and, though he engaged still in commerce for several years, his opulence enabled him to live without labor, and to indulge his taste for solitude and religious speculations. During his travels he had often come in contact with tribes of Jews, and Christians who, originally fugitives from persecution, had now established their home in the desert. His wife's cousin, Wareka, first a Jew, then a Christian, and something of an astrologer, the first on record to have

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translated parts of the Old and New Testaments into Arabic, seems to have had much influence with Mahomet; through such association he had come to have a doctrine much purer than that possessed by his idolatrous countrymen. He abhorred the worship of idols, in which the Caaba abounded, there being three hundred and sixty at this temple, one for every day of the Arab year. His conviction of the wickedness of his people grew upon him, and he came to believe that, as Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ had been sent to reform the world and restore it to the pure religion in times past, so did the corruption of the present demand, and so would Allah send again a prophet to renovate the world.

His habits of reverie and meditation increased so as almost wholly to abstract his mind from business. Gradually withdrawing from society he spent whole days and nights in a cavern some three leagues from the city. In this retreat he spent the holy month of the Arabians, and this practice did not fail to produce its effect upon his mind and body. He became subject to dreams and trances. He received one night, as he affirms, a visit from the angel Gabriel, who displayed a silken cloth on which was written a portion of the koran and who announced to him his mission as a prophet. This his wife at once firmly believes, and the astrologer confirms. Mahomet was now forty years old at the beginning of his mission. For a considerable time he only announced it to his family, but when he made it public he received ridicule and persecution. His convictions, however, were strong, and amid derision, contempt, and persecution often in danger of his life, he continued to preach, and gradually gained a little band of despised and derided followers. He disclaimed all miracles except the koran, which considering his own want of education he declared to be the greatest of all miracles. His persecutors grew more and more vehement, till at last he barely saved his life by a timely flight to Medina. Here he was cordially received by a few converts and made a triumphal entry into the city. His followers here rapidly increased till he found himself in command of a considerable force, and had control of the city. Up to this time his doctrine had been one of peace, his precepts very much resembled those of the New Testament from which he took much of his teaching. He is now a commander and feelings of revenge toward those enemies who persecuted him, mingled with a growing ambition as his field of conquest opens up to him, alloy and destroy the purity of his teachings.

Thirteen years of christian endurance had brought only continued disgrace and insult and poverty. He might have exclaimed, "A prophet is not without honor save among his own kindred." It does not appear strange that he should believe the power thus put into his hands was one of the means by which Allah was to crown his prophet with success.

"Different prophets," he exclaimed, "have been sent by God to illustrate the different attributes: Moses his clemency, Solomon his wisdom and majesty, Jesus Christ his righteousness, omniscience and power. None of these attributes, however, have been sufficient to inforce conviction, I, therefore, the last of the prophets, am sent with the sword!" After this annunciation, which, however natural to a human being in his position, nevertheless completely contradicted all his previous teaching, we do not care to follow him further, because the leading motive which controls the enthusiastic king changed from the desire to convict the world of sin, to the desire to compel the world by force of arms to accept his doctrine, has so completely changed the man that we can no longer contemplate him as the enthusiastic reformer we introduced, but merely as an Arabian conqueror, who having united the tribes of the desert into one vast army, has erected a political power that will carry terror into the heart of Europe.

In the early part of his career he may have been a deceived and sincere euthusiast. In the latter part interested and selfish motives can not be denied, though it does not seem that he was that designing and wicked imposter that many suppose him to be.

F. L. A.

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THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequer'd earth,
How hast thou pass'd away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous bird of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
To the happy murmuring bee:

But how tohuman bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams!—

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In the swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild, and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep naught has kept
From my haunts of song and glee.

Thou has flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows, from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this,
May that next meeting be!

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

JOHN McGRIER

Was an Irish orphan, whose parents died of yellow fever, when he was very young. He obtained a very scanty living by doing errands for cartmen. When he was about fourteen years old, there was a long period during which he could obtain scarcely any employment. Being without friends, and in a state of extreme destitution, he was tempted to enter a shop and steal two dollars from the drawer. He was pursued and taken. Isaac T. Hopper who was one of the inspectors of the prison at that time, saw a crowd gathered, and went to inquire the cause. The poor boy's history was soon told. Friend Hopper liked the expression of his countenance, and pitied his forlorn condition. When he was brought up for trial, he accompanied him, and pleaded with the judge in his favor. He urged that the poor child's education had been entirely neglected, and consequently he was more to be pitied than blamed. If sent to prison, he would in all probability become hardened, if not utterly ruined. He said if the judge would allow him to take charge of the lad, he would promise to place him in good hands, where he would be out of the way of temptation. The judge granted his request, and John was placed in prison merely for a few days, till Friend Hopper could provide for him. He proposed to his father to have the boy bound to him. The old gentleman hesitated at first, on account of his neglected educa-

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tion and wild way of living; but pity for the orphan overcame his scruples, and he agreed to take him. John lived with him till he was twenty-one years of age, and was remarkably faithful and industrious. But about two years after, a neighbor come one night to arrest him for stealing a horse. Old Mr. Hopper assured him it was not possible that John had done such a thing; that during all the time he had lived in his family he had proved himself entirely honest and trustworthy. The neighbor replied that his horse had been taken to Philadelphia and sold; and the ferryman from Woodbury was ready to swear that the animal was brought over by Hopper's John, as he was generally called. John was in bed, but was called up to answer the accusation. He did not attempt to deny it, but gave up the money at once, and kept repeating that he did not know what made him do it. He was dreadfully ashamed and distressed. He begged that Friend Isaac would not come and see him in prison, for he could not look him in the face. His anguish of mind was so great, that when the trial came on, he was emaciated almost to a skeleton. Old Mr. Hopper went into court and stated the adverse circumstances of his early life, and his exemplary conduct during nine years that he had lived in his family He begged that he might be fined instead of imprisoned, and offered to pay the fine himself. The proposition was accepted, and the kind old man took the culprit home.

This lenient treatment completely subdued the last vestige of the evil habits acquired in childhood. He was humble and grateful in the extreme, and always steady and industrious. He acted with great propriety ever afterward, and established such a character for honesty, that the neighbors far and wide trusted him to carry their produce to market, receiving a small commission for his trouble. Eventually, he came to own a small house and farm, where he lived in much comfort and respectability. He always looked up to Isaac as the friend who had early raised him from a downward and slippery path; and he was never weary of manifesting gratitude in every little attention he could devise.

Some one having told Friend Hopper of an apprentice who was cruelly treated, he caused investigation to be made, and took the lad under his own protection. As he was much bent on going to sea, he was placed in a respectable boarding-house for sailors, till a fitting opportunity could be found to gratify his inclination. One day a man in the employ of this boarding-house brought a bill to be paid for the lad. He was very ragged, but his manners were those of a gentleman, and his conversation showed that he had been well educated. His appearance excited interest in Friend Hopper's mind, and he inquired into his history. He said his name was Levi Butler; that he was of German extraction, and had been a wealthy merchant in Baltimore, of the firm of Butler and Magruder. He married a widow, who had considerable property, and several children. After her death, he failed in business, and gave up all his own property, but took the precaution to secure all her property to her children. His creditors were angry, and tried various ways to compel him to pay them with his wife's money. He was imprisoned a long time. He petitioned the Legislature for release, and the committee before whom the case was brought made a report in his favor, highly applauding his integrity in not involving his own affairs with the property belonging to his wife's children, who had been entrusted to his care. Poverty and persecution had broken down his spirits, and when he was discharged from prison he left Baltimore and tried to obtain a situation as clerk in Philadelphia. He did not succeed in procuring employment. His clothes became thread-bare, and he had no money to purchase a new suit. In this situation, some people to whom he applied for employment treated him as if he were an imposter. In a state of despair he went one day to drown himself. But when he put some heavy stones in his pocket to make him sink rapidly, he seem to hear a voice calling to him to forbear; and looking up, he saw a man watching him. He hurried away to avoid questions, and passing by a sailor's boarding-house, he went in and offered to wait upon the boarders for his food. They took him upon those terms; and the gentleman who had been accustomed to ride in his own carriage, and be waited upon by servants, now roasted oysters and went of errands for common seamen. He was in this forlorn situation, when accident introduced him to Friend Hopper's notice. He immediately furnished him with a suit of warm

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clothes; for the weather was cold, and his garments thin. He employed him to post up his account books, and finding that he did it in a very perfect manner, he induced several of his friends to employ him in a similar way.

A brighter day was dawning for the unfortunate man, and perhaps he might have attained to comfortable independence, if his health had not failed. But he had taken severe colds by thin clothing and exposure to inclement weather. A rapid consumption came on, and he was soon entirely unable to work. Under these circumstances, the best Friend Hopper could do for him was to secure peculiar privileges at the alms-house, and surround him with all the little comforts that help to alleviate illness. He visited him very often, until the day of his death, and his sympathy and kind attentions were always received with heartfelt gratitude.

THE FOUNDER OF BUDDHISM.

BY E. W. WHIPPLE.

Seven centuries before the Christian era, a prince of one of the royal families of India, having exhausted, in his 29th year, all the pleasures of the world, and having in him one of the deepest, most comprehensive, and most creative of human intellects, suddenly abandoned in disgust his palace, his family, his treasures, and his state; took the name of Gotama, which means, "he who kills the senses;" became a religious mendicant; walked about in a shroud taken from the dead body of a female slave; taught, preached, and gathered about him a body of enthusiastic diciples, bound together by the most efficient of all ecclesiastical organizations; dictated or inspired works which, as now published by the Chinese government in four languages, occupy eight hundred volumes: and died at the age of eighty, the founder of the Buddhist religion. Compared with this man, Mahomet was an ignorant and ferocious barbarian; and the proudest names in Western philosophy lose a little of their luster when placed by the side of this thinker, who grappled with the greatest problems of existence, with the mightest force of conception and reasoning.

As a philosopher, he anticipated both the idealism of Berkley and the positivism of Comte; as a political thinker, he anticipated the noblest truths of our Declaration of Independence, and twenty-five hundred years ago taught, against the caste system of India, the doctrine of the equality of men; and, in the region of influence, higher than that in which either philosophy or statesmanship works, he founded a religion which is now professed by two-fifths of the human race, and which thus exceeds, in the number of votaries, that of any other religion in the world. Buddhism has been corrupted by a fantastic mythology, but its essential principle, derived from its founder's disgust of existence, is that life is not worth living, and that the extinction of life is the highest reward of virtue. To pass in the next world through various penal or purifying transmigrations, until you reach the bliss of Nirwana, or mere nothingness and nonentity, that is the Buddhist religion. We said that it was professed by two-fifths of the human race, but its fundamental principle, that life is not worth living, is believed, if not professed, by a large majority of mankind.

Not to speak of the hundreds of wailing books which misanthropic genius has contributed to all modern literatures, not to remind the reader that the Buddhist Byron is the most popular British poet of the century, that person must have been singularly blessed with cheerful companions who had not met followers of Gotama among the nominal believers of Christ. The infection of the doctrine as an interpretation of human experience is so great that comparatively few have altogether escaped its influence. In basing his religion on this disease of human nature, Gotama showed profounder sagacity than that evinced by any other founder of a false religion; and in the East this disease presented its most despairing phase, for there weariness of life was associated both with the satiety of the rich and wretchedness of the poor.

But whence comes this disgust of life? We answer from the comparative absence of life. No man feels it who feels the abounding reality of spiritual existence glowing within him; for rightly sings the poet:

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith:
No life that breathes with human breath

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Has ever truly longed for death.

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

OUR Government just now is involved in the novel complication of a war with the Coreans, a numerous and powerful nation on the east coast of Asia, and north of China. Rumors of the trouble reached the newspapers, from private and unofficial sources, sometime before the Government received any authoritative intimation of the matter, but mail despatches, lately received from Admiral Rodgers, commanding the American fleet in those waters, has given full details: An American vessel had been shipwrecked off the Corean coast, and the survivors making their way to the shore, were some murdered, and others subjected to the most inhuman treatment. The matter coming to the knowledge of our Government, measures were at once taken to inquire into it, and secure, if not indemnity for what had been done, at least security for the future. Our Chinese Minister went to Corea, to ask an explanation of the matter from the Corean authorities. He was insulted, and our ships fired upon. There was no alternative but to avenge the wrong done to our citizens, and the insult put upon our flag; and Admiral Rodgers, with his gunboats, in a short time dismantled and captured a Corean fort, killing, some reports say, two thousand Corean soldiers. The second day of the fighting the Americans routed the Coreans and captured five forts, with many prisoners. The fleet returned to the Boize anchorage two days later. Admiral Rodgers then sent to the Coreans to know what he should do with the prisoners. Their reply was, "Do what you like." Two days later he set them at liberty, and sent two messengers ashore, but the local authority refused to receive them, saying it was no use to attempt to communicate further with the court. Mr. Low, the American Minister, then sent a formal protest, that his mission was peaceful, and that the American attack was not for a refusal to negotiate, but because the Coreans had treacherously fired on the boats. Part of the fleet will return to Che Foo, where one thousand rations have been sent. Two vessels were sent to Shanghai. The Coreans fought like men. Their weapons are wretched old firelocks, and their cutlasses made of soft iron, which bent like old hoops. They were dressed in armor of nine thicknesses, cotton padded, so that only rifle balls could penetrate them, swords producing no effect upon them. Documents captured show that the Corean government had planned the surprise of the American fleet, and were astonished at the failure of the forts to annihilate the vessels at the first fire. The expedition has accomplished no change in the relations of the two countries, and Minister Low and Admiral Rodgers will await instructions from Washington before proceeding to further hostilities. Twelve native Christians came alongside the Admiral's flag-ship in a junk, and begged to be taken to Shanghai; the request was granted. Two Englishmen and one German, engaged in saving materials from the wreck of the German schooner Chusan, on Sir James Hall's Island, have been captured by the Coreans, bound hand and foot, slung on bamboos, and packed off to the interior of Corea. The British fleet has sailed from Japan to inquire into the matter. The English colonial press in China, denounce the return of the American fleet to Che Foo as having all the moral effect of a defeat. There the matter now rests, and the question is, whether the United States ought to go ahead slaughtering Coreans, until some security is given that in the fu-

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ture American citizens will be treated with respect, or whether it is best to let the matter go just as it is, with the understanding that any wrong or injustice done an American citizen, by the Coreans hereafter, will be followed by swift and severe punishment. The latter law seems to be the only sensible one; it is pretty certain that no matter how many Coreans we might kill in a war, those remaining would still cause trouble. Then a war of the proportions such a one would necessarily have, being so far from our shores, would involve great expense, and that just now is the best kind of an argument for our not undertaking any such a work. There is absolutely nothing to be gained, even by our exterminating the Coreans, and we should lose very much in the operation. Our Government ought to give the fullest protection to every citizen, and prompt vengeance should follow every such wrong so long as the wronging party refuses to abstain from doing such acts. The poor sailors who were murdered by the Coreans have been fully revenged, let that satisfy us.

A convention was recently held at Heidelberg, Germany, to take measures for the foundation of the "Church German." Forty delegates were present, coming from various parts of Germany, Austria and Switzerland. A committee was appointed to draw up a Constitution for the new Church. Its main points will be the principles of the Council of Constance of 1414, subordination of the Pope to the Council, separation of Church and State, participation of laymen in the management of the Church, free election of bishops, communal election of pastors, and modification of the confessional. The delegates are divided in opinion as to whether the new Church should acknowledge the primacy of the Pope. The committee were instructed to submit their report for ratification at a meeting to be held at Munich, in September.

The celebration of the centennary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, took place at Edinburgh, on Wednesday, August 9th. The actual anniversary of his birth was the 15th inst., but circumstances hastened the exercises. The day was observed as a general holiday, and it was estimated that 500,000 strangers were in town. The celebration consisted of a public procession and a banquet at the Corn Exchange. At the banquet, the Earl of Dalkeith, who is the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, the head of the Scotch family, presided at the principal table. The toasts were responded to by eminent personages. Similar celebrations were held at Glasgow and Aberdeen. The Earl of Dalkeith forwarded a message to President Grant, and a reply was sent for the American people. The centennary was celebrated in London, August 15th, by a banquet. Mr. Hepworth Dixon occupied the chair as President, with the Duke of Manchester, Lord Lytton and Dr. Ramsay, as Vice Presidents. Some four hundred persons—all, or nearly all, distinguished in the world of letters—were present. The day was also celebrated at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The Scotch residents of New York also celebrated the centennial of the birth of Sir Walter Scott. The chief feature of the occasion was the laying of the corner-stone of the Scott monument, at Central Park. The Caledonian Clubs of New York and vicinity, and Co. G of the Seventy-ninth Highland Regiment, in full costume, participated in the ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by Richard Irvin and William Wood. Minor celebrations occurred also throughout England and the United States. The unanimity with which the centennary was observed wherever the English language is spoken, was a grand though fitting tribute to the memory of a man whose personal life was as unblemished as his literary productions were high-toned, elevating and instructive.

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August 14th, another holocaust of miners occured at the Eagle Shaft, Pittston, Pa., by the explosion of fire-damp. Eighteen men were at work in the chamber in which the explosion occured. In going to and from their work the miners used an air shaft, which they ascended and decenced by means of a ladder, the main opening not being provided with a safety car and therefore considered unsafe. It is supposed that the explosion blew away the props, and a consequent fall of the roof followed, completely blocking up the passages, and cutting off the means of exit, should the men have escaped death from the explosion, which is not probable. Every thing that was possible was done to extricate the imprisoned miners. Outside, the scene was heart-rending in the extreme. Thousands of sympathizing citizens, miners and others were present. Women and children were weeping, wringing their hands, and mourning aloud for the loved and the lost, and waiting, in anxious, hopeless expectation, for each new report from the poisonous pit. This mine had been nearly exhausted, and was known to be filled with the black-damp. Yet it has been constantly worked since the conclusion of the strike, although not to its full capacity.

The report of the working of the postal telegraph system in Great Britain shows that the gross earning for the year were $3,992,900, nearly ten per cent of the purchase price—$37,-000,000. The working expenses were $2,350,000, leaving a net profit to the government of $189,450. The Post-master-General has announced in Parliament that the toll will be reduced to 12 cents for ten words, on the completion of the new General Office.

In the House of Lords, August 11th, Lord Redesdale questioned the right of the United States to maintain its demand of indemnity for the damages caused by the Alabama, now that the American Government had granted amnesty to the late rebels, and the reconciliation with the south was complete.

A National Labor Congress closed its session at St. Louis, August 10th. The address of President Richard F. Trevellick says that three State organizations have been formed since the Congress of last year, and one hundred charters issued; ten charters have been issued to places where no State organizations existed. A resolution was passed, which recognizes the right of women everywhere to learn and engage in any profession, trade or occupation which they may desire, and to receive for any certain amount of work the same pay as men. The convention has made a declaration of principles upon which the National Labor party will go before the country next year. The platform proposes the withdrawal of the circulating notes of the National and State banks, and the issue of a government currency, which shall be a legal tender for all notes; to pay the national debt strictly in accordance with the stipulations under which it was contracted; to preserve the public domain to actual settlers; to levy a tariff for revenue only; to restrain or abolish corporate monopolies, and interdict class legislation; to adopt an Indian policy founded on national justice; to hold legislators to a more strict accountability; to prohibit the importation of coolies; to encourage co-operative efforts; to grant general amnesty; to create a Board of Management of the Currency and Revenue, to conduct the fiscal affairs of the government; all of which, if honestly proposed and faithfully carried out, would operate to our individual and national welbeing.

Instances of unusual longevity are becoming more and more rare. The following is one of the most remarkable we have lately met. A lady who had attained the age of 112, died in Hillsborough, N. C., recently. A local paper says: "This good old lady attended the organization of Orange

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Presbytery, at Hawfield church, September, 1770, and was very anxious to attend its centennial meeting in 1870, but the gay girl of 1770 found herself bowed down with age in 1870, and was unable to attend the meeting."

Barring the political significance, it is pleasant to know that the Emperors of Germany and Austria have been pleasantly hobnobbing together. The Austrians betray much more common sense than the French under reverses. Having been soundly thrashed in 1866, they at once proceeded to make the best of the situation, instead of giving way to pinings and regret over what might have been, and wasting their breath in vain threats and adjurations of future revenge. Now they perceive that it is the part of good policy to be on pleasant, amicable terms with their powerful neighbor, and they act accaccordingly. When reason assumes full sway in France we shall expect to see amicable relations with Germany restored, though the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine will of course be one of the aims ever kept before the nation. The talk of purchasing no German fabrics and erecting a Chinese wall between the two countries after the withdrawal of the German troops, springs merely from the bitterness of the hour.

Mrs. Vallandigham, widow of Clement L. Vallandigham, who met with a tragic death a month or two since, died August 12th, at Cumberland, Md. Since the death of her husband her health has been in a very precarious condition, and her reason, if not her life, was despaired of.

EVERY January and July number begins a new volume. We have no one begin except with the volume, and can always furnish back numbers. As we have always given ample notice to persons at the close of their subscription, if they do not order it discontinued at the proper time we shall expect as a matter of honor, they will continue through the volume. While the large number of our subscribers treat us in the most honorable manner, a few have treated us in the meanest manner. Instead of ordering it discontinued at the proper time, they receive from one to twelve numbers and then coolly ask us to stop, without offering us a cent for what they have received. Such persons will learn from the following Supreme Court decision, that it is not a very safe thing to take such a course:

DECISIONS.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

WE did intend to issue this number about five days earlier than the former number, but it will be some five days later. About ten days since we had a very severe attack of the ague, and the most of the time we have had such pain as we never experienced before. We hope that we are getting better.

THOSE who owe us will please send the amount by mail.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4. ADRIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1871. No. III

PROGRESS OF THE RACE.

BY MARK HOPKINS, PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

THE true idea of progress is not that of movement, or simply the progression toward the realization of an idea; but it involves a recognition of the true end of man as a social being, and an approach toward that. This end I suppose to be, the upholding and perfection of the individual man, in everything that makes him truly man. I hold, that the germ of all political and social well-being is to be found in the progress of the individual toward the true and highest end for which he was made. And here we have an instance of that incidental accomplishment of subordinate ends, in the attainment of one that is higher, that is everywhere so conspicuous in the works of God. It is the end of the processes of vegetation to perfect the seed? It is only when those processes move on to the successful accomplishment of that, that we can have the beauty and fragrance of the flower, or the shade and freshness of green leaves. So, here, we find that social good can be wrought out, and social ends be attained, only as individuals are perfected in their character; and that the beauty, and fragrance, and broad shade of a perfect society would grow, without effort or contrivance, from the progress of the individuals of society toward their true perfection and end. Thus, and thus only, can we have that state of ideal perfection in which perfect liberty would be combined with perfect security, and with all the advantages of the social state. If this be so, then political organizations, which are only means to an end, are most perfect when they so combine protection with freedom as to give the most favorable theater for the growth, and enjoyment, and perfection of the individual man; and that society itself is most perfect, whatever its form may be, in which the greatest number of individuals recognize and pursue this end. It can not be too often repeated, that the ends of society are not realized when there are great aggregate results, magnificent public works, great accumulations of wealth and the means of sensual and sensitive enjoyment, with the degradation, or without the growth of individuals; and that all changes in the form of institutions, and the direction of active industry, must be futile, which do not originate in, or draw after them, an improvement in the character of individuals. But it is self-evident, that society can furnish a free arena for individual growth, only as the principles of justice and benevolence are recognized—only as the spirit of the great precept of doing to other as we would they should do unto us pervades the mass. The fundamental condition, then, of any progress that can be permanent, and solid, and universal, is a *moral* condition. Let that exist, and there will come in as accessories, progress in

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science, and in arts, and in wealth; but without this, whatever progress may be made in physical improvements, there will be constant agitation and restlessness; and, through every change of form, society will continue to be like the stick of which most of us have heard, which was so crooked that it could not lie still.

If, then, there be a law of progress for the race, it must be one by which society advances toward a state of things such as has just been described. And that there is such a law, is affirmed on three distinct grounds: The first is, that such a law is required for the vindication of the wisdom of Divine Providence. It is supposed that the world would be a failure, unless it should manifest the evolution of a regular plan, whose parts should succeed each other like the five acts of a drama, and form by themselves, when time was over, a complete whole. But it is far safer and more becoming to ascertain what Divine Providence has done, and then presume it to be wise, rather than first to assert what would be wise, and then presume that Divine Providence has done it. It may be so. It would be in accordance with the analogy of God's works in which we so often find, as in the vision of the Prophet, a wheel within a wheel. But it may also be, that this worlds holds, in the plans of God, the same relation that the nursery holds to the fields of transplanted trees, and that its end lies entirely beyond itself. If society had always remained in a patriarchal or nomadic state, without any thing of what we call progress, and there had simply come up such men as Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, to spend here "the days of their pilgrimage," and then go up higher, who would say that the world had been a failure? This question man can not decide, without a wider survey of the plans of God than falls within our present vision; and hence we can not rely upon any argument for such a law, drawn from this source.

The second ground on which the existence of this law has been argued, is to be found in the fact that the product of the human mind is not mere sensations that perish as they arise, but that we inherit the experience and knowledge of all who have gone before us. This is a great fact; and on it the capacity of the race for improvement is based. It gives a tendency to improvement, and that tendency would become a law, if there were nothing to counteract it Former generations have labored; and we have entered into their labors. They were as the prophets of old, "unto whom it was revealed that not unto themselves did they minister, but unto us, upon whom these ends of the world are come." Ours are all their conquests over physical nature, all their accumulations of wealth, all their machines and inventions in the arts, all their literature and science, and all the political and social experience of the world. Ours are their observations on individual facts and beings; ours their arrangements of those facts, and their generalizations; and ours those grand ideas and methods which have come to scientific seers of the race, not so much from what is called induction, as suddenly, and like a direct revelation, from the suggestion of a single fact. And, rich as these golden sands that have been brought down by the river of time, there is every reason to believe that those will be richer yet which shall be borne still further on. In the progress of the race, not less than of the individual, the great principle applies, that to him that hath shall be given. Every day shows that there is open before us the path of a limitless progression, and that science has just begun to be applied to the purpose of subjugating nature to man, and of causing the elements to minister to his happiness. No one, for example, unacquainted with what has been done by the application of chemistry to agriculture, by an investigation of the laws of vegetable life, and of the nutriment and stimulants of vegetables,

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can conceive what prospects are opening in respect to the cheapness and abundance of the products of the earth, the multitude of inhabitants it may consequently support, and the leisure they may have for rational culture and enjoyment. And what is thus true of the products of the earth, is also true of the means of transporting them, and not only so, but of communicating to the whole race any invention or discovery, and of binding them together, as one, in the bonds of interest and of sympathy.

We fully admit, then, the great fact on which the possibility of this law is based. We admit the tendency to progress, under certain conditions; but how far this compels us to admit the law, will be best seen by passing on, as we now do, to the history of the race—the third ground on which the existence of such a law is asserted. The advocates of this law do not permit themselves to doubt, as indeed they can not consistently, that every succeeding generation has, on the whole, been wiser and happier than the preceding. But can this view be sustained by the history of the past? Or does this history rather show that, while there is a tendency to progress in the race, yet that this tendency can take effect and become a law only on certain conditions, both physical and moral?

On the physical obstacles to progress I need not enlarge, because they have not, in fact, been *the* obstacles to man. It is obvious, however, that life may be, and sometimes has been, such a mere struggle for existence, as to preclude all idea or hope of individual or general culture. But it is a fact, that tribes, that nations, that continents, in which no physical condition of progress was wanting, have never made such progress. How was it with the tribes of this country, when they were discovered? Were they making progress? or were they going on toward extinction? How was it with the race, comparatively civilized, that preceded them? What voice do the ruined cities, and the remains of ancient art and civilization, scattered over this continent, utter respecting the progress of man? To what point of elevation have those many generations attained, who have lived, and raised themselves upon the shoulders of their predecessors, and died throughout all the islands of the Pacific? How has it been with Africa? Has Egypt, once so mighty, but now so long the basest of kingdoms, made progress? Has Carthage; or Numidia? or have the unnumbered millions in its central and southern regions? Has Asia made progress? Has there been any progress, for a thousand years, in India, or in China? Has there in Tartary, or Persia, or Arabia, or Turkey? Do not the Chinese and the Hindoos now use astronomical tables, of the principles of whose construction they know nothing? So far have the principal nations of Asia been from making progress, within the last thousand years, that it would be hazarding nothing to assert that they have deteriorated. Their movement has spent its force; their civilization has become effete. And, if this is so, what becomes of the law of progress of the race, when such vast masses are not acted upon by that law? Does not the law become the law of deterioration, and progress the exception? I do not understand by what right it is, that, in considering the history of the race, the larger portion of it is accounted, by the advocate of this law, as nothing.

But, tracing the line of movement and of civilization from its reputed origin, whether in India or in Egypt, first to Greece, then to Rome, and then to modern times, do we find any indications of a law of progress?

It is doubted by some, whether we are really in advance of the ancient civilization. It can not be pretended that we have greater individual men. Grander specimens of man will probably never exist than are to be found among those of old time. Many of

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their arts, it is well known, are lost; and many others, at one time supposed to be solely of modern discovery, are now known to have been in use among them; and any one who will read attentively the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel may doubt whether we are before them in what pertains to the luxury and refinements of life.

But, if we are in advance of them, is our civilization a continuation of theirs? Is the course of civilization and improvement properly represented by a river flowing on and expanding? Or may we not rather compare what has been done, to the formation, in the stream, of separate islands of sand, where we may see one now accumulating, and enlarging, and giving promise of permanence, but at length undermined and washed away by the waters, and its material dispersed, or floated down till they reach a new point of aggregation? The latter seems to me to be a more accurate representation; and, if many, and perhaps the more valuable, materials have been saved in the general confusion connected with the transfer of the seats of power and civilization, much has, also, been lost. Indeed, till modern civilization began to extend its arms, and to give indications that it would ultimately embrace the globe, this alternation of growth and decay was supposed to be the law of the race. Thus Peter the Great says, in his will, "I look upon the invasion of the countries of the East and West, by the North, as periodical movements determined by the designs of Providence, who thus regenerated the Roman empire by the invasion of barbarians. The emigration of the Polar races are like the flow of the Nile, which, at certain periods, is sent to fertilize the impoverished land of Egypt." This is the lesson which history alone, separated from the movements and prospects of modern civilization, teaches.

What, then, is this civilization which thus erects itself to the survey of the whole earth? It is Christian civilization —one whose roots are watered by the life-giving springs, and upon whose leaves descend the dews of the religion of Christ— a civilization preserved, and kept from putrefaction, by that salt of the earth. It s a civilization, not like those of old, in one great mass, but pervading all Christian nations, and everywhere manifesting the same great characteristics. It springs from the principle of individual growth, manifesting itself in accordance with the fundamental fact that the true growth and well-being of one is not opposed to that of any other, but must be coincident with the well-being of all. So an impartial God has ordained it; and we might as well expect a body to rest before it finds its center of gravity, as to expect society to be at rest till this great principle is recognized and acted upon. In connection with this religion and with this principle there has been progress, and nowhere else. In connection with this, we can trace an expanding stream from the fountain-head of the race. We see it, at first, winding its solitary and thread-like way in the patriarchal and Jewish dispensations, till at length it burst forth from the hills of Judæa, and became a mighty river, whose current is to-day flowing on and becoming deeper and broader. The ancient forms of civilization fell to pieces by their own weight, nor is there any evidence that the fragments of their wreck would have been caught and preserved, if Christianity had not come in with the influence of its pure precepts, and the weight of its eternal sanctions, and formed new points of aggregation. No instance is known in which without this, civilization has rekindled its fires upon altars where they have once gone out. That portion of the race which is the most hopeless, which is the most impregnate with intellectual and moral decay, is the residuum of an extinct civilization. There is no evidence that any thing except Christianity could have amalgamated materials so discordant as the northern barbarians and the effeminate Roman, nor any reason to suppose that, without it, Europe could have been freed from the curse of domestic slavery, and of feudal institutions. Barbarians have, indeed, been said to regenerate decayed civilization, but it was because there was at work an element mightier than that of civilization, amalgamating and fusing masses that would never have been one by any other power. There has not been upon the earth, for the last thousand years, there is not now, any true progress except in connection with Christianity. On the contrary, all other systems of religion, and all other types of civilization are falling to decay, and man is deteriorating, individually and socially, under

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their influences. It is, then, for Christendom, if at all, and for the race only as it may be embraced within the expanding limits of Christendom, that history indicates a law of progress.

"NEARLY HOME."

BY JAMES W.

"A lady whispered into the ears of a dying saint, 'Nearly Home.' In reply, she lowered her head and waved her hand with holy triumph."

Nearly home—I see the city,
With its streets of shining gold,
With its walls of precious jasper,
And its beauties yet untold.

Nearly home—I hear the music
Of the ransomed ones above,
Filling all the courts of heaven,
With the strains of perfect love.

Nearly home—I see my Savior,
Standing by the gates ajar;
But I cannot tell the beauty
Of the bright and morning star.

Nearly home—my soul rejoices—
Sweetly singing, "Let me go,"
Let me go where all is glory,
And the crystal waters flow.

Nearly home—a few more minutes,
And my spirit shall be free;
Hark! I hear my Jesus calling,
All is well with me—with me.

THE life of a courtier, like that of a christian, is a continual prayer for something.

Infelicities of Intellectual Men.

SINCE every thing connected with men of intellect possesses interest, we shall briefly refer to some of their peculiar amusements and domestic habits, previously to entering upon the main object before us—their misfortunes.

The favorite recreation of the learned Father Petavius, author of *Dogmata Theologica*, was, at the interval of every second hour, the habit of twirling his chair for five minutes. Spinosa, after protracted studies, regaled himself by a species of petty sportsmanship, in making spiders fight each other. Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Balzac's favorite pastime was that of making crayons. Montaigne found a playmate with his cat. Cardinal Richelieu delighted in playing leap-frog with his servant. Pope wasted his time in trying to paint; and Politian was never so happy as when singing to his lute.

Turn we, for a moment, to the domestic peculiarities of the learned, we shall find no less abundant evidence of the actual verity of their true designation—*genus irrationale*. Johnson evinced his nervous irritability by biting his nails to the quick—an intimation, it is said, of his well-known pugnacity and crustiness. Another worthy but eccentric bibliopole, William Coke, is a singular instance of a quick and irritable temperament. But we may scarcely wonder at his case, he having given us, if not an all-sufficient, at any rate, a somewhat ludicrous, clue to his malady; for he was actually caught, one day, rubbing his head in whiskey. No marvel that he was hot-headed. Others again, indulge strange vagaries and humors—such as Menage, who, while science covered his head with laurels, used to cover his feet with several pairs of stockings. Pope used to brace himself up with corsets. It is related that Magliabechi, the learned librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, used to divert himself with pelting spiders. He seldom left his books; for he usually ate, drank, and slept among them, thus imitating the domestic propensities of his favorites. Sir Walter Scott entertained an absurd opinion that his poetic vein never flowed happy, except between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. He was accustomed to rise at four, and walk about his room in a state of

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nudity, calling it his air-bath. Rousseau, when doomed to the company of the common-place, occupied himself with knitting lace-strings, which he evidently preferred to long yarns. Bloomfield wrote his *Farmer's Boy*, with chalk, upon the top of a pair of bellows a wind instrument, till then, a novelty in the choir of the Muses. Many of the eccentric sons of genius exhibit singular deficiency in conversational powers, as though nature had designed to devote them to the pen, by denying them the gift of oral language. Corneille presents an example of this. He was so utterly insipid in company, that his conversation was deemed contemptible; for he could scarcely speak correctly the language he so ennobled by his pen. Descartes was another who was made for seclusion and solitude, not for society. "He received his intellectual wealth," says a modern critic, "from nature, in solid bars, not in current coins;" or, he might say, in the words of Themistocles who, when asked to play on the lute, replied, "I can not fiddle; but I can make a little village a great city." Addison was a taciturn companion in the social circle. Shakspeare, like Virgil, was cloudy and oblivious in colloquial discourse; but how transcendently brilliant when they communed only with their own high thoughts. Chaucer, and Goldsmith, and Dryden were dull and stupid, as also Isocrates, so celebrated for his sublime compositions; and La Fontaine and La Bruyere might likewise be included in the category. The author, it is thus evident, is both more at ease and more to advantage in his study than any where else; and it is not surprising that we find him covet this seclusive retreat, and indulge his predilection sometimes at the expense of the rules of etiquette and courtesy.

Montesquieu's complaining epistle to a friend, affords evidence of this, where he intimates that the frequent and protracted visits of certain intruders caused much detriment to the progress of his works. Another scribe was so avaricious of his time, that his frequent appeals proving unavailing, he caused to be inscribed over the door of his study the inviting announcement, that whoever remained there must join in his labors. Melancthon, like Evelyn, was so chary of his time allotted to study, that he would note the intervals wasted by intrusive visitants, in order to redeem them from the hours devoted to repose. Others have been driven to the forlorn expedient of escaping from their window, being so hedged in by their considerate friends, as to be allowed of no more convenient egress; and Boyle actually had to resort to the advertising columns of a newspaper, to secure exemption from similar annoyances.

A few words touching the connubial infelicities of the learned will bring our chapter to a close. That there have existed some renowned in the annals of literature, who, like Budœus, enjoyed the singular gook fortune to retain the full measure of matrimonial happiness, conjoined with the pleasures of literary pursuits, can not be denied; but it may be doubted whether these do not form exceptions to rule. This great writer found in his wife an invaluable assistant in his arduous studies. Ever at his side, assiduously collating, comparing, or transcribing, she contributed essentially to the reduction of his literary toils. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two wives, one of whom blessed him with pleasant little ones, the other with books. Evelyn was no less felicitous in this respect; for he was indebted, for much of his success to his amiable wife whose refined taste and skill were equal to any emergency, and whose breast was fired with the same passion that inflamed her husband's pen. It was to her ingenious pencil the embellishment to his translation of Lucretius owed its origin. It is also true that many, we might, perhaps, say, the majority of, great men seemed to have repudiated matrimony altogether, probably for some premonition of their disqualification for its enjoyments. A host of names occur to us, presenting an astounding array of sturdy old bachelors, enough to startle the complacency of the most charitable of the fair sex. Michael Angelo, Boyle, Newton, Locke, Bayle, Shenstone, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Voltaire, Pope, Adam Smith, Swift, Thomson, Akenside, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Goldsmith, Gay, Lamb, Washington Irving, *cum multis aliis*, were all decided for celibacy. Michael Angelo replied, to a remonstrance on the subject, that he had espoused his art, and his works were his children. Dr. Radcliffe lived and died unmarried; although, within five or six years prior to his decease, he fell desperately in love with a patient of rank, wealth, and beauty—

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triple charms to fascinate even an old beau; but, alas for this gallant hero! his suit became non-suited; and to his mortification, his rejected addresses were afterwards immortalized by Steele, in his *Tattler*. Without staying to inquire into the causes which superinduce this anti-social feature of the literary character, it may not be amiss to notice some of its anomalies. For example, Smollett, whose writings are but too frequently found not only prurient, but indelicate, was yet unimpeachable in his morals. La Fontaine in fiction fertile in intrigues; is not known to have left an amour on record, in which he personally enacted a part. Sir Thomas More, who was a strenuous advocate of free toleration, yet himself became a fierce and bigoted persecutor; and Young, although constantly denouncing a love of preferment, was all his life long secretly pining after it, and, while the most sombrous of poets, was, in private life, a trifling punster. Cowper, the melancholy and misanthropic, perpetrated, it will be remembered, that laughter-provoking ballad, *Johnny Gilpin;* and we find a similar contradictory characteristic in Sterne's whining over a dead donkey, while he proved himself a bankrupt in human sympathy and natural affection, beating his wife, and leaving his maternal parent desolate and neglected in her last moments.

Byron's misanthropy, also, was only to be found in his pen; for his moral self seemed a strange compound of vanity and affectation, united with a love of the ludicrous, sarcasm, and irony. And poor Hood, the punster, whose master-passion gave melancholy evidence of its recent dissolution, while his wit was vibrating the national heart, his own suffered from the extremest melancholy. Among the many extempore puns he uttered in his sickness, in describing to a friend his near approach to dissolution, he could not resist his ruling impulse; for he added, "I came so near to Death's door, that I heard the creaking of its hinges."

Returning to our subject of literary marriages, we remember reading of a certain little tract which professed an investigation of this mystery, entitled, *De Matrimonia Literati, an cœlibem esse an uxo nubere conveniat*, in which the writer cites some cases of the good and bad among literary spouses, among others, that of the celebrated artist Berghem, who resorted to rather a singular mode of proving her devotion to her husband's interests, by ever and anon thumping a long stick, which she kept for the purpose, against the ceiling, to prevent her liege lord indulging a nap during the hours devoted to his profession—a summons which he responded to by stamping with his foot, his room being immediately over hers. It was no inelegant plea, once urged by a learned scribe, for his choice of celibacy, that "Minerva and Venus never could exist together." And so it would seem, indeed, if we judge from the fact of Byron's fatal union, and Bulwer's, the story of whose domestic strifes is too notorious to require comment, to say nothing of the like instances of the lamented and gifted Felicia Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Norton, and the accomplished Mrs. Jameson. Some honorable exceptions exist to the foregoing, which redeem the literary profession from the sad odium. The Howitts are enthusiastic lovers of their literary pursuits, and anxious to educate their children in the best possible manner, and, therefore, live a retired and domestic life. Though belonging to the Society of Friends, and attached to its great principles of civil, moral, and religious liberty, they have long ago abandoned its peculiarities; and, in manners, dress, and language, belong only to the world. For the honor of literature, we may safely say that, among the many consolatory proofs, of modern times, of how much literature may contribute to the happiness of life, the case of the Howitts fs most striking. The love of literature was the origin of their acquaintance, its pursuit has been the hand-in-hand bond of the most perfect happiness of a long married life; and we may further add, for the honor of womanhood, that while our authoress sends forth her delightful works, in unbroken succession, to the four quarters of the globe, William Howitt has been heard to declare, that he will challenge any woman, be she who she may, who ever wrote a line, to match his good woman in the management of a large household, at the same time she fills her own little world of home with the brightness of her own heart and spirit. Another name occurs to us, also—that of George Sloane, to whom the reading world is, perhaps, mainly indebted for the introduction of German literature into our vernacular—who because he "married

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for love," his *cara sposa* being a beauty of humble birth, was disinherited by his rigorous parent, the well known Sir Hans Sloane. To be revenged, the son had recourse to the following futile species of retaliation: he wrote a violent tirade upon his father's productions, caricaturing his splendid museum of art, with the intention of publishing it in a newspaper; but, through some strange chance, the plot was detected; and, before the printer could compose it, it was rescued; and Sir Hans had the precious document elegantly enclosed in a frame, for the inspection of his friends, to the lasting discomfiture of the author. Poor fellow! he paid "dearly for his whistle," without this infliction; for his amiable better-half loaded him with the liberal bestowment of ten pledges of her love.

A writer in the London Quarterly has supplied some curious facts in relation to the family history of intellectual men, which are too interesting to resist the temptation of an extract. He says:

"We are going to speculate about the causes of the fact, (but a fact it is,) that men, distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power, of any sort, rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so — men of imaginative genius, we may say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we can not, at this moment, point out a representative, in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet, and we believe the same is the case in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any English author, of at all remote day, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the eighteenth century, and, we believe, no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age have left any progeny —nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The granddaughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Neither Bolingbroke, Addison, Warburton, Johnson, nor Burke transmitted their blood.

"When a human race has produced its 'bright, consummate flower,' in this kind, it seems, commonly, to be near its end."

"The theory 'is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and literature, in our time, were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter Scott left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them, Mrs. Lockhart, leaving issue; and the fourth, his eldest son, though living, and long married, has no issue."

The last particular we shall refer to is the fact that a prominent class of literary characters who have wives seem, before the world, as though they had none, in their social [visitings—such as Anacreon Moore, Wordsworth, Proctor, Ainsworth, etc. The author and his wife are very distinct individualities in their case, in the code of fashion; but it seems, as Dogberry says, "very tolerable, and not to be endured;" for this social divorce, we imagine, may, very probably, owe its origin to the habits of the authors themselves, in part, and the conventionalisms of society. Our last paragraph seems, however, rather to trench upon immunities of his "better half," than those of the author himself; and having, we suppose, sufficiently tasked the patience of the commiserating reader with our recitals of the mishaps of authorship, we proprose to strike a fresh and livelier chord, by way of staying the out-gushings of his sympathetic sorrow, encouraged by the cheering hope that the nobles of science, who shall hereafter fill the scroll of fame, may portray their sojourn in the age in which we live, with brighter tints and more joyous hues than their "illustrious predecessors" have—those which are now "with the years beyond the flood."

THE BURNING COALS OF SIN.—Carelessly doth man in his wild hours scatter around him the burning coals of his sins, and it is only when he lays down in the grave, that behind him burn the cottages from the sparks he kindled, and the pillar of smoke rises as a pillar of infamy upon his grave, and stands there forevermore.

TIME is but Death with a softer, thinner sickle. Every minute is the harvest of the foregoing, and the second world is only the spring of a third

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LIFE OF LEMUEL HAYNES.

BY DR. COOLEY.

ABRIDGED BY THE EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANY.

LEMUEL HAYNES was born July 18th, 1753, at West Hartford, Connecticut. He was a partially colored man, his father being of unmingled African extraction, and his mother a white woman of respectable ancestry in New-England. He bore up the name of neither father nor mother, but probably of the man under whose roof he received his birth. Tradition says that his mother, in a fit of displeasure with her host for some supposed neglect, called her child by his name.

"Mothers love, and love for ever." The affection of a mother to her new-born-infant is one of the most powerful and active of the natural instincts. But mothers "may forget." This unhappy child was abandoned by his parents in early infancy, and was never, to the end of life, favored with a single expression of a mother's kindness. He was thus an orphan, not by the bereaving hand of God, but by the cold neglect of those who ought to have been his most affectionate guardians. The tincture of his skin he knew to be an obstacle to his being identified in interest and in life with those among whom he dwelt. His susceptible mind soon began to feel its forlorn condition. In the bitterness of his grief, he must often have uttered his complaint in language like the following: —"Let the day perish wherein I was born; let darkness and the shadow of death stain it." His mother refused to visit him or to see him. Tradition says, that when a lad, he providentially met his mother in an adjoining town, at the house of a relative; and then he fondly expected that he should at least receive some kind attentions from her. But he was sadly disappointed. She was determined to elude the interview. At length he caught a glimpse of her as she was attempting to escape from him. Vexed and mortified at such an instance of unnatural contempt from his mother, he accosted her in the language of severe but merited rebuke.

Though thus contending with troubles which would have destroyed the elasticity of common minds, an unseen hand had been directing the destinies of the poor boy. A remarkable providence had placed him, in early infancy, in a kind and religious family, where all his wants were well supplied. Now he realized the "orphan's hope"—When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." This part of the story can be best told in his own simple language:—

"When I was five months old I was carried to Granville, Massachusetts, and bound out as a servant to Deacon David Rose till I was twenty-one. He was a man of singular piety. I was taught the principles of religion. His wife, my mistress, had peculiar attachment to me: she treated me as though I was her child. I remember it was a saying among the neighbors, that she loved Lemuel more than her own chidren."

The people of Middle Granville, among whom he passed the first thirty-two years of his life, were a choice company of emigrants from Durham, Connecticut. They had been brought up under the ministry of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncy. They possessed the bold and intelligent spirit which usually marks the character of those who break away from the home of their fathers, and encounter the perils and privations of a rugged desert. That they possessed their full share of intellectual worth is manifest from the fact, that of the youth in this small parish, with a population of less than seven hundred, one has become a member of Congress, one a judge of the superior court, and as many as fourteen have entered the office of the Christian ministry. Deacon Rose was one of the first settlers, and a practical agriculturist. Having a farm to subdue that was covered with a thick forest, Lemuel had the simple and hardy education common to these mountainous regions. The God of the forlorn sent him into this religious family, where the Sabbath was santified, daily prayer offered, and the evening preceding the Sabbath sacredly employed in the religious instruction of the household. In this beloved retreat he found a home, not only till he was "twenty-one," but until his ordination as a minister of the gospel. Thus removed from the low and froward associates to which such a child must have been exposed in many places, he was

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here trained up under the influence of pious example, and his mind was early imbued with religious knowledge. A more suitable place could not have been found. As a servant-boy, he was strictly and firmly faithful to his trust; so that any one acquainted with him would not be inclined to inquire with Solomon, Prov. xx., 6, "A faithful man who can find?" Indeed, but few years had passed over his head before he discovered such prudence in the management of his master's business, that the oversight of it was almost wholly committed to him. If a horse was to be purchased, Lemuel was the purchaser. He went unbidden to his daily toils and cares, and every thing prospered in his hands.

When he was a small boy he experienced a dreadful alarm in a thunderstorm, which made an impression that was never effaced. The circumstances of this affecting event he used to relate to his family in nearly the following words: "One evening, as I was left at home alone, a dark cloud came over, and the air was filled with streams of lightning, and with terrible peals of thunder, and the house shook. At first I had fearful apprehension that the last great day was come, and that the world would be burnt up. My mind was filled with solemn awe of God's great power and majesty. I was afraid of being struck dead and sent to hell. I had a solemn conviction that I was unprepared, and that it would be a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

To what extent the scenes of this evening affected his tender and thoughtful mind is not fully known. It is stated, however, that he retained the impression which the solitude of his condition, and especially his view of his unfitness to die, were calculated to make. Ever after he was peculiarly affected during thunderstorms, and never failed to allude to them in prayer in terms of grateful recollection. Of these the following is a specimen: "We thank thee that thy lightning's awful blaze has not consumed our dwelling, nor been commissioned to burn the thread of life as in a moment." If a storm of thunder arose during the hour of worship in his family, it was their custom to sing Watt's hymn, entitled, "God the Thunderer: or, the Last Judgment and Hell."

"Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth! adore;
Let death and hell, and all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

"His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie
Till vengeance dart them down.

"His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

"Think, O my soul! the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

"What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

"Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm."

About the same time he experienced a wonderful deliverence from perishing in the water. He had gone, with a number of his mates, to bathe in the river. It was one of his first attempts in learning to swim. While they were amusing themselves near the shore, Lemuel ventured beyond his depth, and soon sunk in deep water. His young friends had not the skill, nor even the power to save him. In his allusions to this memorable event in his life, he used to say—"I immediately sunk to the bottom, and should without doubt have been drowned, had not a friend, who was not far off, plunged into the water and conveyed me to the shore." This narrow escape from a watery grave he often alluded to, even in the pulpit, as illustrating the special and merciful care of Divine providence towards himself in that dangerous season of life.

"Those who observe providence shall have providence to observe." Some time after this, there was another event which he could never call to mind but with admiration and gratitude. He went one day to drive a young ox to the slaughter, and, as he was passing through a forest, the ox determined to return. But he resolutely urged him forward with considerable violence, till at length,

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irritated to madness, the animal turned upon his driver, and with his sharp horns inflicted several wounds on his face and head. With some difficulty, and pursued by the ox, he escaped to a tree. By passing continually and rapidly round it he was able just to elude the strokes of his horns. At the moment when he was nearly exhausted by exertion and terror, some person came and diverted the attention of the infuriated animal, and saved his life. His wounds, by medical aid, were ultimately healed, but his deliverance from an untimely and dreadful death was never forgotten. Long afterward, even to the close of his life, it was remembered and mentioned with much gratitude. He was a firm believer in a special providence, and often expressed his belief by quoting a favorite passage from John Newton: "Did I not believe in the particular providence of God, I should not dare to step my foot out of doors."

It was a just saying of Juvenal, "The most circumspect deportment should be maintained in the presence of children." An instance strikingly illustrative of this principle occured to Lemuel Haynes, at the age of nine or ten. Bring very expert as a plough-boy, he was frequently employed by a neighbor of licentious principles. By this man religion was often ridiculed in his hearing, and the prayers of his godly master were from day to day the subject of profane jest. The infection, thus infused, soon produced unhappy effects in his susceptible mind. He actually began to think, that, peradventure, religion is but a small business. Not many months passed away, however, before the family of the scoffer was visited with mortal disease, and one or more of them were carried to the grave. "In the time of adversity" he began to "consider." His views respecting the important subject of religion were changed, and he sent for Deacon Rose to pray for him. Lemuel saw the force of truth at once. He reasoned thus—"If prayer and religion are needful in sickness and in death, they must be important in health and in life." Nearly seventy years afterward, in his last visit to Granville, he referred to this remarkable incident with grateful acknowledgement of the hand of the Lord, which had thus saved him from the withering influence of infidelity.

The extent, particularity, and accuracy of the knowledge which he eventually acquired of various subjects, and especially of his profession, have led intelligent men who were acquainted with him to inquire how he emerged from his obscurity, and by what means and efforts he arrived at the intellectual rank and influence which he held during so great a portion of his life. From all that can now be learned respecting him, it appears that he possessed the facility in the acquisition of knowledge which is "the birthright of genius." It was one condition of his indenture that, "in common with other children, he should enjoy the usual advantages of a district-school education." As, in the newly-settled village where he resided, schools were in session but few months in the year, and the teachers but moderately educated, his early opportunities for instruction must have been very limited. Business often kept him from school, or caused him to arrive at a late hour. How highly his scanty privileges were appreciated may be learned from his own words:—"As I had the advantage of attending a common school equal with the other children, I was early taught to read, to which I was greatly attached, and could vie with almost any of my age."

The remark has been a thousand times repeated, that "Lemuel Haynes got his education in the chimney-corner." This is literally true. It may be necessary to say here, that chimneys among the early settlers on the western hills in New-England were of a peculiar structure. They were built of huge stones, with a broad base, occupying at least one third of the ground covered by the building. The fireplace seems to have received its form either with reference to its consuming the greatest quantity of fuel, or for the purpose of forming a kind of sitting-room for the younger members of the family. Hence the fireplace was nearly eight feet between the sides, and a full yard in depth. In one extreme was the oven, and in front of it was the long square block, which would comfortably seat the children, one, two, or three in number, as the case might require. Such was the "chimney-corner" where Lemuel Haynes in his childhood laid the foundation of his future usefulness. While his mates were sporting in the

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streets and even round the door, you might see him sitting on his block with his book in his hand. Evening after evening he plied his studies by firelight, having the preceding day laid in a store of pine knots and other combustibles for the purpose. The luxury of a candle he rarely enjoyed. Here he studied his spelling-book and psalter till he had literally devoured them. He studied the Bible till he could produce by memory most of the texts which have a bearing upon the essential doctrines of grace; and could also refer, with nearly infallible accuracy, to the book, chapter, and verse where they might be found. At length he procured Young's Night Thoughts, and was soon able to repeat large portions of it, together with a great part of Watts's Psalms and Hymns. All this and much more he accompliahed on his block in the chimney-corner by firelight. At the same time no boy in the neighborhood performed a greater amount of manual labour. Bound by indenture as a servant, he was obliged to labor hard through the day, so that the hours of the evening and the twilight of the morning were his only time for mental improvement.

And yet he had a system. One day on meeting a youth who had been his schoolmate, he said to him, "Israel, how do you succeed in your studies?" After hearing the reply, he added, "I make it my rule to know something more every night than I knew in the morning." Here is the grand secret of his attainments. Whatever might be the urgency of his labor, he made every passing day contribute something to his improvement. This was undoubtedly the governing principle of his life. And as in his immediate vicinity there were but few books, he converted inanimate things into instructors, so that he found

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Thus he struggled forward in a course of study, and, as far as he was taught at all, he was his own teacher. Though almost without books, and entirely without teachers except in the rudiments of reading and penmanship, and exposed to numerous hindrances and perplexities, his mind was subjected to unremitting and severe discipline. And if he suffered by the absence of the usual advantages of liberally educated men, he must have been led at least to try his own powers, and to form habits of independence and decision.

A general scarcity of books was one of the severest difficulties which he had to encounter. There was no public library in the place. The Bible, psalter, spelling-book, and perhaps a volume or two of sermons, comprised the library of the most respectable families. Hence he remarks —"I was constantly inquiring after books, especially in theology. I was greatly pleased with the writings of Watts and Doddridge, and with Young's Night Thoughts. My good master encouraged me in the matter."

At the age of about sixteen he again experienced a narrow escape from the fatal snare of the infidel. A professional gentleman had moved into the place who owned a small library. The privilege of using his books was granted to young Haynes. Having borrowed and thoroughly read one book after another, he at length received the loan of a volume which contained the principles of a poisonous infidelity. He was now at that perilous period of life when the unformed mind is specially exposed to skepticism. As yet he was a stranger to the renewing operations of grace. He soon learned the character of the book, and, recollecting his former exposure, determined not to read it. Having invented a suitable reproof, and wrought it into two or three poetic couplets, he put it into the book and returned it to the owner. The doctor was exceedingly mortified at having subjected himself to so just a reproof from a poor servant-boy, and never again attempted to obtrude infidel principles upon him.

Deacon Rose seceded from the first church in Granville, and united with a small company of Christians styled Separates. While he attended on the Sabbath a meeting of his separate brethren, his wife strenuously adhered to the church, and no ordinary obstacle could detain her from the house of God on the Lord's day. It fell to the lot of Lemuel to accompany her, of which he has given a very amusing account. "I used to carry my mistress across the mountain Sabbath days to meeting. She was a member of Reverend Mr. Smith's church. In the winter our carriage was a one-

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horse sled; the box was two boards, with four round sticks to couple them together. In this humble plight I used to take a good deal of satisfaction in waiting on my good old mistress from time to time."

In the intermission, especially in the warm season, he often stole away into the forest, and spent the hour in devout meditation and prayer. At other times, when even but a boy, he sometimes collected his youthful acquaintances around him, and repeated in their hearing the morning sermon with wonderful accuracy. At night, whenever requested by Deacon Rose, he gave him from memory a very copious analysis of the sermons and other religious services of the house of God.

In 1775 the excellent and pious Mrs. Rose died. In her death he lost every thing comprehended in the endearing name of mother. She had adopted him as her own son in early infancy, and tenderly trained him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This memorable and grievous affliction he has recorded in the following words:—"Soon after I came of age, God was pleased to take my mistress away, to my inexpressible sorrow. It caused me bitter mourning and lamentation."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selfhood—Soul, Mind, Spirit.

BY GEORGE MOORE, M. D.

WHAT is a soul? It is yourself. Some notorious physiologists tell us they can not discover the soul, and, according to the best of their judgment, that which is moved by the rational will is the same thing as that which wills to move. Bones, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and brain, constitute a thinking and feeling machine, say they, working on chemical and mechanical principles—and that this machine is a man when arranged in the form of a wingless biped, and a brute when contrived for walking on four feet. Moses was not enlightened, like a modern philosopher, by feeling his way in the dark. He saw a little further into the mysteries of man's existence than these physiologists, and certainly concluded, by the divinity within him, rather by inference, that mere machinery is not disposed to think of the personal character of the Deity; but that a being that reflects upon the past, and pries into the future, with a desire to know God, and to resemble him, is really his representative on earth. If man may be in any respect a similitude of his Maker, it can only be in his mental and moral nature, unless, indeed, the Almighty—preposterous thought!—be himself a bodily being, and nothing more. Of course, no one will deny that matter would feel, and think, and worship, if Omnipotence ordained that it should; but then that must be a matter of which we can not conceive the existence, for it must be a matter with a personal will.

Without turning to the Bible, we can discern that understanding and will, in a moral and religious sense, can proceed only from God's own direct impression of truth on the mind of man. We can know nothing but the Divine teaching, the thinking faculty and the object of thought being both created. The apprehension of God as a personal Being, demanding our obedience and adoration, is surely not a property of matter—adoration is mental conformity to God's will. This power, proceeding from the Creator to the creature, and enabling it to think and will with a recognition of himself, can not be organic. Matter exists, indeed, as a medium for manifesting to us the thoughts even of God himself, but this must be to a mind, to a being, that thus perceives the purpose and will of the Creator, and this being, when conformed to that will and purpose by a corresponding will and purpose in his own person or individuality, is the image of God in as far as any creature can resemble Deity, or reflect his character.

It is the man himself that perceives, thinks, and determines; but the power to perceive, think and determine can not be predicated of the body, or any part of it, therefore the man himself can not be the body, but something occupying and influencing the body so as through it to become acquainted with the objects of sense. Desire, emotion, intellect, result from the operation of the discerning and reasoning power in consequence of sensation, which is itself a mental perception

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of bodily impression, and which induces the percipient principle to act according to its own nature. That which perceives is the subject of sensation, and therefore can not have been caused by sensation. Without the anterior existence of an agent to receive impressons through the senses, sense could not be. Reason thus seems indubitably to demand or assent to the fact asserted in the common language of mankind as to the existence of a distinct agent as the actuating principle in a living human body.

But a new kind of rationalism has arisen of late, which, while acknowledging the reality of revelation, nevertheless refuses to receive as truth any thing which can not be demonstrated to the senses. Those who addict themselves to the dogmatism of such a sensible faith not being able to see, hear, touch, or taste the soul, nor to test it by any chemical agents, very consistently deny its existence altogether. And yet, yielding somewhat to the fashion of belief in favor of the Bible as an authoritative document, because its historic, internal, and collateral evidences amount to a demonstration of its rightful claims to our credence, these rational believers have succeeded at last in convincing themselves, that in that marvelous Book there is no such thing spoken of as a soul or spirit irrespective of the body, and therefore they conclude that bodily existence, such as we witness, is all we are taught by the words spirit and soul as applied to man, even in this life or the next.

It is my anxious desire to found all my metaphysical opinions upon the Bible because I think this book contains an explicit statement of God's mind as regards all that is essential for us to believe, in order to our everlasting prosperity, both as intellectual and moral beings. The sacred volume, indeed, is not constructed on philosophical principles, because it is God's word, and therefore there is no speculation in its announcements; for God does not propose to theorize on his own work, but yet whatever can be proved true in philosophy and science must be found in keeping with scriptural statements if these are true, since one truth can not contradict another. I believe in the truth of revelation because I have not been able to discover any thing of a demonstrable kind, either in the science of matter or of mind, at variance with it, and therefore if I now hear of a doctrine like that which asserts the non-existence of any thing but what may be seen, or heard, or handled, and find that it does not agree with what we know of physical, mental, or divine teaching, it is no difficult task to determine to what class of productions the said doctrine belongs.

But what does revelation as well as common reason announce concerning the soul as a distinct spiritual existence?

There is much dispute about the words spirit and matter, but what we want is meaning. Probably all men understand by matter something capable of impressing the senses, something to be estimated on physical principles. Now that which thinks and wills can not be perceived by our senses, nor have its properties and forces tested by physical means. We can not see thought with the eye like light; we can not cause it to travel by a wire, like electricity; it is something more subtile than either, but yet it operates on matter, and causes it to impress our senses; and thus you, my reader, have before you a visible expression of the ideas in my mind. But the ideas are not on the paper; you see the signs of them, and by the eye of the mind see them in your own soul, where they are formed as they are in mine, because we are both of us thinking beings. We can not now perceive each other by the bodily eye, nor could we if we met; we should only see the outward form of an inward power; because it is not the thinking being that is seen, but that which the thinking being acts upon. Yet a consciousness of our thoughts and desires is not a consciousness of any particular object as present to our senses, for we think of ideas, and ideas have no physical existence, and yet they are real and potential in their influence on our conduct and comfort. Now that which thinks and wills we may call spiritual and immaterial, since we find no analogy between its nature as experienced by ourselves, and any material object.

Those who deny the existence of immaterial or spiritual being are obliged to conclude that the Deity Himself is material, and some have daringly asserted that they intend this. But we will suppose they are using terms in an unusual sense, and that they really mean that the matter of a spiritual existence is different from any of which we have any notion. If so, it is manifest that neither we nor

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they can comprehend what kind of matter they write about. If the matter they mean is incorruptible, and immortal, and thoughtful *per se*, then it is not matter in its common sense character, but something else, and this something may be called spirit, to distinguish it from things that are insensible, corruptible, and mortal, or liable to atomic change and integral destruction.

Unless moral law be the same as physical law, there must be moral existence as well as physical existence. Does not reason every where acknowledge that love to God and our neighbor is utterly different from elective affinities and the forces that bind materials together? Have we no conscience, no response within us to the rightfulness of doing unto others as we would that they should do to us under similar circumstances? Yes; we can will in keeping with an ordinance that is not a physical law; we can acknowledge the benevolence of our Maker, and consent to His demand upon us to act in keeping with His love.

Physical law is an ordinance that has nothing to do with obedience; it is irresistible, and yet capable of being altered by Divine determination, so that the visible universe might cease to be what it is; but moral law is unalterable, because it expresses the character of God himself, and therefore we may infer that the beings to whom it applies are also indestructible; but of course only because Divine will constitutes them responsive with respect to the Divine attributes—"That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Spiritual laws are addressed to spiritual beings, and we can not be otherwise than of the nature of spirits if we are enabled so to think and will as to desire truly to adore the Deity, who is a Spirit; for surely intelligent worship is but as the conscious response of an understanding soul bowing through all its being in the felt glory of Jehovah's presence. It is mind apprehending the terrible beauty of holiness, and looking, in the consciousness of dependence, for Almighty sustentation, because it feels itself created on purpose to receive its own sufficiency only from the fullness of its God.

If we believe the Bible we believe that our Maker calls men spiritual beings. It is true that, in the sacred scriptures, from which alone we can learn anything concerning existence beyond sense, the word spirit is used in several significations, but still it is certainly often employed to designate the power or attribute of a distinct, conscious, active agent, and by implication, therefore, to designate that agent itself. God is a Spirit—not the energy of a being, but energetic being itself. The spirits of just men made perfect are perfect men, and so with regard to beings of every order to whom the word spirit is applied. It expresses both the mode or state of an existence, and the existence itself, because mode and state can not be predicated of that which does not exist.

A great degree of confusion exists with regard to the use of the terms mind, soul, and spirit, which probably might be obviated by considering the word soul as significant of the self-hood, which is exhibited by will and understanding, these together being called mind, or the soul, in relation to emotion and perception; the term spirit being restricted to designate the attribute, character, or nature of the mind. Thus man is proved to be a physical being, or soul, by his mental faculties; and these prove themselves, by the mode of their operation and their motives, to be essentially spiritual, in distinction from physical.

It is not for us to determine whether a created spirit is necessarily conjoined with some kind of body or not. Conjunction is not unity. We neither know what spirit nor what body is. The elements with which we are familiar are but different forms of force according to the fiat of Omnipotent will, and, for aught we can say, spirits may always embody their wills by expressing them in appropriate forces, so as to be sensibly seen, heard, and felt, by beings in a like order of existence. We need not, however, speculate curiously concerning this subject, since it is enough for us that, whether in the body or out of the body, it is the expressed purpose of our God to provide means for all the happiness which, as confiding creatures, we can require. There is a spiritual body, we are told, and the idea of a body is necessary, in order to convey to our conceptions the idea of action, because a bodily form is essential to all we know of outward operation; nor can we imagine mental influence but in relation to a body; but yet is the influence or power of one thing

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upon another, agent and subject, and therefore they can not be the same things.

But the term soul, as employed in the New Testament, is most peculiarly significant of a conscious individuality. Though it is often translated life, mind, and heart, in accommodation to the English idiom, it has always a personal property and power, it is evident that it was understood by the Apostolic writers to mean something besides bodily life, or anything pertaining to existence limited to earth, since it is mentioned in reference to a continuance of being after the death of the body. Thus our Lord says, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul. (Mat. x. 28.) And his beloved disciple uses these emphatic words: "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God." (Rev. vi. 9.) "I saw the souls of them that were beheaded." &c. (Rev. xx. 4.) Here we can not mistake the intention of the writer, since, whether the language be figurative or literal, it is clearly meant to state that those spoken of were veritable men, notwithstanding they had died.

The word soul may almost invariably be understood to signify a self-hood, and therefore we so often find that the personal pronoun may be substituted for it. We have a striking instance of this in relation to the resurrection of our Lord, as stated in Acts ii. 31.—"His soul was not left in hades, neither did his flesh see corruption." Here is a broad distinction between the actual personal being and the body; and as if the more powerfully to convey a sense of this distinction, we find the word signifying soul is not in the original of this verse, and the passage really stands thus: "He (David) seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that He was not left in hades." That I and my soul are equivalent terms, is seen in the Divine announcement,—"Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased." To deny oneself for the sake of following Christ is the same as to forego one's own soul in order to save it, as we find, on comparing Matt. xvi. 24, with Mark viii. 34, 35. In short, great part of the Bible might be quoted to show that the soul and the self are the same, according to inspired language, as when the Sun of the Highest, groaning under His sense of man's iniquity, said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Can we suppose that Paul could employ the following phrases without believing in his own existence, independent of the *corpus humilitatis* of which he complained: "I desire to depart, which is far better." "We are confident and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." *Probamus magis peregrinari e corpore, et incolere a Domino.* (Griesbach.) "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," said the dying proto-martyr, when he committed himself to his Savior for eternity, and the thought next before death was becoming a reaister of sin and a follower of the crucified One—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." Fell asleep; is it not somewhat strange that this gentle and frequent phrase, which so sweetly expresses the peaceful departure of a believer, should have led to the conclusion that the Christian soul continues without wakefulness until the end of time? Strange, that because the man of faith closes his eyelids upon the light of earth and reposes so confidently in the arms of his God as a weary child upon the bosom of its mother, therefore the soul awakes not to the light of heaven although the very scripture in which the phrase is placed also tells us that the Lord, to whom the martyr had committed his being, was seen by him in spirit at the right hand of God, and with God's glory, in that heaven to which he looked.

To be Continued.

WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"It hath beene as it were especially rendered unto me and made plaine and legible to my understandynge that a great worshipp is going on among the thynge of God."—*Gralt.*

THE Ocean looketh up to Heaven,
As't were a living thing,
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.

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They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The Priesthood of the Sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills
Like the white wing of prayer,
They lean above the ancient hills
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On Nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world
E'en as repentant love;
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.

The gentle moon—the kindling sun—
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar-fires of Heaven!

He that would employ his abilities, his influence, and his authority, in the reformation of others, must take care to reform himself, before he enters upon the work. "When thou art converted," said Christ to St. Peter, "strengthen thy brethren." Luke xxii. 32.
Sept. 3.

FATHER HYACINTHE.

A LETTER ON THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Father Hyacinthe has addressed the following letter to the *Gaulois*.

Rome.

The Italian Government and Parliament have testified their sympathy with France in noble language. Without being surprised at this, I am greatly affected, and I feel impelled to express my gratitude. At a moment when men, blinded by passions, endeavor to propagate falsehood and sow discord between two sister nations, it is the duty of all enlightened and honest men to draw closer the ties which unite France to Italy. If the latin races are to maintain, I will not say their independence only, but their great position in face of the menacing preponderance of the Germanic and Sclavonic races personified in Prussia and Russia, they must above all things be united. In no other way can they resume the traditions of that Western civilization whose destinies are blended with those of the Catholic Church, and whose mission, if she would recover her ancient splendor, is to stifle in her own bosom and sterile—revolution and absolutism; superstition and impiety. Moreover, in defending today her own cause, France defends that of society at large. Yes, human dignity, law and liberty—the civilization of the two worlds—have been outraged and trampled upon by new barbarians amid the bloody streets and burning monuments of Paris. In vain do the men of March 18th pretend to represent two political ideas, which would be just if confined within their true limits—the idea of that Commune which M de Bismarck did homage in the Reichstag on May 2d, and the idea of the moral and the material regeneration of the working classes. They have compromised these

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causes by most unacceptable exaggeration, and by the odious means they have made use of. They would have realized the triumph of their cause at the expense of the national unity, and on the ruins of social and religious order. They were a party of assassins, incendiaries, and atheists; but so great a party that they were, or at least appeared to be, a people. And what is a people without God? Sages have endeavored to describe them, but the facts we have just seen reveal what such a people is with a reality which defies words. The demonstration of what social atheism is has been complete. Providence allowed it for an hour to disport itself on the greatest theatre of the world, to revel in its orgies, and perform the most terrible of dramas. But is this people alone guilty, and is cannon the only remedy? Beware of that easy and fatal illusion which would deprive us of the fruit of the dreadful lesson. Mr. Gladstone once said, "The nineteenth century is the century of the working classes." And in point of fact the question of working classes pre-eminently occupies the attention of the statesman and the man of science, and our society will never know peace till it is solved. The Second Empire thought much of this question, but it dealt with it too much according to the tradition of the Roman Cæsars, *panem et Circenses*! The Second Empire looked only to material ameliorations and even in that point of view it did not take the best means; as, for example, when it forced public works in the great cities, especially in Paris, stripped the fields of hands, and congregated populations which lived apart from the normal conditions of family religious influences, and consequently of morality. What should have been done was to think of that popular instruction which is universal among our neighbors beyond the Rhine, and which, at least as much as her military organization, is a source of strength to Germany. An attempt should have been made to heal those two sores, which eat into the entrails of our people—the prolonged celibacy of solders, and the legal prostitution of women. Above all, a better example should have been set in high places. And the church herself has not done what she ought to have done for the practical solution of this terrible problem. The temporal power and the Pope's infallibility distracted the thoughts and efforts of those who preside over the destinies of the Church at a moment unparalleled in its history. Instead of the promises and teachings of the Gospel to the disinherited of this world, the Church in noisy echoes of the press, and sometimes by the mouths of its Bishops, treated matters of bitter controversy about the Pope-King, the dogmatization of intolerance, and the canonization of the Inquisition. I do not calumniate the political and religious regime that we have submitted to for more then twenty years, and which is summed up in these two words—"Skepticism at Paris; fanaticism at Rome." I do not calumniate, I do not even accuse; I narrate. But I say that there is the lesson of the present moment, and the question is whether we wish or not to continue this fatal course. In the presence of that Paris in ashes which I have dwelt in, which I have evangelized, and the history of which I know, I have a right to utter this cry of grief which God alone knows the depth of: Behold the work of a people which no longer knows God. And behold the work of those who render it impossible for it to believe in that God, and above all to love Him. HYACINTHE.

P. S.—Just as I had finished these lines the telegraph announced to us that the Archbishop of Paris had been shot. This horrible crime is the confirmation of the mysterious law in virtue of which the innocent suffer for the guilty Mgr. Darboy was of the number of those who understand and

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wish for the alliance of the Church with modern society. If he did not realize all that he had conceived, it was because the fatality of the times was stronger than he. He gave way, however, to no illusions, and awaited death with that cold enthusiasm which characterized him on great occasions. I still hear what he said to me in the last interview I had with him, a few days ago, at the moment of leaving for Rome: "If they kill me they will advance the principle that I represent;" and I shall never forget with what an accent he added: *Au revoir*, here below, or elsewhere."

ASKING A PRIVATE AUDIENCE OF THE HOLY FATHER—REFUSED BY MGR. MERODE.

Father Hyacinthe addressed the following letter to Mgr. de Merode, the Papal Minister of War, a few days after his arrival in Rome, asking to be admitted into the presence of the Holy Father:

To Mgr. De Merode, at the Vatican:

Monseigneur—The recollection of the benevolence you once manifested towards me when placed under different circumstances encourages me to hope that you will render me the important service I am about to ask. I desire to have a private audience with the Holy Father, in order to open my utmost soul to him. This soul of mine, which has suffered so much, belongs to the fold that has been confided to the Pope as supreme pastor. This fact alone entitles me to an interview with his Holiness. Beyond doubt, the line of conduct I have thought best to pursue amid the present crisis of the Church must have grieved the Holy Father, but it could not have taken away from him all solicitude for a man whom he formerly honored with many proofs of his benevolence, and whom, I hope, he still regards as a son.

Excuse the liberty I take, Monseigneur, &c., HYACINTHE.

Upon receiving the refusal of the Monseigneur de Merode, Father Hyacinthe penned the following line in reply.

Formerly the good shepherd ran after the strayed sheep and brought it back, tenderly placed upon his shoulders. To-day the strayed sheep (since you reject me as such) seeks the shepherd and he rejects it. What a difference between the Gospel and the Vatican! HYACINTHE.

THE TIMES.

WE have felt for years that should Popery get into the lead in this country, it would be chargeable mainly to corrupt Protestantism. The leading religious influences in our country, have been, from the begining, Protestant. For years it seems that there has been a very great tendency in the various religious societies, to lose their relish for solid religious teachings, and in proportion we find them destitute of a practical spiritual life. Our preaching to a very great extent, has become declamatory and highly sensational. But few, with daily study and mental prayer, come before the people with able expositions of the word of God. Expositions calculated to produce deep convictions in their soul for Divine life. This tendency to leave the solid and simple, for the flashy and showy, has come about mainly by the preachers yielding to the demands for the brilliant and sensational. To please such very costly and showy church edifices have been erected. By their great expense, pews being rented at such enormous rates, the common people, to say nothing of the poor, are unable to attend regular Sabbath service. In this way the masses, especially in our cities, are left to the tender mercies of the drinking saloon and every other influence calculated to enslave the soul in sin.

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As a consequence, we see in our cities, generally, a very small amount of real Christian character and influence. In the place of any one of these edifices, three houses of worship might be built in a neat style, each accommodating as many persons as the one showy edifice. And three as able ministers might be employed for the money paid to the pastor of the one fashionable society. The minister who becomes pastor of a fashionable city church, must have from three to five thousand dollars a year. His residence, furniture, living and dress of his family must be in harmony with the rich and fashionable. Three ministers, living in a simple, neat and comfortable manner, will get along as well with a salary of from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, as the pastor of the fashionable church will with from three to five thousand. With three churches to one, manned by solid, godly ministers, with their whole souls engaged in the common cause, in place of the one preaching to please the fashionable, what a change would soon come over our cities. What permanent good can any temperance or other reform societies do while the great religious societies, which are the great center of moral and religious influence, are, to a great extent, governed by the voice of the world. The world can never be converted through the medium of a time-serving clergy. What we want at the present is church edifices built to accommodate the people. Then we want, in these churches, ministers of God, men who have a mission.

Our leading churches are greatly responsible for the foolish and costly habits of dress at the present day. This life of folly, and waste of money, is but little rebuked, while it is often encouraged. The pulpit of this land has the power to reduce this ruinous life of fashion, at least one-half in one short year. We might say the same of intemperance and immoralty in general. The question arises, "must these evils always increase and never be overcome?" We think not. We think there is hope. One principal ground of hope is the wide-spread and growing numbers all over the country, who are dissatisfied with this state of things, and many of those most dissatisfied belong to these fashionable churches, and some pastors of the same. Before any great evil can be eradicated, there must a deep and wide-spread sense of the evil, with a desire and effort to put it away. This was the case with slavery. Then, above all things, this deep sense of the evil and desire for its overthrow, must be accompanied with deep, earnest, unceasing prayer to God, who only can bring such a cause to complete triumph. No mere organization or church machinery can accomplish so great a work. Proper agitation in church and out, will do but little. Scolding and mere talk about these follies will do nothing. We must, by coming to God for his spirit and help, agitate in love. Let this be universal and a better state of things will soon be brought about.

We believe that no evil can live always. The whole tenor of the prophecies promising that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of Christ, the philosophy or nature of the Gospel, shows that, while the growth of Christianity is slow, its triumph will yet be universal. This is our hope.

In all our concerns, it is necessary that nothing we do may carry the appearance of approbation of the works of wickedness, make the unrighteous more at ease in unrighteousness, or occasion the injuries committed against the oppressed to be more lightly looked over.

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JOSEPHINE.

BY J. ABBOTT. ABRIDGED BY ED. MIS.

THE CORONATION.

EARLY in the year 1802 Josephine accompanied Napoleon in various excursions to distant parts of the empire. She went with him to Lyons to meet the Italian deputies, who had assembled there to confer upon him the dignity of President of the Cisapline Republic. The entertainments in Lyons upon this occasion were arranged with regal magnificence. Josephine, with her grace and affability, secured universal admiration, and every tongue was eloquent in her praises. Each succeeding month seemed now to bring some new honor to Josephine. Her position as wife of the first consul, her known influence over her husband, and the almost boundless popularity he had acquired over the minds of his countrymen, who were ever conducting him by rapid strides to new accessions of power surrounded her with multitudes striving in every way to ingratiate themselves into her favor.

From Lyons they returned to their beloved retreat at Malmaison, where they passed several weeks. But place and power had already deprived them of retirement. Napoleon was entirely engrossed with his vast projects of ambition. The avenue to their rural mansion was unceasingly thronged with carriages, and the saloon of Josephine was ever filled with the most illustrious guests.

One day Josephine happened to be in the cabinet with her husband alone. A man, whose coat was much the worse for wear, and whose whole appearance presented many indications of the struggle with poverty, was ushered into the room. He appeared greatly embarrassed, and at length, with much confusion, introduced himself as the writing-master at Brienne who had taught the first consul hand-writing. "And a fine penman you made of me!" exclaimed Napoleon, in affected anger. "Ask my wife there what she thinks of my writing." The poor man stood trembling in trepidation, when Josephine looked up with one of her sweetest smiles, and said, "I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." Napoleon laughed at the well-timed compliment, and settled upon the writing-master a small annuity for life. It was a noble trait in the character of the first consul that in his days of power he was ever mindful of those who were the friends of his early years. All the instructors of the school he attended at Brienne were thus remembered by him.

Napoleon and Josephine now made the tour of the northern provinces of France. They were every where received with unbounded enthusiasm. The first consul had, indeed, conferred the greatest blessings on his country. He had effectually curbed the Revolutionary fury. He had established the reign of law. Thousands of exiles he had restored to their homes rejoicing. The discomfited armies of France he had led to new and brilliant victories. Under his administration every branch of business had revived. From every part of the empire Napoleon received the most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude and attachment. He now began more seriously to contemplate ascending the throne of France. Conscious of his own power, and ambitious of the glory of elevating his country to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness, and witnessing the enthusiasm of admiration which his deeds had excited in the public mind, he no longer doubted that his countrymen would soon be ready to place the scepter of empire in his hands. He thought that the pear was now ripe.

Josephine ever enjoyed most highly accompanying her husband on these tours, and she, on such occasions, manifested, in the most attractive manner, her readiness to sacrifice her own personal comfort to promote the happiness

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of others. Napoleon was in the habit of moving with such rapidity, and of setting out so unexpectedly upon these journeys, and he was so peremptory in his injunctions as to the places where he intended to halt, that often no suitable accommodations could be provided for Josephine and her attendant ladies. No complaint, however, was ever heard from her lips. No matter how great the embarrassment she encountered, she ever exhibited the same imperturbable cheerfulness and good humor. She always manifested much more solicitude in reference to the accommodations of her attendants than for her own comfort. She would herself visit the apartments, and issue personal directions to promote their convenience. One night, just as she was about to retire to rest, she observed that her waiting-woman had but a single mattress, spread upon the floor, for her repose. She immediately, with her own hands, took from the bed destined for herself another mattress, and supplied the deficiency, that her waiting-woman might sleep more comfortably. Whenever any of her house-hold were sick, Josephine promptly visited their bedside, and with her own hands ministered to their wants. She would remember them at her own table, and from the luxurious viands spread out before her, would select delicacies which might excite a failing appetite. It often happened, in these sudden and hasty journeys, that, from want of accommodation, some of the party were compelled to remain in the carriages while Napoleon and Josephine dined. In such cases they were never forgotten. This was not policy and artifice on the part of Josephine, but the instinctive dictates of a heart overflowing with benevolence.

On Napoleon's return from this tour, he took possession of the palace of St. Cloud. This was another step toward the throne of the Bourbons. This magnificent abode of ancient grandeur had been repaired and most gorgeously furnished. The versatile French, weary of Republican simplicity, witnessed with joy the indications of a return of regal magnificence. A decree also granted to Josephine "four ladies, to assist her in doing the honors of the palace." No occupant of these splendid saloons ever embellished them more richly by the display of queenly graces than did Josephine; and Napoleon, now constituted first consul for life, reigned with pomp and power which no predecessors had ever surpassed. The few remaining forms of the Republic rapidly disappeared. Josephine exerted much influence over her husband's mind in inducing him to re-establish the institutions of the Christian religion. Napoleon at that time did not profess to have any faith in the divine origin of Christianity. Infidelity had swept resistlessly over France, and nearly every man of any note in the camp and in the court was an unbeliever. He was, consequently, very bitterly opposed in all his endeavors to reinstate Christianity. One evening he was walking upon the terrace of his garden at Malmaison, most earnestly conversing with some influential members of the government upon this subject:

"Religion," said he, "is something thing which can not be eradicated from the heart of man. He must believe in a superior being. Who made all that?" he continued, pointing to the stars brilliantly shining in the evening sky. "Last Sunday evening I was walking here alone, when the church bells of the village of Ruel rang at sunset. I was strongly moved, so vividly did the image of early days come back with that sound. If it be thus with me, what must it be with others? Let your philosophers answer that, if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people. In re-establishing Christianity, I consult the wishes of a great majority of the French nation."

Josephine probably had very little religious knowledge. She regarded

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Christianity as a sentiment rather than a principle. She felt the poetic beauty of its revelation and its ordinances. She knew how holy were its charities, how pure its precepts, how ennobling its influences, even when encumbered with the grossest superstitions. She had seen, and dreadfully had she felt, when France was without religion—with marriage a mockery, conscience a phantom, and death proclaimed to all an eternal sleep. She therefore most warmly seconded her husband in all endeavors to restore again to desolated France the religion of Jesus Christ.

The next morning after the issuing of the proclamation announcing the re-establishment of public worship, a grand religious ceremony took place in honor of the occasion in the church of Notre Dame. Napoleon, to produce a deep impression upon the public mind, invested the occasion with all possible pomp. As he was preparing to go to the Cathedral, one of his colleagues, Cambaceres, entered the room.

"Well," said the first consul, rubbing his hands, in fine spirits, "we go to church this morning; what say they to that in Paris?"

"Many people," replied Cambaceres, "propose to attend the first representation in order to hiss the piece, should they not find it amusing."

"If any one takes it into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard."

"But what if the grenadiers themselves take to hissing like the rest?"

"As to that, I have no fear. My old mustaches will go here to Notre Dame just as at Cairo they would have gone to the mosque. They will remark how I do, and, seeing their general grave and decent, they will be so too, passing the watch-word to each other, *Decency!*"

In the noble proclamation which the first consul issued upon this great event, he says, "An insane policy has sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself. At its voice all those pious solemnities ceased in which the citizens called each other by the endearing name of brothers, and acknowledged their common equality in the sight of Heaven. The dying, left alone in his agonies, no longer heard the consoling voice which calls the Christian to a better world. God himself seemed exiled from the face of nature. Ministers of the religion of peace! let a complete oblivion veil over your dissensions, your misfortunes, your faults. Let the religion which unites you bind you by indissoluble cords to the interests of your country. Citizens of the Protestant faith! the law has equally extended its solicitude to your interests. Let the morality, so pure, so holy, so brotherly, which you profess, unite you all in love to your country and respect for its laws; and, above all, never permit disputes on doctrinal points to weaken that universal charity which religion at once inculcates and commands."

This, surely, is a great triumph of Christianity. A man like Napoleon, even though not at the time a believer in its divine origin, was so perfectly satisfied of its beneficial influence upon mankind, that, as a matter of state policy, he felt compelled to reinstate its observances.

Josephine cherished emotions of the deepest gratitude toward all those who had proved friendly to her in the days of her adversity. Napoleon, with his strong prejudices, often took a dislike to those whom Josephine loved. Madame Tallien, the companion of Josephine in her captivity and her benefactor after her release, was, for some unknown reason, peculiarly obnoxious to Napoleon. She was extremely beautiful and very ambitious, and her exclusion from the splendors of the new court, now daily becoming more brilliant, mortified her exceedingly. Jose-

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phine also was greatly troubled. She could not disregard the will of her husband, and her heart recoiled from the thought of ingratitude toward one who had been her friend in adversity. At this time, in Paris, pleasure seemed to be the universal object of pursuit. All the restraints of religion had been swept away, and masked balls, gambling, and every species of dissipation attracted to the metropolis the wealthy and the dissolute from all parts of Europe. Napoleon never made his appearance in any of these reckless scenes of revelry. He ever was an inveterate enemy to gambling in all its forms, and had no relish for luxurious indulgence. Josephine, however, accompanied by Eugene, occasionally looked in upon the dancers at the masked ball. On one of these occasions a noble lady witnessed an incident which she has recorded in the following words:

"Chance rendered me witness of a singular scene at one of these balls. It was near two o'clock in the morning, the crowd immense, and the heat overpowering. I had ascended for a few moments to the apartments above, and refreshed by the cool air, was about to descend, when the sound of voices in the adjoining room, in earnest conversation, caught my attention. Applying my ear to the partition, the name of Bonaparte, and the discovery that Josephine and Madame Tallien were the speakers, excited a real curiosity. "I assure you, my dear Theresina," said Josephine, "that I have done all that friendship could dictate, but in vain. No later than this morning I made a new effort. Bonaparte would hear of nothing. I can not comprehend what can have prejudiced him so strongly against you. You are the only woman whose name he has effaced from the list of my particular friends; and from fear lest he should manifest his displeasure directly against us have I now come hither alone with my son. At this moment they believe me sound asleep in my bed at the Tuilleries; but I determined on coming to see, to warn, and to console you, and, above all, to justify myself."

"My dear Josephine," Madame Tallien replied, "I have never doubted either the goodness of your heart or the sincerity of your affection. Heaven is my witness that the loss of your friendship would be to me much more painful than any dread of Bonaparte. In these difficult times, I have maintained a conduct that might, perhaps, render my visits an honor, but I will never importune you to receive me without his consent. He was not consul when Tallien followed him into Egypt, when I received you both into my house, when I shared with you—" Here she burst into tears, and her voice became inaudible.

"Calm yourself, my dear Theresina," Josephine rejoined; "be calm, and let the storm pass. I am paving the way for a reconciliation, but we must not irritate him more. You know that he does not love Ouvrard, and it is said that he often sees you."

"What, then," Madame Tallien replied, "because he governs France, does he expect to tyrannize over our hearts? Must we sacrifice to him our private friendships?"

At that moment some one knocked at the door, and Eugene Beauharnais entered. "Madame," said he to his mother, "you have been now more than an hour absent. The council of ministers is perhaps over. What will the first consul say, should he not find you on his return?" The two ladies then, arm in arm, descended the stairs, conversing in earnest whispers, followed by Eugene.

This Ouvrard, to whom allusion is made above, was a famous banker in Paris, of enormous wealth, and engaged in the most wild and extravagant speculations.

It now began to be rumored that Napoleon would soon be crowned as king. Very many of the nation desired it, and though there was as yet

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no public declaration, vague hints and floating rumors filled the air. Josephine was greatly disquieted. It seemed more and more important that Napoleon should have an heir. There was now no prospect that Josephine would ever become a mother again. She heard, with irrepressible anguish, that it had been urged upon her husband that the interests of France required that he should obtain a divorce and marry again; that alliance with one of the ancient royal families of Europe, and a birth of a son, to whom he could transmit his crown, would place his power upon an impregnable foundation. Josephine could not but perceive the apparent policy of the great wrong. And though she knew that Napoleon truly and tenderly loved her, she also feared that there was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make in obedience to the claims of his towering ambition.

One day she softly entered the cabinet without being announced. Bonaparte and Tourrienne were conversing together. The day before, an article appeared in the Moniteur, evidently preparing the way for the throne. Josephine gently approached her husband sat down upon his knee, affectionately passed her hand through his hair and over his face, and with moistened eyes and a burst of tenderness, exclaimed, "I entreat you, mon ami, do not make yourself a king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not even listen to him."

Bonaparte, smiling very pleasantly, replied, "Why, my dear Josephine, you are crazy. You must not listen to these tales of the old dowagers. But you interrupt us now. I am very busy."

During the earlier period of Napoleon's consulship, like the humblest citizen he occupied the same bed-chamber with his spouse. But now that more of regal ceremony and state was being introduced to the consular establishment, their domestic intercourse, to the great grief of Josephine, assumed more of cold formality. Separate apartments were assigned to Josephine at a considerable distance from those occupied by her husband, and it was necessary to traverse a long corridor to pass from one to the other. The chambers of the principal ladies of the court opened upon this corridor from the right and the left. The splendor with which Josephine's rooms were furnished was no compensation to her for the absence of that affectionate familiarity for which her heart ever yearned. She also suspected, with anguish, that this separation was but the prelude of the divorce she so fearfully apprehended. Whenever Napoleon passed the night in the apartment of Josephine, it was known to the whole household. Josephine, at such times, always appeared at a later hour in the morning than usual, for they generally passed half the night in conversation.

"I think I see her still," writes one of the ladies of her household, "coming in to breakfast, looking quite cheerful, rubbing her little hands, as she was accustomed to do when peculiarly happy, and apologizing for having risen so late. On such occasions she was, if possible, more gracious than usual, refused nobody, and we were sure of obtaining every thing we asked, as I have myself many times experienced."

The Bourbons had been for some time in correspondence with Napoleon, hoping, through his agency, to regain the throne. He assured them that their restoration could not possibly be accomplished, even by the sacrifice of the lives of a million of Frenchmen. Josephine, who had suffered so much from anarchy, was a decided Royalist, and she exerted all her powers to induce Napoleon to make the attempt to reinstate the Bourbons. When her friends congratulated her upon the probability that she would soon be Empress of France, with heartfelt sincerity she replied, "To be the wife of the first consul fulfills my highest am-

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bition. Let me remain so." The Bourbons expressed much gratitude at the time in view of Josephine's known intercessions in their behalf.

About this time a serious accident happened to the first consul, which also exposed Josephine to much danger. The inhabitants of Antwerp had made Napoleon a present of six magnificent bay horses. With four of these spirited steeds harnessed to the carriage, Napoleon was one day taking an airing, with Josephine and Cambaceres, the second consul, in the park. Napoleon taking a fancy to drive four in hand, mounted the coach-box, and Cæsar, his favorite coachman, was stationed behind. The horses soon discovered that they had a new and inexperienced driver, and started off at the top of their speed. Napoleon lost all control over them, and the frightened animals, perfectly ungovernable, dashed along the road at a fearful rate. Cæsar kept shouting to Napoleon, "Keep in the middle!" Cambaceres, pale with fright, thrust his head out of the window, and shouted "Whoa! whoa!" Josephine, greatly alarmed, sank back in her seat, and in silent resignation awaited the issue. As they approached the avenue to St. Cloud, the imperial driver had not sufficient skill to guide them safely through the gateway. The coach struck against one of the pillars, and was overturned with a terrible crash. Josephine and Cambaceres were considerably bruised. Napoleon was thrown from his seat to the distance of eight or ten paces, and was taken up insensible.

He, however, soon recovered. On retiring at night, they amused themselves in talking over the misadventure. "Mon ami," said Josephine, laughing, "you must render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's. Let him keep his whip. Each to his vocation." The conversation was continued for some time in a tone of pleasantry. Gradually Napoleon became more serious. He seemed to be reflecting deeply, and said that he never before came so near to death. "Indeed," said he, "I was for some moments virtually dead. But what is death? what is death? It is merely a sleep without dreams."

Such were probably, at this time, the views of Napoleon upon immortality. He subsequently professed himself a sincere believer in the divine origin of Christianity, and wished to die within the pale of the Christian Church. That mind which can contemplate death with levity must be either exceedingly weak or hopelessly deranged.

While nearly all who surrounded the first consul were contemplating with the utmost satisfaction his approaching elevation to the throne, the subject awakened in the bosom of Josephine the most agitating emotions. She saw in the splendor of the throne peril to her husband, and the risk of entire downfall to herself. "The real enemies of Bonaparte," said she to Rœderer, "are those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage." Again she is represented as saying, "I do not approve the projects of Napoleon. I have often told him so. He hears me with attention, but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all that I have said. The new honors which he will acquire will augment the number of his enemies. The generals will exclaim that they have not fought so long merely to substitute the family of the Bonapartes for that of the Bourbons."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRIMITIVE EARTH.

BY C. T. BATEMAN.

Number Three.

HAVING now passed the Silurian age, the longest of all geological eras, except the Azoic, we come to the Devonian age, or age of Fishes. This age is not only for the introduction of fishes, the first representative of the vertebrate animal, but also of land plants which began to prepare the way for the rich and luxuriant fauna of the Carboniferous era. In all countries the Devonian beds pass by an easy transition into those of the Silurian.

The American Devonia is divided into five periods or epochs, the two earlier epochs forming the Lower Devonian and the three later the Upper Devonian.

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During the periods embraced in the Lower Devonian, there was probably little or no land vegetation, as no remains have been observed, but in the Upper Devonian the land began to clothe itself in the green mantle of vegetation. Two prominent groups appear among the land plants—Conifers the lowest of the flowering plants, and Acrogens the highest of flowerless plants. Of the three great classes of fishes, viz: Selachians as sharks and rays, Ganoids as gars and sturgeons, Osseous Fishes or Teliosts, as perch and salmon, the two first are represented in great abundance. During the Devonian age the Ganoids, so named from having the body covered with shining, long scales or plates, were very numerous in species. They are now nearly extinct. The Selachians of this age belong to a family of sharks having the mouth furnished with long plates instead of teeth, and which have the dorsal fin armed with a large strong spine. Another peculiarity of these ancient fishes were their vertebrated tails. In almost all existing fishes the spinal column stops short at the begining of the caudal fin, but in these Devonian fishes the vertebral column extended into the upper lode of the caudal fin, making it much longer than the lower. This was also an age of coral making. Extended beds of limestone formed from coral, are found in various countries. Some of these beds are made of corals broken and triturated by the action of the waves until nearly all traces of its animal origin is lost, while in others much of the coral remains as perfect as when the little rock-builders bloomed in their ancient sea-gardens. The progress of life kept nearly an equal pace in Europe and America. The animal life of each was similar and generally identical in general, but in species dissimilar. It may be well at this time to take a glance at American geography, as developed by the Devonian. The germ of the continent is represented by a broad land of azoic rock stretching from the Atlantic coast of Labrador in a southwest direction following along the north coast of Lake Superior, then turning sharply to the north-west and running to the Arctic Ocean. This, at the begining of the Silurian, was the mainland of North America. All the rest of the future continent, save a few isolated islands, lay sleeping beneath the almost universal ocean. Depositions of various kinds made during the Silurian ages had added bands of dry land to the borders of the azoic, until at the closing of the Devonian, the dry land extended from the vicinity of Lake Champlain westward and southward, embracing nearly all of New York, a portion of Pennsylvania, a narrow strip running south-west from Central Pennsylvania into Alabama, a portion of Michigan, all of Ohio except the south-eastern part, a large part of Indiana, the central parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, a large body extending west from Lake Michigan into Minnesota and an isolated tract situated in eastern Missouri and Arkansas. Then the Atlantic coast line of the United States and Lower Canada, was far west of its present location. The Gulf of Mexico covered a large part of the Mississippi Valley, extending almost to Lake Michigan, and the waters of the Pacific covered all our western states and territories to the borders of Minnesota. The head of the Gulf of St. Lawrence was probably at Quebec, while the Gulf itself extended southward over a large part of New England. Hudson's Bay covered much of British America that is now dry land. The mountains of this ancient continent were the Adirondacks of northern New York, the Green mountains of Vermont, some heights in British America, and the Black Hills. In the place of the Rocky mountains and of the Appalachians, the two great mountain systems of the present continent, there were only islands, reefs, and shallow waters to mark the site where the great chains should stretch their rocky links over a mighty continent, give form to states and empires, determine the course of rivers, modify climates, and map out work for the coming man. There being no high mountains and no very large bodies of land, the rivers were either small, or spread out into shallow lakes and marshes. The principal rivers, at this time, were the Upper Mississippi, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa.

HOWEVER frequently thou art injured, if real penitence and contrition follow the offence, thou art always bound to forgive.

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WOMAN AND HER EDUCATION.

BY SAMUEL GALLOWAY, A. M.,

THERE is no nobler characteristic of our age, and none which more strikingly proclaims the superiority of modern over ancient civilization, than elevated female character. The brightest eras of antiquity are unadorned by that redeeming radiance which female excellence ever imparts. In the records of the past, the picture of man's achievements is sketched in all the rich and varied coloring of fancy and of fact; whilst the portrait of woman's deeds is so drawn as to hide from view those nobler features which are her appropriate ornament, and mark her high orignal. We contemplate the grandeur of man's enterprise in those magnificent monuments of skill and giant energy which have stood, like the rock-bound coast, unmoved by the waves that have buried all else in oblivion. We bow before the loftiness of his intellect, as we are warmed and invigorated by the power of those thoughts which yet remain as a central fire in the literature of the world, and as we feel the tones of that commanding eloquence which has thrilled the passion and intellect of successive ages. Amid all the memorials which recall man's glory, in the brightest periods of antiquity, there exists scarcely one which illustrates the dignity, purity, and moral power of the female. Her proudest eulogy, as given by Thucydides, is, "That the best of women is she of whom least can be said, either of good or harm." Her most cherished qualities were such as were personified by Venus, the adored patron of all licentiousness, and yet the chosen deity of the refined and classic Greeks. Alas! that depravity which changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man, dragged woman—heaven's brightest emblem—from her high pre-eminence, and crushed, with a tyranny dark as the mantle of midnight, those nobler attributes which link her to angelic intelligences. But thanks to the genius of Christianity, the same power which "spoiled principalities, and made a show of them openly," displayed, as one of the loftiest trophies of its conquests, woman rescued from the degradation of centuries. She rose a participant in the risen glories of her Lord, with the spirit of that redemption in her heart, and its tones upon her tongue, and walked abroad invested with that moral grandeur which burst upon the world, when the "Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings." It might be interesting to compare the past and the present condition of the female, and exhibit the happy reformation which has been effected in their character and prospects by the spirit and power of Christiauity; but our object, on the present occasion, is to vindicate her neglected interests by some remarks on the importance and character of female education.

The first consideration which we would present upon the importance of her education is, that to the female is confided the direction and development of the infant mind. There can be no higher nor more solemn office than to preside over the operations of immortal powers. Words, thoughts, and actions, exhibited before the open heart and intellect, are stamped with the seal of immortality.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Upon the mother devolves the responsibility of giving those impressions which shall warm every vein, beat in every pulse, and remain imperishable as the elements of the soul. She watches the first beatings of the young heart, and "enshrines her own image so deeply in its sanctuary," that its striking features shall survive the dis-

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solution of the body. She occupies a station which no other teacher can possess. She stands at the fountain head, observes the bubblings of the rivulet, and can mark the channel in which its waters may peacefully flow: other teachers have to stem the angry and chafed torrent, as it rolls impetuously on. Her authority is supreme, and her words fall as the voice of an oracle: the sway of others is disputed, and their motives questioned. She takes the canvass fresh from nature's hand, and writes upon its surface the sentiments and passions of her own bosom; others take it so overspread with the pencillings of other artists, that it cannot receive an original impression. How few acknowledge a mother's power! When the "oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it," but a thousand acorns are planted, silently, by some unnoticed breeze. The philosopher enriches the world by his labor, and his fame is heralded by every tongue: the mother lays the foundations, and rears the pillars of her country's greatness, and her deeds are unnoticed and unknown. The history of the world abounds with examples of her commanding influence. Cornelia, as a lone star, stands out, amid the darkness and degeneracy of Roman matrons, illustrating a mother's power. The expression, "These are my jewels," displays her interest in the destiny of her sons. As the mother of Gracchi, she shines upon the page of history; and if the question be asked, why these men tower above their contemporaries in their virtuous achievements, the answer may be found in the expression, Cornelia was their mother.

But a more brilliant illustration meets us in the character of the "father of our country." Those high intellectual and moral qualities, which imparted splendor and renown to his deeds, were not the sudden or fitful flashes of impulse or passion—that patriotism which blazed brightest amid the perils of the darkest hour—that devotion that deepened as dangers thickened, and those commanding virtues, which temptations only fortified, were the product of those principles which were mingled with the lessons of his childhood. As we gaze upon this brilliant specimen of merit and distinction, we learn the secret of his greatness in the simple but expressive inscription, "Mary, the mother of Washington," which marks the tombstone of the American matron. Such were the noble endowments which characterized this female, and such her acknowledged influence in moulding the character of her son, that it was remarked by a British officer, that it was not strange that America produced great men, since she could boast of such mothers. If such be the high vocation of woman, of what unspeakable importance is her education! Is any magnificent work of architecture to be erected, which shall outvie, in taste, splendor, and durability, the noblest specimens of its kind—which may be looked upon as a splendid embodiment of the taste and refinement of its founders, to whom but to the educated and skillful artisan is such a work committed?

And shall there be less importance attached to the skill and education of an architect, whose high and holy office is to sketch the plan, lay the foundations, and rear the columns of a mighty intellectual and spiritual edifice, whose outer walls may crumble into dust, but whose inner and nobler frame shall remain imperishable as the throne of God? If we would have patriots, whose love of country will become a passion, pure as the breath of heaven, and interwoven with the elements of a soul—statesmen who shall tower, as the sons of Anak, in intellectual and moral stature—and Christians, who shall be mighty in the impulses of a benevolence which, as a bright zone, will belt the globe, we must educate *her* who will mingle with the music of the cradle the spirit-stir-

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ring sentiments of liberty and love, whisper in the ear those high and holy principles, and which will expand with the forming heart and intellect, and open to the windows of the soul that brighter light which ever wakes up "longings after immortality."

Another consideration in favor of the importance of female education is, the influence which educated females exert in creating and sustaining a purified public sentiment. We are constituted with susceptibilities to woman's influence, strong as are our tendencies to some form of religion; and it is as necessary, for the moral dignity of man, and the consecration of society, that this influence should be ennobled by education, as is a pure system of theology for the excellence and lofty aspirations of the soul. The fact that mankind will sink into the basest idolatry and most grovelling superstition, where the light of revelation is unknown and unfelt, is not more strikingly depicted on the page of history, than the kindred fact, that licentiousness and every moral abomination will riot with unrebuked violence where error and ignorance mark female character. I need not tell my audience that this influence, as it may be ennobled or debased, is omnipotent for weal or woe. It has a power which overmatches all authority—a terror which arms cannot inspire, and a persuasiveness more immediate and touching than the thrilling eloquence of the world's best orators. This was the influence which brought the haughty and imperious Cæsar, at whose voice armies quaked, a willing captive to the power of Cleopatra. It was this that caused Mark Antony to forget his conquests, and to prefer a woman's smiles to the glory and homage of thousands. And who, that has read the tale of the days of chivalry, has not recognized a revolution, produced by the same power which pervaded the manners, customs, and institutions of Europe! Yes, so resistless was woman's sway at that period, that, had she been educated in heart and intellect, she might have originated and consummated a reformation which would have girdled the globe with results as extensive and brilliant as followed the deeds of Martin Luther. This is the influence which may and must, by education, become the strongest palladium of the morals and institutions of our country. Even now, comparatively undeveloped as are her proper and peculiar energies, her controlling power and moral superiority are distinctly recognized in the standard of character which public sentiment has established for the sexes. Vice in a female is like a "stain on an angel's robe." When she falls from virtue, she falls, like Lucifer, never to rise again. The abandoned man, who wantonly snaps the tenderest ties, may walk abroad unhurt and unrebuked, tossing his guilty head in contempt and derision; whilst the poor agonized victim of his wickedness is even torn from the hiding-place which she sought to weep over the desolation of her hopes, that she may be crucified afresh by the ridicule of the world. We ask not that this standard of character may be lowered, but we ask (and if we mistake not, the signs of the times indicate the speedy approach of the happy day) that the moral power which she possesses may be so nerved, by high intellectual and moral culture, that around all her associations shall be thrown a sanctity and energy which will, as the lightning's glance, rive his inmost soul, who, reeking with the impurity of unrepented crime, would seek her society.

But there is another view in which this influence, as it mingles with and controls the tide of public sentiment, may perhaps be more strikingly exhibited. Contemplate that young man. Yesterday he was in the haunts of dissipation, scoffed at the claims of Christianity, pointed the finger of derision at those who pleaded virtue's cause, and gloried in the shame of his

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ungodliness. To-day he visits the female circle, How changed his appearance—how graceful and decorous his actions—how he padlocks his lips as the profane sentiment rises to his tongue—how he casts his eyes around as if danger lurked in his path—how he trembles as the tone that tells of yesterday falls upon his ears! Ah! he feels the overawing influence of female purity and intelligence. There is no heart so sunk and stupefied, none so debased, that the felt presence of a nobler heart will not influence—none that can withstand the stern rebuke of a pure-minded lady—a rebuke which, as the voice of an earthquake, sends a thrill of terror into the darkest bosom. Educate the female, and this chastening energy will become universal as the flow of the atmosphere; and, like a flame of holy fire, it will settle upon the manners and morals of this world. Now it is hidden as a light under a bushel—then it will become as a city set on a hill; now it merely falls upon the tongue—then it will speak from the pen, and on the wings of the press be borne to the eye of every individual; now it is uttered in the feeble notes of the uneducated—then, clothed with argument, eloquence, and appeal, like the omnipresent energy of nature, it will

"Live through all life—extend through all extent—
Spread undivided—operate unspent."

Let educated ladies but combine and concentrate this influence, which is their peculiar native endowment, and let the exalted sentiments of a high intellectual and spiritual education, as inscribed upon a bright banner, ever float before their minds, warm their hearts, and inspire their actions, and they will do more for the glory of their country, than "lofty battlements, moated gates, or cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;" and, like the vestal virgins of antiquity, they will keep alive the sacred fire of patriotism and religion—not merely upon one altar, or in one temple, but in the hearts of all people, and wherever the power of knowledge, harmonizing with purity of affection, extends.

The importance of female education is better understood as it comes in contact with our most interesting associations. Home is the palace of the soul; and who does not wish to see that not only hallowed by affection, but illumined with those lights which constitute the glory of the moral universe? Is she not lovelier, whose heart is mellowed with the modesty of true science—whose eye kindles with the mingled fire of elevated thought and pure feeling, and whose countenance is invested with those radiant lines of thought, which, like stars on the broad canopy of heaven, tell of a bright spirit within? Is that not a happier paradise, where the educated wife, mother, or sister, may lead the mind to fountains, at which it may quaff pleasures adapted to its immortal capacities—where she may point to flowers and fruits that never grow old—open up the world's magnificence and variety to the astonished vision and aspiring intellect, and breathe over the brilliant scenery the rich fragrance of deep, devout feeling? The presence of such a female, to the cultivated mind, like the presence of God to the saint, will never become irksome—the more frequent the communion, the more varied will be the delight; and the admiring heart, as it contemplates the movements and manner of such an one, can well adopt the poet's language—

"With goddess-like demeanor, forth she went,
Not unattended, but on her as a queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still;
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight."

How blessed a refuge does a home, watched by such ministering spirits, become, when desolation reigns without, and the pining heart sighs for enjoyment! the rill, the rivulet, the meadow, the lawn, the grove, the forest, and all the rich variety of nature's magnificence which surrounds the earth-

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ly paradise, may regale the mind, and captivate its tastes and sympathies. How tame such scenery, compared with the grand panorama, all adorned with the discoveries and utilities of science, the magnificence and splendor of art, the treasures and luxuries of literature, and, above all, the cheering anticipations and enjoyments of religion, which spread out before the delighted heart, as by the magic of enchantment, at the bidding of educated females! What son, educated amid all the thrilling associations of a home, enriched with all that can refine the sensibilities, expand the intellect, and ennoble the heart, will ever be found a prodigal in a far country, recreant to the hopes and anticipations of his bygone and better days, his mother's name forgotten, and her example unfelt? What husband, blessed with the affection and communion of a wife who has linked him, in sympathy and noble purpose, with the loftiest achievements of intellect—introduced him to a companionship with master-spirits of all ages, will ever become so debased as to exchange the birth-right of such an inheritance for the miserable pottage of this earth's low and degrading pursuits?

But the importance of female education appears prominently, in its influence, in elevating, intellectually and morally, its possessors. Some may not understand the various and extensive power of educated mind, in its multiplied relations; but all, either by observation or experience, appreciate education as a rich source of enjoyment. There are intellectual joys to which the possessor clings as the Christian to the altar of his God, and after which the uneducated sigh as for the light of immortality. Contemplate that lady, whose mind has been illumined with the light, and enriched with the stores of varied knowledge. She has no sympathy with the vain and frivolous amusements which charm the untaught; for she has exchanged the gay wings of the butterfly for nobler pinions, by which she may soar to the skies. She is undisturbed by the jealousies, suspicions and calumnies which torture the vacant mind, and poison the springs of social and domestic life;—these come over her as harsh discord upon the ear attuned to harmony, and her spirit, like the peaceful dove, seeks a purer atmosphere. She has no talent for unriddling the dark insinuations which fall upon the ear, and no taste for interpreting the dreams and predictions of the busy prophetess. She quits the narrow sphere of prejudice and passion and is borne aloft, by the impulses of a new and sublime life, to a loftier theatre, where a range opens up adequate to the aspirings of a nobler spirit. She watches the tide of emigration that rolls over the land—contemplates the rising grandeur of her country—meditates upon the enlarged plans of philanthropy and religion—unrolls the map of the world, and as from an observatory looks abroad upon the various moral conflicts which are agitating its interests—sees kingdoms rising and falling—scans the discoveries of science—surveys those moral enterprises which are spreading the brightness of a better day around the depravity and darkness of earth's multitudes, and in the spirit and practice of a kind instructress, interprets to her family and friends the varied signs of the times, and the mighty events which cluster around the movements of the age. Nor is she confined to the present in the sources of her gratification; for the same power which confers the privilege of a delightful participation in the movements of this age, lifts the curtains which shroud the past from view, and secures a rich inheritance in its choicest possessions. The scenes of other days rise at the bidding of her will, and memory throws them before her vision. She walks over the ground consecrated by the deeds of divinity, and the announcement of eternal life to fallen humanity—visits every spot hallowed by interesting associa-

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tions; and as she marks the traces of mighty events and ancient glory, the illustrious dead of centuries troop up before her, and alike rivet the steady gaze and warm emotion of her enraptured intellect and heart. Conducted by the same kind patroness, she visits the land of story and of song—stands amid the ruins of that architectural magnificence which has given immortality to the genius of antiquity—looks at the grove where Socrates breathed his lessons of philosophy—glances her eye over the scenery which once surrounded the masters of oratory and poetry, and moves over the plains where once assembled the wisdom of the world, and where was exhibited the daring and devotion of the first-born of freemen. In a word, memory spreads before her delighted view the grand panorama of sixty centuries, and enables her to thread its mighty events, and to commune with those who participated in its loftiest deeds. Who doubts the importance of preparing the mind for the luxury of such entertainment? But science unseals still richer fountains of pleasure. She walks abroad upon the earth, and nature, as by enchantment, throws open the gates of the vast temple of the universe, and admits her a interesting spectator of its profound mysteries. To her eye are unfolded all the varied panorama of matter. She knows how the air bears to her the tones of music, and the melodies of ten thousand voices, and how light diffuses joy over animate and inanimate creation. With Newton she can admire its nature and results in the rainbow which bespangles the vault of heaven, and in the telescope, by which other worlds are brought to move before the eyes. With Franklin, she can bring the lightning from the thunder cloud, and play familiar with that fluid, which spreads its terrific agencies over the empire of matter. With the astronomer she can scale the heavens, scrutinize the vastness of other planets, examine their relations, their distances, their courses, their satellites, with all their influences upon this globe of ours, and all the glories of their being—in a word, it is her privilege and high prerogative to gaze with rapture and delight upon all that is grand, beautiful and picturesque in that temple in which she worships and adores. Nor is this all. The spirit of religion, ever the kind attendant and handmaid of true science, will lead her "through nature up to nature's God." As her mind expands with the splendors of the material universe, her heart will be taught to feel the holiest impress of that love which planted the stars in the firmament; and as she looks abroad,

"She calls the beauteous scenery all her own;
Hers are the mountains, and the valleys hers,
And the resplendent rivers hers to enjoy,
With a propriety which none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And, smiling, say, My Father made them all."

Sep. 5.

PEOPLE WHOM I HAVE SEEN.

BY MRS. C. E. K. DAVIS.

A DRIVING snow storm this! How the wind howls and shrieks around the house! How fast and thick fall the feathery flakes! God help the poor!

I turned from the window, and sat down to the glowing comfort of a cheerful wood-fire and a new book, prepared to enjoy the brief hours of the winter afternoon to the utmost. But somehow the enjoyment failed to come. Up from the printed pages a group of faces looked wistfully into mine;—hungry faces with lean cheeks and hollow eyes; weary faces bearing the traces of hard and ill-requited labor; sorrowful faces, out of which all smiles had faded; despairing faces which had forgotten or were afraid to look up to the heavens; these, and also, most touching of all, patient faces of the poor members of "the household of faith," crowded the pages of my book, and seemed throwing back to me from their quivering lips, my prayer—God pity the poor!

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Ill at ease I certainly was, and yet not quite ready to hearken to the inward voice which bade me go forth and make good my petition, by doing what I could for their relief. It was so rough without—so bitterly cold, so——

"If ye plaze, ma'am, did ye forget the broth for the ould ladies?" Bridget's head, ducked inside the door, waited an answer.

"I have not forgotten it, but it is so stormy I dislike to go out this afternoon."

"Indade, thin, the poor ould craythurs mustn't starve, and it's meself 'll go ma'am, though I've not folded the clothes nor——"

"Please put the broth into a tin pail, Bridget," I interrupted, thoroughly ashamed of myself, "and I will take it at once."

Fifteen minutes later I set forth, and soon found myself at Aunt Patty's door. The old lady sat crooning over her fire, with her knitting-work in her hands. "Good afternoon, aunt Patty. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Mis'rable, mis'rable, ma'am, thank you. Didn't sleep a wink last night; wind a-blowing and a-thrashing the blinds,—rain a-driving against the window close to the head of my bed, and *such* a pain right straight up and down the spine of my back! Seemed as though I *should* give up."

"You look pretty well this afternoon; and how pleasant your room is! You get a great deal of sunlight here."

"Well, when the sun shines, I have it in the afternoon and part of the morning, but we don't seem to have any pleasant weather this winter. I never saw anything like it."

"We need the rain, I suppose, aunt ——"

"Of course we do; but it's only drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, for the most part, and now it's a-snowing, the wells 'll give out, I don't doubt, for the springs ain't a quarter full."

"I see you have had a present of a new shawl and cap. How pretty they are, aunt Patty!"

"I'm glad you like 'em, but I didn't need a shawl. I've got two a-ready. I'd liked it if it had been a gown; and as for the cap, I wish it had had a muslin frill instead of lace, and black strings instead of purple. I never did favor purple. But there, beggars mustn't be choosers!"

"What a comfortable fire you have, aunt Patty? Are you well provided with coal?"

"Well, I've got enough to last a couple of months unless we have a cold snap, and I expect we shall; but I don't know where the next is coming from, I'm sure."

"*Take no thought for the morrow*, aunt Patty."

"That's very well for you to say, ma'am, when you have a full pocket-book right to your hand."

"I suppose the Master meant it for the comfort of those who have *not* a full pocket-book. I am sure he will provide for you, aunt Patty."

"I hope he will, but I don't feel so sure as you seem to, ma'am."

"I was glad to see you at church last Sunday. Mr. Smith was very kind to take you."

"It ain't very often he puts himself out. I don't suppose he'd have thought of calling for me, if he hadn't happened to be a-going right by the door. He couldn't very well help it."

"Didn't you like our new minister? What a good, practical sermon he gave us. It seemed as though every one must be benefitted by it."

"It was good enough I suppose, but it wasn't the kind that suits *me*. *I* want strong meat, and then I don't like his ways at all. He ain't a bit like dear old Father Semter! What a good old saint he was! But there, we don't have any such preaching nowadays as we used to have when I first made a profession. Times have changed for the worse, *for the worse!*"

"How many years is it, since you 'made a profession,' aunt Patty?"

"Well, pretty nigh on to thirty-six, I believe."

"How much you must have enjoyed, and what experiences of God's loving care you must have had! Don't you love to look back upon them?"

"Well, I don't know. To tell the truth, I haven't enjoyed much. Seems though I've had more'n my share of troubles. Here I'm a poor, lone widow, living all by myself, with scarce enough to keep soul and body together. I expect I shall come to the poor-house before I die, and it don't seem just right."

"Have you ever wanted food and clothing, aunt Patty?"

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"As to that I've had enough as a general thing,—such as it is, but folks like their *pick* once in a while. There's them that ain't any better than I,—no, nor so good either, that just *roll* in riches. I can't understand it, and I don't expect I ever shall."

"If you are really a child of God, aunt Patty, you are sure of an inheritance in heaven, and of riches that shall endure for ever."

"Well—yes—y-e-s, the good Book says that, but it does seem kind of hard that a body has got to wait till they're dead, before they begin to enjoy themselves! Are you going so soon, ma'am? That's always the way. No one ever stays with *me* more'n ten minutes. If you see the minister you may tell him from me, that *when he gets ready*, I'd like to have him call; but it ain't likely he will. Poor, dear Father Senter always came once a fortnight, as regular as clock-work, but then it didn't make any difference to him whether a body was rich or poor."

"I will give Mr. Ritchie your message, aunt Patty, and I think you may expect him to call soon."

"Oh, well, he *won't*. Nobody ever comes, and when they do, they don't stay. I'm much obliged to you for the broth, ma'am, I'm sure. Good-by."

I hastened away from aunt Patty's door, and crossing the street, rapped at the one opposite.

"Come in, come in," cried a cheerful voice. "Why, is it you, my dear, in such a storm as this? How good you are," and the old lady set for me a chair, her face beaming with pleasure. "I don't believe there's another woman in this town that has such friends as I have," she continued, taking the pail from my hand, and raising the cover. "How good this broth does smell! I knew the Lord would send me my supper, He *always* does."

"Why, have you nothing besides in the house, Miss Annie?"

"Oh, my dear, what more do I need? This is just what will do me good, and I am so fond of it."

"But, Miss Annie, please tell me what you had for dinner?"

"I had crackers soaked in warm water, and a little salt sprinkled over. You don't know how I enjoyed them; the salt gave me such a relish!"

"And what will you have for your breakfast?"

"Why, bless you, my dear, I don't look ahead so far as that! I'm sure to have *something*. The Lord takes care of me, and he never lets me go a-hungry—*never*."

"How have you been since I saw you last, Miss Annie?"

"Oh, happy, happy, my dear. I've my aches and pains as usual, but only enough for my good."

"Is your room warm enough, Miss Annie? It is very cold weather, and with your dreadful rheumatism and cough, I should think you ought to have more fire."

"Well, my dear, I manage to keep comfortable; you see I have a warm rock to my feet, but I want to be a little careful of my fire, because my coal is about out, and my other hasn't come yet. I've got on nice thick flannels that Mrs. Jewis was so kind as to send me, so I don't require quite as much heat in my room."

"Have you ordered more coal, Miss Annie? You said it had not come yet."

"I haven't exactly *ordered* it, my dear, but I've asked the Lord to send it, and he *will*. He never lets me get *quite* out."

"You won't be able to go to church much this winter, I suppose?"

"Well, no, unless some one takes me once in a while. Mr. Smith has come on purpose for me twice already, the Lord will reward him for it. But then, when I can't go, my dear, I feel as though I had my church right here in this room. I have some precious times with my Bible and hymn-book, and the Lord *preaches* to me!"

"You have heard our new minister? How do you like him?"

"*Very much*. He is just the kind of a preacher that we need, so plain and practical, and so earnest. We must pray hard for him, my dear."

"Has he called on you, Miss Annie?"

"Not yet. I haven't expected him, for he has such a large parish, and so much to do, but I shall be glad to see him when he can come."

"I will ask him to call if you wish?"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't have you, my dear. He will come all in good time, I know."

"Miss Annie, do you ever find anything to complain of?"

"*Complain of!* My dear, how could I, when my cup is running over with bless-

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ings? I do not think I am one of the happiest women in this town! I believe I have been one of the Lord's children for thirty years, and he has kept me walking in green pasture, and beside the still water, all the time."

"But you have had sickeness and pain to bear, and you have lost dear friends"

"Not *lost*," interrupted Miss Anna, with a tender smile. "I have good hope that every one of them is safe in heaven, and that I shall soon be with them. The sickness and the pains, don't hurt my soul; they only worry my poor body a little, but that is of no account, so long as I can hold fast to my Lord."

"But you are poor Miss Anna!"

"Oh, no, no, my dear. I am rich! I have everything I need."

"And have you no anxious doubts or fears?"

"*Never.* I can not think after bringing me all this way on my journey, the Lord will leave me to suffer for anything that is needful. He has promised to keep his children to the end, and, my dear, *He always keeps his word!*"

And so I left her, with heaven's peace shining on her face, and heaven's peace in her soul, and went on my homeward way, buffeting the storm, and pondering the lessons I had learned.

KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.—Missions often precede commerce and prepare the way for the merchant, and make it safe for him to land and to traffic on strange shores. At some of the Micronesian Islands it was not safe for vessels to touch until after the missionary had set himself down among the savages, and taught them something of the ways of civilized and Christian lands. Now a traffic which is worth thousands of dollars every year, has sprung up among those very people, who were utterly unapproachable but a few years ago. The testimony of a Scotch sailor is striking in respect to the change wrought by the labors of missionaries. When asked if he thought the missionaries had done any good in the South Sea Islands, he replied: "I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself. Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive only for a more cruel death. When day broke we saw a number of canoes pulling for our ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next Sunday we heard the Gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions; but I know what I think." Dr. Kane also testified: "Before missionaries came to Greenland it was unsafe for vessels to touch upon the coast; but now it is safer for the wrecked mariner than many parts of our own coast."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

FEW American women have led a life of more unostentatious charity and usefulness than the late Mrs. Mary Jane Owen, wife of the Honorable Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana. She was a New Englander by birth, of old Puritan descent, and a woman of great goodness of heart and unusual culture and attainments. Gracing, for some years, the society of foreign courts, she found her true element at home, in her active Western life, and in training her family of sons and daughters. Her death, which occurred recently, after a very brief illness, has cast a gloom over the town of New Harmony, where she had lived for nearly forty years. Almost the entire population followed her remains to the grave, and testified in look and action to the real affection she had so generally called forth. The funeral services, as might have been expected, were

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unique. Copies of a beautiful poem by Mrs. Stowe, entitled, "The Other World," were distributed among the friends. Its first four verses were sung before the sermon to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," and, at its close, the last four to the music of "Home, Sweet Home." The services were opened by Mr. Owen, in compliance with a desire incidentally expressed by his wife a few months before. She was in perfect health at the time, and had no thought that so soon her wish was to impose on him a holy obligation. In the funeral discourse following Mr. Owen's remarks, the Rev. Thomas W. Mitchell, Episcopal clergyman of the place, said he had listened with pleasure and profit to what his excellent and venerable friend, Mr. Owen, had just said. He could heartily assent to almost all of it. Indeed he was not sure the he would dissent from any of the opinions expressed by him, if even they were not usually accepted. Though Mrs. Owen's religious opinions, in common with those of her husband, were not recognized as orthodox, they were quite free from the old errors of skepticism once entertained, but long ago wholly abandoned, by Mr. Owen.

THE school question is becoming a source of no little trouble in the South. Several of the reconstructed State legislatures provided that the public schools should be thrown open to all classes, irrespective of color. The whites of Louisiana and some other States refuse to send their children to these "hybrid institutions." But they have to aid in supporting them the same, which is a constant source of irritation. In Morehouse Parish, Louisiana, for example, there are twelve schools, each having twelve or fifteen black pupils. Each school has a teacher receiving sixty dollars per month pay, so that the one hundred and eighty colored scholars cost the tax-payers of the parish $8,640, at least, annually. The same condition of affairs is witnessed in many other sections. White children stay away from school and the black go. It was a Richmond Democratic journal which warned its readers the other day that unless the whites looked more after educational matters the blacks would be the educated class at the end of ten years' time. Some compromise should be agreed upon in the South, whereby this cause of fresh trouble between the two races can be removed, and the children belonging to both can at the same time secure the benefits of public instruction.

FRESH hopes of Dr. Livingstone's safety were all but dispelled, and Sir Roderick Murchison was again becoming the target for ridicule, when the brief telegram came, announcing that the great traveler was on his way home. The intelligence is more explicit concerning him than any hitherto received, and may apparently be accepted as true. Dr. Livingstone's experience during his long sojourn in the heart of Africa will afford materials for many valuable and exciting volumes. It will be fourteen years next spring since he started out on his last exploring tour up the Zambesi River.

THE new constitution which the voters of Nebraska will be called upon to accept or reject next month, contains some noteworthy features. Parents are compelled to send children to school between eight and sixteen years of age. Municipal corporations are forbidden to lend their credit to any railroad or private corporation. Bank stockholders are made responsible to the amount of three times their stock for debts contracted by the banks while they are stockholders; and all matters pertaining to liquor license or prohibition are left to the jurisdiction of counties and towns. Some of these provisions strike at glaring evils from which many States are severely suffering. That they should have been incorporated in the new constitution ar-

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gues the existence of much wisdom and sagacity in the body which framed it. Their acceptance now by the people will afford very good evidence that the latter belong to a progressive class.

THE year so far has been more productive of murders by rail in the United States than any corresponding period of time. The details of one "accident" are hardly chronicled before another one is reported. From New Hampshire to Texas the work of slaughter has been going on until the number of victims exceed the casualties of a battle. Public indignation as expressed through the press, and newspaper appeals to directors and managers, alike fail to achieve any good results. The virtue of rigid punishment ought now to be tried. If necessary, let the damages for killing or maiming passengers be fixed at treble the rates now prevailing in any State, and then the offending railroad officials should be punished for manslaughter. A road or two saddled with heavy debts for damages, and a few officers condemned to a bread-and-water fare, would unquestionably go far in securing the necessary precautions against railway massacres. When companies find that it is cheaper to guard against than to pay for accidents, they will naturally follow the former course.

THE world has learned that cleanliness is better than quarantine regulations in staying the progress of a plague, and the enforcement of wise sanitary rules in western Europe appears to have done more even than was expected in preventing the spread of epidemic cholera. When the disease appeared in Germany, the universal belief was that it could not fail to spread rapidly to France, England, and America, with which the affected cities are in constant communication. The precautions taken to prevent this, however, have proved effective, not so much by excluding the affection as by preparing the people to resist it. Before midsummer a vessel with cholera on board entered the harbor at Hull, England, but up to the present moment that city has been free from any cases of the disease in her borders. And as it has proved in many other instances, Quarantine has not excluded the disease, but sanitary measures have deprived it of victims, and it now appears to have shrunk back toward its Russian quarters, baffled by the health boards of western Europe. If the lesson learned this summer be not forgotten, it will be well.

THOSE who to-day have the upper hand in France, are bent upon destroying the Commune root and branch. The National Assembly have decreed with scarcely a dissenting voice, that any one convicted of belonging to the International Association of Workingmen, shall be imprisoned for two years and fined from fifty to one thousand francs. This decree unquestionably reflects the wishes of the great majority of the people. They will lend willing aid to the authorities in stamping out those fiery, uncontrollable elements which nearly consumed Paris, and still swear that the Commune shall prevail not over France but all Europe. The Assembly have taken a hardly less important step, and one which will cause far more disturbance, in adopting, by a large majority, Gen. Ducrot's proposition for the gradual dissolution of the National Guard. Considerable opposition will be encountered in carrying out this measure. Mutterings are already heard, and M. Thiers is reported growing nervous and desirous of resigning his position. The report that he has already done so and then reconsidered his action is not corroborated.

SEVERAL European dignitaries and men of rank, who do not seem to have a very tender regard for human life in the aggregate, have not, upon occasion, hesitated to rescue others at the peril of their own lives. Prince Bismarck is said to be prouder of the medal he re-

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ceived for saving a man from drowning, than of all his other decorations. The young Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, who is shortly to visit us, also wears a most highly-prized gold medal, given to him by his father, the Emperor, for saving the life of a young girl on Lake Onega. It seems that on one occasion when the Grand Duke was rowing on the above lake, he witnessed the capsizing of a skiff containing a young Russian nobleman and his sister. The Grand Duke, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water, and at great personal risk, succeeded in rescuing the girl and bringing her in safety to his barge. However meaningless some of his other decorations may be, this medal, at least, confers as much honor on this scion of an imperial family, as it could upon his humblest subject.

THE British war steamer, Ring Dove, has reached Yokohama from Corea, having on board the two Englishmen who were captured from the wreck off the Chusan by the Coreans. They report that their captors treated them kindly, offering them no indignity of any kind. The German who was reported by the Chinese to have been captured at the same time, is supposed to have been murdered, not by Coreans, but by the Chinese themselves. The Shanghai papers have published a letter addressed by the Corean government to the commander of the United States steamer Wachusett, when that ship went in search of the crew of the General Sherman in 1868. The letter is pacific in its tone, and had it been received by the officer to whom it was addressed the battles of this summer would probably have been avoided.

AMERICAN fears that their country would eventually become a mere "outlying province of the Old World," are allayed by the census returns. Those of foreign birth do not comprise by any means as large a proportion of our population as might be inferred from the contemplation of some city statistics Of 38,555,983, the total population of the United States, 33,000,000 are to the manor born. That is to say, assuming that figures do not lie, six out of every seven persons we meet are natives. Furthermore, the population has increased 34,626,166 since 1790. Of this increase but 7,803,865 have been immigrants.

TEMPERANCE reform efforts have not been attended with success in Great Britain. Drunkenness increases rather than diminishes. It is now proposed to test the American prohibitory laws, and see if they will not abate the evil. Public sentiment may be more advanced in Great Britain, but we infer that such laws would encounter greater opposition there than they have met in this country.

THE homicides in the United States and Territories for the year ending May 31st are computed at 2,052. An average of five murders a day for a whole twelvemonth is certainly not an encouraging exhibit for those who think the millenium close at hand. When, however, we take into consideration our increase in population, together with the fact that many desperadoes from the Old World migrate hither, these statistics of crime do not afford any surprising increase.

THE Mont Cenis Tunnel has been formally opened, and the journey from France to Italy is no longer over but under the Alps. As a triumph of engineering skill the work is the greatest one yet completed, and even its tremendous cost seems small when we consider the magnitude and character of the difficulties overcome in running a railway through the very heart of the Alpine range. When the work was begun in 1862, twenty years was the time allowed for its completion, the French Government placing a heavy premium, however, upon speedier success. The man who should then have predicted the passage of trains through

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the mountain within less than half the prescribed time, would have been deemed an enthusiast even in Paris.

On the 21st of August a terrible hurricane accompanied by several earthquake shocks, visited the island of St. Thomas, West Indies. Almost every house on the island was blown down, and not one was uninjured. It is estimated that 150 persons were killed or seriously wounded, and 6,000 people were left homeless, A British bark, at anchor in the harbor, broke from her moorings and went ashore, where she became a complete wreck. It is thought that the island of St. Kitts has suffered nearly if not quite as badly as St. Thomas, as the hurricane passed directly over it.

Persons who owe us for last year, or for the present volume, will please be so kind as to send us the amount at once. It is but little to you, but great to us, where we have so much due. Let there be a general rally.

Remember that all who subscribe will begin with the July number. Back numbers to July sent promptly to new subscribers of the Miscellany.

We could give employment to a great number of persons to canvass for the Miscellany, and will allow to such percentage by which they could make good wages.

A Word to Our Friends.—Contrary to our expectations, our health has not yet been fully restored. Being dependant in the success of the Miscellany on our own hard work, we have felt very severely our sickness of nearly two months. We are better, but not yet well. Now, if every subscriber will work in good earnest, and see how many new subscribers they can send us within twenty days, they will help us out of our present embarrassment. Friends will you not work hard with us in this work of circulating over the country a pure literature? This is a vital subject. Sensational novels destroy, in a large class, a taste for elevating reading. By these novels and French fashions our young people are ruined by hundreds of thousands. We should all take an active part in working out a better state of things. Each one can do a little. On account of our ill health this number is some twelve days later than it should be. We hope to get around after a while.

[From Mrs. Wm. Green.]

Olivet, Sept. 18, 1871.

After a person has read it one year, I cannot see how they can give it up very easy.

Your friend,
Mrs. Wm. Green.

We gave notice in our June number that we should continue to send the Miscellany to all who did not give us notice before the issue of the July number. We are, accordingly, sending the Miscellany to those who did not order it stopped in June, with the expectation that such persons wish the Miscellany, and will promptly send us the pay in advance, according to our terms.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4. ADRIAN, OCTOBER, 1871. No. IV.

IMMORTALITY.

BY GEORGE MOORE, M. D.,

DEATH is every where; but man cannot die. He exists forever, and therefore he must think, and agonize to think; and it is because he is capable of an endless succession of ideas with an incessant consciousness of his own selfhood, that the desire for life becomes intensified into an instinct for immortality in man. Reason is born dogmatical, and she asserts her nobility by demanding a life suited to her nature; she discourses with intelligence, and draws an argument for her deathlessness from the fact that to love truth is to love existence for its highest purposes, since all the truth she learns so far reveals God, and therefore prompts the hope of enjoying a perpetuity of supply from the fountain of wisdom and goodness. But to suppose a desire for acquaintance with the wisdom of God, is to suppose a desire also for his goodness; and to feel this is to have in the heart that right love which believes itself incapable of death; to look for a continuance of life beyond the grave from any other motive, is to expect the existence, only because we expect a retribution and an eternal vengeance suited to the rebellion of a fallen and malignant spirit. All our ideas concerning a futurity of living, thinking, and acting, are mere phantoms seen in the dark, without revelation; and yet there is no reasonableness in reasoning, unless a man seek something more than daily amusement, occupation, and aliment; if he knows what he wants, he will seek for eternal life, and truth, and good, to live upon forever; since, whether we think of the right means or not, what we wish for is happiness without death. Would you tell a man he is to perish to-morrow, and forever, and then exhort him to thank God? He cannot be truly grateful to his Maker without the hope of an imperishable existence of an irrevocable boon. But there is really no possibility of finding any distinct evidence in favor of such a hope, except in the Bible; for however ready men may be to promise themselves what they wish, they only deceive themselves with their desires, and rest only in the Rhadamanthine dreams of natural heathenism, if they found not their hopes upon what God offers.

It is of small importance to determine when creation began; but it is of vast importance that neither reason nor revelation will allow us to believe that what is can ever cease to be. Form may alter, and the elements may be newly arranged; but omnipotence would be opposed to omniscience, could there be anihilation. The material world existed an indefinite period, but we, as individuals, are but just created, and we are intent to know where and why we are; and, in indeavoring to learn, we find that nothing of the past is lost to us, since what has been still is, and eternity is before us, to throw all its light

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into our being. An immortality of mind is conferred only for mental purposes,—to know and to love, to will and to act.

Not a particle of even the insensate world can be altered in its nature as a center of forces, yet it continues not everlastingly without change; it must be relatively altered, although in its affinities the same, and so it must be with the soul. Every atom of every block of granite has been otherwise situated than it is, and it is in process of being put in new relations to the other elements, for nothing has yet reached the ultimatum of its existence. The progress must be onward, without limit, in subserviency to the Mind, from which all power, motive, and purpose originated. God is the eternal cause of eternal consequences. Each atom of each element must answer its end, and so must we, and that according to our nature. Atoms act according to physical laws; beings of thought and will, according to the state of thought and will, in relation to spiritual laws. The subtile and unsearchable mind of man, although, as mind, unalterable, must yet be exposed to mutations from without, and in the exercise of its affinities, according to orderly appointments, yet to be evolved from the hand of the Almighty. But whatever results toward us in the eternity to come, must still be in keeping with the nature of our minds, as evinced in reason and affection; for the soul, like every thing else, is formed on fixed principles in relation to the rest of creation, and therefore subjected to laws which cannot be abolished, because the unchangeable is their source, and His glory their fulfillment.

Morality and religion are based upon immortality; and not only so, but the emotions proper to moral and religious conduct necessarily indicate deathlessness. In short, we can not entertain a notion of right and wrong, without believing in a future state, or a life in which good or evil disposition find their results. We are bound to right conduct, because the laws of heaven are the laws of eternity, and we can not escape the judgment already against us if we neglect our salvation. If nominal death, the death of the body, were the end of man's being, he might dismiss the claims of conscience from his soul; he would then have nothing to mind, nothing to concern himself about, but to take his ease as long as it lasted, and to seize upon the accommodations of this world of promise and provision to the best of his ability. Might would then be right. No one could blame another for trying with all his heart to have his own way in spite of his neighbor's claim, since he would have no account to render to any one who did not demand it before his death, for in that event his Maker would forever absolve him from all his obligations. Those who do not look forward to a life beyond the grave really act on this unaccountable principle—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." And they would be quite justified in so doing, if something did not say within them—you can not die—your God has to do with you forever.

Indifference to results is all the ethics of ignorance. The *profanum vulgus* of all conditions are those who, practically believing in death as their final, endeavor to pass their lives in desperate disregard of the coming event; and lest it should abbreviate their guilty pleasure before its time, even by its shadow, they resolve to look another way. Thus, desperado is the becoming name of every consummate criminal, and the dark souls that crowd our jails have usually advanced in vice without the visible fear of any judgment higher than that which here condemns them. They are adversaries to society, perhaps because society has been adverse to them, and has not convinced them that heaven reigns in righteousness forever.

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They have not been trained on principle to subdue impulse. No revealing light has entered the chambers of imagery to show them their own characters: they have not seen the hideousness of guilt boldly raising an unblushing brow in the presence of the Holy One: they have not been taught, or in their habits they have been oblivious, that darkness holds no secrets from God. The doctrines of existence as to power, purpose, and eternity, they have not listened to: the light that awakens conscience has not fallen on their spirits. Eternal life, therefore, has not dwelt in their thoughts; and thus men have been prepared for murder as only a transitory matter, forgetting that the soul of the slain and of the wronged will call for vengeance from beneath the throne of God, and, in a world without mistakes, will meet the murderer and the oppressor face to face, and say, "Thou art the man."

Repentance is not demanded, but because immortality is revealed and a day of judgment appointed for the world, the certainty of which is known to all who have received the hostages of God and looked into the evidence—Christ is risen. If, indeed, there be any virtue, it can not be without results; it must be productive of present happiness, either in the enjoyment of what is passing or in the hope of what is to come; it must give a warrant of future bliss, not from a possibility of merit, but simply from the assurance which a mind rightly engaged can not but feel, that it is walking in the way that wisdom appoints, and hence in a path that, though it may not be naturally pleasant in itself, and yet evidently conducive to a perpetuity of peace and joy, because God has ordained it as a way to an end. There is, however, no virtue in merely pleasing oneself—the word means nothing unless it signifies a state of mind with regard to Heaven, a state that is blessed, because it is an obedience to some law acknowledged by the mind as good in itself; for both the motive and the joy of virtue consist in conscious fulfillment of duty. But duty depends on relationship between the mind that yields obedience in love, and the mind that commands in love. Without love there is neither authority nor duty. Therefore, there is always reason in moral law, and every man who can apprehend it is bound to submit to it, or to suffer in his conscience, because he sees it to be perfectly good; and he could not be required, as a rational being, to obey, except in the faith and affiance of a soul satisfied that righteousness in God is one with benevolence. But where is the reasonableness, where the righteousness, where the benevolence, in the Omnipotent, if He grant only a short lease of life and enjoyment to His reasoning and confiding creature that in love submits to his will? Does not the Almighty himself, in man's brief early life, inspire him with gratitude only because he is also inspired with a hope that his present happiness, in the emotions awakened by God, is but a foretaste and earnest of an unending abundance from the same source?

Surely there are contradictions and inconsistencies innumerable in the short-lease philosophy, without renewal, but none in the Christian Testament. Here Jehovah is seen as the constant rewarder of those that diligently seek Him, and those who thus seek, feel that, because they come to God as the everlasting Father, in him they possess not merely a quiet life for a few years, while obedience may be possible, and then death, but rather an eternal inheritance of active and happy service. Within them stirs a sublimer spirit, witnessing to their consciousness that, as they have a right to call God Father, because they love him for His love, they are not born as heirs of death and unquickened dust, but to an immortality of honor in the faithful exercise of those en-

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dowments bestowed by Him, and by Him sustained in motive and power for evermore, and by the possession of which they know themselves as sons of God. Any thing short of an eternal inheritance in God and his universe, reason itself, when roused up to its vocation convinces us must be thoroughly incompatible with the idea of Divine existence, as related to man, and manifested in man; and if the Deity were not thus related and thus manifested, man would have had no capacity to believe in the existence of God. But he does so believe as soon as he is capable of thinking religiously and consecutively, therefore he must act and expect accordingly, with the consciousness of either being at one with Almighty, or else in will opposed to Him, and that forever. Now if a man feel assured that the Omnipotent owns and loves him eternally, he can not faint under His hand. He must have seen the Savior—God, and therefore be capable of incessantly acquiring strength, from the touch of the Divinity by which he lives, to bear all things well, because his heroism is religion. Hence he sees that trial is but the path to glory; he sees the end already. The spirit that moves him to obedience and to hope is the spirit that confers perfection and eternal freedom, and, therefore, he looks forward undauntedly, expecting, without doubt, to be mighty in thought and in action, but incapable of suffering when he shall enter into that world and state of life where there can be nothing to oppose a will submissive to Heaven.

The immortality of the soul was implied in all the commandments of God under the Mosaic economy, and in the history of the patriarchs, and in all the trials of men's spirits from the beginning, because there was no sufficient end to be answered by the Divine permission and providence as regarded man, unless in sustaining him in hope of a future and enlarged existence. Hence the great crowd of witnesses adduced by Paul (Heb. xi) as having acted under the power of faith with respect to the better resurrection, believing as they did in God as the rewarder of his worshipers. And the translation of Enoch and of Elijah was the visible regeneration of the body itself under the act of the Almighty's will, by which man was fitted in a moment to exchange earth for heaven, as a spiritual being accommodated to a physical universe by a mediate body, capable of change according to the demands of the inhabiting spirit and the place in which it was required to dwell. There was always sufficient evidence on earth to induce the hope of another life, and plain facts asserted, to all who could credit honest testimony, the reasonableness of looking beyond this world for the fruition of a soul set on finding its Maker.

A FOREST ON FIRE.

STORY OF A BACKWOODSMAN.

BY J. J. AUDUBON.

"We were sound asleep one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took yon rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood,

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and saw the flames coming towards us in a far-extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for It hought that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, rode close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes; and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush-heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that, when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable; and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never again behold! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

"The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing."

Here the farmer paused and took breath. The recital of his adventure seemed to have exhausted him. His wife proposed that we should have a bowl of milk, and the daughter having handed it to us, we each took a draught.

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"Now," said he, "I will proceed. Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cool enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so I removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us we did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past; so I thought it would be but ungrateful to him, and unmanly, to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us; but this was soon remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

"By this time, the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the hard woods which had been free from the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as lumberer; but, thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy!"

To be tossed by the waves of the world, without the refreshing gales of the Spirit, is misery indeed.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

BY DR. CROLY.

What is death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear
To join the great equality:
All alike are humble there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strewed,
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore:
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years rolled on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fixed, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

It is not our own ease and comfort, but our usefulness, that we should have in view.

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THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

About fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio with books and musical instruments were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator, grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines.

At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musings and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favorite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food he prefered to prepare it with his own hands.

When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the persual of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the long-drawn, thrilling tones of the viol, or the softest melodies of the flute gushing forth from that low-browed hut, or the guitar, breathing out so lightly amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering torrent.

Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation,—for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe and the East,—he sought no association with mankind, to unfold or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers, his command of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom, and sparingly, admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds.

But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or night, he might be seen a fervent worshipper. At gray dawn, he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon, he banqueted on the full splendor of its glory; beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow, he lingered, looking for the angel's wing whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight, he knelt, soul-subdued, as on the foot-stool of Jehovah. Neither storms nor the piercing cold of winter, prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

When the frozen mists gathering upon the lofty trees, seemed to have transmuted them to columns of alabaster, when every branch, and shrub, and

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spray, glittering with transparent ice, waved in the sunbeam its coronet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rainbow-tinctured cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terapin Bridge by a single shaft of timber, carried out ten feet over the fathomless abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only by a rude parapet. To this point he often passed and repassed, amid the darkness of night. He even took pleasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspending himself over the awful gulf; so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel and even to revel amid the terribly sublime.

Among his daily gratifications was that of bathing. The few who interested themselves in his welfare, supposed that he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health. He scooped out, and arranged for himself, a secluded and romantic bath, between Moss and Iris Islands. Afterwards, he formed the habit of bathing below the principal fall. One bright, but rather chill day, in the month of June, a man employed about the ferry saw him go into the water, and, a long time after, observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank.

Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted chill of the atmosphere or water. Still the body was not found; the depth and force of the current just below being exceedingly great.

In the course of their search, they passed onward to the whirlpool. There amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale play among the tossing billows, then float motionless as if exhausted, and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend, like a maniac battling with mortal foes.

It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave, even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the king of terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight—the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger hands in a foreign grave.

So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-

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eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted by personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained; but no written papers were found in his cell, to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

THE LABORER.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

STAND up —erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay? nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as lightly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which inspires
Forever, till thus checked;—

Oct. 2.

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust:
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But what thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust,
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, the passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up then; that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

MARVELS OF HUMAN CALORIC.

We must be plain with our readers. It will not do to mince matters where questions of science are concerned. Dainty people will, no doubt, object to the propositions we are about to advance. Nevertheless, we persist. Fearless of the consequences, utterly unawed by the hisses which we know will ensue, we proceed to lay down the following assertion: We are all living stoves—walking fireplaces—furnaces in the flesh.

Now we do not intend to say that any one can light a cigar, or boil an egg, or even ignite a lucifer-match at these human hearths. Still, we repeat, these bodies of ours are stoves—fireplaces—furnaces, if these terms can be applied to any apparatus for the express production of caloric. And is not heat produced in the human body by the union of oxygen with carbon, just the same as by burning wood in an open

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fireplace? and does not this union take place in the capillaries of the blood-vessels?

But, granting that our bodies are veritable stoves, the reader will desire to know where we procure our fuel. Fortunately, our coal and fire-wood are stored up in a very interesting form. They are laid before us in the shape of bread and butter, puddings and pies; rashers of bacon for the laborer, and haunches of venison, or turtle-soup for the epicure, Instead of being brought up in scuttles, they are presented in tureens, dishes, or tumblers, or all of them, in pleasant succession.

In fact, whenever you send a person an invitation to dinner, you virtually request the honor of his company to take fuel; and when you see him enthusiastically employed on your dainties, you know that he is literally "Shoveling" fuel into his corporeal stove. The ultimate form in which this fuel is burnt in the capillaries is that of carbon, with a little hydrogen and sulphur; but we swallow it in the shape of fat, starch, sugar, alcohol, and other less inflammatory compounds. By far the most heating of these substances is fat; ten pounds of this material, imported into your stove, will do as much work—that is, will produce as much warmth, as twenty-five pounds of starch, twenty-five of sugar, or even twenty-six of spirits.

And a pleasant thing it is to observe how sagaciously the instinct of man has fastened upon the articles which will best supply him with the species of fuel he requires. The Esquimaux is extremely partial to oily fare. He does not know why. He never heard of the doctrine of animal heat. But he feels intuitively that bear's grease and blubber are the things for him. Condemn him to live on potatoes or Indian corn, the poor fellow would resent the cruelty as much as an alderman of the old school if sentenced to subsist on water-gruel alone.

And the savage would be perfectly right. Exposed as he is to the fierce cold of a northern sky, every object around him plundering him of his caloric incessantly, what he needs is plenty of oily food, because from this he can produce the greatest quantity of heat. On the other hand, the native of the tropics, equally ignorant of animal chemistry, eschews the fiery diet which his climate renders appropriate, and keeps himself cool on rice, or dates, or watery fruits.

Hence we see the reason why a very stout man, if deprived of food, can keep up his corporeal fires for a longer time than a slender one. Human fat is fuel laid away for use. It constitutes a hoard of combustible material upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted. Let all plump persons rejoice. We offer them our hearty, perhaps somewhat envious congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold.

For the same reason, animals which hybernate, like the bear, jerboa, marmot, dormouse, bat, and others, generally grow plump before they retire into winter quarters. Upon their capital of fat they subsist during their lethergy, the respiration being lessened, the pulse reduced to a few beats per minute, and the temperature perhaps nearly to the freezing point. But, when the season of torpor terminates, they issue from their caves and burrows meagre, and ravenous, having burnt up their stock of fuel, Bruin himself appearing to be anxious to defraud the perfumers of the unguent which is so precious in their eyes.

But perhaps the most striking feature in this warmth-producing apparatus within us is the self-regulating power which it possesses. The fires on our domestic hearths decline at any one moment and augment at another. Sometimes the mistress of the house

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threatens to faint on account of excessive heat; sometimes the master endeavors to improve the temperature by a passionate use of the poker, with an occasional growl respecting the excessive cold.

Were such irregularities to prevail unchecked in our fleshy stoves, we should suffer considerable annoyance. After a meal of very inflammatory materials, or an hour spent in extraordinary exertion, the gush of caloric might throw the system into a state of high fever. How is this prevented? In some of our artificial stoves, little doors or slides are employed to control the admission of air; in furnaces connected with steam-engines, we may have dampers which will accomplish the same purpose by the ingenious workings of the machine itself.

But neither doors nor dampers, pokers nor stokers, can be employed in the bodily apparatus. If, on the one hand, our human fires should begin to flag from undue expenditure of heat, the appetite speaks out sharply, and compels the owner to look around for fuel. Hunger rings the bell, and orders up coal in the shape of savory meats. Or, should the summons be neglected, the garnered fat, as we have seen, is thrown into the grate to keep the furnace in play.

If, on the other hand, the heat of the body should become unreasonably intense, a very cunning process of reduction is adopted. When a substance grows too hot, the simplest method of bringing it into a cooler frame is to sprinkle it with water. This is precisely what occurs in our human frames. For no sooner does our internal heat rise above its standard height than the perspiration tubes, with their six or seven millions of openings, indignant at the event, begin to pour out their fluid, so as to bathe the surface of the whole body. Whenever, therefore, a man becomes overheated by working, running, fighting, making furious speeches, or other violent exertion, he invariably resorts to this method of quenching the heat by "pouring on water."

What shall we say, then, good reader? Speaking seriously, and looking at the question from a mere human point of view, could any project appear more hopeless than one for burning fuel in a soft, delicate fabric like the human body—a fabric composed for the most part of fluids—a fabric which might be easily scorched by excess of heat or damaged by excess of cold? Does it not seem strange that a stove should have flesh for its walls, veins for its flues, and skin for its covering? Yet here is an apparatus which, as if by magic, produces a steady stream of heat—not trickling penuriously from its fountains, but flowing on day and night, winter and summer, without a moment's cessation, from January to December.

Carry this splendid machine to the coldest regions on the globe, set it up where the frosts are so crushing that nature seems to be trampled dead, still it pours out its mysterious supplies with unabated profusion. It is an apparatus, too, which does its work unwatched, and, in a great measure, unaided. The very fuel which is thrown into it in random heaps, is internally sifted and sorted, so that the true combustible elements are conveyed to their place and applied to their duty with unerring precision.

No hand is needed to trim its fires, to temper its glow, to remove its ashes. Smoke there is none, spark there is none, flame there is none. All is so delicately managed that the fairest skin is neither shriveled nor blackened by the burning within. Is this apparatus placed in circumstances which rob it too fast of its caloric? Then the appetite becomes clamorous for food, and, in satisfying its demands, the fleshy stove is silently replenished.

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Or, are we placed in peril from superabundant warmth? Then the tiny flood-gates of perspiration are flung open, and the surface is laid under water until the fires within are reduced to their wonted level.

Assailed on the one hand by heat, the body resists the attack, if resistance is possible, until the store of moisture is dissipated; assailed on the other by cold, it keeps the enemy at bay until the hoarded stock of fuel is expended. Thus protected, thus provisioned, let us ask whether these human hearths are not entitled to rank among the standing marvels of creation? for is it not startling to find that, let the climate be mild or rigorous, let the wind blow from the sultry desert, or come loaded with polar sleet, let the fluctuations of temperature be as violent as they may without us, there shall still be a calm, unchanging, undying summer within us?

CURIOSITY.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

It came from Heaven—its power archangels knew,
When this fair globe first rounded to their view;
When the young sun revealed the glorious scene
Where oceans gathered and where lands grew green;
When the dead dust in joyful myriads swarmed,
And man, the clod, with God's own breath was warmed:
It reigned in Eden—when that man first woke,
Its kindling influence from his eyeballs spoke;
No roving childhood, no exploring youth,
Led him along, till wonder chilled to truth;
Full-formed at once, his subject would be trod,
And gazed upon the labors of his God;
On all, by turns, his chartered glance was cast,
While each pleased best as each appeared the last;
But when she came, in nature's blameless pride,
Bone of his bone, his heaven-anointed bride,
All meaner objects faded from his sight,
And sense turned giddy with the new delight:
Those charmed his eye, but this entranced his soul,
Another self, queen-wonder of the whole!
Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood,
And, like his Maker, saw that all was good.
It reigned in Eden—in that heavy hour
When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower,
Its thrilling Charm her yielding heart assailed,
And e'en o'er dread Jehovah's word prevailed.
There the fair tree in fatal beauty grew,
And hung its mystic apples to her view;
"Eat!" breathed the fiend, beneath his serpent guise;
"Ye shall know all things; gather and be wise!"
Sweet on her ear the wily falsehood stole,
And roused the ruling passion of her soul.
"Ye shall become like God!"—transcendent fate!
That God's command forgot, she plucked and ate;
Ate, and her partner lured to share the crime,
Whose woe, the legend saith, must live through time.
For this they shrank before the Avenger's face;
For this he drove them from the sacred place;
For this came down the universal lot,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.
It came from heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades—
It roves on earth, and every walk invades:
Childhood and age alike its influence own;
It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,

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Gazed on old Babel's tower, and lingers here.
To all that's lofty, all that's low, it turns;
With terror curdles, and with rapture burns;
Now feels a seraph's throb, now, less than man's;
A reptile tortures and a planet scans;
Now idly joins in life's poor passing jars,
Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.
'Tis Curiosity—who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
In the pleased infant see the power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand;
Throned in his mother's lap, he dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
He longs to break, and every spring expose.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores!
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, or of that to ask!
And, when the waning hour to bed-ward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads, to win you o'er
That he may read one little story more!
Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind:
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth;
Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort or for food;
Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short with, "Father who made God?"
Thus through life's page we mark the power
That masters man in every changing hour.
It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and frozen seas to roam;
By air-blown bubbles buoyed, it bids him rise,
And hang, an atom, in the vaulted skies;
Lured by its charm, it sits and learns to trace
The midnight wandering of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate;
Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.

THE NILE.

For many an hour have I stood upon the city-crowning citadel of Cairo, and gazed unweariedly on the scene of matchless beauty and wonder that lay stretched beneath my view—cities and ruins of cities, palm-forests and green savannas, gardens, and palaces, and groves of olive. On one side, the boundless desert, with its pyramids; on the other, the land of Goshen, with its luxuriant plains, stretching for away to the horizon. Yet this is an exotic land! That river, winding like a serpent through its paradise, has brought it from far regions, unknown to man. That strange and richly-varied panorama has had a long voyage of it! Those quiet plains have tumbled down the cataracts; those demure gardens have flirted with the Isle of Flowers, five hundred miles

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away; and those very pyramids have floated down the waves of the Nile. In short, to speak chemically, that river is a solution of Ethiopia's richest regions, and that vast country is merely a precipitate.

The sources of the Nile are as much involved in mystery as every thing else connected with this strange country. The statue, under which it was represented, was carved out of black marble, to denote its Ethiopian origin, but crowned with thorns, to symbolize the difficulty of approaching its fountain-head. It reposed appropriately on a sphinx, the type of enigmas; the delphins and crocodiles disported at its feet. The pursuit has baffled the scrutiny and self-devotion of modern enterprise as effectually as it did the inquisitiveness of ancient despots, the theories of ancient philosophers. I have conversed with slave-dealers who were familiar with Abyssinia, as far as the Galla country, and their information was bounded by the vague word south—still from the south gushed the great river.

From the junction of the Taccaze or Astaboras, the Nile runs a course of upwards of twelve hundred miles to the sea, without one tributary stream. During this career, it is exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into a thousand canals, absorbed by porous and thirsty banks, drunk by every living thing, from the crocodile to the pasha, from the papyrus to the palm-tree; and yet, strange to say, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts a thousand miles away.

The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian; if it withheld its waters for a week, his country would become a desert. It waters and enriches his fields, it supplies his harvest, and then carries off its produce to the sea. He drinks of it; he fishes in it; he travels on it. It is his slave, and used to be his god. Egyptian mythology recognized it in the Creative Principle, and, very poetically, engaged it in eternal war with the desert, under the name of Typhon, or the destructive principle.

The Arab looks upon all men as aliens who were not fortunate enough to be born beside the Nile; and the traveler is soon talked into a belief that it affords the most delicious water in the world. Shiploads of it are annually sent to Constantinople, where it is in great request.

The natives dignify their beloved river with the title of "El Bahr," the sea, and pass one third of their lives in watching the flow, and the remainder in watching the ebb, of its mighty tide. The inundation begins in May, attains its full height in August, and thenceforth diminishes until freshly swollen the following year.

The stream is economized within its channel until it reaches Egypt, when it spreads abroad over the vast valley. Then it is that the country presents the most striking of its Protean aspects: it becomes an archipelago, studded with green islands, and bounded only by the chain of Libyan Hills and the purple range of the Mokattan Mountains. Every island is crowned with a village, or an antique temple, and shadowy with palm-trees, or acacia groves. Every city becomes a Venice, and the bazaars display their richest and gayest cloths and tapestries to the illuminations that are reflected from the streaming streets. The earth is sheltered from the burning sun, under the cool, bright veil of water; the labor of the husbandman is suspended: it is the season of universal festivity. Boatmen alone are busy; but it would seem to be pleasant business; for the sound of music is never silent beneath those large, white, wing-like sails, that now glitter in the moonlight, and now gleam ruddily, reflecting the fragrant watch-fires on the deck.

In one place, you come upon a float-

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ing fair, held in boats, flushed with painted lanterns, and fluttering with gay flags. In another, a bridal procession is gliding by, as her friends convey some bride, with mirth and music, to her bridegroom. On one island you find a shawled and turbaned group of bearded men, smoking their chibouques and sipping coffee; and on another a merry band of Arab girls dancing to the music of their own wild song.

A great part of this picture is of rare occurrence, however, the inundation seldom rising to a height greater than what is necessary for purposes of irrigation, and presenting, alas! rather the appearance of a swamp than of an archipelago.

JOSEPHINE.

The peace ratified by the treaty of Amiens in 1802 threw open the Continent to travelers from England. There were thousands in that country who were great admirers of Napoleon. The Tuilleries, St. Cloud, and Malmaison were consequently ever thronged with illustrious strangers from the island with which France had so long been engaged in war. The celebrated statesman, Mr. Fox, with Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Erskine, and several others of the most distinguished of the English nobility, were visiting Paris, and one morning were at a breakfast party at Madame Recameir's. Breakfast was nearly concluded, when the sounds of a horseman galloping into the court-yard were heard. Eugene Beauharnais was immediately after announced. After a few words of regret expressed to the lady of the house for having arrived so late, he turned to Mr. Fox and said, "I hope, sir, soon to indemnify myself for the loss of your society which I have this morning sustained. I am commissioned by my mother to attend you to Malmaison. The carriages will be here in a few moments which are for the accommodation of you and your friends, when you can resolve on leaving so many charms as must detain you here. I shall, with much pleasure, act as your guide."

The carriages of the first consul soon arrived, and the whole party proceeded to Malmaison. Josephine received her guests with that courtesy and refined cordiality in which she was unrivaled. Bonaparte, knowing the powerful influence of the illustrious English statesman, was very desirous that he should receive a favorable impression from his visit. It required but little effort on the part of Josephine to excel in the art of pleasing. She banished all parade, and received her guests as family friends. The day was spent at Malmaison, and Mr. Fox afterward stated that he retired from the visit enchanted with the elegance and grace of all that he saw and heard.

Ten years had passed, during which France had been in a state of constant warfare. The short peace which succeeded the treaty of Amiens filled Paris with the best society of Europe. Extravagance and dissipation reigned in the metropolis. But in those scenes of dissipation, neither Napoleon nor Josephine ever made their appearance. His mind was ever engrossed with the magnificent plans he was forming and the deeds he was achieving. Josephine was equally engaged in watching over the interests of her husband, and in gaining and confirming friends to his cause.

On the 18th of May, 1804, by a decree of the senate, Napoleon was declared Emperor of France. The decree was sent out to the various departments for the action of the people. The result was, that 3,572,329 voted in the affirmative, while but 2,569 were in the negative. A more unanimous expression of a nation's will history never has recorded. The day after his elevation to the imperial throne, the em-

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peror held a grand levee at the Tuilleries, and Josephine, with many fears darkening this hour of exultation, made her first appearance as the Empress of France. The decree announcing Napoleon Bonaparte to be the emperor of France also declared that the imperial dignity should be *hereditary* in his family. The empress struggled against her fears, but her heart was heavy, and she found but little joy upon this high pinnacle of power. She also plainly foresaw that the throne of her husband, apparently so gorgeous and massive, was erected upon a very frail foundation.

At the grand levee held upon this occasion, the assembly was the most brilliant and numerous that had ever yet been witnessed in Paris. The renown of Napoleon now filled the world, and noted men from every land thronged his saloons. Josephine found herself elevated to the position of the most illustrious of the queens of Europe. The power of her husband was superior to that of any surrounding monarchs, and she received the homage of all as occupying an elevation such as no queen had ever attained before.

The second of December, 1804, was appointed for the ceremony of coronation. The pageant was to take place in the church of Notre Dame. The pope came from Rome to place the crown upon this lofty, though plebeian brow. For ten centuries such an honor had not been conferred upon any monarch. The day was clear and brilliant, but intensely cold. The venerable walls of Notre Dame had never before witnessed such luxury and such magnificence as was now displayed. Carriages glittering with gold and purple trappings; horses proudly caparisoned; officers in the richest uniforms, and in court dresses sumptuously embroidered; servants in most gorgeous liveries; and a waving sea of ostrich plumes, bewildered the multitude with the unwonted splendor.

The empress appeared in a robe of white satin, embroidered with gold, and profusely ornamented with diamonds. A mantle of crimson velvet, lined with satin and ermine, floated over her shoulders, and golden bees clustered over the dress. The coronation jewels consisted of a crown, a diadem, and a girdle. The coronation crown consisted of eight golden branches, four in imitation of palm, and four of myrtle leaves. The dew-drops glittering upon this foliage were brilliant diamonds. A golden-corded band surrounded the crown, embellished with eight very large emeralds. The bandeau inclosing the head glittered resplendent with amethysts. This was the coronation crown, which was used only upon state occasions. The diadem, which was for more ordinary service, was composed of four rows of pearls interlaced with diamonds. In front were several very large brilliants, one of which weighed one hundred and forty-nine grains. The ceinture or girdle was of pure gold, so pure as to be quite elastic, embellished with thirty-nine rose-colored diamonds.

Napoleon wore a close dress of white velvet, embroidered in gold, with diamond buttons. His stockings were of white silk. The robe and mantle were of crimson velvet, richly embroidered in gold and embellished with diamonds. Napoleon seemed to regret the vast expense attending this display, while at the same time he was conscious of its importance to impress the minds of the Parisians. The emperor was profuse in expenditure to promote the grandeur and glory of the nation, but very frugal in his personal expenses.

The imperial carriage, constructed expressly for the occasion, was the most exquisite piece of workmanship Parisian ingenuity could devise. It was drawn by eight bay horses. The paneling was entirely of glass. As the emperor and empress entered the carriage, they both, by mistake, sat down with their backs toward the horses. Josephine, immediately perceiving the error,

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lightly changed her seat, at the same time saying smilingly to her husband, as she pointed to the rich cushion at her side, "Mon ami! unless you prefer riding vis-a-vis, this is your seat." Napoleon laughed heartily at the blunder, and changed his seat. Double files of infantry lined the route of more than a mile and a half, extending from the Tuilleries to Notre Dame. Ten thousand horsemen, in most gorgeous uniforms, attended the carriages. Half a million of spectators thronged the way, crowding the windows and balconies, clustered upon the house-tops, and filling up every space from whence any view of the cortege could be gained. The air was filled with the martial strains of a thousand bands, with the thunders of innumerable pieces of artillery, and with the enthusiastic acclamations of the vast multitude. A pageant more sublime this world perhaps has never witnessed.

The throne, which was hung with crimson velvet, was overarched with a canopy of the same rich material. It was ascended by twenty-two circular steps, which was covered with blue cloth, studed with golden bees. The most illustrious officers of the empire crowded the stairs. Napoleon and Josephine sat, side by side, upon the throne. The religious ceremony occupied nearly four hours. It was interspersed with the most soul-stirring music from martial bands and from more than three hundred vocal performers. When the pope was about to place the crown upon the brow of the emperor, Napoleon took it from him, and placed it, with his own hands, upon his head. He then took it off and crowned the empress, also with his own hands, fixing his eye proudly, yet most tenderly, upon her. The heavy crown was soon after laid upon a cushion, while a smaller diadem was placed upon the head of Josephine. She kneeled before her illustrious consort as he placed the crown of France upon her brow. After remaining for a moment in silence in the posture of prayer, with her hands folded over her bosom, she then gracefully rose, her eyes swimming in tears, and turned to her husband with a look of gratitude and of love which the emperor feelingly recognized. It was a touching scene, and in that moment were clustered the memories of years.

But the day was not without its moments of anguish for Josephine. In the brief speech which the emperor made upon the occasion, he said, "My descendants will long sit upon this throne." These words were as a dagger to the heart of the empress. She knew Napoleon's intense desire for an heir. She knew how strong the desire in France was that he should have a son to whom to transmit his throne. She knew how much had been said respecting the necessity of a divorce. The most infamous proposals had been urged upon her by pretended friends, even by one of the brothers of Napoleon, that she might, by unfaithfulness to him, obviate the necessity of Napoleon's seeking another bride. This sentiment, uttered upon the day of coronation, filled her heart with fear and anguish.

The shades of evening had fallen upon the swarming city, and all the streets of the metropolis and the broad facade of the Tuilleries were glittering with illuminations, when the emperor and empress returned to the palace. Josephine, overcome with the conflicting emotions which the day had excited, retired to her apartment, and, falling upon her knees, with tears implored the guidance of the King of kings. Napoleon hastened to his room, exclaiming impatiently to an attendant as he entered, "Off, off with these confounded trappings!" He threw the mantle into one corner of the room, and the gorgeous robe into another, and, thus violently disencumbering himself, declared that hours of such mortal tediousness he had never encountered before.

Josephine, in her remonstrances with

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Napoleon against assuming the crown, predicted, with almost prophetic accuracy, the consequences which would ensue. "Will not your power," she wrote to him, "opposed, as to a certainty it must be, by the neighboring states, draw you into war with them? This will probably end in their ruin. Will not their neighbors, beholding these effects, combine for your destruction? While abroad such is the state of things, at home how numerous the envious and discontented! How many plots to disconcert, and how many conspiracies to punish."

Soon after the coronation, Josephine was one morning in her garden, when an intimate friend called to see her. She saluted the empress by the title of Your Majesty. "Ah!" she exclaimed in tones deeply pathetic, "I entreat that you will suffer me, at least here, to forget that I am an empress." It is the unvarying testimony of her friends, that, while she was receiving with surpassing gracefulness the congratulations of France and of Europe, her heart was heavy. She clearly foresaw the peril of their position, and trembled in view of an approaching downfall. The many formal ceremonies which her station required, and upon which Napoleon laid great stress, were exceedingly irksome to one whose warm heart rejoiced in the familiarity of unrestrained friendship. She thus described her feelings: "The nearer my husband approached the summit of earthly greatness, the more dim became my last gleams of happiness. It is true that I enjoyed a magnificent existence. My court was composed of gentlemen and ladies the most illustrious in rank, all of whom were emulous of the honor of being presented to me. But my time was no longer at my command. The emperor was receiving from every part of France congratulations upon his accession to the throne, while I myself sighed in contemplating the immense power he had acquired. The more I saw him loaded with the gifts of Fortune, the more I feared his fall."

The court of France had for ages been the scene of the most voluptuous and unblushing vice. The whole nation had been corrupted by its influence. Dissipation had been rendered attractive by the grace with which it had been robed. The dissolute manners which had prevailed at Versailles, the Tuilleries, and St. Cloud, no pen can describe. Napoleon determined that, at all hazards, his court should be reputable at least in outward morality. He was more scrupulous upon this point even than Josephine herself. Believing that the downfall of the Bourbons was caused, in no inconsiderable degree, by the dissolute lives of the nobles and the courtiers, he would give no one an appointment among the royal retinue whose character was not, in his judgment, above a reproach.

The Duchess d' Aiguillon had been a fellow-captive of Josephine, and, after their liberation from prison, had greatly befriended her. During the license of those times, in which all the restraints of Christian morality had been swept away, her character had not remained perfectly spotless. She and her husband had availed themselves of the facile liberty of divorce which the laws had encouraged, and had formed other unions. Josephine felt grateful for the many favors she had received from the duchess, and wished to testify this gratitude by receiving her at court. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine wrote to her in the following terms:

"My Dear Friend,—I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I am able to obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must suppose that I have forgotten the past. Alas! it is not so. I remember it too well, and my thoughts dwell upon it more than I would have them. The more I think of what my friends did for me, the greater is my sorrow at being unable to do now what my heart dictates. The Empress of France is but the first slave in the empire, and can not pay the debts of Madame de Beauharnais. This con-

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stitutes the torture of my life, and will explain why you do not occupy a place near me. The emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns. Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, and unable to change the laws appointed by her observnaces, his intention is, at least, to keep at a distance from his court all who may have availed themselves of the opportunity for a divorce. Hence the cause of his refusing the favor I asked of having you with me. The refusal has occasioned me unspeakable regret, but he is too absolute to leave even the hope of seeing him retract. I am thus constrained to renounce the pleasure I had promised myself of being constantly with you, studying to make you forget the sovereign in the friend. Pity my lot in being too public a personage to follow my own inclination, and cherish for me a friendship, the remembrance of which gives me now as much pleasure as its reality afforded consolation in prison. Often do I regret that small, dark, and dismal chamber which we shared together, for there, at least, I could pour out my whole heart, and was sincerely beloved in return."

During the whole month succeeding the coronation, Paris was surrendered to fetes, illuminations, and all manner of public rejoicing. One morning the empress found in her apartment, as a present from the municipality of the capital, a toilet service, with table, ewer and basin of massive gold, wrought with most exquisite workmanship. An enormous balloon, in the form of the imperial crown, brilliantly illuminated, was launched, the evening of the coronation, from Paris. The vast structure, weighing five hundred pounds, floated most majestically over the city, for a time the object of the gaze of a million of eyes, till, borne away by the wind toward the south, it disappeared. The next evening it fell near the city of Rome, nine hundred miles from Paris. "Sire," said a courtier, announcing the fact to Napoleon, "your imperial crown has appeared in the two great capitals of the world within the space of twenty-four hours."

As soon as Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France, the senators of the Italian Republic, over which he had been elected president, sent an earnest petition that he would be crowned their king at Milan. Napoleon had rescued them from the hated dominion of the Austrians, and they regarded him as their greatest benefactor. The emperor was in the habit of setting out on his various tours without any warning. One evening, when the festivities of the baptism of the second son of Hortense had been kept up until midnight, Napoleon said quietly, upon retiring, "Horses at six for Italy." Josephine accompanied her husband upon this tour. The road bridging the Alps, which Napoleon subsequently constructed, was then but contemplated. It was only by a rugged and dangerous foot-path that the ascent of these awful barriers of nature could be surmounted. Two beautiful sedans had been constructed in Turin for the emperor and empress. The one for Napoleon was lined with crimson silk, richly ornamented with gold, Josephine's was trimmed with blue satin, similarly ornamented with silver. The sedans were, however, but little used, except in places where walking was dangerous, as the empress very much preferred leaning upon the arm of her husband, and, in conversation with him, gazing upon the wild sublimities with which they were surrounded. This must have been to Josephine, independently of those inward anxieties which weighed so heavily upon her heart, as delightful a journey as a mortal can enjoy. All Europe was bowing in homage before her illustrious husband. He was in the possession of power such as the proudest

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of the Cæsars might have envied. Illuminations, and triumphal arches, and enthusiastic acclamations met them every step of their way. Josephine was in the possession of every possible acquisition earth could give to make her happy, save only one—her husband was not a father. But Josephine forgot her solicitudes in the exultant hours when her husband, from the pinnacles of the Alps, pointed out to her the glories of sunny Italy—the scenes of past perils, and conflict, and renown—the fields in which he had led the armies of France to the most brilliant victories. Napoleon was in fine spirits, and in these gilded hours he looked lovingly upon her, and they both were truly happy. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive any thing more attractive for a warm-hearted and an enthusiastic woman than to pass over these most sublime of the barriers of nature, with Napoleon for a guide and a confiding friend. Pope Pius VII., who had formed a very strong friendship for Josephine, accompanied them as far as Turin. When parting, the empress made him a present of a beautiful vase of Sevres china, embellished with exquisite paintings of the coronation.

THE THREE SHIPS.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

From Harper's Magazine.

Over the waters clear and dark
Flew, like a startled bird, our bark.

All the day long with steady sweep
Sea-gulls followed us o'er the deep.

Wierd and strange were the silent shores,
Rich with their wealth of buried ores.

Mighty the forests, old and gray.
With the secrets locked in their hearts away;

Semblence of castle and arch and shrine
Towered aloft in the clear sunshine.

And we watched for the warder, stern and grim,
And the priest with his chanted song and hymn.

Over that wonderful northern sea,
As one who sails in a dream, sailed we,

Till, when the young moon soared on high,
Nothing was round us but sea and sky.

Far in the east the pale moon swung—
A crescent dim in the azure hung;

But the sun lay low in the glowing West,
With bars of purple across his breast.

The skies were aflame with the sunset glow,
The billows were all aflame below;

The far horizon seemed the gate
To some mystic world's enchanted state;

And all the air was a luminous mist,
Crimson and amber and amethyst.

Then silently into that fiery sea—
Into the heart of the mystery—

Three ships went sailing one by one,
The fairest visions under the sun.

Like the flame in the heart of a ruby set,
Were the sails that flew from each mast of jet;

While darkly against the burning sky
Streamer and pennant floated high.

Steadily, silently, on they pressed
Into the glowing, reddening West;

Until, on the far horizon's fold,
They slowly passed through its gate of gold.

You think, perhaps, they were nothing more
Than schooners laden with common ore!

Where care clasped hands with grimy toil,

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And the decks were stained with earthly moil?

Oh, beautiful ships, who sailed that night
Into the West from our yearning sight.

Full well I knew that the freight ye bore
Was laden not for an earthly shore!

To some far realm ye were sailing on,
Where all we have lost shall yet be won;

Ye were bearing thither a world of dreams,
Bright as the sunset's golden gleams;

And hopes whose tremulous, rosy flush
Grew fairer still in the twilight hush.

Ye were bearing hence to that mystic sphere
Thoughts no mortal may utter here—

Songs that on earth may not be sung—
Words too holy for human tongue—

The golden deeds that we would have done—
The fadeless wreaths that we would have won!

And hence it was that our souls with you
Traversed the measureless wastes of blue,

Till you passed under the sunset gate,
And to us a voice said, softly, "Wait!"

Beethoven the Great Composer.

HIS EXPERIENCE AS A COOK.

A musical festival to the memory of Ludwig von Beethoven is to be held at Bonn, on the Rhine, Germany, the birthplace of this renowned composer, August 20, 21, and 22. A celebration of his centenary on December 17 last, in his native city, was prevented by the late European war. To the many incidents in Beethoven's life narrated on the occasion of his centenary, quite a ludicrous one, which occurred when he was in Vienna, has been added in a late number of the Leipsic *Gartenlaube*. It illustrates the sad domestic life of the great but unfortunate man, who never was married and died deaf. Adapted from the German, the incident reads as follows:

The great musician extended his genius to his household, producing chaos. He strictly forbade the things in his room to be put in order. Only with his special permission was the broom used to sweep the floor. He used this as a waste basket, throwing envelopes on it, and sometimes the torn letters too. Books or notes were lying on every chair. The dishes, even, from breakfast were sometimes left in his room till the next morning. When he was searching for something the chaos became alive. Loosened manuscripts fell in their several ways to the floor, and wine bottles came rolling from the corners. But what he was searching for he could not find, because the confusion became still worse by his impatient, unsystematic searching. He frequently mislaid something, however, and searching was, therefore, a common occupation of his.

The active composer on such occasions often chided his housekeeper, whom he strangely called Mrs. Schnapps. He asserted that all the trouble, all the disorder, was her fault, stating that he himself was strictly orderly, and could find even a pin again at night-time, if everything in his room had not been changed by her.

The principal cause of this disorder was the discontented, morose composer's frequent change of residence. He frequently changed his residence, but never took necessary time to fit up a new home properly.

Once he missed a most precious manuscript, the score of his favorite symphony, copied completely and neatly. Poor Beethoven searched for it over a fortnight. Finally he found it. But, alas, where? In the kitchen, where it was placed under butter, bacon, and other provisions!

Quite beside himself from ire, he threw all the eggs at hand at his cook's head and turned her out of the house. He determined not to admit such a person to his kitchen again. The meals moreover, he said, for a long time, had not been to his taste. Remarking that cooking was not more difficult than composing, he determined to tend his kitchen himself.

He went to the market and made his

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purchases. Glad of the choice and cheapness of the provisions, he invited several friends to dinner, and went to work to prepare all the dishes himself. When the guests came they were astonished to see their host in the kitchen. He wore a white cap and apron, like a cook by trade. The fire on the hearth blazed, the pots seethed, the butter in the pan sizzled, but nothing was ready at the appointed time. Beethoven stood in despair, menacing now with the ladle, then with the carving-knife, the ungovernable pots. He overset and set them up again; he burnt his fingers, but he burnt the roast meat far more. The guests waited impatiently for the results of Beethoven's labors as a cook.

At last he came triumphantly from the kitchen, like a warrior from the battle-field. But his victories were not great. The soup looked thin and poor. Beethoven did not know that it had to be skimmed, and let it boil too long, continually adding water. The vegetables had not come in contact with the water. They were covered with sand and swam in grease. But the most horrible of all was the roast meat.

Nobody could eat anything, except Beethoven himself, who did full justice to his cookery. The guests asked for some bread, butter, and cheese, and drank of the good wine which had been ordered in addition to the dinner.

On the day following Mrs. Schnapps entered into Beethoven's kitchen again. He had seen that cooking must be learned, like his own sublime art, and he thought it best not to meddle with it any more.

A PILGRIM OF NATURE.

You boast of the grandeur of cities in vain
To one who loves valleys, wild mountain, and plain:
Have you beauties to vie with the river and rill?
Have you fragrance, like morning's, on heath and on hill?
O, Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Will you match me the lamps of some festival fine,
With the gems on night's mantle, so pure and divine?
Will you minister music devotion to form
Like the voice of the forest that sings to the storm?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature forever I'll be;
Your city's to stifling and narrow for me.

Have you curtains like evening? Can you find hair or eye?
Like the cloud of the thunder, or smile of the sky?
Have you cloths like the lilies? Like the night-winds a kiss?
Or language like summer's pure anthem of bliss?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Keep your gold-moulded mansions, let Pomp have a seat,
To give him all place I will gladly retreat;
From vanity's banquet one guest you may spare,
Brake, meadow, and wilderness, beckon me there;
And a Pilgrim of Nature forever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling—too narrow for me.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH

(No 1.)

My birthplace was Norwich; a fine old town, distinguished for its many antiquities, the beauty of its situation on a rising ground, interspersed with a profusion of rich gardens, and studded with churches to the number of thirty-five, including a majestic cathedral. Many years have elapsed since I last beheld it, and perhaps the march of modern improvement has so changed its features, that were I now to dwell upon my recollections of that cherished

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home, they would not be recognized. But I cannot forget the early impressions produced on my mind by the peculiarities of the place; nor must they be omitted here. The sphere in which it is my dearest privilege to labor, is the cause of protestantism; and sometimes when God has blessed my poor efforts to the deliverance of some captive out of the chains of Popish delusion, I have recalled the fact of being born just opposite the dark gateway of that strong building where the noble martyrs of Mary's day were imprisoned. I have recollected that the house wherein I drew my first breath was visible through the grated window of their prison, and a conspicuous object when its gates were unfolded to deliver them to unjust judgment and a cruel death. Are any of the prayers of those glorified saints fulfilled in the poor child who was brought into the world on that particular spot, though at the distance of many ages? The query could not be answered, but the thought has frequently cheered me on. The stern-looking gateway opening on St. Martin's plain, was probably one of the first objects traced on the retina of my infant eye, when it ranged beyond the inner walls of the nursery; and often, with tottering step, I passed beneath that arch into that splended garden of our noble episcopal palace; and certainly, if my Protestantism may not be traced to that locality, my taste may; for from all the elaborate display of modern architecture, all the profuse luxuriance and endless variety of modern horticulture, I now turn away, to feast in thought on the recollection of that venerable scene. The palace itself is a fine specimen of the chaste old English style; but the most conspicious, the most unfading feature, was the cathedral itself, which formed the boundary of one half of the garden: a mass of sober magnificence, rising in calm repose against the sky, which, to my awe-struck gaze and childish imagination, seemed to rest upon its exquisitely formed spire. Seated on the grass, busying my fingers with the daisies that were permitted to spring around, I have been lost in such imaginings as I suppose not many little children indulge in, while permitting my eyes to rove over the seemingly interminable mass of old grey stone, and then to fall upon the pleasant flowers around me. I loved silence, for nothing that fell on the ear seemed in accordance with what charmed the eye; and thus a positive evil found entrance in the midst of much enjoyment. I acquired that habit of dreamy excursiveness into imaginary scenes, and among unreal personages, which is alike inimical to rational pursuits and opposed to spiritual-mindedness. To a period so early as the middle of my fourth year I can revert with the most pefect, most vivid recollection of my habitual thoughts and feelings; and at that age, I can unhesitatingly declare, my mind was deeply tinctured with a romance not derived from books, nor from conversation, but arising, as I verily believe, out of the singular adaptation to each other of my natural taste and the scenery amidst which it began to develope itself. Our abode was changed to another part of the city before this period arrived; but the bishop's garden was still our haunt, and my supreme delight.

An immense orchard, shrubbery, and flower-garden were attached to my father's new residence, to which he had removed on account of its proximity to the church of which he was rector. This, too, was an old-fashioned house, mantled with a vine, and straggling out, in irregular buildings, along the slope of the garden. The centre of an immese grass-plot, studded with apple, pear, and plum trees, was occupied by the most gigantic mulberry I ever beheld, the thick trunk of which resembled that of a knotted oak, while in its forest of dark branches nestled

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a number of owls and bats. Oh, how I loved to lurk beneath its shadow on a summer evening, and await the twilight gloom, that the large owl might come forth and wheel around the tree, and call out its companions with a melancholy hoot; while the smaller bat, dipping lower in his flight, brushed by me, accustomed to my presence. I had entered betimes upon the pernicious study of nursery tales, as they then were, and without having the smallest actual belief in the existence of fairies, goblins, or any such things, I took unutterable delight in surrounding myself with hosts of them, decked out in the colors of my own supplying, gorgeous or terrible beyond the conceptions of my classic authorities. The faculty of realizing whatever I picture to myself was astonishingly great; and you must admit that the localities in which I was placed were but too favorable to the formation of a character which I have no doubt the enemy was secretly constructing within me, to mislead, by wild, unholy fiction, such as should come within the range of its influence. To God be all the glory that I am not now pandering with this pen to the most grovelling or the most impious of man's perverted feelings.

But above all other tastes, all other cravings, one passion reigned supreme, and that acme of enjoyment to me was music. This also was met by indulgence as unlimited as its cravings; for not only did my father possess one of the finest voices in the world, and the very highest degree of scientific knowledge, taste, and skill in the management of it, but our house was seldom without an inmate in the person of his most intimate friend and brother clergyman, a son of the celebrated composer Mr. Linley, who was as highly gifted in instrumental as my father was in vocal music. The rich tones of his old harpsichord seem at this moment to fill my ear and swell my heart; while my father's deep, clear, mellow voice breaks in, with some noble recitative or elaborate air of Handel, Haydn, and the rest of the school that may be superseded, but never, never can be equalled by modern composers. Or the harpsichord was relinquished to another hand, and the breath of our friend came forth through the reed of his hautboy in strains of such overpowering melody, that I have hid my face on my mother's lap to weep the feelings that absolutely wrung my little heart with excess of enjoyment. This was not a snare; or, if it might have been made one, the Lord broke it in time, by taking away my hearing. I would not that it had been otherwise, for while a vain imagination was fostered by the habit I have before adverted to, this taste for music and its high gratification most certainly elevates the mind. I do firmly believe that it is a gift from God to man, to be prized, cherished, cultivated. I believe that the man whose bosom yields no response to the concord of sweet sounds, falls short of the standard to which man should aspire as an intellectual being; and though Satan does fearfully pervert this solace of the mind to most vile purposes, still I heartily agree with Martin Luther, that, in the abstract, "the devil hates music."

Before I had completed my sixth year, I came under the rod of discipline which was to fall so long and so perseveringly upon me ere I should "bear the rod and who had appointed it." Enthusiastic in every thing, and already passionately fond of reading, I had eagerly accepted the offer of a dear uncle, a young physician, to teach me French. I loved him, for he was gentle and kind, and very fond of me; and it was a great happiness to trip through the long winding street that separated us, to turn down by the old Bridewell, so celebrated as an architectural curiosity, being built of dark flint stones, exquisitely chiseled into the form of bricks, and which

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even then could greatly admire, and to take my seat on my young uncle's knee, in the large hall of his house, where stood a very large and deep toned organ, some sublime strain from which was to reward my diligence, if I repeated accurately the lesson he had appointed. Thus between love for my uncle, delight in his organ, and a natural inclination to acquire learning, I was stimulated to extraordinary efforts, and met the demand on my energies in a very unsafe way. I placed my French book under my pillow every night, and starting from repose at the earliest break of dawn, strained my sleepy eyes over the page, until, very suddenly, I became totally blind.

This was a grievous blow to my tender parents: the eclipse was so complete that I could not tell whether it was midnight or midnoon, so far as perception of light was concerned, and the case seemed hopeless. It was, however, among the "all things" that God causes to work together for good, while Satan eagerly seeks to use them for evil. It checked my inordinate desire for mere acquirements, which I believe to be a bad tendency, particularly in a female, while it threw me more upon my own resources, such as they were, and gave me a keen relish for the highly intellectual conversation that always prevailed in our home. My father delighted in the society of literary men; and he was himself of a turn so argumentative, so overflowing with rich conversation, so decided in his political views, so alive to passing events, so devotedly and proudly the Englishman, that with such associates as he gathered about him at his own fireside, I don't see how the little blind girl, whose face was ever turned up towards the unseen speaker, and whose mind opened to every passing remark, could avoid becoming a thinker, a reasoner, a tory, and a patriot. Sometimes a tough disputant crossed our threshold; one of these

was Dr. Parr, and brilliant were the flashes resulting from such occasional collisions with antagonists of that calibre. I am often charged with the offence of being too political in my writings: the fact is, I write as I think and feel; and what else can you expect from a child reared in such a nursery?

But another consequence of this temporary visitation was an increased passion for music. The severe remedies used for my blindness frequently laid me on the sofa for days together, and then my fond father would bring home with him, after the afternoon services of the cathedral, of which he was also a canon, a party of the young choristers. My godfather would seat himself at the harpsichord; the boys, led by my father, performed the vocal parts; and such feasts of music were served up to me, that I have breathed to my brother in an ecstatic whisper the confession, "I don't want to see; I like music better than seeing."

That brother I have not before named; but that only brother was a second self. Not that he resembled me in the least respect, for he was beautiful to a prodigy, and I an ordinary child; he was wholly free from any predilection for learning, being mirthful and volatile in the highest degree; and though he listened when I read to him the mysterious marvels of my favorite nursery books, I doubt whether he ever bestowed an afterthought on anything therein contained. The brightest, the sweetest, the most sparkling creature that ever lived, he was all joy, all love. I do not remember to have seen him for one moment out of temper or out of spirits for the first sixteen years of his life; and he was to me what the natural sun is to the system. We were never separated; our studies, our plays, our walks, our plans, our hearts were always one. That holy band which the Lord has woven, that inestimable blessing of fraternal love and confidence, was never broken, never loosened between

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us, from the cradle to the grave; and God forbid that I should say or think that the grave has broken it. If I have not from the outset included that precious brother in my sketch, it was because I should almost as soon have deemed it necessary to include by name my own head or my own heart. He too was musical, and sang sweetly, and I cannot look back on my childhood without confesing that its cup ran over with the profusion of delights that my God poured into it.

About this time, when my sight, after a few month's privation, was fully restored, I first imbibed the strength of Protestantism as deeply as it can be imbibed apart from spiritual understanding. Norwich was infamously conspicuous in persecuting unto death the saints of the Most High, under the sanguinary despotism of popish Mary; and the spot where they suffered, called the Lollard's pit, lies just outside the town, over Bishop's bridge, having a circular excavation against the side of Household-hill. This, at least to within a year or two ago, was kept distinct, an opening by the road-side. My father often took us to walk in that direction, and pointed out the pit, and told us that there Mary burnt good people alive for refusing to worship wooden images. I was horror-stricken, and asked many questions, to which he did not always reply as fully as I wished,; and one day, having to go out while I was inquiring, he said, "I don't think you can read a word of this book, but you may look at the pictures: it is all about the martyrs." So saying, he placed on a chair the old folio of Fox's Acts and monuments, in venerable black-letter, and left me to examine it.

Hours passed and still found me bending over, or rather leaning against, that magic book. I could not, it is true, decipher the black-letter, but I found some explanations in Roman type, and devoured them; while every wood cut was examined with aching eyes and a palpitating heart. Assuredly I took in more of the spirit of John Fox, even by that imperfect mode of acquaintance, than many do by reading his book through; and when my father next found me at what had become my darling study, I looked up at him with burning cheeks and asked, "Papa, may I be a martyr?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"I mean, papa, may I be burned to death for my religion, as these were? I want to be a martyr?"

He smiled, and made me this answer, which I have never forgotten; "Why, Charlotte, if the government ever gives power to the Papists again, as they talk of doing, you may probably live to be a martyr."

I remember the stern pleasure this reply afforded me; of spiritual knowledge not the least glimmer had ever reached me in any form, yet I knew the Bible most intimately, and loved it with all my heart as the most sacred, the most beautiful of all earthly things. Already had its sublimity caught my adoration; and when listening to the lofty language of Isaiah, as read from his stall in the cathedral by my father in Advent, and the early Sundays of the year, while his magnificent voice sent the prophetic denunciations pealing through those vaulted aisles, I had received into my mind, and I think into my heart, that scorn of idolatry which breathes so thrillingly in his inspired page. This I know, that at six years old the foundation of a truly scriptural protest was laid in my character; and to this hour it is my prayer that whenever the Lord calls me hence, he may find his servant not only watching but working against the diabolical iniquity that filled the Lollard's pit with the ashes of his saints.

And now upon that all-important topic of the Bible I would remark, that among the most invaluable bless-

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ings of my life, I remember the judicious conduct of my parents in regard to it. We generally find that precious volume made a book of tasks; sometimes even a book of penalties; the consequence of so doing cannot be but evil. With us it was emphatically a reward book. That identical book is now before me, in its rich red cover, elegantly emblazoned with the royal arms; for it is the very Bible that was placed before queen Charlotte at her coronation in 1761; and which, becoming the perquisite of a prebendery of Westminster, was by his wife presented to my mother, to whom she stood sponsor. This royal Bible was highly prized; and it was with special favor that it was opened for us when we had been good, and were deemed worthy of some mark of approval. My father, then, whose voice made music of every thing, would read to us the history of Abel, of Noah, of Moses, of Gideon, or some other of the exquisite narratives of the Old Testament. I do not say that they were made the medium of conveying spiritual instruction; they were unaccompanied by note or comment, written or oral, and merely read as histories, the fact being carefully impressed on our minds that God was the author, and that it would be highly criminal to doubt the truth of any word in that book. * * * The consequences of this early instruction, imparted as an indulgence, I have reason daily to rejoice in: it led me to search for myself the inspired pages; it taught me to expect beauties, and excellences, and high intellectual gratification where God has indeed caused them to abound. As in the natural world we find the nutritious fruit not lying like pebbles on the ground, but hung on graceful trees and shrubs, heralded by fair and fragrant blossoms, embowered in verdant foliage, and itself beautifully shaped and tinted; so has the Lord arranged that the garden where grows the fruit of the tree of life, should abound in all that is most lovely to man's natural perception; and do we not slight this bounteous care for our mind's enjoyment while he makes provision for our soul's sustenance, when we neglect to point these things out to the notice of our children? The word was my delight many a year before it became my counsellor; and when at last the veil was withdrawn from my heart, and Jesus stood revealed as the Alpha and Omega of that blessed book, it was not like gradually furnishing a vacant place with valuable goods, but like letting a flood of day into one already most richly stored with all that was precious; though, for lack of light whereby to discern their real nature, the gems had been regarded but as common things. My memory was plentifully stored with what it had been my free choice to study; and when in the progress of this little narrative you learn how mercifully I have been preserved from doctrinal error in its various forms, through that full acquaintance with God's word, you will trace his marvellous working in thus furnishing my mind, as it were, with an armory of ready weapons, and will be ready to echo with increased earnestness that emphatic declaration, "The Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants;" and not only to echo, but also to act upon it.

Religion, however, did not at this early period of my life become a very important concern in my eyes; our mother had taken infinite pains to assure us of one great truth—the omniscience of an omnipresent God—and this I never could for a moment shake off. It influenced us both in a powerful manner, so that if either committed a fault, we never rested until, through mutual exhortation on the ground that God certainly knew it, and would be angry if we added deceit to another

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error, we had encouraged each other to confession. We then went, hand in hand, to our mother, and the one who stood clear of the offence acknowledged it in the name of the transgressor, while both asked pardon. Never did children more abhor a lie: we spurned its meanness, while trembling at its guilt; and nothing bound us more closely and exclusively together than the discoveries we were always making of a laxity among other children in this respect. On such occasions we would shrink away into a corner by ourselves and whisper, "Do they think God does not hear that?" Self-righteousness, no doubt, existed in a high degree; we were baby Pharisees, rejoicing in the external cleanliness of cup and platter; but I look back with great thankfulness on the mercy that so far restrained us: an habitual regard for truth has carried me safely through many a trial, and, as a means, guarded me from many a snare. It cannot be too early or too strongly inculcated; nor should any effort be considered too great, any difficulty too discouraging, any reprobation too strong, or, I will add, any punishment too severe, when the object in view is to overcome this infamous vice in a child. Once I remember having been led into a lie at the instigation, and through the contrivance of a servant-girl for whose benefit it was told. Suspicion instantly arose, from my dreadful embarrassment of manner; a strict investigation commenced; the girl told me to face it out, for that nobody else knew it, and she would not flinch. But my terrors of conscience were insupportable; I could ill bear my father's steady eye fixed on mine, still less the anxious, wondering, incredulous expression of my brother's innocent face, who could not for a moment fancy me guilty. I confessed at once; and with a heavy sigh my father sent to borrow from a neighbor an instrument of chastisement never before needed in his own house. He took me to another room, and said, "Child, it will pain me more to punish you thus, than any blows I can inflict will pain you; but I must do it; you have told a lie—a dreadful sin, and a base, mean, cowardly action. If I let you grow up a liar, you will reproach me for it one day; if I now spared the rod, I should hate the child." I took the punishment in a most extraordinary spirit; I wished every stroke had been a stab; I wept because the pain was not great enough; and I loved my father at that moment better than even I, who almost idolized him, had ever loved him before. I thanked him, and I thank him still; for I never transgressed in that way again. The servant was called, received her wages and a most awful lecture, and was discharged the same hour. Yet, of all these things, what sunk deepest into my very soul were the sobs and cries of my fond little brother, and the lamentable tones of his soft voice, pleading through the closed door, "O, papa, don't whip Charlotte. O, forgive poor Charlotte."

It is sweet to know we have a Brother indeed who always pleads, and never pleads in vain for the offending child; a Father whose chastisements are not withheld, but administered in tender love; that wherein he delights, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness the end of his corrections. The event to which I have referred may appear too trivial a thing to record; but it is by neglecting trivial things that we ruin ourselves and our children. The usual mode of training these immortal beings, the plan of leaving them to servants and to themselves, the blind indulgence that passes by, with a slight reprimand only, a wilful offence, and the mischievous misapplication of doctrine that induces some to let nature do her worst, because nothing but grace can effectually suppress her evil workings; all these are faulty in the extreme, and as presumptuous as foolish.

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USE.

BY CHARLES GRAHAM, ESQ.

EVERYTHING that comes from the hand of the Creator bears the impress of use. But as everything that exists comes from the same divine hand, it follows that all have their respective uses. So general is this law, that the human reason readily admits it as proven, though we often fail to discover wherein the uses of things consist. Indeed, we all acknowledge if the use be not discovered, that it is owing to the imperfection of our finite faculties, which fail to perceive it, and not to the absence of use itself.

The law of use is not only discoverable in the natural, but also in the spiritual world. In the natural world, the three kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal, all attest its universality, and the human mind is incessantly making new and wonderful discoveries of uses not before apprehended. Minerals, under the tests of science, are constantly developing new uses. This is true also of the vegetable world, and of the animal creation, so that often the rankest weeds are found to possess medicinal qualities not hitherto suspected; and even the animalculæ only discoverable by the microscope, are found to possess properties that purify the air we breathe, absorbing noxious gases from the atmosphere, and even impurities from the human blood. The use we see not to-day, we discover to-morrow. And, as science progresses, as the perceptions of the mind improve, we see more and more of these wonders of creation. Nor is this use always single in function. Let us look upward at the starry heavens. It takes but little education to enable us to perceive that the planets in the firmament, by reflecting the sun's rays, illumine our earth in the hours of its night, but what wisdom can fathom the many uses which, as bodies moving in their appropriate orbits, acting as balances and checks, they serve in the different solar systems of the universe; still less can the human intellect grasp of their great uses when we know that they are inhabited worlds under the care of the same divine providence, which guides the minutest incident which contributes to the great and infinite whole, or when we feel that these worlds are to contribute inhabitants to the heavens whose nurseries they may be.

The grass which grows under our feet offers a familiar example. By its delicate green it relieves and refreshes the eye. By its growth it absorbs and gives out different components of the atmosphere, it tempers the sun's rays, and thus prevents too great heat from being received within and reflected from the surface of the earth. It collects the dews of evening, and thus the vapor becomes condensed, and through this agent performs its peculiar use; and yet other uses remain. The same grass becomes food and sustenance and clothing to animals, which, in their turn, furnish food, and from their woolly sides also, clothing to man. And so, could we perceive it, the story of uses in the simple grass would perhaps be endless. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* says, "Along the coasts, every summer, during the breeding season, thousands of harmless sea birds are shot. The gull is the scavenger of the sea. He does his little best to ward off cholera and typhus from every foul and ill-drained harbor. He ought to be preserved as religiously as vultures are in the tropics, and the fool who shoots a gull ought to be fined a pound."

But if such varied, yet harmonious uses are performed by the inanimate and soulless subjects of creation, if so universal a law pervades the domain of nature, how much should it not pervade the domain of mind and spirit. And it is here where we might most expect to find it, that we discover in its force, activity and beauty, the orderly

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working of this law of uses. Man, the highest of created beings, is, in every aspect, an instrument of use. And he who is most useful, best fulfils the purpose of his creation.

It is true that there are minor and greater uses, in the development and exercise of which man's chief function consists. These run parallel with his duties, and as he owes duties to himself, to his neighbor and to his Maker, so do we find uses included within these several duties. So also in each class of the duties named above, are their lower and higher uses.

It is a minor use which man performs when he practises industry and economy for the sake of procuring to himself the necessaries of subsistence, and yet he is at the same time performing a higher use by learning to resist desires for luxuries, indulgences and idolence; and by acquiring habits and affections of prudence, providence and self-denial.

In discharging our duties to our families and dependents, we find uses in the cultivation of the love of the neighbor, and in the example and occasion we give for the exercise of kindly affections and sympathies in others. Yet higher than this is the use we perform in bringing the kingdom of truth and good to all within our reach; nay, very much further, for example spreads from others as well as ourselves, in wider and wider circles, like the rings we see when we drop a stone into the water, spreading far beyond the immediate point of contact.

In our duties to the Maker, such as prayer, the study of His revealed will and obedience thereto, we find our sphere of use constantly enlarged. We elevate ourselves by preparation into states receptive of greater enlightenment and love, and, we not only receive more of these for ourselves, but we become better instruments of use in the hand of the Lord, for conveying these blessings to others. Every one who does a good deed, not only cultivates within himself a good affection, but teaches the way to others, and, we may say, passes on to these others something which he receives from the divine Author of all good; for no man does good of himself. He is but an instrument; the desire, the effort and the power to do are of the Lord in him.

How various are the uses open to man! How many of the human race are, at this very moment, working at the many difficult problems which science affords for advancing the interests of society—wresting from nature her secrets and applying them to practical uses, by which labor is saved, production increased, and new fields opened for the activities of the intellect, the development of new energies and of multifarious enterprises. Yet these uses, vast as they appear, will not compare with those which apply to the development of the affections to the cultivation of the higher qualities of love of which the human heart has been made capable. It is true, these are from the same source but the work is on different planes. The former regard material interests, the latter spiritual interests. The one set of uses teaches and aids man to better his outward condition, and to extend his knowledge of, and his dominion over nature. The other to extend his knowledge of his interior self as a responsible and accountable being. In one case he is aided to a higher state of life upon earth. In the other he is fitted for a higher and better life when his life here shall be ended. To this latter class belong the higher uses. Each class has its appropriate sphere of action, but the development of man ranks far before the development of nature, and the application of its laws to temporal uses.

It was a great discovery when men found that by united effort, by cooperation in spiritual uses, they gained in power, even as in united muscular efforts, mechanical uses could be made more subservient to man. Individual effort, in either case, may produce useful results, but in association is the power of mind as well as of matter brought to bear in a progressive ratio, multiplying the effect of the original forces many-fold. We look at the pyramids of Egypt, and we wonder at the epoch in which mechanical genius and united labor accomplished such vast material results. Yet at this day, through associated effort, men are

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engaged in building monuments more lofty, and, it is to be hoped, more enduring. Monuments not of mechanical skill, and physical labor, but of skilful application of moral force and zeal to the elevation of the whole human race from ignorance, from depraved appetites and vice, to intelligence, virtue and usefulness.

The associations of the present day, with their many appliances, their numerous ramifications, all tending in various directions to one common end, viz., the elevation of man as a spiritual being, the study of his needs, and the mode of their supply, are evidences that many noble minds and hearts are devoted to the best of all uses, the raising of fallen man, (as far as human instrumentality is allowed to aid in this object,) to a loftier position in the scale of being. In efforts to this end, individuals unite, and while benefiting themselves, rise to be useful to others, and thus to become chief among their fellows, for does not Christ say, "Whosoever will be chiefest of you, shall be servant of all?"

It is not to be supposed that the habits and affections we cultivate here are not to affect our future life. It is not to be thought that the willing servants of Christ will leave a life of use here, to go into a useless life for eternity. We all hope to come into a state of rest, into a rest from combats against our evils, which we must wage here, without any but the briefest Sabbaths of rest. But rest is not idleness. The active mind frets and worries under inaction The heart full of affection, denied objects for its exercise, sickens and dies.

If man is to progress in another life, it cannot be that the activities of his intellect, of his affections, will be suspended, but rather that they will be enlarged, and new uses be presented by the Lord to his servants who have here come into the love and practice of use. Let no man say he loves the neighbor, who sits down without an effort to benefit him. Love is active, not passive. Love seeks to benefit the object of affection. Love makes sacrifices of self and selfish interests for the sake of the beloved. If otherwise, there is not disinterested love, but only a reflection of love of self upon some other being. The love of self is the opposite of the love to others, for it demands instead of making sacrifices.

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

FRIEND HOPPER was a strict disciplinarian while he was inspector, and it was extremely difficult for the prisoners to deceive him by any artful devices, or hypocritical pretences. But he was always in the habit of talking with them in friendly style, inquiring into their history and plans, sympathizing with their troubles and temptations, encouraging them to reform, and promising to assist them if they would try to help themselves. It was his custom to take a ramble in the country with his children every Saturday afternoon. All who were old enough to walk joined the troop. They always stopped at the prison, and were well pleased to deliver to the poor inmates, with their own small hands, such little comforts as their father had provided for the purpose. He was accustomed to say that there was not one among the convicts, however desperate they may be, with whom he should be afraid to trust himself alone at midnight with large sums of money in his pocket. An acquaintance once cautioned him against a prisoner, whose temper was extremely violent and revengeful, and who had been heard to swear that he would take the life of some of the keepers. Soon after this warning, Friend Hopper summoned the desperate fellow, and told him he was wanted to pile a quantity of lumber in the cellar. He went down with him to hold the light, and they remained more than an hour alone together, out of hearing of everybody. When he told this to the man who had cautioned him, he replied, "Well, I confess you have good courage. I wouldn't have done it for the price of the prison and all the ground it stands upon; for I do assure you he is a terrible fellow."

"I don't doubt he is," rejoined the

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courageous inspector; "but I knew he wouldn't kill me. I have always been a friend to him, and he is aware of it. What motive could he have for harming me?"

One of the prisoners, who had been convicted of man-slaughter, became furious, in consequence of being threatened with a whipping. When they attempted to bring him out of his dungeon to receive punishment, he seized a knife and a club, rushed back again, and swore he would kill the first person who came near him. Being a very strong man, and in a state of madness, no one dared to approach him. They tried to starve him into submission; but finding he was not to be subdued in that way, they sent for Friend Hopper, as they were accustomed to do in all such difficult emergencies. He went boldly into the cell, looked the desperado calmly in the face, and said, "It is foolish for thee to contend with the authorities. Thou wilt be compelled to yield at last. I will inquire into thy case. If thou hast been unjustly dealt by, I promise thee it shall be remedied." This kind and sensible remonstrance had the desired effect. From that time forward, he had great influence over the ferocious fellow, who was always willing to be guided by his advice, and finally became one of the most reasonable and orderly inmates of the prison.

I have heard Friend Hopper say that while he was inspector he aided and encouraged about fifty young convicts, as nearly as he could recollect; and all, except two, conducted in such a manner as to satisfy the respectable citizens whom he had induced to employ them. He was a shrewd observer of the countenances and manners of men, and doubtless that was one reason why he was not often disappointed in those he trusted.

The humor which characterized his boyhood, remained with him in maturer years, and often effervesced on the surface of his acquired gravity; as will appear in the following anecdotes.

A Dutchman once called upon Friend Hopper, and said, "A tief have stole mine goots. They tell me you can help me, may be." Upon inquiring the when and the where, Friend Hopper concluded that the articles had been stolen by a man whom he happened to know the police had taken up a few hours previous. But being disposed to amuse himself, he inquired very seriously, "What time of the moon was it, when thy goods were stolen? Having received information concerning that particular, he took a slate and began to cypher diligently. After a while, he looked up, and pronounced in a very oracular manner, "Thou wilt find thy goods."

"Shall I find mine goots?" exclaimed the delighted Dutchman; "and where is de tief?"

"Art thou quite sure about the age of the moon?" inquired the pretended magician, Being assured there was no mistake on that point, he ciphered again for a few minutes, and then answered, "Thou wilt find the thief in the hands of the police."

The Dutchman went away, evidently inspired with profound reverence. Having found his goods and the thief, according to prediction, he returned and asked for a private interview. "Tell me dat secret," said he, "and I will pay you a heap of money."

"What secret?" inquired Friend Hopper.

"Tell me how you know I will find mine goots, and where I will find de tief?" rejoined he.

"The plain truth is, I guessed it," was the reply; "because I had heard there was a thief at the police office, with such goods as thou described."

"But what for you ask about de moon?" inquired the Dutchman. "You make figures, and den you say, you will find your goots. You make figures again, den you tell me where is de tief. I go, and find mine goots and de tief, just as you say. Tell me how you do dat, and I will pay you a heap of money."

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Though repeatedly assured that it was done only for a joke, he went away unsatisfied; and to the day of his death he fully believed that the facetious Quaker was a conjuror.

Such a character as Isaac T. Hopper was of course well known throughout the city where he lived. Every schoolboy had heard something of his doings, and as he walked the streets, everybody recognized him, from the chief justice to the chimney-sweep. His personal appearance was calculated to attract attention, independent of other circumstances. Joseph Bonaparte, who then resided at Bordentown, was attracted toward him the first moment he saw him, on account of a strong resemblance to his brother Napoleon. They often met in the steamboat going down the Delaware, and on such occasions, the ex-king frequently pointed him out as the most remarkable likeness of the emperor, that he had ever met in Europe or America. He expressed the opinion that with Napoleon's uniform on, he might be mistaken for him, even by his own house-hold; and if he were to appear thus in Paris, nothing could be easier than for him to excite a revolution.

But the imperial throne, even if it had been directly offered to him, would have proved no temptation to a soul like his. In some respects, his character, as well as his person, strongly resembled Napoleon. But his powerful will was remarkably under the control of conscience, and his energy was tempered by an unusual share of benevolence. If the other elements of his character had not been balanced by these two qualities, he also might have been a skilful diplomatist, and a successful leader of armies. Fortunately for himself and others, he had a nobler ambition than that of making widows and orphans by wholesale slaughter. The preceding anecdotes show how warmly he sympathized with the poor, the oppressed and the erring, without limitation of country, creed, or complexion; and how diligently he labored in their behalf. But from the great amount of public service that he rendered, it must not be inferred that he neglected private duties. Perhaps no man was ever more devotedly attached to wife and children than he was. His Sarah, as he was want to call her, was endowed with qualities well calculated to retain a strong hold of the affections of a sensible and conscientious man. Her kindly disposition, and the regular, simple habits of her life, were favorable to the preservation of that beauty, which had won his boyish admiration.

Oct. 5.

THE EVERGREEN.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

Standing trembling in the breeze,
The warmer clad than other trees
That stand more still in winter's storms,
Than these green trees from northern climes.

Their conic forms of nature's art,
These wild luxuriant counterpart
Of nature's skillful moulding hand,
To deck her vales and mountain lands.

Are gorgeous beauties to adorn,
The road-side and the pleasant lawn,
But more suggestive when they bend
Their green tops o'er departed friends.

The painter with his brush and pen,
Can show great skill in penciling,
But nature with her modest hand,
Brings life to view as well as form.

LEARN from nature how to become great and strong.

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Monthly Record of Current Events

The city of Chicago is in ashes. No such calamity has befallen a civilized city in modern times. On Sunday night, October 8th, at 9 o'clock, an insignificant fire broke out in a barn in the south-western part of the city. Chicago being the greatest lumber mart in the world, is largely built of wood, except the portions devoted to business and fine residences. The side-walks in the greater part of it were of wood, and the streets paved for seventy miles with wooden blocks. The three rivers, the North Branch, South Branch, and the Main River, come together somewhat like a letter T, the Main River forming the stem. The banks of the rivers were lined with immense lumber-yards full of inflammable yellow pine. At the time the fire broke out there was a gale blowing from the south-west. The fire spread so rapidly that many lives were lost at the outset. Among the wooden buildings, the lumber-yards, the great elevators, and the shipping lying at the wharves in the narrow river, it got such a start that all the exertions of the firemen were futile. The wind swept the flames across the South Branch into the very heart of the city, among the great granite and marble buildings. Even those accounted absolutely fire-proof went down before the violent heat. To add to the terribleness of the situation, the water supply failed. The court-house, from the top of which the great fire-alarm bell, one of the greatest ever cast, had sounded its sharp and terrible peals for more than twelve hours, was burned. The Chamber of Commerce one of the finest exchanges in the world went down with it.

All the great marble buildings, all the hotels, all the banks, all the insurance buildings, all the theaters, all the newspaper offices, all the great publishing houses, all the wholesale stores, all the principle retail stores, the finest residences, the finest churches, and, what is worse, the houses of a hundred and fifty thousand people, and the employments by which they earn their bread, were all swept away. These hundred and fifty thousand people wandered houseless in the streets, without even food for 24 hours. We are glad to chronicle the expedition with which the two principal rivals of Chicago—Cincinnati and St. Louis—came to the help of the starving, homeless population. The President, with praise-worthy promptness, told General Sheridan to use what army supplies he had for the relief of the people. The fire raged nearly forty-eight hours with unabated fury. Everybody was appalled with the magnitude of the calamity. With an unanimity rarely seen, the people of this country have given of their substance for the relief of Chicago. Rich and poor have joined hands in contributing to swell the aggregate, and the little rills which have flown in form the mechanics and artisans of the land form a river scarcely smaller than that to which men of greater means have contributed. All have thus far acquitted themselves well in caring for the homeless people of Chicago, but it can not be too carefully remembered that throughout the winter thousands of people in the stricken city will be dependent upon charity. Their immediate wants are supplied, but mechanics and laboring men by the thousands have been thrown out of employment, as well as out of homes, by the fire, and many of these can not be self-supporting before May at best. They and their fmilies will need constant help until the industries of their city shall be re-established. How many grown people will deny themselves to provide for the shivering people who, without help, must starve! And the great Chicago calamity must not be allowed to overshadow other disasters so completely as to make us

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forget the thousands who have been burned out of house and home by the forest fires in Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan. In those States hundreds of farmsteads and numberless villages have been destroyed, and while the number of sufferers there is less than in Chicago, their wants are no less pressing and their conditions no less pitiable. The civilized world has responded liberally to Chicago's call for help, but we must now enlarge the charity which has done humanity so much honor. Let it not be forgotten that there are people shivering and starving in the country on both sides of Lake Michigan. Their cries for help are less audible, perhaps, than those which come to us from Chicago, but they should not be forgotten in our eagerness to provide for the people of the stricken city. It is a sad sad story of devastation which comes from these states. The prairie fires have swept over a vast tract of country. Barns, farm-houses, and even towns have been burned, and hundreds of women and children are left homeless, while the crops and live stock on which they depended for substance have all perished. Many lives, too, are known to have been lost. At last accounts, it was impossible to learn the extent of the damage done, but enough was known to make it certain that the approaching winter will be one of terrible suffering to all in the burnt district. With no houses to cover their heads, no food in store for the winter, their barns swept way, and the results of the year's industry destroyed, the condition of these ople must be one of extreme hardip.

Nor the least among the many noble nifestations of the innate goodness human nature, was that of Miss ary Safford, a well known lady physian who has spent the last few years the great hospitals of Vienna and alau, preparing herself for the esiishment of a woman's hospital in country. She seems to have brought with her the same plucky spirit of self-sacrifice which made her labor night and day during our late war, foregoing the comforts of her home for the sake of the soiled heroes whose wounds she dressed so skillfully. Her frail form was sadly broken down when she arrived in this city on the 8th of October, after a voyage during which she could scarcely raise her head for illness. But badly as she needed rest, she hastened to Chicago, saying to a friend, "I had intended going to Chicago in her prosperity, and now she is in distress I can not stay away. I may be able to do some good as a physician; but at any rate there is work there for me as a woman, and I can cook food for the starving if nothing more." Such a woman will find work in plenty for her hand to do; and there are hundreds in Chicago who will have reason to join with her former soldier-patients in calling Mary Safford blessed.

Tremendous exposures have taken place in the city of New York during the past two or three months, in relation to the frauds and robberies that have been committed by various officers of the city government. At a meeting of the citizens and tax-payers of the city, held in September, a committee of seventy of the most prominent lawyers, merchants and bankers, were chosen to investigate the extent of these depredations, and who were the guilty parties. The Committee reported Oct. 9th, giving the result of their long labors. The exhibit is a startling one, even in the light of what has already been made public. The reports of sub-committees are very full, and the whole makes a voluminous document, the showing of which may be briefly summarized as follows: That the debt of the city is practically $120,000,000; that extravagance has been the rule in all the departments of municipal government; that frauds of the grossest character have been committed in nearly all the bureaus; that the current expenses of the city amount

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annually to about $30,000,000; that immense sums have been paid for services never performed, the recipients of salaries being, in many cases, utterly unknown to anybody in the offices in which they were supposed to render service. Such is the general showing. The facts and figures given point clearly to the persons responsible, in most cases, and this constitutes the merit of the Committee's service, as it may, and probably will, result in the recovery of some portion of the money fraudulently drawn from the city treasury. The Committee indulges in no generalities, and states nothing vaguely. It gives facts in detail, and names the responsible persons without qualification. In short, it has investigated the city's business in a business way, and its report is a clear statement drawn from the confused books of account in which these transactions were sought to be hidden. These exposures have been followed by the institution of a suit, by ex-Mayor Havemeyer, in behalf of the people, against James H. Ingersoll, for $6,000,000, which he is said to have obtained fraudulently from the city treasury during the years 1869–70. Suits are also to be instituted against others whose bills have figured so largely in the published accounts, and there is a good prospect now that some of the money may be recovered. In any event, the proceedings in the civil and criminal courts promise to develop all the facts in regard to city and county matters, and to make up a record free from misrepresentation and from doubt, and this is precisely what is wanted. When the people shall know just what swindles have been perpetrated, and the processes by which they have been effected, the problem of future good government will be greatly simplified. We have the promise of a still more general revelation as to the frauds in the municipal affairs of New York City. The promise is as yet a faint one, but when once an association of wrong-doers begins to go to pieces, there are always some of the number willing to shield themselves from punishment by turning state's evidence. We have the authority of the Evening Post for the statement that Mayor Hall has promised, if placed upon the witness stand, to "give the public a sensation of greater importance than any that has yet appeared," and with this intimation, of course the Committee of Seventy will see that Mayor Hall is properly placed upon the witness stand. Meantime Mr. John H. Keyser, whose plumbing account has been one of the unsolved mysteries of Ring arithmetic, has surrendered $650,000 of his receipts to a trustee for the use of the city, accompanying the surrender with a statement of such facts as he knows regarding the frauds. Mr. Keyser denies having committed or aided others in wrong-doing. He says that all the money he has received from the city has been honestly earned, and that there are still some hundreds of dollars due him for labor and materials furnished. He states that his surrender to a trustee was designed simply to show his willingness that his accounts shall be fully investigated. Mr. Keyser has been thought the one honest man in the list of city and county purveyors, and we sincerely hope that he may be found so. He asserts that his name has been forged on vouchers amounting to $800,000. He will still prove a valuable witness for the people, the more if it shall appear the he is himself without stain. It is greatly to the credit of New York's laboring population that no riots have grown out of the municipal troubles agitating the city. Circulars have been industriously distributed urging the laborers to commit outrages upon citizens, and one newspaper has so far forgotten itself as to publish an inflammatory article, suggesting mob violence upon such journalists and others as have made themselves obnoxious to the leading city officials. The occasion

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sought to be used in this way was the meeting of laborers on Sep. 30th, but the workingmen refused to become instruments of violence, and the questions at issue remain to be settled in the courts. But better than all else is the fact that the attempts to escape punishment are indicative of failing confidence on the part of the ill-doers. So long as they remained defiant the whispers of corruption in the courts gave the people uneasiness, but now that these men admit by their acts that they are afraid they shall be sent to the penitentiary, it is evident that they feel themselves unable to control the judiciary, and there seems reason to hope that the end of the matter will not come until the city shall have recovered some of the stolen millions and sent some of the thieves to prison.

We all remember how lustily Louis Napoleon cried "Peace!" while he was preparing for war against Germany, and even without this fact in view, intelligent men rarely attach much importance to the peaceful protestations of emperors and premiers, when their acts point to possible war. The hobnobbing of Wilhelm and Francis Joseph meant something, of course, and now that Russia has determined to revoke all furloughs, and to mobilize her army at an enormous expense, it begins to look as though the Czar felt some little interest in the whisperings at Bad Gastein and Salzburg. His declaration that he only wishes to "try the efficacy of a mobilization," may make Bismarck smile, but it will not deceive anybody. What the St. Petersburg Government really does mean, it would be impossible to say, but it seems hardly probable that the proposed mobilization is intended merely as an "autumn maneuver," after the manner of the Briton, and the events of next summer may yet prove as absorbingly interesting as those of 1870.

France will probably never cease to astonish the rest of the world in a thousand ways, but there is nothing in all Gallic history so entirely marvelous as the rapid financial recuperation which has marked the few months of peace since the close of the war. During the struggle with Germany fabulous sums were expended by the extravagant incompetents who had possession of the national purse-strings, a whole year's industry was lost, and the financial future of the country seemed even more hopeless than its prospects for military rank among the great powers. Added to this was the Communist insurrection, enough in itself to bankrupt any ordinary national borrower. Yet the mountain of debt to Germany diminishes more rapidly even than the exacting creditor demands. French loans are eagerly taken in Berlin, and now the French people answer the request of Paris for money with a subscription of thirteen times the amount asked. In view of these facts the predictions so freely made, that the future has no promise of greatness for France, seem a little hazardous, to say the least.

After these long years of delay the Government seems now determined to overturn the Mormon hierarchy in Utah. The action of Judge McKean in excluding Mormons from his juries, and so charging the grand jury to secure the indictment of Brigham Young, appears to be part of an organized effort to establish legitimate authority in the Territory. Polygamy, of course, is a crime in Utah as everywhere else, but it is not against polygamy alone or chiefly that the Government is moving. The Mormons are simply rebels against the Government and the present action is designed to reduce them to obedience and bring them under the law. They claim absolute sovereignty. They repudiate the authority of the general Government and of the Territorial officers. They claim divine warrant for the commission of crime, and regard a pretended revelation through Brigham Young as of more authority than any law. They have done wholesale murder

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at his suggestion, and their community exists as a standing rebellion. To put this rebellion down is the present duty of the Government, and the suppression of polygamy is only an incident to the work. Whether the Salt Lake leaders will resort to arms in defense of their hierarchy or not, remains to be seen, but the Government seems to have provided for all contingencies—this among the rest—and there are enough troops now in Utah to make short work with the Mormon militia, should the latter prove insane enough to resist by force.

In England, where statesmen are generally scholars, and where public men consider matters of religion worthy of notice, the speaker of the House of Commons, seven years ago, suggested to several eminent ecclesiastics of the Church of England the preparation of a commentary for laymen as well as ministers; a commentary which should not require almost as much scholarship to read as to write. A company of divines was formed by the Archbishop of York to undertake the work, and Rev. F. C. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter, was made editor and a corps of eminent divines, each of whom had made a special study of the department assigned him, were selected to do the work. The first handsome octavo volume of this work, embracing the Pentateuch, is now before us from the press of Charles Scribner & Co. As a matter of course, it is a little non-committal on some controverted points, but it is very well done on the whole, and is admirably adapted to help the plain man to a clear understanding of the Scripture books, and ministers will find it rich in thought and scholarship.

In these days of official corruption and official extravagance, there is special reason to rejoice over such rare exceptions to the rule as are vouchsafed us, and one such exception appears in the present condition of the Post-Office Department. The accounts for the fiscal year show a balance of $2,000,000 unexpended from the appropriation made by Congress to meet the requirements of the department. There have been one or two defalcations, but the amounts have been made good and the balance-sheet makes a showing of economy which can not fail to reflect great credit upon Mr. Cresswell.

A Body of Fenians—all "generals," so far as anybody can discover—recently advanced on Fort Garry, for the purpose, doubtless, of liberating Ireland, and our Canadian neighbors have been duly excited over the matter. Fenian logic is a curious thing, and after what we have seen of it we ought never to wonder at any of its deductions. But most people will be sorely puzzled to know what way these belligerent chiefs hoped to forward the interests of Ireland by gaining possession of an obscure fort.

EXTRA OFFER.

As we have passed so far into this volume, but few after this would wish to begin back with the July number. To stimulate extra effort for getting a large number of new subscribers for 1872, we offer the following terms: to any who may subscribe for the Miscellany for 1872 between this and the 15th of December, will send as a gift, two extra of such numbers of this year's Miscellany as we can spare; to those who subscribe after the 15th of December and before the 15th of January 1872, one number will be sent each as a gift. The two months to come will be a very favorable time to get new subscribers, as the most of those who take periodicals begin with the year. Now if our subscribers will only

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make an extra effort between this and January a great many might be induced to take the Miscellany instead of other works.

We allow to any one who may work for the Miscellany the liberal percentage we have before offered them; when persons obtain a large number we will add extra percentage.

We hope under this new offer every subscriber will work in earnest. In the January number we intend to illustrate the Miscellany with a fine picture of the Adrian College.

As soon as we receive the name of any new subscriber for 1872, we will mail the extra copies of the Miscellany promised.

Should any one prefer to begin with July, we can furnish back numbers. We presume that under the circumstances most will prefer to begin with January.

In our next number we intend to send bills to those who owe us. We should be glad to have all who owe send us the amount within 20 days, and thus save us the trouble and expense of sending out bills. With a very little pains all might pay us before the 25th of November, and thus save us much bother.

Rev. Asa Mahan, D. D.—We first became acquainted with Dr. Mahan some twenty-five years since, while engaged in the publishing business in New York. By agreement with him, we became the publisher of a work of his called "Mahan on the Will." This work had had a singular history. It was a masterly work in favor of the freedom of the will. It reviewed with great power the various works favoring the doctrine of necessity, and was considered by the best critics a masterpiece of philosophy and logic. It was sought for all over the country by thinkers. The great minds who favored the old teachers, of necessity, became alarmed. They called on the publisher, and in some way engaged him to suppress the circulation altogether. This was the occasion of our being called on to publish the book.

Dr. Mahan is the author of several very profound works; but we think none of them surpass this work on the freedom of the will. It is now out of print, but it should be re-published and scattered broad-cast over the world.

Dr. Mahan was President of the Oberlin College some fifteen or twenty years. His great natural power seems to be in purely independent, and broad and far-reaching philosophical thought. As a teacher in a class of students in philosophy, theology or any other theme, he is never confined to text-books. The tendency of his teaching is always to set the student to thinking. He is never merely a smart or talented man, Nature has made him a great and peculiarly independent thinker. This you see not only in his classes, but in all of his writings.

By his great power to master subjects, and his sound learning, he will throw more light on a dark theme than any person that we ever knew. On account of his independence of mind and deep personal experience, he is peculiarly qualified to exert the best influence on those who read his theological and religious productions.

Dr. Mahan became President of Adrian College about ten years since. He has been President all of the time since except about two years. His influence in his classes has always been to lead the student to independent thought. His preaching and personal habits have always been full of con-

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sistency and moral health. He has lately felt it his duty to resign his position in Adrian College. He has been a tower of strength and influence in this institution, looking after all its interests in his old age, with the energy and daring of a wide-awake young man.

The society which now controls this institution, is under the greatest obligation to him for his great and untiring and successful efforts for its financial success, and his ability as a teacher and preacher.

He is now writing works which we hope he will be able to complete. The first is a history of philosophy, and the other a commentary on the New Testament. He is by his peculiar order of mind, profound learning, deep Christian experience and wonderful freedom from a party or sectarian spirit, most eminently prepared to write two such works. He is plain in his habits, very free and interesting in personal conversation, remarkable for his liberality in entertaining those who may call on him, and very liberal in the cause of benevolence and the poor. May his writings bless the world when his honored gray hairs shall have lain in the dust for ages.

On a late trip, we stopped over night at Olivet College. This institution is located about twenty-five miles west of Lansing and thirteen miles north of Marshall. It is beautiful for situation, located on high ground overlooking the country. The village is made up mostly of white houses, has a neat air about it, and the morals are such that there is not a tippling shop in the place. In the evening we attended prayer meeting at the chapel, and were much impressed with the general desire for a higher spiritual life. "Surely God is in the place." President Morrison and the professors all seem to be alive in their profession. The President remarked, "I think I have as able a corps of professors as can be found in the State." The lady principal is said to be a teacher of superior ability. For years Olivet has had the reputation of being among the most thorough of the institutions of the country. Long life to Olivet.

While at Vassar, George S. Harrington showed us (what we should call) a model pulpit. Its style is in exceeding good taste. Mr. Harrington is a cabinet-maker, and is a peculiar genius in his line. He is prepared to furnish model pulpits from twenty-five to one hundred dollars or more. These pulpits can be sent at small cost to any part of the country. Vassar is in Tuscola County, eighteen miles from East Saginaw. Mr. Harrington is a man of honor and real integrity, and can be fully trusted.

Morenci Woolen Factory.—We are glad that this factory is proving a success. Brown, Hodges & Preston, from Massachusetts, who are well skilled in the business, now run the concern. They find ready sale in the large cities for the most of their goods. This is encouraging to western manufacturing. This factory, with the new railroad, will give wide-awake Morenci a start.

Mr. Sigler has a very extensive jewelry establishment on Maumee street, east of Waldby's bank. For about twenty years he has been in this trade in Adrian. In beholding such an immense stock of silver and other wares, one is ready to wonder how such a quantity and such costly wares can be sold. Such establishments tell us of the wealth of the city and county. As a matter of curiosity, his stock is worth a call.

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4. ADRIAN, NOVEMBER, 1871. No. V.

Man in Relation to his Maker.

BY GEORGE MOORE, M. D.

WERE not deathlessness a felt fact, there would be no motive for writing or reading a theme like this, which has been commenced, and is hoped will be completed, with the conviction that both the writer and the reader have an everlasting futurity which must be influenced by present mental engagements and the nature of the will to which we yield obedience.

Qui obdormierunt non perierunt. Because man is immortal, and the awakening up from death will be with a restoration of the past to the spirit, in as far as all intelligence and the final destiny which grow out of remembrance, we have good reason for earnestness whether we set ourselves to meditate upon the means of self-improvement, or would rouse other minds to think of the purposes of life and thought.

Man is the only creature on earth that meditates. He alone treasures ideas, compares them with each other, and reasons concerning what he may expect from what he has experienced. Hope and fear look beyond the horizon of earth, and every exercise of intellect influences the tendency of our affections and our faith, either by extending our acquaintance with goodness, with freedom and with truth; or by binding our souls more closely with the fetters of error and of falsehood. These, like siren sisters, meet us smilingly every day, and unless we are fortified by the virtue of an indwelling and uncreated light, we must be deceived by their pleasant songs, and soothed into a slumber from which we shall awake only to find ourselves bound with grave-clothes, and buried deep in the marble darkness of a tomb which can be penetrated only by that Divine voice which said, "Lazarus, come forth."

We must be taught. By whom? By our Maker. He alone is capable of instructing us in the truth, since He made it and possesses it, and He alone knows what we need, and how we can bear the impartation of knowledge. The Almighty must make enjoyment safe. All our business on earth is to be educated both feelingly and intellectually, and God has filled the earth with objects from which we are to learn the Divine will, and think of the eternal relation of that will to ourselves. His great facts are before us, but unhappily men are rather disposed to learn of one another than of the Allwise; consequently the world abounds with deception, and life is apt to become a lie, and history a romance. Thus education may be either good or bad, merely human and delusive, or divine and determinately excellent. What is education? It is every thing that influences the mind, and it includes the consideration of all circumstances and all affections. Its means are those of reason, the knowledge both of good and of evil, pain and pleas-

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ure, the sympathy of mind with mind, and any thing by which a soul may be induced to desire and to determine for itself as an associate spirit in God's company of intelligences. The end of education in its highest sense is to form habits of mental fellowship, and to beget love after the celestial mode of feeling and thinking. To ascertain how a human being should be trained, it is therefore necessary to inquire what are his capacities, and what are their objects—what are the soul's appetites, and what has God provided for them? We need not puzzle ourselves with refined disquisitions on the nature of the mind, since it is enough for us to know that every variety in moral character is simply a variety in the state of our will with regard to objects of sense, and that no improvement can be effected in the moral aspect of any being but by increasing love for what is absolutely good, while teaching it properly to appreciate what is good, relatively considered.

The will is the spring of action, but its character is determined by the nature of the affections, for what we desire is what we love—and, therefore, unless the affections be rectified, the understanding remains in darkness. We labor in vain to be learned, unless we also aim at being wise. But wisdom is not acquired by dint of study—it is the gift of God to a spirit, that kindles into earnestness by a desire duly to fulfill the sublime purposes of existence, humbly, yet boldly, comes before his God with all the burden of his being, and seeks to sustain himself upon the unupbraiding Giver of all good.

Here we pause as if in the twilight, on the edge of a precipice, from which a boundless ocean stretches before us. The infinite heavens reflected in the deep oppress us with their inscrutable vastness. We feel how vain is our desire to fathom the profundity which surrounds us, and we are glad, throughout our souls, when a star gleams forth amidst the purple gloom to assure us that the Maker of all the world is our friend, and wishes us to behold the glory of his boundless dwelling-place, lit up by his own hands to accommodate his creatures. Here, with light upon our brow, we may stand and ask, What is good? And cheerfully, and without doubt we may answer Light. Why? Because we can enjoy it without fear. There is liberty in light, and it seems to call on us to exercise our faculties to their fullest extent, with the understanding that wherever the Almighty throws a sunbeam or a ray of starlight, there the way is safe and holy, and open to us. We may travel as far as we can in any direction indicated by the luminous footsteps of the Creator, since he has illuminated all his works, to attract our attention to the truths, which through them he would convey to us. Nature is the shadow of divinity, and both are manifested by the same light. Why do we enjoy light? Because it is opposed to doubt as well as to darkness, and it penetrates our being with a sense of beneficence, and the reality of our Creator's good-will toward us, appealing to our hearts from heaven to draw our desires thitherward. As long as we see light, or hear of it, we do not feel forsaken. God is light! As surely as the universe exists in pervading glory, as if folded in the embrace of God, so surely does the power by which we gaze into heaven, with its countless realms of light beaming around us, speak to us of eternal love. O God, I believe in thy goodness, for it is over all thy works. Blot out the sin of my doubt, says the convinced soul; I had feared I was alone and forgotten, and doomed to tangible darkness forever, because I had not seen and felt that the light which clasps this diurnal world so tenderly, was the revealer of thy love. But now I know the everlasting truth is to be ceaselessly opening before me, like worlds evolved from worlds at the touch of thy finger,

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and in the breath of thy mouth, which is life. It is good to live in light—*Deus lux est, et in eo tenebræ non sunt ullæ.*

But the enlightened mind is humbled and would say—How dare I look up rejoicingly when the eye of the Holy Searcher of hearts is visibly upon me! He sees through the depth of darkness in my soul; but he sees also that it is to be enlightened that I dare look up. I open my eyes that light may enter—I come to be reproved—I come openly before the open heavens to call upon Omniscience to supply my exigencies, and save me; I come ashamed and silent, yet with words heard by the ear of God. He listens to my uttered soul—search, purify, lead me, O thou Way, Truth, Life. I dread the darkness in myself, and I would escape into light—and now I see life and immortality brought to light by the revealing world. That removes all restraint, and bids me go on eternally in peace and hope and thankfulness, because gratitude and joy are the properties of those who believe in the faithfulness of the Creator, and desire heartily ever to obey the love that has revealed itself as always ready to bless the soul that trusts it. He will not forsake the work of his own hands.

Beautiful colors, forms and faces, speak to me responsively. My soul goes out to seek for objects on which to express my love, and I meet a face to smile on me with a happy recognition of my heart, and in confidence and joy our loving thoughts become prayers in presence of the Majesty that filled heaven and earth. And my little child knows that I love him, although never told the fact in words—deeds have revealed it. He intuitively perceives and understands love; for he is constituted to need, expect and believe it, and therefore he takes my hand, and calls me Father, and trusts me to guide him home through the darkness. O my God! this is thy mode of teaching—my we never forget thy instruction, but praise thee in thought and in action; let our thoughts be actions and our actions thoughts, because thou hast manifested thy goodness in life, in light and in love.

There is a disposition in every reasonable soul to inquire into causes and consequences. To be pleased, we know not why and care not wherefore, is animal enjoyment, mere instinct, the working of a consciousness that cannot ask for a greater good, because it knows nothing of purpose—asking no questions, it can get no answers.

Whatever comports with the orderly advancement of our being as endowed with spiritual life, whatever tends to enlarge the sphere of our intelligence and fill it with divine light, whatever improves our affections and causes intellect to pursue the truth in love, is good, and all else is evil. Thus in a summary manner we arrive at our conclusion—whatever is fitted by our Maker to the improvement of our moral life, our understanding and our feelings, is good, and that alone, because it is the will of God toward us as the lawgiver and rewarder.

Good education includes appropriate enjoyment, and whatever opposes this is in the nature of sin, and death, and condemnation; but obedience to the will of Heaven is safety, and health, and life, and bliss. The will of God is good for man, because it alone is truth, and truth alone is the end and satisfaction of reason. If a man, in his madness and wickedness, seem to enjoy evil deeds and erroneous thoughts, it is only because he is perversely ignorant of goodness and truth, and so in love with the false that his affections are awry and unreasonable. The perversion of his heart sets him altogether beside his proper place and purpose. It is of the very nature of his soul to be governed by the object of his love; but he is apt to embrace a demon in every creature of his desire, and to wander in a desert without rest, and without light, and without fellowship, startled and fren-

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zied by the glaring hideousness of his own thoughts, unless some mind, having faith in the faithfulness of Jehovah, the Creator, the Saviour, meet him boldly in the spirit of that Lord, and take him by the hand, commanding him to repent, believe and obey, because God is the proprietor of souls. It is manifest that such a one must be convinced of his being thoroughly wrong, both as regards his will and his understanding, before he can be set right. There is no way of accomplishing this but by showing him he may trust you, and this he can not do without some proof of your love for him, and a better proof you can not give than by opening before him the books of God—creation and revelation; in other words, show him plainly, and to the best of your ability, what you know of the true nature of things in relation both to him and yourself. Show him that God is his providence and yours forever. But you will only prove yourself a willful and conceited bungler, unless you really sympathize with sinners as a sinner with a new heart. Then do not be afraid—Faith will remove the mountain. Believe you work with the power of God, and you will find that power is nothing but intention, and intention is action in the Omnipotent, and he means what you desire—salvation, therefore be strong in Him who is unfailing.

Above all things, do not be afraid of finding the handiwork of the Almighty in nature at variance with the word of His covenant with man, as expressed in the Bible. But do not take a step without His book. He does not contradict Himself, and therefore creation is nothing but a consecutive indication of his wisdom, power and love, to minds capable of appreciating the language in which He has thus written his attributes. Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them and not build them up,—Ps. xxiii. 5.

All nature, physical and spiritual, is a theology to enlightened reason; but yet, for a perverted soul, in the profundity of its ignorance, to look for the revelation of life and immortality in the elements of earth, is to look for the living among the dead. Earth would be but the grave of our hopes, but for Him who spake with Mary at the sepulchre concerning the ascension of his Father and our Father. The Lord is risen, and our life is hid with Him; and through Him alone shall we find it. Yet, "without Him was not any thing made that was made," consequently we may wisely worship and glorify Him while endeavoring to investigate and apply to our improvement some of the great facts of existence, and the interests of our natural relationships to each other as alike the creatures of His goodness.

Every mind has its select wonders, but existence itself is the grand mystery to all of us. It points from eternity to eternity, to the unbeginning to the unending. Man is the only being on earth that recognizes this mystery; none but he thinks, and therefore if there be any design in the creation of the human mind, the perception of this sublime subject must be intended for some end in relation to the well-being of that mind. As far as we can at present conceive, this end is only to direct us to a self-existent, all-productive Being, who intends to make Himself known to us, and therefore confers on us a disposition to inquire after Him, and in keeping with this disposition, and as necessary to its fulfillment, He imparts to us a desire for an existence never to terminate. Thus, in meditating on creation, thoughts will follow thoughts in higher and higher series, until man, from his intellectual elevation, gazing into the boundlessness that surrounds him, finds no rest for his spirit but upon the bosom of the Eternal.

The appreciation of our existence as intelligences related to the Everlast-

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ing is, then, the basis of all becoming effort to attain whatever belongs to the true dignity of man. If we know not our nobility, we shall not behave nobly, If we feel not our constituted capacity for greatness, we shall not desire to be great. If, in the strivings of our souls, toward the light, we do not recognize our fitness for fellowship with heaven, we shall shrink back, and clothe ourselves fruitlessly in darkness, and, losing sight of the eternity in which we really live, shall in our misery find no time for mental improvement and moral progress. We may talk of life and enjoyment in our gloom, but it will be with a mortal taint upon our spirits, and our gayety will be like the delirium of persons smitten with the plague, turning the sounds of lamentation and the signs of death into laughter and madness. It is, indeed, but too prevalently true that we are so busy in watching the phantasmagoria of successive fancies, that we rather seem to dream than to realize the objects that surround us. Even while we gaze, delusion takes the place of sight, and when we would seize what appears so substantial and so pleasing, we destroy even the shadow at which we grasp.

It is not until some unselfish real love, like a spirit from heaven, takes possession of our hearts, that we obtain the full and inmost consciousness of our individuality. In the fixed attachment of our souls with the feeling of an everlasting affinity to some other being, we begin to doubt of death by recognizing the true purpose of life, and in the ceaseless nature of love, with its possibilities of agony and bliss, we experience the full weight and burden of the awful mystery comprehended in the fact that we are and must be. We may long for knowledge, we may long for power, but it is love alone that appropriates and employs intelligence and energy, and until this felt capacity of loving becomes as one with our life, we find all teachings but as the play of sunshine and shadow on a troubled stream.

When we acquire this new kind of consciousness, our existence is no longer instinctive, imitative, sympathetic, physiological and reflex, but spiritual, and in felt relation with the Divinity who originates all things but for the purpose of expressing himself as love, that we may trust him as our sufficient good. Then we feel no longer little and limited, but capable of becoming expansive, vast, immovable, eternal, real as the heavens, and formed to regard the universe as a creation suited to ourselves, to elicit admiration, and satisfy our research, while awakening love within us as the response of our spirits to our God. Until this godlike animation enters into man, his morality, philosophy, and religion seem but as the speculations of vanity instead of the visions of truth, coming close in upon the soul like the revelation of Heaven, still obscure to us because of its intolerable glory. Incomprehensible, thou must sustain us; thou must satisfy us from thyself with thy knowledge and thy charity. O Light, thou must illumine us, though now we look and are blind; soften thy glory to our vision, that we may see and worship.

By our aspirations we are heirs of the Everlasting, for we feel, when brought to reflect on our capacities and requirments, and to set our hearts upon attaining truth, that our fellowship with creatures is not enough for us; since they can not comprehend us nor completely sympathize with us, being able neither to look back upon the strugglings of our secret past, nor forward to our coming necessities, they can neither rectify our wishes nor supply our wants. They can explain nothing of the mysteries we would solve, they can only respond to us by questions like our own—Whence are we and why? The Being who made us thus largely necessitous, dependent and inquisitive, must have made us for himself; and he must reveal himself in all his fullness as personally bound to us forever, as our originator and our end,

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in order that reason, looking abroad on his illuminated worlds, should be able sufficiently to hope, sufficiently to believe, sufficiently to love. It is the Infinite in power, the Infinite in love, the Infinite in will, the Infinite in means, that can alone fill us with ideas large enough to satisfy the longings of our souls after the good, the beautiful, the true, the immortal; for it is not an indefinite notion. but a growing idea which possesses the soul that seeks satisfaction in seeking to understand the relation of the Self-existent to his creature, man.

Since He has given us the understanding and the will to look to Him, it must be his intention to supply us out of his exuberance; he can not have directed our desires by his promises, in order to disappoint us; but rather that he may bestow more and more abundantly at each advance of our spirits toward Himself, in dependence upon his hand and thus on forever, world without end; for every good hope is a prophecy fulfilled already in the divine plan and purpose of our being. All things consist—nothing is but as a part of all—God's all. As we scarcely feel conscious of living in eternity until we look outwards and onwards, with the scrutiny of reason directing the eye into the blue ether, inquiring, Where does it terminate? and finding our only possible answer is, Nowhere; so, until we look into ourselves, we do not perceive what it is that discerns the everlasting, and is the everlasting. In the visible universe we see the works of Mind; these must be changed, in conformity to Divine thought—"As a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed;" but the constituting Mind itself is unalterable, and therefore essentially eternal; and the mind that apprehends must be akin to the mind that creates. We recognize in ourselves the reflection, at least, of the forming force of purpose and of understanding, and because of our inability to think in a godly manner, without desiring and expecting to think forever, we dare not, with respect to our own existence, say we see its termination. We can not determinately meditate on thoughts and say, for certainty, our end is in the grave. Reason boldly asserts that the possibility is otherwise; but our hearts go before our logic, and speak more positively still, for either our hopes or our fears take us beyond doubtfulness at once into the untried being of unavoidable futurity.

Why is this? Is it not because the life of man is the breath of God? When the Almighty had fashioned the dust into a form of beauty and majesty fit to be animated and actuated by a spirit that should assert its relationship to Himself, He imparted to the wondrous organism a principle of action and of thought, and man became a living soul. Thus life is not an inherent and detached principle, but the indwelling power of the present Deity. To enjoy divine life we must feel that it is imparted; as the light and warmth of the sun enter the substance of a flower, and fill its fibres and its fluids with expanding life so that Divine power vivifies man by pervading all his existence, and thus the quickening Spirit of God himself is the immediate cause of a living, reasoning soul.

A living soul is a distinct but dependent being, susceptible of sympathy with every other being, capable of perception and emotion. Because the whole immediate creation was constituted in correspondence with the faculties, with the new-made self-hood, man looked abroad upon all things, and saw the reason of existence by thus beholding the wisdom and benevolence of his Maker. This was the original prerogative of humanity, and if it has been forfeited, it has also been restored and increased, after the manner of an endless life, for eternity must still reveal the purpose of God in making man as

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his own image. Man alone, amidst all the creatures of earth, can recognize in nature the attributes of Jehovah, for no other creature on earth can know there is a God. He was from his origin inspired to respond to the Creative Spirit. His inmost being, his very self, became conscious of divine impressions, or was impelled intuitively to inquire, with the expectation of obtaining intelligence concerning God, because reason itself does not assert her power but in seeking to know the Divine will, and in doing it. This reason dwelt once unclouded in man's bosom, and therefore he at once apprehended, or inferred or hoped aright, since all he saw, or heard, or handled, or in any way experienced, referred him directly to the Author of all, and called him rather to worship than to wonder. He alone could believe, he alone could conceive of meanings, he alone could acknowledge the great first and final Cause, the Mind conforming the elements to His own purposes, and inducing existence everywhere to express his love and power.

Thus creation, however marvelous in itself, was but as the mirror of the Almighty to the eye of man, and therefore to perceive was to adore. He found in his Maker alone a perfect object of study, of faith, of hope, of love, and all sensible objects were but as *media* between the Ineffable and himself. He saw the All-sufficient, and was satisfied. In Him man felt himself possessed of an omnipotent friend, who as his originator, must especially and everlastingly love him, the highest earthly production of His energy. He who is the Creator of reason, must supply the ceaseless and ever-growing demands of His rational creature. Thus, as long as the human spirit walked in confidence and fellowship with the Holy One, man could feel no desire but as an intimation that it should be fulfilled in further evidence of the favor of his Patron and his God. Man's faith was then absorbed in his love, and he wondered not at the goodness and greatness of the Eternal, for then there was nothing in his own nature at variance with light and with love. There was then no occasion for patience, because there was no unholy disposition to be worn out, but heavenly affections grew strong on their own enjoyment. Such is our notion of the pristine or perfect state of man, because it is the state for which human nature, when rectified and regulated, seems to be designed. The test of creatureship, however, is law; and as man was to know himself safe only in union with God, the simplest temptation of his nature, as a creature of desires, was sufficient to prove his incapacity to obey and live through his own power. Without a better understanding of weakness and of strength—weakness his own, and strength to be perfectly manifested through it—he could but fall. The first man being left to do the best to fulfill God's law, with reason alone, fell; but may we not say he gained ultimate honor from his degradation, since the compassionate Creator took occasion thus to evince His infinite love, by giving man a divine hope with a divine power, by which to vanquish evil; for is not Omnipotence revealed in reconciling all things to Himself through human nature; and are not fallen beings thoroughly exalted, and yet the Holy One in wisdom vindicated, when the human will itself is so renewed in righteousness, through faith, that it becomes just in God not to impute sin?

We are fallen, and great is the depth of our fall. In our ignorance, our doubt, our distrust, we are overwhelmed in amazement the moment we truly think, for pure thought brings us as if into the presence of God, but does not reveal him to us. We are afraid to trust ourselves alone with the Almighty. When we think of Him, we try to run away from the awfulness of his felt presence. We divert our souls with "the sweet music of speech," or by seeking the smiles of those who, like

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ourselves, are in love with the earth and its objects. We shun the thought of our only Benefactor, and thus we can not rest, because we can not rightly love; and we can not thus love because our thoughts are hard, and dark, and suspicious. We imagine the Almighty to be a revengeful being, a despot surrounding us with spies and accusers, instead of a parent beseeching us, by every means, to be reconciled, and to be blest in trusting to His heart and to his hand for constant protection and supply.

These ideas are not irrelevant to our purpose. Man is an awful fact to himself. In order to feel this fully, it is important that we should dwell upon the truth that our spiritual life is manifested by our consciousness of being more than we seem, and of having desires not to be satisfied on earth. We do not wonder so much at the existence of objects, and at their insufficiency, as that we are conscious of them and of ourselves, but as an intimation of something yet to be known, and of an existence beyond this. But all that philosophy might infer, or reason in her guessing might surmise, concerning the future, would be unavailing, futile, cold, dead, unless religion kindled and quickened our hopes with her own life. The creation of mind is indeed the only manifestation of God. He is known only in a soul made after his own image, an intelligent being, constituted immortal by the will of the Infinite, so that the perfection of Divine existence might be forever revealing itself to a reason preserved in correspondence with it, by the operation of the Spirit inhabiting humanity. Hence He who manifested God as love, and thus illustrated the law as the code of His own honor, is the brightness of the Father's glory, and we are to be like him, when we see him as he is, for we are to be thus created in righteousness and true holiness, after the image of the Creator. This resemblance to God in the character of man, made perfect in spirit, is the sufficient end of our being, the reason why we exist. But this we should never have looked for, had not heaven informed us what to aim at and to hope. Everlasting progression and development are involved in our spiritual union by faith with Him, who is the Head over all. Had not reason been too busy with phantasms, she might have seen the truth. The objects of creation, spiritual or material, new or old, can not have been produced, but for the purpose of expressing to created intellect what exists entirely at once, now and ever, in the Self-existent. Mind answers to mind. Each of us must say there was a time when I was not; but no man can say the time will never come when I shall know all that has been. It may be, that as the believing man looks through the light of God into eternity, he shall be as if he had himself forever existed; for is not spiritual consciousness capable of recognizing all the past, as if now present? and shall we not, of course, feel, in every manifestation of Omnipotence, that He designs all things in relation to man? Are we not taught, concerning the wisdom which was from everlasting, that before the heavens were prepared, or the circling deep spread forth, Jehovah possessed the thought of this habitable earth, as his own delight with the sons of men, and that therefore He calls upon them to give heed to His instruction, that they may find life, and be blessed in following the footsteps of their God?

By thinking on existence we learn, first, physical order—the relation of matter to matter, world to world; then moral order—the relation of mind to mind. The absence of physical order is chaos, the absence of moral order is misery. Order is law in operation. Thus nature is perpetuated. But moral law is distinct both from mental and physical law. Every element and material mass is governed by a constitution of its own, it operates always in the same manner in similar circum-

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stances, and the mind has also fixed laws by which it also acts. Thus no man can avoid remembering from association, or prevent his will from being excited by pleasure or pain. But moral law is addressed to the will of man as a spirit capable of choosing between good and evil, because he is capable of thinking on the fitness of things as appointed by God. A consent to this is mental conformity to the law of God as good; willing opposition to this is sin, consistency of conduct in obedience to this is holiness. That is good which is congruous with the happiness both of the individual mind and the community of minds, and the reverse of this is evil. The law which requires this congruity is love or benevolence; and the mind that yields to love because it is love, is of similar disposition. The man who does good because God is good, partakes of God's spirit; his will coincides with God's—he obeys from the heart. This is the doctrine of Christianity. Therefore it is that love relates equally to God and man, and it is impossible for a man truly and religiously to venerate and adore the Creator for his goodness without manifesting kindness to his fellow creatures. "If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?" But oh, the jesuitry of the human soul! Men hunt each other to bloody and burning death in the name of Charity, while knowing nothing of him who died for all of them. If God were not good, it would be unreasonable to worship Him; and none can worship him without good will to man, for benevolence is the glory in which God reveals himself. Human knowledge is the progressive perception of Omniscience and Omnipotence, the reception indeed, so to say, of an atom at a time of the meaning of the Infinite Mind. Every production of that Mind bears in the evidences of all its attributes, and successive revelation is but the development of a single truth. Thus, if we could detach a single point from the universe of matter, and look at it in the light of pure reason, we should see the force of the Almighty there, imbuing it with properties and affinities, fitting it for its place in the harmonious whole. The will of God gives it inherent faculty of existence, in relation to his own purpose. Infinite power and infinite wisdom are there, and if these exist to the apprehension of our minds, must not our minds exist in relation to that power and wisdom?

But if beings like ourselves are conscious of Infinite Wisdom and Power, how can this be but in connection with Infinite Love? What purpose can there be in the revelation of the Deity to His creatures but to express a reason why they should confide in Him?

Thus we are constantly obliged to revert to the standing truth—"God is love." The doctrine of utility is the doctrine of love. Now there is a use in everything, and in every atom of every thing. But what is a use? It is an order or purpose in the creation of whatever exists—an inherent quality or property in the constitution of a thing which renders it subservient to the benefit of some conscious agent. Thus all creation in its minutest parts becomes an evidence to thinking persons of the Divine intention toward themselves, as beings feeling and acknowledging the Divine goodness; for every act of Omnipotence is consistent with all other of His acts, and is directed to an end, which must be the eternal, infinite good of every mind that depends on the wisdom and benevolence of Almightiness.

The use of any thing is, then, resolved into the proper employment and enjoyment of the means which are provided for the formation of ideas and the rectification of desires. Right desires are all provided for. All that we can know concerning the use of any thing is therefore summed up in the word submission, for it teaches only this—Let your intellect and then your will, yield to

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the instruction and to the law of God, and you will find yourself satisfied at the source of love, power, beauty and thought. In every instance that we discern the use of any object or any idea, we discern a benevolent adaption, and it is an appeal to our understandings, an appeal of our Maker to our souls, as an evidence of His interest in our own existence. He has made us capable of perceiving His perfection, as created things; thought and inspiration reveal it, that we might love and obey, and be blessed; for salvation is not an appendage to Jehovah's plan in creation, but an essential part to every being that needs it, and beholds God as love, and cleaves to Him for sustentation, for will, for ability, for intellect, for all. Thus the confiding spirit worships and glorifies The Father, and rejoices in His fullness for ever, and that not blindly, but from a sympathizing relationship, and therefore with the actual enjoyment of an everlasting heritage in His providence and graciousness.

NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

BY JAMES WILSON.

THERE is no friend like Jesus,
In this wide world of ours,
For He from sorrow frees us,
And strews our path with flowers.

There is no friend like Jesus,
When darkness gathers 'round;
For there with joy and gladness,
He makes our hearts to bound.

There is no friend like Jesus—
So constant, true and kind;
So full of love and pity—
So holy and refined.

There is no friend like Jesus,
To succor the oppressed;
"To help the poor and needy,"
And comfort the distressed.

There is no friend like Jesus,
To drive away our fears;
To heal our wounded spirits,
And wipe away our tears.

There'll be no friend like Jesus,
When at death's door we lay;
There'll be no friend like Jesus,
When comes the judgment day.

PLUCKED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"O, mother, do see!" said little Georgiana to her mamma, as she came rushing in from the garden. "Somebody has cut off all the buds of your heliotrope and little rose—only look!"

"I did it," said her mother.

"You, mamma!"

"Yes."

"Why, don't you like flowers?"

"Yes, my dear; it is because I like flowers I cut them off."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"My dear, do you notice that the heliotrope and the rose are both young and weak—just beginning to grow? The strength that they would spend on a blossom now, I want them to employ in making larger roots and throwing out more branches, so they will become strong, thrifty plants, and bear twenty blossoms by-and-bye, instead of now."

"Oh, that is it?"

"Yes. You see, my dear, there is in every plant a mysterious power called the vital force of life. Now, this vital force is all the while stimulating the plant to throw out either roots, stalks, leaves, or blossoms; but of all things that a plant can do, nothing uses more of this mysterious power than to blossom. If the vital force makes roots, these roots are so many mouths through which the plant sucks food from the earth; if it goes to make more leaves, these leaves are the lungs by

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which the plant breathes the air, and thus takes it nourishment. But the flower is neither lungs nor mouth, yet it takes the highest force the plant is capable to produce it; and while the plant is maturing the seed which lies hidden in the flower, it often entirely suspends all other growth, because all its energies are taken up with this effort. So, if a gardener wants to make a plant strong and thrifty, and capable of bearing a beautiful show of flowers, he often picks off the first blossom buds, and turns all the strength of the plants to leaves and roots."

Little Georgy looked quite thoughtful.

"My dear," said her mother, "I am going to tell you something now that I hope you will always remember,—this flowering of plants is like some other things that I want you to notice. In educating you, there are many pleasures and pursuits, innocent in themselves, and beautiful as the blossoms of a flower, that I restrain you from; not because I do not like them, but because I think for you to have them now would have the same effect on your character, that too early blossoms would on a delicate plant. You would like to spend your time in reading story-books, in going on visits, in attending shows and concerts, and many such things, which may all be pleasant enough, in themselves; but instead of all these, you have to spend your strength in duties and lessons, at home and at school. You are doing now what a plant is—you are making roots, and leaves, and branches; and when your mind and character are formed, blossoming may not hurt you. Sometimes a gardener cares nothing about the strength of a plant; his only object is to get a show of fine flowers immediately. He keeps it warm, waters it with stimulating nourishment, and turns all its strength to flowering. In this way, beautiful flowers are made; but when this transient bloom is withered, the plant is a poor, withered, unsightly thing, whose vitality is all expended. So some parents and teachers bring up children to care only for pleasure, gaiety, and show; and when childhood and youth are passed, their vigor is all spent—they are poor, insipid, useless creatures, affording no pleasure or use either to themselves or others. But more than this, what I do for you is only an emblem of what our Heavenly Father is constantly doing for us all. Our minds are all the while reaching forth and striving after blossoms which He cuts off; not because He does not love flowers, but because He does love them, and wants his immortal plants to gain strength for a thousand instead of one. Here is a mother, for instance, and all the strength of her life is put forth in one fair child—a rose-bud of infinite sweetness. All the strength of her soul is going into love for this child. The heavenly Gardener cuts off this blossom of love; not because He has no pleasure in it, but because He wants the soul that bears it to become a stronger soul, and capable of a wider sphere of love. You will often see a rose-tree whose buds have been cut off, throwing up a vigorous shoot from which multitudes of roses shall spring; and so, when an earthly love has been broken off by death, there springs out of it a love to all mankind—to all who suffer and sorrow. So people in this world often have tastes and capabilities, beautiful in themselves, which the circumstances of their lives forbid them to indulge. A mother, for example, has a taste for music, drawing, or literature; but poverty, and the charge of a young family, keep her confined to the drudgery of ordinary life; but God, the loving Gardener, permits all this. He casts her lot thus, not because he has no love for the beautiful tendencies of her mind, but because He would give them a stronger root and wider growth.

"And now, my dear child," said mamma, "remember, if in your life a time should ever come when all the desires of your heart are cut off—when you are forced from all that is lovely and agreeable to you, and confined to all that is repugnant and distasteful—be not discouraged; think that it is done by the Great Gardener of your soul;—your time shall yet come, if not here, at least, when He shall transplant you to His heavenly kingdom."

THERE are no troubles which have such a wasting and disastrous effect upon the mind, as those which must not be told, but which cause the mind to be continually rolling and turning over upon itself; in ceaseless convulsions and unrest.

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CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

It is unnecessary to enter into any disquisition as to what constitutes taste, but assuming that all understand Mr. Webster, when he defines it, "Judgment: nice perception; the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, symmetry, or whatever constitutes excellence," &c., we propose to suggest a few thoughts on its cultivation. At the outset we meet the following objections: "It is a waste of time, and promotes luxury," says economy; "*Cui bono?*" says utility.

If it were the highest end of life simply to amass gold, or to be a slave to constant labor, such cultivation might be considered a loss of time. And if it were desirable that society should make no advance from the savage state, it might properly be considered a promoter of luxury. But no one will say that his Maker has brought him into being merely to breathe, eat, drink, grow sick, take physic, and die. For what end has man been endowed with noble faculties? For what end has the eye been fitted up with such exquisite mechanism, unless it be that it should delight in seeing; or the ear, save that it may delight in hearing? Coarser instruments than these might assist us sufficiently to "buy and sell, and get gain." But it is true that good taste is an expensive attribute? May it not promote real utility—real happiness? We think that it may. It will nerve the peasant to make his cottage the abode of comfort? while sloth is folding the hands for a little more sleep, he will rise with the dawn, that he may train the woodbine or honeysuckle over his low porch, and surround his home with numberless little conveniences, and sources of pleasure, of which his idle neighbor is ignorant. It will also restrain the extravagances of influence, and lead to the fountains of permanent happiness.

Taste has, frequently, for its object works of art. Nature, many suppose, may be studied with some propriety, but art they reject as entirely superficial. But what is the fact? In the highest sense, art is the child of nature, and is most admired when it preserves the likeness of its parent. Tradition tells us that the harp was first suggested by the vibration of a dead turtle's sinews, which Apollo found on the banks of the Nile, and the flute, by the piping of the wind in hollow reeds among the marshes of the same river. Are the pagodas of Burmah anything more than an improvement on the rude tent of the Tartar? Is not the proudest ship that rides the sea only a perfection of the canoe of the savage? Are not Gothic churches only an advance on "the forests of God's first temples"—the drop-roof, an imitation of hanging boughs—the stained windows, an attempt to counterfeit a sunset sky, sending its light through the interstices of waving foliage? In painting, it is always the aim of the artist to copy nature; and, other things being the same, his success is in exact proportion to his skill in imitation. Why does he love to represent the unaffected positions of children, rather than the stiff attitude and awkward grimace of men? It is unnecessary to answer. The same principles apply to music, poetry, and all the arts. If these things be so, does not the man who objects to the study of art, virtually oppose the study of nature?

Of all the benefits arising from the cultivation of correct taste, we cannot now attempt an enumeration. It fits us to estimate better the world in which we live. That the universe was designed by its Creator to afford happiness to man, cannot be denied. Its adaptation to his physical and intellectual organization, strikes the observer at first survey. God might have made the earth a monstrous plain of one color, without flower or bird. Instead

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of hanging over us by day, a tent of many tinted clouds, and by night, a curtain of azure, he might have made the sky of a gloomy, unchangeable hue, with little beneath it to promote the well-being of his rational creation. But how far otherwise is the fact! How prodigal is nature in her gifts! How all things contribute to render us happy!

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of."

But he who does not cultivate a discernment of these things, walks blindfolded over the earth. This beautiful adaptation, running through all nature, brings such an one few thrills of pleasure. In his estimation, Niagara furnishes excellent water privileges; and his perception is about as accurate as that of the blind man, who thought that the color of scarlet must be something like the sound of a trumpet!

The cultivation of taste is but a cultivation of the entire man. Who can doubt that poetry has a tendency to polish the roughest nature, and impart new and pure aspirations? Will not he who has just conceptions of the true and the beautiful, shrink from whatever is low and degrading, sooner than he who has no such conceptions? And who will affirm that music has no influence in making men better? Taste rocked the cradle of music and poetry, and led them on to their present maturity.

To comprehend fully the influence of true taste (and we here use it in its enlarged acceptation) we need only for a moment to suppose the world destitute. How cold and desolate! The forest grows and decays untouched from age to age. The gold glitters in the sand, and the more useful metals lie buried in the dust of the earth. The pearl remains on the floor of the ocean. The granite and marble are hid in the bowels of the mountain, and man creeps about in the skins of animals. In this state of things, introduce taste, and lo! the transformation. The forest bows to the woodman's ax and is converted into implements of utility, or floats on the ocean. The metals become ornaments, and a medium of exchange among all nations, and the hum of happy industry rises on every gale. Music strings her harp, and poetry chants her numbers. The marble breathes—it starts to life; the granite is converted into the abodes of man, and into temples of the Most High.

In conclusion, we say that the perversion of taste to evil is no argument against its proper cultivation. Like all that was originally good, and designed to promote happiness, it is liable to become an instrument of the arch enemy; but if cultivated with a becoming spirit, it may be like the star which shone over Bethlehem—it may lead wise men to worship God.

ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;
Whether work or whether play,
Always speak the truth.
Never from this rule depart,
Grave it deeply on your heart;
Written 'tis in Virtue's chart—
Always speak the truth.

There's a charm in verity—
Always speak the truth;
But there's meanness in a lie—
Always speak the truth;
He is but a coward slave
Who, a present pain to wave,
Stoops to falsehood: then be brave,
Always speak the truth.

Falsehood seldom stands alone—
Always speak the truth;
One begets another one—
Always speak the truth.
Falsehood all the soul degrades,
'Tis a sin which often breeds

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Greater sins and darker deeds:
Always speak the truth.

When you're wrong the folly own—
Always speak the truth;
Here's a victory to be won—
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
Then with courage true and strong
Always speak the truth.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Number Two.

HITHERTO you have not heard of any spiritually minded persons connected with my early life; yet there was one, I feel sure, though my recollections are confused and imperfect on that point; and one to whose prayers, if not to her teaching, I surely owe something.

My father's mother was a fine, sprightly, robust old lady, rather small in stature, and already bending a little under the burden of years at the time when I first recollect her as mingling in the visions of my childhood, though I know that even from infancy I was the delight of her warm honest heart. She was simplicity itself in manners, her blunt speeches sometimes clashing a little with her son's notions of polish and refinement, as also did her inveterate antipathy to the reigning fashion, whatever that might be. I remember her reading me a lecture upon something novel in the cut of a sleeve, ending by this remark: "I never wore a gown but of one shape; and because I don't follow the fashion, the fashion is forced to come to me sometimes by way of a change. I can't help that, you know, my dear; but I never was fashionable on purpose." She added some pious remarks on vanity and folly, which I soon forgot; but the other dwelt on my mind because it chimed in with my own love of independence — a prominent characteristic with me; too often carried to the excess of self-willed obstinacy. However, I dearly loved and exceedingly respected my grandmother, and used in my heart to glory in her smooth clean locks, half brown, half grey, combed down from under a snowy cap of homely make, when she had successfully resisted alike the entreaties and examples of contemporary dames, who submitted their heads to the curling-irons and powder-puff of a *frizeur*, preparatory to an evening party. I used to stand proudly at her knee, admiring the high color of her cheek, and uncommon brilliancy of her fine dark hazel eye, while her voice, remarkably rich and clear, involuntarily swelled the chorus parts of our magnificent music.

Next to the fashion, if not in an equal or superior degree, I think my grandmother most abhorred the French. Indeed her strongest denunciations against the reigning modes were usually clinched with the triumphant assertion that they were "French fashions." No marvel if her spirit was stirred within her by the horrors of revolutionary France, and her Protestanism strengthened by the butcheries of "Ninety-eight." I knew that she was a protester and a tory of no common stamp; and I knew that she brought her Bible forward in support of every opinion that she uttered. Rarely did I visit her without finding her buried in the study of that blessed book; and I know that she strove to teach me much of its meaning; but our change of residence proved a great bar to personal intercourse and she never wrote letters. I sometimes trace impressions on my mind, made in early life, which I am sure must have been through her means, and though the good seed died on the ground, while the weeds took root and flourished, still, here and there a grain might sink below the surface, to spring up after many days.

And now I must record my first sorrow, although I cannot dwell upon it as on some other things. My brother had been nearly two years absent, on service in the Peninsula, when an apoplectic attack arrested my father in the midst of life and health and vigor, and every promise of lengthened years. The premonitory visitations of repeated strokes were disregarded, for we could not, would not, realize the approach of such an event, and persisted in believeing them nervous; but just when all cause for alarm seemed at an end, and I was rejoicing in the assurance of its being so, I was called from my pillow at midnight to see my be-

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loved parent die. The bereavement was terrible to me: I had always been his principal companion, because no one else in the family had a taste for those things in which he delighted—literature and politics especially—and since my brother's departure, instead of seeking to replace him by friends of his own age, I had turned wholly to my father, never desiring to pass an hour out of his society, and striving to be to him both daughter and son. My mother was a perfect devotee to household affairs, every thought occupied in seeking to promote the domestic comforts of her family; while I, indulging a natural antipathy to all that did not engage the intellectual powers, gave her no help there. I was truly cumbering the ground, seeking only my own gratification, and dignifying my selfishness with many fine names, only because it was best indulged in my own dear home. From the period of my loss of hearing, music had been wholly banished; my father seemed to lose all relish for what could no longer minister enjoyment to me, and deeply I felt the force of that affection which could so instantly and wholly overcome the ruling passion of his mind, accompanied as it was with such exquisite skill in that delightful science as rendered him the admiration of all who came within its influence. It redoubled my devotion to him, and most bitter was the anguish of my heart when I beheld him taken away at a stroke.

A small annuity was all that my mother could depend on, and I resolved to be a novel-writer, for which I was just qualified, both by nature and habits of thinking, and in which I should probably have succeeded very well, but it pleased God to save me from this snare. My brother's unexpected return on leave, with our subsequent changes of abode, paying visits among friends, and keeping my thoughts constantly unsettled, hindered the execution of the project; and when my brother returned to Portugal, we repaired to London, to make a long stay with some near relations. It was there that I met with the gentleman, an officer on leave of absence, whose wife, at the end of six months, I became.

I am longing to arrive at that period when the light of the glorious gospel of Christ first shone me through the darkness of many trying dispensations; therefore I pass by much that intervened, including my dear brother's marriage, who returned again to London with his bride and his mother, to resume his staff situation there; and shall only take you with me across the Atlantic, for a few Nova Scotian reminiscences, before proceeding to the scene of my most precious recollections, dear Ireland. My husband had joined his regiment in Halifax, and sent me a summons to follow him on without delay; in order to which I was obliged to embark in a large vessel taken up partially by government for the conveyance of troops, but in which there was a select party, occupying the state cabin, and making their own terms with the captain for the best possible accommodation and provision on the passage. Of this number was I; and certainly a more select, polished, and agreeable party of highly bred gentlemen could not have been found. I went under the kind care of one of these, with his wife, who had invited me to travel with them.

Have you ever been at sea? It is a question the answer to which will throw very little light on the matter, unless you also state how it agreed with you: no two races on the earth can be more distinct than those two are upon the water—the people who are sea-sick and the people who are not. It was my happy privilege to belong to the latter class; I never for a moment experienced even an unpleasant sensation from any marine cause, but on the contrary enjoyed exemption from all physical annoyances during a five week's voyage, excepting that of hunger. An abundant supply of every thing that was nourishing, in the most palatable form, left no excuse for remaining hungry; nevertheless the demand was incessantly kept up; and I appeal to all who have been similarly affected, whether the munching of hard sea-bread from morning to night under the pressure of a real sea appetite, is not a greater luxury than the choicest viands on shore. To me it certainly was; and surely I had reason to be deeply thankful to the Lord, who, by means of that delicious voyage, and its bracing exhilarating effects, prepared me for a trying winter in the singular climate for which I was bound.

Every day, and all day long, be the weather what it might, I was stationed on deck, generally seated on the highest point of the ship's stern, directly over the rudder, to enjoy a full view of that most graceful and exquisite spectacle, a large

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vessel's course through the mighty deep. Ours was a splendid one, a West Indiaman, almost rivaling the sea-palaces of the East India Company, and manned in the first style. The troops on board, under the command of a field officer, greatly added to the effect and comfort of the thing, for nothing is so conducive to the latter as military discipline, well and mildly maintained. Although our party was perfectly distinct from those who went out entirely at the charge of government, consisting of several officers and their wives, yet we too were nearly all military, including the commandant, and we were strictly amenable to martial law. Of course that soul of domestic and social comfort, punctuality, reigned paramount; every meal was regulated by beat of drum, subordination carefully preserved, and decorum, to the most minute particular, insisted on. No dishabille could appear, in the cabin or on deck; no litter, not an article of luggage visible. All the sick people, all the cross people, and all the whimsical people, were stowed away in their respective berths, and such drawing-room elegance, combined with the utmost freedom of good humor and the unrestrained frankness that results from a consciousness of proper restraint, pervaded our little select coterie, amounting to seventeen gentlemen and two ladies, that it did not need the miserable contrast which I afterwards experienced on the homeward passage, to assure me we were among the most favored of ocean travelers.

We were favored with most delightful weather, fresh and dry and warm; with only one day's hard rain, during which the sea "ran mountains," as the sailors said. I was conducted on deck, "just for one minute, that you may be able to say you have seen such a sea," remarked the gentleman who put a military cloak over me, and led me up the stairs. But who could be satisfied with a momentary sight of any thing so stupendously grand? I resisted all efforts to persuade me into retreating again, and it ended in my being lashed to the mizen-mast by my friendly conductor, who declared that his head, the best landsman's head on board, would not stand the giddy scene; in short, that he should be obliged to report himself sick, and exchange our agreeable society below for the solitude of his berth. Of course I dismissed him, and was left among the mountains, alone, save when a sailor passed me on his duties among the rigging, and gave me a smile of approval, while the man at the wheel seemed to regard me as being under his especial patronage. The tars love one who does not flinch from their own element.

Truly, I saw that day the works of the Lord and his wonders in the great deep. Imagine yourself in a ship, large among vessels, but a mere cork upon the waters of that mighty main. On every side, turn where you would, a huge mountain of irregular form was rising—dark, smooth, of unbroken surface, but seeming about to burst from over-extension. How did you come into that strange valley? how should you get out of it? how avoid the rush of that giant billow that even now overhangs your bark? These questions would inevitably rush through the mind; but in a second of time the huge body beside you sunk, you were on its summit and another came rolling on. Meantime the ship would reel, with a slow slanting movement that gradually lowered the tall masts till the yards almost dipped in the brine, and you were either laid back on the frame-work behind you, or well nigh suspended, looking down upon the water over the ship's bulwarks. I soon discovered why my companion had so carefully buckled the leather strap that held me to the mast; certainly I cannot recall the scene with such steadiness of nerve as I beheld it with. Every now and then a small billow would burst upon the vessel's side, sending its liquid treasure across the deck, and more than one ablution of the kind was added to the fresh water drenching bestowed by the clouds. Can you fancy the discomfort of such a situation? Then you were never at sea, or at least you left your imagination ashore; for I defy any person not wall inured to it, to look on such a scene with so negative a feeling as discomfort; it will excite either terror or delight sufficient to engross the whole mind.

I well remember that, when deeply affected by the grandeur of this and other aspects assumed by the majestic main, I found the highest flights of man's sublimity too low. They would not express, would not chime in with my conceptions; and I was driven to the inspired pages for a commentary on the glorious scene. It was then that the language of Job, of Isaiah, of Habakkuk, supplied me with

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a strain suited to the sublime accompaniment of God's magnificent work. Sunrise I could not witness, because at that hour no lady might appear on deck, and my cabin had not a side window; but sunset, moonlight, starlight, with the various phenomena of ocean's ever-varying appearance; these furnished an endless contemplation with which nothing could accord but the language of holy writ. I did not bring forth my Bible, well knowing the bantering remarks to which it would have exposed me on the score of affectation, but my memory served me equally well in that as in profane poetry; and many a precious word of warning, exhortation, and promise did I recite, enchanted by the sublimity of what, as to its spiritual meaning, was still an unknown tongue to me. Among these the thirty-second of Deuteronomy, the fortieth of Isaiah, and other passages full of the gospel, were repeatedly called to mind; and above all, in blowing weather the forty-sixth Psalm delighted me.

You may suppose that I could not wholly forget the fact of being where, in the strictest sense, there was but a step between me and death. The first day of our voyage some one had quoted the expression, "There is but a plank between us and eternity," not with any serious application, but as a fine thought. I do not think that I was ever for a moment unmindful of this; the presence of actual danger was always felt by me: but concerning eternity I had no fears whatever. A general reliance on the boundless mercy of God, recognition of Christ as having suffered for our sins, and a degree of self-righteousness that easily threw my sins into the shade, while magnifying my supposed merits, these formed the staff wheron I leaned; and when the most imminent and appalling peril overhung us, so that we expected to be ingulfed in the waves without hope of succor, I looked it boldly in the face, confident in my false hope. Although just then reveling in enjoyments best suited to my natural taste, life had in reality no charms for me. From all that had gilded the sunny hours of youth I was completely severed, and the world on which I had launched was a wilderness indeed in comparison with the Eden I had left. I would not have made the slightest effort to escape from death in any form; and though I was not senseless enough to prefer an eternity of untired wretchedness to the fleeting sorrows of mortal life, yet as my conscience was lulled to rest by the self-delusion that I suffered more than I deserved, and had therefore a claim on divine justice, and as I was willing to receive the supposed balance of such debtor and creditor account in the world to come, I was perfectly content to be summoned to my reward. Blessed be God that I was not taken away in the hour of blind willingness.

Nov. 3.

The extreme peril to which I have alluded overtook us when within a short distance of our destination; we were suddenly caught by a tremendous wind from the south, which blew us right in the direction of Cape Sable, one of the most fatal head-lands in those seas. Night closed upon us and the gale increased; sails were spread, in a desperate hope of shifting the vessel's course, but were instantly torn into ribbons. At one time, for a moment, the rudder broke loose, the tiller-rope giving way under the violent strain upon it; and the next minute the spanker-boom, an immense piece of timber, snapped like a reed. It was an awful scene: on the leeside the ship lay so low in the water that every thing was afloat in the sleeping cabins; and the poor ladies were screaming over their terrified children, unheeded by the gentlemen, every one of whom was on deck. The captain openly declared we were bound for the bottom, if a very sudden and unlikely change of wind did not take place. In the midst of all this, I was reported missing, and as I had the privilege of being every body's care, because, for the time being, I belonged to nobody, a search was commenced. A young officer found me, at last, so singularly situated, that he went and reported me to the captain. I had climbed three tiers of lockers in the state cabin, opened one of the large stern windows, and was leaning out, as far as I could reach, enraptured beyond expression with the terrific grandeur of the scene. The sky was as black as midnight and the storm could make it, overhanging us like a large pall, and rendered awfully visible by the brilliancy of the waters beneath. I had heard of that phosphorescent appearance in the sea, but never could have imagined its grandeur, nor could I essay to describe it. Even in perfect stillness the illuminated element would have looked magnificent; what, then, must it have been in a state of excessive, tumultuous agitation, the waves

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swelling up to a fearful height and then bursting into sheets of foam; every drop containing some luminous animalculæ sparkling with vivid, yet delicate lustre?

We were going with headlong speed before the wind, and I hung right over the track of the rudder, a wild, mad eddy of silver foam, intermingled with fire. There was something in the scene that far overpassed all my extravagant imaginings of the terribly sublime. The hurry, the fierceness, the riot of those unfettered waters, the wild flash of their wondrous lights, the funeral blackness of the overhanging clouds, and the deep, desperate plunge of our gallant ship, as she seemed to rend her way through an opposing chaos—it was perfect dilerium; and no doubt I should have appeared in keeping with the rest to an external observer, for I was stretching out at the window, the combs had fallen from my hair, which streamed as wildly as the rent sails, and I was frequently deluged by some bursting wave, as the dip of the vessel brought me down almost to the surface. The peril of an open window was startling to those on deck, and the captain, hearing that I refused to relinquish my post, sent the mate to put up the dead-lights; so I sat down on the floor, buried my face in my hands, and strove to realize the magnificence thus rent from my sight.

Yes, God's works in the great deep are indeed wonders. Nothing landward can possibly approach them: in the rudest tempest the ground remains firm, and you feel that you are a spectator; but at sea you are part of the storm. The plank whereon you stand refuses to support you, ever shifting its inclination; while the whole of your frail tenement is now borne aloft, now dashed into the liquid furrow beneath, now struck back by a head-sea with a shock that makes every timber quiver, now flung on one side as if about to reverse itself in the bosom of the deep. No doubt the sense of personal danger, the death-pang already anticipated, the dark abyss that yawns before the sinner, and the heaven opening on a believer's soul, must each and any of them deaden the sense to what I have vainly sought to describe; and I suppose this accounts for the astonishment expressed by the whole party at my singular conduct, when the youth who was sent to warn me of the peril, described my half angry, half reproachful pettishness at the interruption: "Can't you let me enjoy it in peace, Mr. J———? Shall I ever see any thing like it again? Do go away." "But the captain says the window must be shut." "Then take me on deck, and you may shut it." "That is utterly impossible; no lady could stand for an instant on deck, your drapery would bear you over the ship's side." "Then I won't shut the window: so go and tell captain L——— not to tease me with messages."

This was downright recklessness. I wonder when recalling it to mind, and feel that I could not have thus sported with death after I acquired a good and solid hope of everlasting life. The act of dying had always great terrors for me, until, through adverse circumstances, I seemed to have nothing worth living for, and t hen I ould laugh at it in my own heart. Strange to say, that fearfulness of the passage through the dark valley returned with double force when I had realized a personal claim to the guiding rod and the supporting staff, and the bright inheritance beyond. But before this period of blessedness, of joy and peace in believing arrived, I had to pass through many waters of affliction, and to experience remarkable interpositions at His hand who was leading me by a path which I knew not.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O'er the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heaven in vain,
I see beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;

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And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Artic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew south; the noon of day
Was warm as june's; and save that snow
Flecked the low mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ rolled.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes autumn's drooping woodland gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet brier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round been ours!

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveler's tale.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,

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Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs again!

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
"In vain the human heart we mock;
Bring living guests who love the day,
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
The herbs we share with flesh and blood,
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loath,
But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam!

THE WASHWOMAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

"Mother desires that you walk into the dining-room, and rest yourself. You will find cakes on the table, and a good cup of tea. I am sure you must be very tired."

Thus spoke Anna Reed, a delicate girl of fourteen, to Mrs. Nill, or Flora, as the washwoman of our village was familiarly called.

"Your mother is very kind," Mrs. Nill replied, as she wiped the suds from her red, brawny arms, "I am not very tired, but my head aches, and the tea may do me good."

"Not very tired," cried Anna, in astonishment. "Why, if I had done as much hard work in all day as you have done already, this morning, I do think I should die of fatigue. Dear me, it must be so hard to wash for a living. I could never do it."

"Just those words I made use of once," said Flora, "when I was a young and delicate girl, like you."

Anna looked down with a perplexed air, and little sister Sarah looked first at Mrs. Nill, and then at Anna, with a half-wondering, half-smiling face, and then whispered so loud that Mrs. Nill heard every syllable, though she meant to be exceedingly private about it—"Was Flora ever young and delicate as you are, Anna?"

Anna looked up; before her was a large mirror, reflecting her slender person, fair face, and little white hands; and just beside the mirror sat Mrs. Nill, in her washwoman dress—her dark face flushed, and set off by a red bandanna, tied around her head—and her arms and hands red and swollen by her employment, and yet, in fashionable costume and other circumstances, Mrs. Nill would have appeared, as she really was, majestically beautiful. But Anna did not consider this; and, as

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she compared the woman with her own image, in the glass, she burst into a laugh.

Flora did not notice her ill-manners, but said to little Sarah—"Yes, dear, Flora was young once, and delicate, and many people thought her very handsome. But I have seen much trouble and sorrow. Shall I tell you my story, while I rest and sip my tea?"

"Oh! do, Flora," cried both girls at once; and Mrs. Nill commenced:

"My father was a mechanic, and so high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, that he was made a Justice of the Peace. He earned sufficient to support his family in a style of easy affluence, for a mechanic; and my mother being an excellent housekeeper, and very industrious, he was considered a happy and thriving man.

"My parents had seven children—two daughters and five sons. Of the girls I was the younger, and my father's especial favorite. My sister, like most elder sisters, was a busy, domestic, womanly child, ever employed in nursing the baby, or performing such household duties as were within the range of her strength and ability. So, being much with mother, she became her counselor as well as assistant; and I thought that mother loved her more than me. This was a very wicked thought in me; and what reason had I to cherish it, when my kind sister was kept always at work, while I employed myself very much as I pleased. My parents thought me too delicate to labor as Ada did; so I was sent to school, where I learned, beside the usual reading, writing, grammar, geography and arithmetic, many kinds of fancy work, and was allowed to be highly accomplished.

"Look here, Sarah," and Mrs. Nill, drew a locket from her bosom, by the black ribbon to which it was suspended. "Do you call this a handsome picture?"

"Oh, it is beautiful!" cried the delighted child. "Sister Anna, did you ever see anything so very lovely?"

Anna looked at the miniature, and then at Mrs. Nill. "It is your picture, Flora," she said, "and you are still like it. Indeed, I never knew, till now, how well you look."

"My girls, I am worn and faded, like my dress; but this was a good likeness of me, at seventeen. But I valued myself upon my beauty and accomplishments, and was proud when people praised me. I even felt as if every body ought to praise me, and was affronted if they did not, and felt as if they maliciously and enviously withheld what was my due. This feeling rendered me unamiable at times, so that I was not loved as I might otherwise have been.

"There was, however, a young man, son of one of my father's fellow workmen and neighbors, who loved me from my babyhood. He thought more highly of me than I thought of myself, and suffered no one to fail in their homage to me, when he was present.

"He was always a strong, handsome, proud boy, and grew up the leader amongst his fellows, and the admiration of all the young girls in our neighborhood.

"I cannot tell you how very much I loved him; but he was dearer to me than anything in the world beside. I loved him more than you love your dear brother, or even your kind mother.

"Oh! if he had been brought up in these blessed days of temperance, how happy we might have been, how respectable, and how good! but, in those days everybody drank wine and ardent spirits; men and women, boys, and young girls like you, even little babies—all drank strong liquors. I have heard mothers say to their little ones, 'come, now, be good, and you shall have some nice toddy.' If the baby cried it must have weak sling. All respectable housekeepers kept bottles of various kinds of liquors, wines, bitters and cordials displayed on the sideboard

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or bureau, or in the buffet; and every person who called was invited to drink that which pleased him. Church members, and even ministers, kept their gin and bitters, of which they partook every morning, with the whole family, down to the sucking child. Is it strange that so many, thus nurtured, became drunkards? No, no, girls, this wicked, dreadful custom was the ruin of thousands. Many and many a young man went on heedlessly in its current until, all at once, he awoke to the dreadful consciousness that he was a common drunkard. And many, very many, who deemed themselves sober men, were forever under the influence of liquor, and, though they were never apparently drunk, were never sober.

"Well I knew that George Nill loved a 'cheerful glass,' as they used to say, but so did all high-spirited young men; that was no fault in my eyes. I sometimes saw him much excited, but never heard of his getting drunk. He was handsome, as I told you; was an excellent workman, got the highest wages, dressed well, stood upon his honor, was admired and envied—and loved me.

"I wish you could have seen him on his wedding-day, so gay, so tender, so beautiful. We were a proud and happy couple—proud of each other, and happy in the present joy and future promise. He took me to a neat new house, which he had built, and which my father had furnished in good style.

"For a while we prospered, and life looked bright before us, though my husband did sometimes come home the worse for what he had been drinking. At such times he was so funny, and behaved so ridiculously, that I used to laugh at him until my sides were sore. But when these exhibitions became more and more frequent, I became seriously alarmed. A drunkard has always been my greatest abhorrence. I had always felt a shuddering fear in the presence of a drunken man, and when the fear that my own high-spirited, generous-hearted, noble and beautiful George would become a common drunkard, fell on my spirit, I felt as if it would crush my life out altogether. I no longer saw anything laughable in the insane frivolity of my intoxicated husband's pranks and jests. All these things appeared in a new light to me now. Still I dared not speak to him on the subject. Oh, girls! if you could know how hard it is for a wife to say to her beloved husband, you are becoming a drunkard—you would not wonder that so many women suffer during long years, without speaking to the inebriate upon the terrible subject. Romance writers, and some other very good people, who know little of these matters, talk of wives winning their husbands back by gentleness and love. But I tell you there is no winning a man from a downward path. If he has no regard for himself, the opinions of his fellow men, or the restraints of religion, how shall a woman hope to reclaim him? To lavish tenderness upon him is emphatically to throw your pearls before swine. He will trample them under his feet, and turn again and rend you. Still more hopeless and useless it is to waste on him pleadings, upbraidings or reproofs, as these will only win for her the more bitter abuse—the more frequent and prolonged desertions. Oh, it is a terrible thing to be a drunkard's wife! How many thousands of virtuous and noble-hearted women have perished in the agony of such a situation. And yet the law binds us to live with these mad men, who wilfully make themselves insane, their wives slaves, and their children beggars, as if a drunkard is fit to be master of a house; as if an idiot is a suitable companion for a sensible woman; as if a raving maniac is capable of governing and training children! But I did not think of these things then. I loved my husband and knew only to do and to endure.

"My poor George! The demon had him in possession; the fever thirst of

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madness had become unquenchable. Terrible it was to me to see my beautiful, noble-minded, intelligent and industrious husband, becoming a bloated, groveling and besotted creature, hardly above a brute; and, worst of all, it was to hear his dreadful words of accusation, threats and reproaches. He would accuse me of every crime; swear that I had done things that never once entered my heart. And this was not all; in his moments of drunken compunction, amongst his boon companions, he would lament over his utter ruin, and say he was driven to his downward course by the bad conduct of his wife. Girls, observe now, almost every confirmed drunkard will say such things of the woman whom he is murdering, thus adding infamy to the degradation, which, as a drunkard's wife, she must endure. Oh! never, never, as you value all that is dear and holy, marry a man who is in the habit of tasting strong liquors, though it be ever so sparingly. If he take to it afterward, you will at least escape the bitterness of self-reproach.

"Well, we, who had been so happy, became very miserable, and, after a while, very poor. One day the constable came and took away all my nice furniture; that which my dear parents gave me; and, that night my husband swore that I had been his ruin, by my extravagance and cursed laziness. I had never, till then, resented any thing he said to me, but this was too much for human nature to endure. I told him how he had undone himself and me. I grew eloquent as I told him of our past love and happiness, of our present miseries, and the black and beggarly future to which he was dragging me and our two poor innocent little ones. I expected he would beat me for my chidings, but he sat silent, and, when I had finished my lecture, he raised his face, wet with tears, and replied:

"'You have spoken truly, poor wife. I have undone myself and you. But it is too late now to attempt reformation. Why did you not say these things to me years ago? I was happy then, oh, so happy!"

"I clasped his neck, and wept and rejoiced all at once. I told him it was never too late to reform, and if he would only quit drinking we should be so happy, and very soon regain all we had lost. He said he would never drink any more; and after he went to bed that night I did pray to the Almighty God to strengthen his good resolution, and give him grace to keep it.

"Well, he did abstain from liquor, but he found his constitution so impaired that he could not endure great fatigue. He had lost his character as a faithful, good workman, and when he sought to return to his business he met little encouragement. He would come in after having met with refusals, slight or suspicious language, and sit down heavily in his accustomed place, and weep like a beaten child. Was it not very cruel; is it not very wicked in men, thus to add gall to the bitter cup of penitence, and shut the door of hope against the returning prodigal?

"Then I began to seek for employment, and to take in sewing, and endure all the petty annoyances that many ladies deem it their privilege to inflict on a poor sister woman who works for them. Yet, although some did not pay me for my labor, and some obliged me to rip my work and do it over—not because it was not well done, but because it was not done their way—still I found I could do something towards our maintenance, and did it cheerfully. There were some who favored me; and some who said they could not pity me because I had been so proud. But I had never intended to be proud; certainly I never felt to despise any body. But this is one way by which some hard-hearted people excuse their lack of kindly feeling. I was often severely hurt by unfeeling persons, but I never told my husband, and always appeared cheerful and hopeful in his

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presence; yet many a time, as I looked upon his bowed form, haggard face, and sorrowful expression, I felt my heart breaking with pity and tender sorrow. Many an hour I wept, when he was absent, over the poor wreck of all that we had been, and hoped and enjoyed. It was as if the promise of a glorious spring were blighted in the blossom, and so the summer was barren of beauty or promise for the autumn.

"Well, my poor husband grew sadder and weaker, and I was at last convinced that he was in a fatal decline. He knew it long before I could relinquish my hope that he would regain his health and station in society. Oh! it was very hard for me to give him up—him whom I had loved all my life, who had been the center of all my hopes and joys, and in reference to whom I had always acted, spoken and thought. It was heart-rending to see him go drooping about, exerting his little strength to do something useful—something to assist me in bearing my heavy burden. And yet there were those who said he was lazy, and had no disease.

"It was a lovely June evening. I had been very successful, and had put my house in order, and provided a far better supper than I could usually afford. My husband had insisted upon taking home some work that I had finished. He said he could do it as well as not, and so save me a little time. I told him I would have tea ready before his return, and would make some of his favorite pancakes. The sun went down, twilight came, and the landscape grew dim and dewy; I felt uneasy, but could not leave my children to go in search of him. At length the little one fell asleep, and I placed the other at the foot of the cradle to rock and sing, and went out to seek my husband. The full moon was just rising, and as she touched the eastern side of every object with a liquid radiance, threw all else into deeper shade. I sped swiftly along the green lane until I was arrested by an earnest voice; I knew it was his; I went softly forward; he was kneeling in the shadow of an old oak, under which we had played in early childhood, held sweet communion in our loving youth, and often paused to rest in our first years of our wedded happiness. There he was kneeling, praying earnestly for the wife and children whom he was so soon to leave; and, as he prayed, he wept bitterly.

"I could not bear it. I went to him and laid my hand on his forehead; it was cold, and his hair was damp and heavy with dew. 'Oh! Flora,' he murmured, 'I am glad you have come. I thought I should die here all alone. 'I am very weak and ill.' I assisted him to rise, and with much difficulty led him home.

"The supper which I had provided with so much care was untasted that night. I assisted my husband to bed, and sat beside him all night, listening to his words of penitence and prayers for himself and his loved ones. He said he felt at peace and willing to depart—the more so as he could no longer earn a support for himself or family. He thanked God fervently for his great mercy toward him, and, just as the morning broke and the sweet birds began their matin song, he sunk into a gentle slumber. I laid my head beside his on the pillow, and slept until my little ones awoke me with their cheerful prattle. But my poor husband slept on. Deeper and more death-like grew his slumber, and, as the sun was setting, his eyes opened for a moment; a sweet smile settled on his mouth as he saw me bending over him. A shudder passed over his frame, and the shadow of death settled on his countenance.

"But, you are weeping, children. I will pass over the bitterness of the first few days of my widowhood, and tell you how I sped afterward. After I had settled my little household, I earned a comfortable subsistence for

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myself and little ones, until I was attacked with inflammation of the eyes. Then I could not sew, and, as it was winter, I thought that we must perish. If you could have seen how patiently my little boys endured the hunger and the cold, and have heard Willie, the eldest, only five years old, endeavor to cheer and comfort me. 'I know,' he would say, 'that the good God will send us something to eat; and, in a few days I shall be a man, and then you shall have a fine house and everything enough.' And he would step out and straighten himself up, and say, 'See how I have grown to-day; won't I soon be a man.' And, whenever any kind persons gave us anything, he would be sure to remind me that God had sent it. He never went out to play with other children, but stayed near me continually, doing everything in his power to assist me. Oh! he was a very angel on earth. But he was taken ill of scarletina, and, from the first, I thought he would die. For two days he told me, every time I gave him drink or medicine, 'Now I am better, I will soon be well.' But on the third day he asked me to sing a hymn, and then to read to him in the Bible. When I had read a long time, and had closed the book, he asked me, 'Mother, would you feel very bad if I should die?' 'Certainly I should,' I answered. 'Why, mother,' he resumed, 'if I die, I shall go to God, and be very happy; and, if I live, I shall suffer a great deal, and make you a great deal of trouble, and then I must die at last. It is certainly better for me to die now. You won't feel very bad, will you do, dear mother? Say you will not.' I promised him I would try to be willing that God should do as it pleased him.

"Poor little fellow! he suffered very much, but he would still smile and say, 'It will soon be over.' And so on the fourth day he died; and one week after his little brother followed him to heaven, and I was left alone. Yes, I was all alone in the world; and I prayed earnestly for death, but my time had not yet come. I was alone; for my parents both had died of an epidemic fever before I had been married three years. My brothers went, soon after, with an uncle, to the far, far west, and my sister accepted an invitation to live with a widow lady in the city of New York.

"People wondered that I, a poor lone widow, almost blind, should mourn so for my children. They even told me that I ought to be glad that they were taken away from want, and all the evils that await the footsteps of the poor through this wicked world. But they did not know how dear they were to me. The poor love each other more dearly than the wealthy do, for they have nothing else to love. You wonder at my words, but they are true. I will make them plain to you. Suppose there are two little girls—one the child of rich parents, having many friends, who all strive to show their love, and make her happy, by caressing her daily, and giving her all sorts of pretty toys; so that she has many fine dolls, a pretty baby-house, books, pictures, etc.; the other little girl is an orphan, with nobody to love her, and nothing in the world. Now, if some good man were to give to each of these children a beautiful pet lamb, which of them would love the innocent creature most? The happy girl would entrust her lamb to servants, with strict injunctions that it should be well cared for; and she would go to see and admire it every day. But, if it should die, she would hardly miss it, she has so many other treasures to divide her attention. The orphan girl would nurse and tend her pet herself. She would feed it with her own hand, and of her own food; and, if she had not enough for both, would deny herself, that her beauty might not be hungry. When she was cheerful she would play with the merry lamb, and, when she was sorrowful, she would cry with her

Nov. 4.

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arms around its neck, and her face laid on its soft wool. She would talk to it, as if it could understand and sympathize; and, if it were to die she would be wholly desolate, having nothing left to love or care for. Just so it is with the rich and the poor, and their children and dear ones.

"Well, I sold my little home, which was already nearly eaten up by a mortgage, and, with the little money I received, determined to go to New York, and find my sister. I knew where she lived with her friend, but I had had no correspondence with her during the last two years. The poor and miserable have little inducement to write to their friends. So I fitted myself out, and went to the city. I soon found the street and number, and asked for Mrs. Murry, my sister's patroness. The people at first thought me crazy, but, finally, I discovered that Mrs. Murry had been dead a year. Of my dear sister I could learn nothing. What now was I to do? I had only a few shillings left, and not a living soul in all that great city knew me or cared for me. In the country, the traveler, the wayfarer, even the beggar, is asked to remain, to eat of the best the house affords, and stay until the morning. But these people suffered me to tell my story, standing in the hall, and then go out, as they well knew, with nowhere to lay my head.

"I walked about one square, but I felt strangely, and at length couched down in the angle formed by the door-steps and wall of a house, moaning, and repeating again and again, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?' I heard an advancing step on the pavement, I raised my eyes, a young man was approaching; his dress was in the height of fashion, and he walked as if he feared that the street would defile his polished boots. 'He has ho heart,' I said, and hid my face again. But he paused before me, and inquired, in a soft and feeling tone, 'May I ask, madam, why you seem so very desolate?' My heart gushed to my lips at the unexpected voice of kindness, and I told him how and why I came there. He listened attentively, and then walked quickly on. 'And he too has left me,' I gasped, and the reaction of my excited feelings was too much, I fell in a fit. When I recovered I was in a carriage, supported by the young gentleman, who only left me to call a cab.

"They took me to the hospital, for I was in a high fever. There I was carefully attended, and soon got well, and have ever since felt that the hand of God was in this occurrence, for the skill of the attending physicians restored my eyes perfectly. The young man, who was in all this my good angel, visited me several times at the hospital, recovered my trunk, which else had been lost to me, and, when I was well, told me he had found a place for me with a family who were about to remove into the country, and wanted a housekeeper. He then gave me a folded paper, which, on opening, I found to contain a sum of money, and took leave of me with much feeling. And yet he never told me his name. May he be happy. So I came, with Mr. and Mrs. Green, to this village; but circumstances forbade my remaining long with them, and so I became a washwoman. But I must return to my tubs and my suds, for I have taken a long rest."

"Only let me take your beautiful picture, Mrs. Nill," said Anna, "I want to show it to mother."

"Be careful of it," said Flora, as she took it from her neck. "My poor husband wore it from before our marriage till his death."

So the little girls went to their mother, and the washwoman to her work; but presently there was a wild cry in the parlor, and Mrs. Reed came running to the kitchen, followed by Anna and little Sarah; and in a moment she and her washwoman were clasped in each other's arms, and "Sister! dear, dear sister!" was repeated, with kisses and tears.

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Yes, the washwoman was Mrs. Reed's sister, and from that hour became one of her family; and little Sarah was always her especial pet.

YET NOT FOR ME THY CHAPLET WEAVE.

For me, O world! no chaplet weave,
Thy frown I fear not, nor believe
Thy wanton smiles, and summer glow,
Deceptive as retiring snow;
For me, thy grandeur's all too high,
And danger lurks its steps too nigh.
Then not for me thy chaplet weave,
For all thy pleasures but deceive.

Let beauty with its eye of fire,
With maddening love the gay inspire;
Let War, in panoply arrayed,
Unsheath the chieftain's ready blade;
Let Glory rear its plumed crest,
And dazzle with its glittering vest.
Yet not for me thy chaplet weave,
Thy smiles are false, thy hopes deceive.

Let the full cup of pleasure teem,
With draughts from fair Calypso's stream,
Which shrouds the soul's immortal flame,
Beneath the brute's degraded frame;
Though fair the flowers that here entice,
All, all, too costly is the price.
Such chaplet, therefore, do not weave,
The flowers decay, the draughts deceive.

Nor weave for me Ambition's wreath,
It is the bloody meed of death;
Asp-like, foul murder nestles there,
Entwined with folds of grim despair!
And oh! weave not the wreath that binds
The brows of sordid, selfish minds;
Like those entwine no wreaths for me,
They show too much, oh world, of thee!

Nor the bright wreath of riches twine,
Dug from Golconda's purest mine;
Nor dazzling stones, that proudly gem
An empire's envied diadem.
No; twine for me the Christian's crown,
And let the wreath that decks my brow
From pure Religion's branches grow!

The Bible is the center jewel of which creation is the sitting.

MORAL HEROISM.

JOHN HOWARD.

The education of John Howard was very limited: he went to two schools, the first of which, after spending seven years there, he left "without," to use his own words, "having been fully taught any one thing." His next school was better, but as his father intended apprenticing him to a trade, he did not long enjoy the mental advantages it afforded him, though many friendships, which cheered his future life, were formed there.

It is probable his obedience and fortitude were early tried; for it seems the business he was apprenticed to was not congenial to him. Submission to his parent's will, even in the choice of a pursuit in life, was cheerfully rendered, and it was quite in harmony with his future career that he should have commenced life by conquering his own will and inclinations, and submitting them to the judgment of his father. The death of that parent, before the expiration of his son's apprenticeship, released Howard from the duties he had so faithfully performed, and afforded him the means of living in genteel competence, without entering into any trade or profession. An only sister shared in the property left, and though by his father's will he was not to be considered of age, and therefore not to come into the possession of his fortune until he attained his twenty-fourth year, yet so high an opinion had his guardians of his prudence and good conduct, that they permitted him the entire management of his affairs before the time named.

It will be well in the outset of Howard's career to reflect on the condition in life that Providence had assigned him. He possessed that state which the wise man wished for when he said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" yet, while he was equally removed

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from the sorrows and sufferings of want, and the temptations of affluence, he was precisely in that condition which, if he had been an idolent or a selfish man, would have enabled him to live for himself, and to go through life without any usual exertion.

It often happens that poverty is a sort of spur, goading persons on to activity and usefulness, and many a man has had reason to bless God for a childhood passed in poverty; and it also sometimes happens, that where individuals are borne to great riches and large possessions, they feel the responsibility they are under to use the extensive influence wealth gives them, for the benefit of their poorer fellow-creatures. But the man who has not poverty to teach him honest toil, or riches to be accountable for, is liable to the temptation of loving his own ease, and living not for others, but for himself. Howard, however, was always distinguished for his activity; his first care on becoming master of his time, was to endeavour to repair the defects of his early education. With this view, and also to benefit his health, he determined to travel, and accordingly visited for a time both France and Italy, acquired the languages, and also commenced studying some of the easier branches of natural philosophy, and the theory of medicine.

On his return to England, he showed no inclination to mingle in gay and fashionable circles, though his station in life and the accomplishments of foreign travel would have rendered him a desirable acquisition to any circle. But the principles of piety, the love of study, and the desire for retirement were strong with him, and he took lodgings near the metropolis, at Stoke Newington, where, instead of the follies which are often exhibited in the conduct of young men of independent fortune, he spent both his money and time in a rational manner; and above all, he showed the most marked decision of character on the all-important subject of religion, by uniting himself with a Christian church, and strictly attending to his spiritual duties. Even at this early period of his life, his extensive benevolence was a remarkable characteristic. The poor and needy sought him out, and seldom sought in vain; while his liberality to the institutions connected with the place of worship he attended was most extensive.

His health, however, had not been greatly benefited by traveling; and his complaint being thought consumptive in its nature, his physicians kept him on a strict low diet, which some suppose laid the foundation of those habits of abstemiousness which so distinguished him through life. It seems much more in conformity with the character of Howard to suppose that his perfect temperance in diet was the result of the convictions of his reason, and formed part of that settled plan which he laid down for his self-government. Such a man was far more likely, in all matters, to be under the dominion of high principles than of mere habit.

Being often an invalid, he found, notwithstanding his wealth, that kindness and sympathy are not to be purchased with money. Thinking his landlady at Stoke Newington less kind than she ought to have been to an invalid, he removed to the house of a widow, Mrs. Sarah Loidoire, in the same neighborhood. He had not been long an inmate here, when he was seized with a dangerous illness, during which he experienced such unwearied attention from his new landlady, that on his recovery, feeling deeply grateful for the kindness shown him, he made her an offer of marriage. The lady, with great good sense, remonstrated with him on his romantic generosity, alleging her age, which was twice that of Howard's, as a reason against their union. All remonstrances proved vain; her grateful lodger, with more affection than

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prudence, overruled every objection, and the marriage took place when he was in his twenty-fifth year.

With his usual disinterestedness, he settled the whole of his wife's little property upon her sister, not wishing to derive any advantage from this marriage, but that of the society of a sensible, amiable, and pious woman.

This union, which was productive of much happiness, was dissolved by death at the expiration of two short years; and so much did the loss of his wife prey on the mind of Howard, that he was advised again to visit the continent. He accordingly broke up his establishment at Stoke Newington, and after reserving a few mementos, gave away his household furniture to his poorer neighbors.

You have heard probably of the great earthquake in Portugal, which happened in November, 1756, by which a great part of the city of Lisbon and six thousand persons were destroyed in a few minutes. Mr. Howard had a strong desire to visit the scene of this awful calamity. Accordingly, he embarked on board a Lisbon packet, but the French and English being then at war, the vessel he sailed in was captured by a French privateer, and the English passengers and sailors, instead of receiving respectful treatment as prisoners of war, were used worse than felons. They were carried to an old castle at Brest, and there lodged in a filthy dungeon, with only a little straw to protect them from the damp floor. After being kept forty hours without food, a piece of meat was thrown into the den, as though they were wild beasts, and in this state of misery they were kept more than a week. From thence Howard was removed to Carpaix, where his gentle manners won the esteem and confidence of the jailor, who let him have the privilege of walking about the town, he having given his word that he would not attempt to escape.

So much did the opinion of his integrity increase, that he met with many acts of kindness during his imprisonment, and was at length, after two month's detention, allowed to depart for England, and try to get his own government to permit some French officer to be exchanged for him. The friends of Howard greeted him on his return to his native land with the utmost joy, but he told them to suspend their transports until they saw the result of his negotiation; as it was not the custom of government to effect an exchange for any private individual, and he determined to keep his promise, and return to France a prisoner, unless the exchange was effected, he was, however, spared this trial of integrity, government agreeing to the terms. Immediately on becoming once more a free man, he interested himself for those who were captured with him, and who yet languished in the prisons of France. His exertions were so strenuous and unceasing, that arrangements were made with the French Government, which ended in the restoration of the captives to their native land.

It is very probable this acquaintance with the interior of a prison, and the sorrows of a captive, was the arrangement of an all-wise Providence, designed to lead the active mind and benevolent heart of Howard to think and feel for the condition of the prisoner, and to aim at mitigating his sufferings.

This unfortunate attempt made him give up the idea of going abroad, and his recent loss having rendered Newington distasteful to him, he determined to go to Cardington, and devote his time and attention to the improvement of an estate he had there. This was a wise step, as it furnished an agreeable occupation for his mind; and, by bringing him into acquaintance with the laboring poor of the neighborhood, led him to take an interest in their improvement and welfare. The poor of Cardington had indeed reason to bless the day that he settled among them.

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The retirement of the country was favorable both to his health and intellectual pursuits. Some papers of his on the phenomena of the weather, the atmosphere, &c., were read before the Royal Society of London, and led to his being a member.

Shortly after this honor was conferred on him, he became acquainted with Miss Henrietta Leeds, the daughter of Mr. Leeds, (serjeant-at-law,) a gentleman of fortune. This young lady united so many agreeable and amiable qualities to high intelligence and humble piety, that Howard became a suitor for her hand, and a marriage accordingly took place. If human charms could satisfy a mind like Howard's, he had now a companion calculated to make him completely happy. A congeniality of sentiment and feeling appeared in all the actions of their lives. Mrs. Howard, though reared among luxurious and fashionable people, was delighted to conform to her husband's habits, and accordingly she adorned the retirement he loved, and the home he had chosen, with the utmost cheerfulness of temper and simplicity of manners. All ostentatious show and gaudy apparel were avoided; and neatness, order, and propriety were the rules of her pleasant dwelling.

With such a helpmate in his plans of benevolence, it is not wonderful that Howard should enlarge his schemes for bettering the condition of the laboring poor. To aid them by sympathy, to incite them to industry, and to encourage them with rewards, was a course as delightful as it was consistent; and in a very short time the neighborhood, under the auspices of such patrons, improved greatly. Meanwhile the tasteful enlargement of their house, and laying out their grounds, afforded agreeable and rational occupation.

It was the home of affection and refinement. The scene within and around the dwelling was a beautiful combination of the charms of nature and art. For about three years their happiness was greater than most people are privileged to possess; at the expiration of that time, an accession to their joy was anticipated in the prospect of becoming parents. But alas! the father had hardly uttered his first blessing on the head of his infant son, when he was called to resign the wife who had been to him all that his heart could desire.

I cannot describe his sorrow, and you could not comprehend it if I did. God, who saw fit to remove the comforter of his life and the desire of his eyes from Howard, and to give him in her stead the charge of a little feeble infant; doubtless that God did not leave him unsupported in his sorrow, but sustained and consoled him. No other comforter could have enabled him to bear up under such a weight of affliction. Still this great shock had a great effect on Howard's health. He found it difficult to rouse himself from deep depression of spirits; but at length the thought of his child roused him to a sense of his duties as a parent, and he determined to supply to the motherless babe a double portion of care and affection. Nothing can be more beautiful than the records of his attention to the dawning mind of his child, who, in infancy and childhood, amply repaid the care bestowed, by exhibiting all the loveliness of a gentle temper, and the most perfect obedience. Notwithstanding this early exhibition of amiability, Howard was doomed to the bitterest of earthly sorrow, that of being a parent of an ungrateful child. This sweet early blossom kept not its first promise; and yet no pains were spared either in training or education. The great public duties which subsequently devolved on Howard never caused him to neglect his beloved child. When his infancy was over, and the time came for his removal to school, the utmost care was exercised in the selection of the establishment; and wherever the anxious father happened to be wandering, he generally endeavored to spend the vacation once a year in the society of his son.

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Meanwhile, Howard's health and spirits suffered so much from his bereavement, that change of scene was recommended to him, and he again visited the continent. But fears that the interests of the poor at Cardington might suffer by his absence, made him so deeply anxious, that all his letters to his friends were filled with charges concerning them, and directions that the usual attention to their wants might be given.

This tour was taken alone in 1770, and when in Naples, during the June of that year, Howard made, what in ancient times would have been very properly called, "a solemn covenant with God." That is, he wrote down, while under the influence of a very serious feelings, a resolve "to devote himself and all that he possessed to the service of God," and signed it as he would an agreement. We shall see how he kept that resolution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT KNOWING.

I KNOW not what will befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the year;
But the Past is still in God's keeping, the Future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded Future has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will still stand beside its brink.

It may be He has, waiting for the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessings, some joy so strangely sweet,
That my life can only tremble with the thanks I can't repeat.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in the arms which will not let me go;
It hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the Future may disclose;
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord choose;
So I send the coming tears back with the whispered words, "He knows."

JOSEPHINE.

THE Palace ever seemed desolate when Napoleon was absent, and Josephine was always solicitous to accompany him upon his tours. Napoleon loved to gratify this wish, for he prized most highly the companionship of his only confidential friend. Upon one occasion, when he had promised to take the empress with him, circumstances arose demanding special speed, and he resolved to set out secretly without her. He ordered his carriage at one o'clock in the morning—an hour in which he supposed she would be most sound asleep. To his amazement, just as he had stepped into his carriage, Josephine, in the dishabille of her night-dress, with some slight drapery thrown over her person, and without even stockings upon her feet, threw herself into his arms. Some noise had at the moment awoke her, she caught an intimation of what was going on, and, without a moment's thought, sprang from her bed, threw over her a cloak, rushed down stairs, and burst into the

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carriage. Napoleon fondly embraced her, rolled her up warmly in his own capacious traveling pelisse, gave orders for suitable attendants to follow with the wardrobe of the empress, and the horses, with lightning speed, darted from the court-yard. "I could sooner," Napoleon would jocosely say, "transport the whole artillery of a division of my grand army, than the band-boxes of Josephine's waiting-woman."

The visit which Josephine made with Napoleon to Spain gave her such an insight into the Spanish character, that she looked with much alarm upon his endeavor to place one of his brothers upon the Spanish throne. "Napoleon," said she one day to her ladies, "is persuaded that he is to subjugate all the nations of the earth. He cherishes such a confidence in his *star*, that should he be abandoned to-morrow by family and allies, a wanderer, a proscribed, he would support life, convinced that he should triumph over all obstacles, and accomplish his destiny by realizing his mighty designs. Happily, we shall never have an opertunity of ascertaining whether I am right. But of this you may rest assured, Napoleon is more courageous morally than physically. I know him better than any one else does. He believes himself predestinated, and would support reverses with as much calmness as he manifests when confronting danger on the field of battle."

Little did Josephine imagine, when uttering these sentiments, that her proud husband, before whose name the world seemed to tremble, was to die in poverty and imprisonment on the most barren island of the ocean.

The astounding energy of Napoleon was conspicuously displayed about this time in his Spanish campaign. He had placed Joseph on the throne of spain, and had filled the Peninsula with his armies. The Spaniards had every where risen against him, and, guided by English councils, and inspirited by the tremendous energy of English arms, they had driven Joseph from his capital, and massacred, by the rage of the mob, thousands of French residents who were dwelling in the Spanish cities, and were rapidly driving the French army over the Pyrenees. Napoleon had but just returned from the treaty of Tilsit when he was informed of this discouraging state of affairs.

He immediately, without a moment allowed for repose, set out for Spain. Josephine earnestly entreated permission to accompany the emperor. She assured him that she was fully aware of the difficulties, fatigue, and peril she must encounter, but that most cheerfully could she bear them all for the sake of being with him. She said that she should neither feel hunger nor cold, nor the need of repose, if she could but be by the side of her husband, and that all the privations of the camp would be happiness when shared with one who was all the world to her. Napoleon was deeply moved by this exhibition of her love, but, aware of the incessant activity with which it would be necessary for him to drive by night and by day; he firmly but kindly denied her request. Josephine wept bitterly as they parted.

One evening, early in November, 1808, the glittering cavalcade of the emperor, at the full gallop, drove into the encampment of the retreating French at Vittoria. The arrival of an angel, commissioned from heaven to their aid, could not have inspired the soldiers with more enthusiasm. The heavens rang with the shouts of the mighty host, as they greeted their monarch with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" Not one moment was lost. Napoleon placed himself at the head of his concentrated army and turning them, now inspirited with the utmost confidence, against the foes before whom they had been retreating, with the resistlessness of an avalanche overwhelmed the Spanish forces. Wherever he appeared, resistance melted

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away before him. In the pride of achievements almost miraculous, he marched into Madrid, and there, in the capital of Spain, re-established his fallen throne. But he tarried not there an hour for indulgence or repose. The solid columns of the English army, under Sir John Moore, were still in Spain. Napoleon urged his collected forces, with all the energy which hatred could inspire, upon his English foes, and the Britons, mangled and bleeding, were driven into their ships. The conqueror, feeling that he was indeed the man of destiny, looked for a moment complacently upon Spain, again in subjection at his feet, and then, with the speed of the whirlwind, returned to Josephine at St. Cloud, having been absent but little more than two months.

In the mean time, while Napoleon was far away with his army, upon the other side of the Pyrenees, Russia, Sweden and Austria thought it a favorable moment to attack him in his rear. They brought no accusations against the emperor, they issued no proclamation of war, but secretly and treacherously conspired to march, with all the strength of their collected armies, upon the unsuspecting emperor. It was an alliance of the kings of Europe against Napoleon, because he sat upon the throne, not by hereditary descent, the only recognized divine right, but by the popular vote. The indignation of the emperor, and of every patriotic Frenchman, had been roused by the totally unjustifiable, but bold and honest avowal of England, that peace could only be obtained by the wresting of the crown from the brow of Napoleon, and replacing it upon the head of the rejected Bourbon.

The emperor had been at St. Cloud but a short time, when, early one spring morning, a courier came dashing into the court-yard of the palace at his utmost speed, bringing the intelligence to Napoleon that Austria had treacherously violated the treaty of

Nov. 5.

peace, and, in alliance with Russia, Sweden, and England, was marching their armies to invade the territory of France. The emperor, his eye flashing with indignation, hastily proceeded to the apartment of the empress with the papers communicating the intelligence in his hand. Josephine was asleep, having but just retired. He approached her bed, and, awaking her from sound slumber, requested her to be ready in two hours to accompany him to Germany. "You have played the part of an empress," said he playfully, "long enough. You must now become again the wife of a general. I leave immediately. Will you accompany me to Strasburg?" This was short notice, but, with the utmost alacrity, she obeyed the joyful summons.

She was so accustomed to the sudden movements of the emperor, that she was not often taken by surprise. Promptness was one of the most conspicuous of her manifold virtues. "I have never," she has been heard to say, "kept any one waiting for me half a minute, when to be punctual depended upon myself. Punctuality is true politeness, especially in the great."

The emperor was in glowing spirits. He had no doubt that he should be entirely victorious, and Josephine was made truly happy by that suavity and those kind attentions which he in this journey so signally displayed. Their route conducted them through some of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of France. Every where around them they saw the indications of prosperity and happiness. Napoleon was in the height of glory. The most enthusiastic acclamations of love and homage greeted the emperor and empress wherever the panting steeds which drew them rested for a moment. As they stopped for a new relay of horses in one of the little villages of Lorraine, Josephine beheld a peasant woman kneeling upon the steps of the village church, with her countenance bathed in tears. The aspect of grief

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ever touched the kind heart of the empress. She sent for the poor woman, and inquired into the cause of her grief.

"My poor grandson, Joseph," said she, "is included in the conscription, and, notwithstanding all my prayers, he must become a soldier. And more than this, his sister Julie was to have been married to Michael, a neighbor's son, and now he refuses to marry her because Joseph is in the conscription. And should my son purchase a substitute for poor Joseph, it would take all his money, and he would have no dowry to give Julie. And the dowry was to have been a hundred and twenty dollars."

"Take that," said the emperor, presenting the woman with a purse. "You will find enough who will be ready to supply Joseph's place at that amount. I want soldiers, and, for that purpose, must encourage marriages." Josephine was so much interested in the adventure, that, as soon as she arrived at Strasburg, she sent a valuable bridal present to Julie. The good woman's prayers were answered. From Strasburg Josephine returned to Paris, while Napoleon pressed on to encounter the combined armies of Austria and Russia in the renowned campaign of Wagram.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

A GENTLEMAN once being on a visit to a friend, the conversation turned on the great blessing of the deaf and dumb institutions, when the former expressed his incredulity as to those thus affected really understanding what they were taught. His friends proposed he should visit the institution, in order that he might have the opportunity of judging for himself. They accordingly went, and he was requested to write on the blackboard, which was hung up in the corner where the children were sitting, any questions he wished to propose. He took the chalk and wrote, "Who made all things?"

One of the little boys wrote, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

He again wrote, "Why was it Jesus Christ came into the world?"

The answer given' "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He took the chalk again and wrote, "How is it that I can both hear and speak, whilst you are deaf and dumb?"

The little fellow's eyes filled with tears whilst he wrote underneath, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

This touching answer rebuked the unbelief of the gentleman, who retired, not only convinced, but deeply affected.

THE PRINCE AND THE SERFS.

MANY years ago there was a little boy named Alexander. He was the son of Nicholas, the mighty Emperor of Russia.

In his father's empire there were many millions of poor people who were called serfs. These were kept in a state much resembling slavery, and were sold with the lands on which they lived. Many of them were poor and wretched; some few were prosperous and wealthy; but all were under the control of the lords on whose territories they dwelt.

One day, Nicholas noticed that little Alexander looked very sad and thoughtful, and asked him what he was thinking of.

"Of the poor serfs," replied the little boy; "and, when I become emperor, I will emancipate them."

This reply startled the emperor and

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his courtiers, for they were very much opposed to such plans for the improvement of the condition of the poor. They asked little Alexander how he came to think of doing this, and what led him to feel so interested for the serfs. He replied, "From reading the Scriptures and hearing them enforced, which teach that all men are brothers."

The emperor said very little to his boy on the subject, and it was hoped that the influences and opinions which prevailed in the royal court would gradually correct the boyish notions of the young prince; but this expectation was vain. The early impressions of the little boy grew deeper and stronger, and when at last the great Nicholas died, and Alexander was placed upon his father's throne, he called the wise statesmen of the land to his councils, and a plan of emancipation was formed, and the imperial decree went forth, which abolished serfdom throughout all the Russian empire.

It is in this way that God works wonders by the power of His Word. The great fact that God had "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth," lodged like an incorruptible seed in the heart of the young prince, and growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength, at last budded and blossomed, and brought forth the fruit of blessing for millions of the human race.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain;
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower.
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not overflow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, not even spring;
Nor endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest bird a season finds to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding terms, God tempereth all;
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none, are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A COLORED man, who belonged to Col. Hopper, of Maryland, escaped with his wife and children, who were also slaves. He went to Philadelphia, and hired a small house in Green's Court, where he lived several months before his master discovered his retreat. As soon as he obtained tidings of him, he went to Philadelphia, and applied to Richard Hunt, a Constable who was much employed as a slave hunter. Having procured a warrant, they went together in search of the fugitives. It was about dusk, and the poor man just returned from daily toil, was sitting peacefully with his wife and children, when in rushed his old master, accompanied by the Constable.

With extraordinary presence of mind, the colored man sprang up, and throwing

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his arms round his master's neck, exclaimed, "O, my dear master, how glad I am to see you! I thought I should like to be free; but I had a great deal rather be a slave. I can't get work, and we have almost starved. I would have returned home, but I was afraid you would sell me to the Georgia man. I beg your pardon a thousand times. If you will only forgfve me, I will go back with you, and never leave you again."

The master was very agreeably surprised by this reception, and readily promised forgiveness. He was about to dismiss the Constable, but the slave urged him to stay a few minutes. "I have earned a little money to-day, for a rarity," said he, "and I want to go out and buy something to drink, for I suppose old master must be tired." He stepped out, and soon returned with a quantity of gin, with which he liberally supplied his guests. He knew full well that they were both men of intemperate habits, so he talked gaily about affairs in Maryland, making various inquiries concerning what had happened since he left; and ever and anon he replenished their glasses with gin. It was not long before they were completely insensible to all that was going on around them. The colored man and his family then made speedy preparations for departure. While Colonel Hopper and the Constable lay in the profound stupor of intoxication, they were on the way to New Jersey, with all their household goods, where they found a safe place of refuge before the rising of the sun.

When consciousness returned to the sleepers, they were astonished to find themselves alone in the house; and as soon as they could rally their wits, they set off in search of the fugitives. After spending several days without finding any track of them, the master called upon Isaac T. Hopper. He complained bitterly of his servant's ingratitude in absconding from him, and of the trick he had played to deceive him. He said he and his family had always been extremely comfortable in Maryland, and it was a great piece of folly in them to have quitted such a happy condition. He concluded by asking for assistance in tracing them; promising to treat them as kindly as if they were his own children, if they would return to him.

Friend Hopper replied, "If the man were as happy with thee as thou hast represented, he will doubtless return voluntarily, and my assistance will be quite unnecessary. I do not justify falsehood and deception; but I am by no means surprised at them in one who has always been a slave, and had before him the example of slaveholders. Why thou shouldst accuse him of ingratitude, is more than I can comprehend. It seems to me that he owes thee nothing. On the contrary, I should suppose that thou wert indebted to him; for I understand that he has served thee more than thirty years without wages. So far from helping thee to hunt the poor fugitives, I will, with all my heart, do my utmost to keep them out of thy grasp."

"Have you seen my man?" inquired the slaveholder.

"He came to me when he left his own house in Green's Court," replied Friend Hopper, "and I gave him such advice on that occasion, as I thought proper. Thou art the first slaveholder I ever met with bearing my name. Perhaps thou hast assumed it, as a means of gaining the confidence of colored people, to aid thee in recapturing the objects of thy avarice."

The Colonel replied that it was really his name, and departed without having gained much satisfaction from the interview. He remained in Philadelphia a week or ten days, where he was seized with *mania a potu*. He was carried home in a straight jacket, where he soon after died.

A few months after these transactions, the slave called to see Friend Hopper; he laughed till he could hardly stand, while he described the method he had taken to elude his old master, and the comical scene that followed with him and the Constable. "I knew his weak side," said he, "I know where to touch him."

Friend Hopper inquired whether he was not aware that it was wrong to tell falsehoods, and to get men drunk.

"I suppose it was wrong," he replied, "But liberty is sweet, and none of us know what we would do to secure it till we are tried."

He afterward returned to Philadelphia, where he supported his family comfortably, and remained unmolested.

"GODLINESS with contentment is great gain."

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

THERE are several rather peculiar features about the existing strike in Germany, in which half a million workingmen have joined, The strike was thoroughly arranged before any operative quitted work. There were no balks and no false starts. The movement owed its origin to no special grievances, but is merely a strike on principle, designed to secure some alterations in the system of work and wages. The whole thing was managed with true German deliberation, and passion has had very little to do with it. But the most curious thing about the whole affair is the adroitness with which Prince Bismarck has converted a possible revolution into a pillar of the Empire. The International Society clearly wished to make the strike a political one, and for a time it was feared that a collision between the authority of the Government and the obstinacy of the workingmen could not be prevented. But Bismarck has refused to interfere with the strikers, and whatever the Government has done in the matter has been done in the interest of the operatives as against the employers. The latest advices from Berlin are to the effect that in addition to the proposed legislation of which he spoke last week, providing for a distribution of excessive profits, the Government will adopt, in its own work-shops, the hours of labor and the rates of pay demanded by the strikers, and thus force other employers to do the same. As a result of this wily policy, the workingmen, instead of trying to overturn the Government, as the fanatical Internationals hoped, have become stanch supporters of the Emperor and his Prime Minister.

AN occurrence over which the people of Gloucester, Mass., have recently been so jubilant, may yet prove a most unfortunate one. Just as we are beginning to see our way clear to an amicable adjustment of all our difficulties with Great Britain, the captain and crew of the fishing schooner Horton have complicated matters by cutting that vessel out of a Canadian port, where she was held for alleged violations of the fishery laws. The act was one of great daring, and, so far as it reflects the courage of our mariners, we may justly feel proud of its accomplishment. But the cutting out was an illegal affair and a violation of international comity. The schooner having been seized, whether rightfully or otherwise, was in the custody of the Dominion authorities, and the owners should have looked to the courts for redress. As it is, the return of the schooner will probably be demanded, and if so, our government will have no choice but to give her up, and the humiliation of such a surrender will more than counterbalance the pride felt by the people of Gloucester in the prowess of their townsman, the captain.

WHEN three Fenian generals, in full uniform, look across Niagara river directly into Canada, the sight is an appalling one; and whenever such a thing happens we naturally expect our Dominion friends to exhibit signs of nervousness. But the French are outdoing all this. Some monger of sensational news items has predicted a descent by the Man of Sedan on the French coast, and straightway all France is in agitation. Troops are hurried to strategic points, coast guards are warned to extra vigilance, and everything else which is calculated to show how much Imperialism is feared in France, is done at once. Meantime Louis Napoleon is at Chiselhurst, with no retainers but his servants, and no particularly warm friends that anybody knows of, and the nervousness of the Versailles authorities appears utterly uncalled for, unless M. Thiers feels a weakness of which the outside world is unadvised. Some of the acts of the existing French government would seem to indicate a consciousness that the Ex-

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ecutive and Assembly are not altogether acceptable to the people, and this nervous fear of defunct Bonapartism may be based upon a conviction that the ex-Emperor has more friends in France than the anomalous government now holding the reins would like to acknowledge. To the outside world the old man at Chiselhurst seems of very small account indeed.

So HOSTILE are the people of Valence to Bonapartism that they were disposed to mob Prince Napoleon as he passed by rail through their town recently. Now, Bonapartism is a good thing to hate, and we should think better of these Valence people for hating it if we could have any reasonable assurance that they really have felt any such sentiment for five consecutive minutes. But it can not be forgotten that many of these people, whose hostility to Bonapartism manifests itself in a disposition to violate the personal liberty of one of the tamest of Bonapartes, voted heartily for the *plebiscite* not many months ago; and it is by no means certain, were Napoleon to regain the imperial throne, that they would not do it again. A thoughtful Frenchman once said that it was beyond the power of man to frame a government which would be acceptable to a majority of the French people, and it really begins to look as if it would be equally impossible to frame one which will be acceptable to any single Frenchman for twelve months together.

IN ordering the expulsion of six cadet midshipmen from the Naval Academy, for indulging in the particularly silly amusement of "hazing" newly arrived students, Secretary Robeson has very forcibly reminded the light-headed boys at Annapolis that they are pensioners upon the bounty of the government, wherefore a decent respect for the authority of the department is particularly becoming to them. The reminder is a timely one, and may possibly be heeded by some of the young men, but the Secretary's persistence in inflicting adequate punishment upon such offenders will be even more wholesome and effective in conserving discipline. So much conceited stupidity manages to get itself graduated from both our national training-schools, that the service will be greatly benefitted by the expulsion of young men who have not wit enough to invent some more rational amusement than that of "hazing," and the officers of the Navy doubtless feel relieved to know that six more brainless ones are forever estopped from claiming comradeship with them.

THE students of Harvard College have a queer idea of fun, and their efforts to produce it are singularly idiotic as well as decidedly wicked. With an ambition to be original, and without any great stock of originality on which to draw, they have abandoned all the old stereotyped college pranks and taken to the amusement of blowing up buildings in which unsuspecting people are sleeping. Their exploits in this direction last year were more destructive than brilliant, and their attempt recently made to blow up the New Holyoke House with nitro-glycerine, has resulted in the arrest of a hopeful under-graduate by the name of Browne, who on his own confession, has been held in the sum of $1,000 to answer a criminal charge. He may fall behind in the classics during his probable term in the penitentiary, but he will at any rate learn a lesson quite as wholesome as any provided for in the college curriculum.

A NARROW-GAUGE railroad has been put in successful operation in Colorado, and we shall now have an opportunity to test by practical experiment the merits of the system about which so much has been written and said. It is claimed that narrow-gauge roads can be operated with safety over very sharp curves, and that for this and other reasons their cost is much less than that of wider tracks. If they shall prove to be as successful as has been predict-

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ed, the resources of our western states will be developed much more rapidly than they could otherwise have been, and we will have to thank the narrow-gauge for much of the rapidity of our future national growth.

THE conviction of the Mormon Elder Hawkins is an earnest of what the courts in Salt Lake City can do toward the overthrow of the heirarchy. Hawkins was tried under a territorial law, passed by a Mormon Legislature; his defense put the question of how far a man may be justified, by peculiar religious tenets, in doing acts otherwise unlawful, fairly at issue, and the decision in this case puts every Mormon at the mercy of his first wife, whose abandonment for later favorites will in most cases be the strongest possible inducement to prosecute. The American people believe heartily in the utmost toleration of religious belief, but when men commit crimes in the name of their religion, even American sentimentality fails occasion for longer indulgence. The Thug may believe sincerely in his license to do murder with the sacred handkerchief, and in like manner the Mormon may quiet his conscience with the dicta of Brigham Young; but both are criminals, and it is clearly the duty of all good governments to bring them to punishment.

THOSE who hoped that the Episcopal Convention in session at Baltimore would take measures to secure uniformity of ritual throughout the United States are likely to be disappointed. Three years ago a committee was appointed to consider the subject, and to report at the present session. This committee reported in favor of the service as it is in the Prayer-Book. A conference committee was appointed to consider the terms of this report, and the result is a recommendation that the matter be left in each dioces to the Bishop's determination, together with the statement that the ritual of the Episcopal Church includes all the old canons of the English Church, which have not been formerly repealed in this country. Should the final action of the Convention reflect the views taken in this report, the services in High and Low Church dioceses will be singularly unlike each other in many respects.

OUR eastern newspapers are very apt to blunder about western matters. Some of them are just now talking of the great prairie fires in Michigan. Most of the prairies in Michigan, especially in the burnt district, are covered with grass from thirty to a hundred feet high, and some of the stalks are three feet in diameter and very deciduous. And the leading daily papers talk of the capture of Fort Garry by the half dozen Fenians. Fort Garry is seventy miles from the line established by Major Long, and a strong fort in the midst of the settlement, garrisoned, and occupied by stores and residences of Bay Company employees. The fort captured was fort Pembina, two miles north of the line —a mere trading pest.

THE MISCELLANY.—We are happy to state that several of our subscribers have commenced sending in new patrons for 1872. We hope others will take hold with a will. We will allow any one of our subscribers forty cents on each new subscriber for 1872. If you get ten or more we will allow fifty cents on each. If you prefer to take them in clubs at one dollar each, we will allow twenty cents on each, and twenty-five cents if ten or more are obtained. We make this most liberal offer to all, for the purpose of a great circulation for 1872. All who subscribe for 1872 before the 20th of December, will receive two of this year's numbers as a gift. All new subscribers after the 20th of December and before the 15th of January, will receive one number as a gift.

The January number will contain a splendid picture of Adrian College. Let there be a grand rally for the MISCELLANY. We are pleased that subscribers who owe us are beginning to cheer us by sending

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in the pay. Let others follow. We hope all whose time of subscription expires in December, will continue to take it another year. We are much obliged for your past help in this good cause. Those who feel that they must discontinue will please give us notice before 1872; but we desire much your patronage continued.

The MISCELLANY will be furnished for one dollar to any one who may wish to send it as a gift to friends. Any person of limited means may receive the MISCELLANY for one dollar a year. It will be furnished to Sabbath Schools at one dollar. Any one sending us one new subscriber and two dollars shall be credited with pay on his own subscription one year. Any one sending us five new subscribers and five dollars, shall receive his own free one year. Small sums of not over five dollars, may be sent in a letter by mail.

THE MISCELLANY.

[From President Mahan.]

"I regard WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY as one of our best monthlies for individual and family reading. The editor has a very happy faculty in furnishing reading matter which unites two very important characteristics, interest and instruction."

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"I have read the MISCELLANY with my wife, before she died, with great interest, and have found much satisfaction in its perusal. May the Lord bless you in your labors. I wish you to continue it until I say stop."

[From the Raisin (Tecumseh) Record.]

"Every article possesses some real merit of its own, and nothing objectionable to the most fastidious can be found in its columns."

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[From M. E. P. Otto, Orland, Ind.]

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"It is a first-class magazine."

[From The Adrian Times.]

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[From the Kalamazoo Torch Light.]

"WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY, with its 'Live Thoughts from the Best Thinkers,' lies before us, a welcome Michigan magazine, comparing favorably with any eastern contemporary of equal cost."

[From Rev. Dr. White, of New Haven, Conn.]

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[From The Tuscola Pioneer.]

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WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4. ADRIAN, DECEMBER, 1871. No. VI.

GENIUS.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

THERE is one law inwöven into the constitution of things, which declares that force of mind and character must rule the world. This truth glares out upon us from daily life, from history, from science, art, letters, from all the agencies which influence conduct and opinion. The whole existing order of things is one vast monument to the supremacy of mind. The exterior appearance of human life is but the material embodiment, the substantial expression, of thought—the hieroglyphic writing of the soul. The fixed facts of society, laws, institutions, positive knowledge, were once ideas in a projector's brain—thoughts which have been forced into facts. The scouted hypothesis of the fifteenth century, is the time-honored institution of the nineteenth; the heresy of yesterday is the commonplace of to-day. We perceive, in every stage of this great movement, a certain vital force, a spiritual power, to which we give the name of genius. From the period when our present civilized races ran wild and naked in the woods, and dined and supped on each other, to the present time, the generality of mankind have been contented with things as they were. A small number have conceived of something better, or something new. From these come the motion and ferment of life; to them we owe it that existence is not a bog, but a stream. These are men of genius.

There are, therefore, two fields for human thought and action—the actual and the possible, the realized and the real. In the actual, the tangible, the realized, the vast proportion of mankind abide. The great region of the possible, whence all discovery, invention, creation proceed, and which is to the actual as a universe to a planet, is the chosen region of genius. As almost every thing which is now actual was once only possible, as our present facts and axioms were originally inventions or discoveries, it is, under God, to genius that we owe our present blessings. In the past, it created the present; in the present, it is creating the future. It builds habitations for us; but its own place is on the vanishing points of human intelligence—

> "A motion toiling in the gloom,
> The spirit of the years to come,
> Yearning to mix itself with life."

The sphere and the influence of genius it is easier to ascertain than to define its nature. What is genius? It has been often defined; but each definition has included but a portion of its phenomena. According to Dr. Johnson, it is general force of mind accidentally directed to a particular pursuit; but this does not cover the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, Liebnitz, and Goethe; and, besides, accident, circumstances, do not determine the direction of narrower minds, but simply furnish the occasion on which an inward tendency is manifested. The most popular definition is that of Col-

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eridge, who calls genius the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood. Such a power may indicate the genius of Coleridge and Wordsworth; but did Napoleon conquer at Austerlitz, Newton discover the law of gravitation, Shakespeare create Macbeth, by carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood? This mode of defining by individual instances, is like drawing a map of Massachusetts, and calling it the globe—a thing we are very apt to do.

Indeed, genius has commonly been incompletely defined, because each definition has been but a description of some order of genius. A true definition would be a generalization, made up from many minds, and broad enough to include all the results of genius in action and thought. Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but is not judgment; it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is neither, because it is all. It is another name for the perfection of human nature; for genius is not a fact but an ideal. It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination; and the genius of any particular man is great in proportion as he approaches this ideal of universal genius. Conceive of a mind in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakespeare, Kant and Fulton, were so combined as to act in perfect harmony—a mind vital in every part, conceiving in every thing under its due relations, as swift in its volitions as in its thoughts—conceive of a mind like this, and you will have a definition of genius. As it is, it requires the energies of all men of genius to produce the results of genius. It exists, somewhat, in fragments. No one human mind comprehends all its elements. The nearest approach to universality of genius in intellect, is Shakespeare; in will, Napoleon; in harmony of combination, Washington. It is singular that Washington is not classed among men of genius. Lord Brougham declares him to be the greatest man that ever lived, but of moderate talents—as if being the soul of a revolution, and the creator of a country, did not suppose energies equal to those employed in the creation of a poem—as if there were any other certain test of genius but its influence, any other measure of the power of a cause but the magnitude of its effects.

But to return: genius, in its highest meaning, being thus an ideal, which the most powerful natures have but approached, which, while it comprehends all men of genius, is itself comprehended by none, the question still arises, what common quality distinguishes men of genius from other men, in practical life, in science, in letters, in every department of human thought and action? This common quality is vital energy of mind — inherent, original force of thought, and vitality of conception; a quality equally distinguishing the genius of action and meditation, making the mind in which it abides alive, and capable of communicating intellectual and moral life to others. Men in whom this energy glows seem to spurn the limitations of matter; to dive beneath the forms and appearances to the spirit of things; to leap the gulf which separates positive knowledge from discovery, the actual from the possible; and, in their grasp of spiritual realities, in their intense life, they seem to demonstrate the immortality of the soul that burns within them. They give palpable evidence of infinite capacity, or indefinite power of growth. It seems a mockery to limit their life by years—to suppose that fiery essence can ever burn out or be extinguished. This life, this energy, this uprising, aspiring flame of thought,

"This mind, this spirit, this Promethean spark,
This lightning of their being."

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has been variously called power of combination, invention, creation, insight; but, in the last analysis, it is resolved into vital energy of soul, to think, and to do.

This quality of genius is, sometimes, difficult to be distinguished from talent, because high genius includes talent. It is talent, and something more. The usual distinction between genius and talent is, that one represents creative thought, the other practical skill; one invents, the other applies. But the truth is, that high genius applies its own inventions better than talent alone can do. A man who has mastered the higher mathematics, does not, on that account, lose his knowledge of arithmetic. Hannibal, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Newton, Scott, Burke, Arkwright, were they not men of talent as well as men of genius? Because a great man does not, always, do what many smaller men can often do as well, smaller men must not, therefore, affect to pity him as a visionary, and pretend to lick into shape his formless theories.

But, still, there doubtless is a marked distinction between men of genius and men simply of talent. Talent repeats; genius creates. Talent is a cistern; genius a fountain. Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, anyalyzing, arranging, combining, applying positive knowledge, and, in action, looking to precedents. Genius deals with the possible, creates new combinations, discovers new laws, and acts from an insight into new principles. Talent jogs to conclusions to which genius takes giant leaps. Talent accumulates knowledge, and has it packed up in the memory; genius assimilates it with its own substance, grows with every new accession, and converts knowledge into power. Talent gives out what it has taken in; genius, what has risen from its unsounded wells of living thought. Talent, in difficult situations, strives to untie knots, which genius instantly cuts with one swift decision. Talent is full of thoughts; genius, of thought. One has definite acquisitions; the other, indefinite power.

But the most important distinction between the two qualities is this: one, in conception, follows mechanical processes; the other, vital. Talent feebly conceives objects with the senses and understanding; genius, fusing all its powers together in the alembic of an impassioned imagination, clutches every thing in the concrete, conceives objects as living realities, gives body to spiritual abstractions, and spirit to bodily appearances, and like

> "A gate of steel
> Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
> His figure and his heat!"

It is thus the glorious prerogative of genius to conceive and to present every thing as alive; and here is the secret of its power. It leads and sways, because it communicates living energy, and strikes directly at the soul—searching out the very sources of our volitions; bowing our weak wills before its strong arm; awakening, animating, forcing us along its path of thought, or over its waves of passion. It commands us, because it knows better than we what is within us. Soul itself, it knows that, in spite of our contemptible disguises, we, too, have souls which must leap at its voice, and follow whithersoever it leads. It claims its rightful mastery over our spirits, by awakening us to a sense of our spiritual existence. It speaks to us, in our captivity, in the long-forgotten language of our native land. It sees us wrapped up in the dead ceremonents of custom, rusting away in the sepulcher of being, and it cries to us, "Come forth!" It speaks to us and we hear; it touches us and we spring to our feet. A crowd of spirits from the realms of the deathless come thronging around us—from the battle-field, where liberty went down under the brutal hoofs of power, its immortal image trampled in the dust; from the legislative hall, where, amid the collision of adverse intellects, the orator poured his torrent of fire; from the

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rack and the stake, where the spirit of man chanted rapturous hymns in its fierce agonies, and met death smiling; from the cell of the thinker, where mind grappled with the mysterious unknown, piercing, with its thought of light, the dark vail of unrealized knowledge and possible combinations; from every scene where the soul has been really alive, and impatiently tossed aside the material conditions which would stifle or limit its energies, come the genii of thought and action, to rouse us from our sleep of death, to tear aside the thin delusions of our conceit, and to pour into the shrunken veins of our discrowned spirits the fresh tides of mental life. It is this influence of genius which has given motion and progress to society; prevented the ossification of the human heart and brain; and though, in its processes, it may not ever have followed the rules laid down in primers, it has, at least, saved history from being the region of geology, and our present society from being a collection of fossil remains.

Thus, of the three requisitions of genius, the first is soul, and the second, soul, and the third, soul. We have already seen that almost all genius is particular, with an inborn direction to particular pursuits. The tendency of its vital force is generally perceived in childhood. I can devote but little space to the youth of genius, though the subject is tempting, and furnishes numberless anecdotes of the earnestness, the intensity, with which the great mind early abandons itself to its irrepressible impulses. Carnot, who, as one of the Committee of Public Safety during the French Revolution, directed the operations of fourteen armies, and hurled back the tide of invasion which came rolling in over the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine, was taken when a child, to the theater, where some siege was clumsily represented. Seeing that the attacking party were so placed as to be commanded by a battery, he astonished the audience by demanding that the general should change his position, and cried out to him that his men were in fire. The young genius early exults in the contemplation of power and beauty. During Scott's childhood, a frightful thunder-storm raged at Edingburgh, which made his brothers and the domestics huddle together in one room, shivering with fear at every peal. Young Walter was found lying on his back in the garden, the rain pitilessly pelting his face, while he, almost convulsed with delight, shouted, at every flash, "bonnie! bonnie!" Schiller was found by his father, on a similar occasion, perched upon a tree, and, on being harshly questioned as to his object, whimpered out that he wanted to see where the thunder came from. Byron's first verses, when a child of four or five years, displayed the same perverseness and unbridled vehemence which afterward flamed out in *Manfred* and *Cain*. An old lady near his house who entertained the belief that on her death her soul would reside in the moon, bothered him considerably in his childish pranks. He revenged himself in these lines:

"In Nottingham county, there lives at Swan Green,
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

It would be needless to multiply instances, familiar to everybody, that the man's genius is born with him. Legislator, reformer, soldier, poet, artist, thinker—the child is still "the father of the man." In some instances, it must be admitted, the whole man does not grow. Napoleon's youth prefigured his maturity, and something else. The sovereign who crushed the heart of his queen in his mailed hand was once a man of sentiment. When quite young, he fell in love with a young maiden. They contrived little meetings; and he afterward averred that their whole happiness then consisted in eating cherries together.

We have seen that genius is vital energy of soul. In itself, it supposes a

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harmonious combination of will, intellect, and sensibility; but, as manifested in men of genius, this combination is not perfect, hence the division of powerful natures into men of action and men of meditation—men in whom will predominates, and men in whom thought predominates. In the one case, the vital energy of the mind takes a practical direction, works visibly on society, and produces events. In the other, it takes the direction of meditation, influences society by methods more strictly spiritual, and produces poetry, science, the fine arts, every thing that stimulates and gratifies the inward sense of truth, beauty and power.

And first let us refer to the genius of action, to genius whose thoughts are read in deeds. Men of action may be classed in three divisions—those who exercise their energies for what they deem the truth; those who exercise them for personal interest and ambition; and those in whom selfish and disinterested motives are strangely blended. The greatness of action includes immoral as well as moral greatness—Cortes and Napoleon, as well as Luther and Washington. Its highest exemplification is where great energies of will are divorced from conscience and humanity; and, perhaps, the lowest example of this is in Pizarro. But neither by the side of Columbus nor Pizarro can we place the mortal trimmer, without any definite purpose, whose heart is continually aching for the crimes of the bad, but whose will is too infirm to battle bravely for the good. Such a person may shine among well meaning people; but his claims to greatness of any kind are ridiculous. Pizarro was a buccaneer; but he had, at least, an object, which was to him dearer than life; and, to compass it, he displayed the valor of a knight, and the endurance of a martyr. How strangely does his conduct at the island of Gallo contrast with the tongue-valiant cowardice which characterizes the feeble good! After suffering all that fatigue, famine and pestilence could inflict short of death, a vessel arrived which offered to carry him and his companions back to Panama. To go was to abandon forever the project of conquering and plundering Peru. Pizarro drew his sword and traced a line on the sand with it, from east to west. Then turning to the south, he said to his band of immortal pirates: "Friends and comrades! on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." Now, as long as bad men display qualities like these, so long will they rule; for to qualities like these is given the dominion of the world. Such men, to be checked, are not to be talked about, but to be wrestled with, to be bravely met by superior force of will, and overthrown. Never will this be done by the moral babble of men who wish to serve God, and wish, at the same time, to live comfortable all their days. Well has the great Christian poet of the age affirmed:

> "The law
> By which mankind now suffers is most just;
> For, by superior energies, more strict
> Affiance in each other, faith more firm
> In their unhallowed principles, the bad
> Have fairly earned a victory o'r the weak,
> The vacillating, inconsistent good."

MOTHERLESS.

BY MRS. M. E. WEAVER.

From the soul's deep, anguish laden
Comes a wild, despairing cry,
Motherless! and thou art hidden
In the veil, from mortal eye.
Loosened is the silver life-chord
Broken is the golden bowl,
Broke, the pitcher at the fountain
Ceased, the cistern wheel to roll.

Thou art gone! and thy blest presence
Ever comfort, hope and cheer,
Giving in life's darksome moments,
Never more shall greet me here.
Gathers now about my life-path,
Thick the shadow and the gloom
Since they laid thee, O my mother!
In the dumb, and dreary tomb.

Cease my soul! this wail of nature
Up in the serener air,
I have still thy blessed presence,
Still can hear the mother's prayer.

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Heard I not thy song of triumph
As the gloomy vale I trode,
Struggled with the singing waters
Of the dark and sullen flood?

Through the unclapsed pearly portals,
As thou gained the heavenly side,
Flashing through the valley's shadows
Clear above the river's tide.
I have caught a gleam of glory
From the Heavenly city bright,
I have heard a strain of music
From the singers clad in white.

What bright visions of the beauty,
Of the Unseen, on thy light
Broke as earthly scenes receded,
Pearly gates and jewels bright?
Sawest thou bright scenes, whose glory
Mortal tongue could ne'er unfold?
On thy newly unveiled vision
Gleamed the amethyst and gold?

How did angel hands receive thee;
I would know, departing soul!
Unto thee what views were given
As death backward drew the scroll.
Saw'st thou the slain Lamb's ransomed
Set with his own precious blood,
Brightest shine 'mid Heaven's brightness
Nearest to the Throne of God?

In the pleasant upper pasture
Of the blessed Heavenly Land,
May our loved ones all be gathered
A redeemed, unbroken band
Though their graves be far asunder,
Where no sorrow is, nor blight,
May we know blest soul-reunion,
In the realm of love and light.

When the dark waves splash around me,
As my feet shall touch the brink
In thy arms, O pitying Savior!
So upbear me lest I sink.
Let me, too, the triumph anthem,
Sing in death with sweet accord,
"Thanks to God who victory giveth,
In the name of Christ our Lord."

Adrian, Nov. 1871.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

BY J. H. M'CARTY, D. D.

WILLIAMS was at the time of, or just before, his coming to America, a minister in the Church of England, but he forfeited his relations to that Church and espoused the cause of the Puritans. He could not have been a minister of any kind very long, for he was quite young when he first set foot on American soil. He was born in Wales in 1606. He entered Charter-House School in 1621, and embarked for America in December, 1630, arriving here in 1631, February 5th, when he was but twenty-five years of age; and, being a "young minister," a "godly and zealous man," at once found favor with the people.

But he does not appear in history so much in the character of preacher as writer and legislator. Even in the colony of Rhode Island he was not the main pulpit orator. The great idea of his mind, the great passion of his heart, was freedom—first, liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience; and, second, to secure the disseverance of the Church from the State—"soul liberty," as he called it.

Mr. Williams appears to considerable advantage as a writer, as I shall try to show. The reader must make allowance for the quaint phraseology of the times. He was the author of seven separate works, none of which were very large. These were all printed in England except one, which must have been a very great barrier to authorship, involving an amount of travel and inconvenience that few would feel called upon to incur. This probably was the reason why several other manuscripts of Mr. Williams' never met the public eye.

The writings of Roger Williams are not accessible to the general reader, and consequently are but little known. Indeed, their titles are not even found

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in the ordinary bibliographical manuals, save the slightest allusions to portions of them in one or two. No library in the world contains full copies of his works in their original editions. Some are contained in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the British Museum, and in those of Harvard, Yale and Brown Universities. In several instances these volumes have only been procured by reprinting portions. The library of Brown University contains only five of these works, three of which have been obtained from a private individual. It is a seeming reflection on his friends that the writings of Mr. Williams have never been republished in full. This must be placed to the account of the no-monument association. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the fact that these writings would not be of any very practical importance to this generation. They could only be of use from historical considerations, and as monumental of their author.

The first published work of Mr. Williams was called the "Key"—"A Key into the Language of America, or an Help to the Language of the Natives in that part of America called New England; together with briefe observations of the Customes, Manners and Worships, &c., of the aforesaid Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death. On all which are added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, by the Author, of Chiefe and Speciall Use (upon all occasions) to all the English inhabiting those parts; yet pleasant and profitable to the view of all men. By Roger Williams, of Providence, in New England. London: printed by Gregory Dexter, 1643."

I have transcribed this title in full, as a specimen of the style of the times in which it was written.

This work was written at sea, during a voyage to England, in 1643, and was designed more as a help to his own memory than for publication—as he says, "that he might not lightly lose what he had so dearly bought in some few yeares hardship and charges among the barbarians." This work comprises two hundred and sixteen pages duodecimo, and is dedicated to "deare and well-beloved friends and countrymen in Old and New England." It is the best known of Mr. Williams's works, and is still the highest authority on the subjects of which it treats. This work has been honored with a republication among the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Copies are also contained in the libraries of Oxford, Harvard, and in the British Museum.

The race of men that spoke the language to which this work is a key has passed away from the hills and forests of New England, but the language itself has been saved from oblivion by the labors of Roger Williams, and handed down to be the study of philologists of our own and other lands—a language, which though spoken by savages, and composed of words well-called endless, with sentences of the most unique structure, was, notwithstanding, a copious and versatile language.

Mr. Williams was here very closely allied to John Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, whose "Grammar" and "Indian Bible" have made his name memorable among the world's misionaries.

The second work of Mr. Williams was a reply to Mr. Cotton. The latter, a minister of the Church in Boston, wrote and printed a "Letter," addressed to Roger Williams, wherein he attempted to prove that "those ought to be received into the Church who are godly, though they do not see, nor expressly bewaile all the polutions in Church fellowship, Ministry Worship and Government." In this letter Mr. Cotton vindicates the action of the magistrates in banishing Williams, though, as if feeling somewhat condemned on account of it, he denies having had any agency in the matter. The spirit of Mr. Williams is well shown from the following extract from

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the title of his reply to Cotton, and from the address to the reader. One hardly knows in some portions of it which most to admire—the Christ-like spirit of its author, or the wit and logic which fill its pages. The work is a small quarto of forty-seven pages, preceded by an address of two pages, printed in London, 1644. Mr. Williams addresses the "Impartial Reader" as follows:

"This Letter I have received from Mr. Cotton (whom for his personal excellencies I truly honor and love.) Yet at such a time of my distressed wanderings amongst the barbarians, that being destitute of food, of clothes, at times, I reserved it (though hardly, amidst so many barbarous distractions) and afterwards prepared an answer to be returned.

"In the interim some friends being much grieved that one publickly acknowledged to be godly, and dearely beloved, should yet be so exposed to the mercy of an howling wildernesse in frost and snow, &c. Mr. Cotton, to take off the edge of censure from himself, profest both in speech and writing that he was no procurer of my sorrows.

Some letters then passed between us, in which I proved and expressed, that if I had perished in that sorrowful Winter's flight, only the blood of Jesus Christ could have washed him from the guilt of mine.

"His finall answer was, 'had you perished your blood had been on your owne head—it was your sinne to procure it, and your sorrow to suffer it.'

"Here I confess I stopt and ever since suppresst mine answer; waiting if it might please the Father of Mercies more to molifie and soften, and render more humane and mercifull, the care and heart of that (otherwise) excellent and worthy man.

"It cannot now be justly offensive, that, finding this letter publike, (by whose procurement I knew not,) I also present to the same publike view my formerly-intended answer."

The colony of Roger Williams was now the rival of Plymouth. Lying on the lovely Narragansett, with excellent harbors, studded with fertile islands, and surrounded with barbarians no more hostile, to say the least, than those of Plymouth, with a climate farther removed from the sea, hence more genial, it became an attraction, and many who came to the New World undecided yielded to the drawing of the Eldorado of human freedom, which is always more precious to the soul of man than gold. Among the Puritans of England were many Anabaptists. Many of this sect were among the veterans of Oliver Cromwell. Baxter said "the Anabaptists were Oliver's favorites in conflict, as they were a godly set of men." Many of these came and settled at Plymouth, Boston, Salem and other places. Williams was an intensely earnest man. His colony grew in numbers and importance, but the fires of persecution did not die out for a long time.

While he was in England obtaining the charter for his colony from the court of Charles I., he read a pamphlet entitled "An Humble Suplication to the King's Majesty, as it was presented in 1620." This document was written by one imprisoned in Newgate for conscience' sake. And so rigid and close was the confinement of the author, that all facilities for writing were denied him. But the human mind is inventive. Sheets of paper were accordingly sent to the prisoner as stoppers to the bottles which contained his daily allowance of milk.. On these he wrote his thoughts in milk, and returned the sheets in the same way. By holding these to the fire the writing became legible, and thus the prisoner "being dead" in prison "yet spoke" to mankind. The arguments were strong, and took possession of the mind of Williams, who, on his return to America, used them against the persecuting Puritans of Boston. This drew forth Mr. Cotton as a defender of

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the faith. In 1644 Mr. Williams published his third volume, a work of two hundred and forty-seven pages, with twenty four pages of table and introduction.

The title of the work was "The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace, who in all tender Affection present to the High Court of Parliament (as the Result of their Discourse) these (among other passages) of the highest Consideration." This work bears all the marks of haste, having been written amid a pressure of other and weighty duties. It is, however, considered to be the best of all his writings. The doctrine of religious freedom is here discussed with a manly vigor and courage that shows him to have been not unlike the great reformers Luther and Knox, while at the same time those pages contain images and passages of rare beauty.

Mr. Cotton replied to Mr. Williams's "Bloudy Tenent," in a work entitled "The Bloudy Tenent washed and made white in the Blood of the Lambe; being discussed and discharged of Bloud guiltinesse by just defense. Wherein the great questions of this present time are handled; namely, How farre liberty of conscience ought to be given to those that truly fear God; and how far restrained to turbulent and pestilent persons that not only raze the foundation of Godliness, but disturb the civil peace where they live. Also, how far the magistrate may proceed in the duties of the first Table; and that all magistrates ought to study the Word and Will of God, that they may frame their Government according to it, etc. By John Cotton, Batchelor in Divinity and Teacher of the Church of Christ in Boston, in New England."

Mr. Williams entitled his rejoinder to this work of Cotton's, "The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lambe; of whose precious Blood spilt in the Blood of his servants, and of the Blood of millions Spilt in former and later Wars for conscience' Sake, that most Bloody Tenent of persecution for cause of Conscience, upon a Second Tryall is found now more apparently, and more notoriously guilty."

In this work he discusses three propositions:

"1. The Nature of Persecution.

"2. The Power of the Civil Sword in Spirituals.

"3. The Parliament's Permission of Dessenting Consciences justified."

In both these works the authors manifest a good degree of scholarship, and a mildness of spirit quite in contrast with their "Bloudy" titles, and the usual controversial writings of the day.

In the same year of the publication of the foregoing work, Mr. Williams printed a work entitled "The Hireling Ministry none of Christ's." This is a small quarto of only thirty-six pages of text and eight pages of introduction. This pamphlet is regarded as extremely valuable, containing as it does the author's peculiar views on the ministry. In this work the author says, "I have not been altogether a stranger to the learning of the Egyptians, and have trod the hopefullest paths to worldly preferment, which for Christ I have forsaken. I know what it is to study, to preach, to be an elder, to be applauded; and yet what it is to tug at the oar, to dig with the spape, and to plow, and to travel day and night among English, among barbarians! Why should I not be humbly bold to give my witness faithfully, to give my counsel effectually, and to persuade with some truly pious and conscientious spirits, rather to turn to law, to physic, to soldiery, to educating of children, (and yet not cease from prophesying,) than to live under the slavery, yea, the censure (from Christ Jesus and his saints, and others also) of a mercenary and hireling ministry?" By "hireling ministry," he means a Church sup-

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ported by taxation. One of the propositions he discusses is, that "Ministers ought to be supported by voluntary donations, and not by legal provisions."

Roger Williams has been called eccentric—in that day he was so; he lived in advance of his age, and his opinions were new; but that he was a sincerely devout and pious man can not be successfully denied. His sufferings for conscience, his labors among the red men of Narragansett, all his discussions go to show this. But his sixth published work is, if possible, a stronger proof. This was a small quarto of sixty pages, addressed in the form of a letter to his wife, Mary, upon her recovery from a dangerous sickness, in which he begins by saying, "My dearest love, companion in this vale of tears." The subject of the work is as follows: "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health, and their Preservatives, in which the weakest child of God may get Assurance of his Spiritual Life and Blessedness, and the strongest may find proportionable discoveries of his Christian growth and Means of it." The seventh and last work of Mr. Williams was printed at home, in 1676. Of this work I have little to say. It was the substance of a discussion between Williams and the celebrated, but fanatic, George Fox, the Quaker. In the quaint phraseology of the times, Williams styled his work of 327 pages, "George Fox digged out of his Burrowes," etc. Fox and his associate, Burnett, published their side also, which was entitled, "A New England Firebrand Quenched." Both sides, as is generally the case, claimed the victory.

The discussion was carried on for some time at Providence and Newport, with a bitterness on the part of Williams, and a coarseness on the part of Fox, that have injured rather than conferred any benefit upon the reputation of both parties.

Mr. Williams wrote much that has been lost to the public. His treatise concerning the Patent, which excited the displeasure of the Government of Plymouth Colony, and led to his banishment, also a collection of Sermons preached before the "English scattered around Narragansett," which, in a letter to Governor Bradstreet, he signified his intention of publishing, are now beyond the reach of man.

He held an extensive correspondence with the leading men of his times, and many of his letters on various subjects are contained in various historical annals. These letters will soon be collected and given to the world in a form worthy their author.

There is no portrait of Roger Williams extant. That which is often seen is an altered picture of Benjamin Franklin, as a little inspection will show. Mr. Williams died in the year 1683, aged seventy-seven years. He was President of the Colony of Rhode Island two and a half years. He was buried with martial honors, and the smoke of the musketry temporarily hovering over his grave formed as permanent a mark of respect as was ever bestowed to honor it.

Ninety years after his death, in 1771, steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the Revolution came on and the work was forgotten. But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet have at least some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of one hundred and eighty-three years not even a rough stone has been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained by the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found, and the exhumation made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground, the dim outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial-ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family had its own burial-ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "charnel-house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black

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line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree, when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There, making a turn as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branched, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a great principle in vegetation, but for its great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves was all gone! There stood the "guilty apple-tree," as was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

To explain this phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted, the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmuted into the apple tree; it had passed into the woody fiber and was capable of propelling a steam engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?

There was but little to place in the cinerary urn, but what there was has been sacredly treasured, and the time will doubtless come when the founder of Rhode Island, the first theologian in the world that ever theoretically advocated the separation of "Church and State," the champion of "soul liberty," the first statesman who practically established religious freedom as the constitutional basis of civil government, shall be honored by his followers with some outward mark in keeping with the value we place on the principles which he so permanently established.

The words of the eloquent Dr. W. E. Channing, in his eulogium on Roger Williams, are not inappropriate in this place;

"Other communities have taken pride in tracing their origin to heroes and conquerors. I boast more of Roger Williams, the founder of my native State. The triumph which he gained over the prejudices of his age was, in the view of reason, more glorious than the bloody victories which stain almost every page of history, and his more generous exposition of the rights of conscience, of the independence of religion on the magistrate, than had been adopted before his time, gives him a rank among the lights and benefactors of the world. When I think of him as penetrating the wilderness, not only that he might worship God according to his own convictions of truth and duty, but that he might prepare an asylum where the persecuted of all sects might enjoy the same religious freedom, I see in him as perfect an example of the spirit of liberty as any age has furnished. Venerable confessor in the cause of freedom and truth! May his name be precious and immortal! May his spirit never die in the community which he founded! May the obscurest individual, and the most unpopular sect or party, never be denied those free utterances of their convictions, on which this State is established!"

In conclusion let me add, Never were democratic institutions dearer to the American heart than they are to-day. During the last few years we have learned to love and prize the republic of our fathers. When these institutions were endangered by the crimson hand of treason, we were willing to lay half a million of our best young men—our greatest men—on the altar of war, if thereby our flag might be saved from diabonor, and our freedom be preserved. We now breathe freer. The sound of war does

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not echo along our valleys, our blood no longer stains the earth, the angel of peace spreads her soft wings over the land, and we thank God for victory, not over men so much, as the triumph of right, and the freedom of the oppressed.

Let us not forget the men of the by-gone days, who, in tears, and sorrow, and blood, laid the foundation stones of the great republic on which we are now building up an empire of freedom that shall embrace in its arms the universal race of man.

ONLY CLODS.

BY C. A. MELLEN.

"*Si Monumentum Quaerus Circumspice.*"

PART FIRST.

Rosamond Lisle and Hanibal Lee,
Play'd together upon the green;
A more beautiful twain you ne'er did see,
Nor happier pair, I ween.

They lived in the light of each other's eyes,
The light of elysian clime;
And their hearts entwined in mute surprise,
Like a blending Christmas rhyme.

They conned their lessons a seat apart,
And strove for the promised prize;
They garnered living truths in their heart,
And their lives wore love's disguise.

In the autumn days when the woods lie dead,
They stroll'd by the babbling rill;
And their hearts went up to the fountain head,
In Faith's symphonious thrill.

The words were spoken, and they were wed,
Mated in heart and mind;
And a new pledged love in their bosoms fed—
A world of bliss enshrined.

Two little cherubs, a girl and a boy,
From the golden realm afar;
Crept into their hearts with a thrilling joy,
Like the ray of a brilliant star.

Through the pelting storms and sunshine of life,
He drew her with love's strong arm;
She, from the mart of giddy reckless strife,
Drew him with a woman's charm.

The seasons changed but their hearts chang'd not,
For the font of bliss is deep;
Heart joined to heart in the task to be wrought,
They ascend life's rugged steep.

Wealth ope'd the door of her store-house wide—
The glittering prize was won;
And they floated along on a rippling tide,
Life's journey just begun.

PART SECOND.

A deserted home—a desolate heart—
Half clad, half starved, and death
Sapping away the material part,
With his icy freezing breath.

A pallet of straw—three spectral frames—
A mother, daughter and son;
The expiring coal on the hearth-stone flames
On a life-work almost done.

In a basement grim, the sleuth-hounds of life,
Pass the sparkling cup around;
And the broken home and deserted wife,
Are no more than clods of ground.

Bacchus is king, and the cauldron of hell
Bubbles and boils in each breast;
And the fiendish shouts of the lost ones tell,
Of blighted hopes and *no rest.*

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And the smiling fiend with a cobra's sting,
And glittering, charming eye;
Coils his slimy length for the fatal spring,
And the willing captives die.

Ah! how swift time flies, and what fools we are
When the head is full of wine—
The *bar* is a butcher's funeral car,
Crowded, pack'd, with human swine.

The last penny gone—kicked out in the snow—
With the howling storm o'er head;
The cunning fiend has struck the deadly blow,
And Hanibal Lee is dead.

Oh! God, how long shall this consuming fire,
Sap the prop of hope away;
When shall we lift the fallen from the mire,
Thou lovest all—we're naught but clay?

Angola, Dec., 1871.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"Two boys, named Able and George, were at the same school in New York. Each was about ten years old; they were not brothers, but schoolmates and classmates. Both of them had irritable tempers, and had been taught to think that they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing pin was a common amusement in the school. They played in this way: two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Each boy would lay a pin on the crown of the hat, and push it; first one boy would push the pin, and then the other. He who could push the pins so as to make them lie across each other, became entitled to them both. One day, during play-hour, Able and George were playing pin. They pushed the pins about for some time. Both became much excited by the game. At last Able pushed the pins so, that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. George denied it. Able declared they did, and snatched up both pins. George's anger broke forth in a moment, and he struck Able in the face with his fist. This excited Able's wrath. They began to fight—the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried, 'Hit him, Able! and some, 'Give it to him, George!' thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Able uppermost. Then Able in his fury, beat George in the face till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and he lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Able off. But George could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Able had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried George in, and washed the blood from his face and head, which he found bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes was so hurt and swollen that he could not open it; and from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it became blind."

Here was a dreadful mischief produced by the angry style of conduct. Now here, in contrast with this, is an anecdote in which the opposite plan was pursued.

"Thomas and Gerald lived in Rhode Island, and were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who runs is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground, coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him.

"They both rose. Thomas began to scold and storm at his brother, and to beat him. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out, and strike in return? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, rummaged about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and looked confused and ashamed.

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His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat—evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

"Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows were stayed, by love and kindness."

It is the same as to the angry assertion of supposed rights: in proof of which, let us read the following little story, and the sound reflections which the author makes upon it:

"Ruth and Amy were sisters, and lived in Pennsylvania, In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both happened at the same time to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the eldest sister, came to it first, and plucked it. Amy was Angry and cried out, 'I saw it first, and it belongs to me.' 'No, it is not yours; it is mine,' said Ruth; 'for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first, and plucked it: so I have got it, and you shall not have it.' Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother heard them, and came to see what was the matter. She found her little daughters tearing and beating each other.

'What does this mean?' asked the mother.

'Ruth got my flower,' said Amy.

'No, I did not, mother,' said Ruth. 'It was mine. I saw it first, and plucked it.'

'But where is the flower?' asked their mother.

"Lo! it had been torn to pieces in the fight! Thus each claimed the flower by right of first discovery; and in fighting to decide who saw it first, and who should have it, both lost it!

"How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, been preserved? Ruth said she saw it first, and claimed it. Amy said she saw it first, and claimed it. Now, though Ruth had the violet in her hand, if, when Amy said, 'It is mine—I saw it first—I will have it,' Ruth had said to her, 'Sister, if you think the pretty flower is yours, you may have it; I should rather let you have it than keep it myself; I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow,' would there have been any fight—any coldness or unkindness between the sisters? None. They would saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too; and Amy would not have cared whether the flower had been in her sister's hand or in her own. She would have enjoyed it just as much—nay, more—had it been in her sister's. The sweet and pretty flower belonged to Him who made it. God made it to delight the two sisters. How wicked in them to get angry and to fight about it!

"Our heavenly Father made the earth, and all the beautiful things that adorn it. They are all his. He invites all his children to come and enjoy them. We admire them; we see that there is more than enough for all; and it would seem that, as children of a common Father, we might look at them, and use and enjoy them, in love and peace. Yet as soon as we see the beautiful things our Father has laid before us, to please us and make us happy in his love, and in each other's love, we begin to fight for them, as Ruth and Amy did for the pretty violet.

"Last evening I supped with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about. Their mother went out and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large red-cheeked rare-ripes, the rest small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to give it to her brother, who was about four years old. Lydia went out, and returned in about ten minutes.

'Did you give your brother the peach I sent him!' asked her father.

'Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

'Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?' asked her father again a little sharply.

'No, father,' said she, 'I did not give him that.'

'What did you do with it?' he asked.

'I ate it,' said Lydia.

'What! did you not give your brother any?' asked her father.

'Yes I did, father,' said she; 'I gave him mine.'

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'Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?' asked her father rather sternly.

'Because, father,' said Lydia, 'I thought he would like mine better.'

'But you ought not to disobey your father,' said he.

'I did not mean to be disobedient, father,' said she; and her bosom began to heave and her lips to quiver.

'But you were, my daughter,' said he.

'I thought you would not be displeased with me, father,' said Lydia, 'If I gave my brother the largest peach;' and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

'But I wanted you to have the larger,' said her father; 'you are older and bigger than he is.'

'I want you to give the best things to my brother!' said the noble girl.

'Why?' asked her father, scarcely able to contain himself.

'Because,' answered the generous sister, 'I love him so dearly—I always feel happier when he gets the best things.'

'You are right my precious daughter,' said her father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms—'you are right, and you may be certain that your father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your brother. He is a dear little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?'

'Yes, father,' said the girl, 'I think he does; for when I offered him the larger peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it.'"

When Mr. Wright had concluded this story, he asked his young friends if they knew Lydia and Oliver. They answered they did. "Did you ever see them quarrel?" "No." "Why do they not quarrel?" Charles and James hung down their heads; but Jane said, "They don't quarrel because they give the best things to each other." Jane spoke the truth. There would be no quarrelling of this kind if we were as happy to see our neighbor well served as ourselves. And were this the general spirit, no one would need to have any fear of being partially dealt with, for then he might be confident that his interests were as safe with others as with himself. It is the spirit diffused by such means that is important. When any member of a family says a kind thing to the rest, or acts with a greater regard to their interests than his own, he throws them all upon the exercise of their best feelings. He produces, as it were, an atmosphere of kind and just feeling, which disposes all to promote each other's comfort. On the contrary, a single ungracious word, one jealous look, will make all uneasy. The genial feelings wither and shrink up, and the selfish ones begin to rush forth. How blessed is he who can bring moral sunshine into a house by his good words and deeds; or who, when the inferior feelings have spoken or acted in others, can keep away the gathering darkness by trying to overcome evil with good!

THE PRIMITIVE EARTH.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M.

Number Four.

THE next great era in earth's history following the Devonian is the Carboniferous. As we have seen, the earth was gradually verging towards its present condition. The continents were beginning to assume considerable dimensions, the climate was moist and warm over all the zones, terrestrial vegetation was growing more and more luxuriant, and each of the four great classes of the animal world were now represented. The higher orders of plants and vertebrate animals, were still waiting for the slow moving ages to bring around the required conditions for their existence. Before they could have being unnumbered billions of tons of carbon floating in the humid atmosphere must be solidified and deposited in the earth. This operation would subserve two great purposes, purifying the air and lay up an abundant store of fuel for some coming creation that as yet only existed in the Divine mind. The Carboniferous age is divided into three periods. First, Subcarboniferous. Second, Carboniferous. Third, Permian. The first was a marine preparatory period during which there were great subsidences and extensive seas were brought into a condition for limestone depositions. There was also a great diversity and profusion of crinoidal life. The limestone of this

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period was composed largely of their remains. Of Brachiopods, the genera Spirafer and Productus were numerous, of Cephalopods the genera Gonialites and Nautilus were abundant. Telachian and Ganoid fishes still had full sway in the world of waters. The once wide-spread families of the Trilobites are reduced to three species. Reptiles of Amphibian and Batrachian families were the humble precursors of the mighty races to follow. The second period was an age of many successive changes; emergences and submergences; universal verdure and wide-spread desolations, of rising waters, of extensive marshes and jungles, of luxuriant forests and magnificent foliage, of Acrogens and Gymnosperms, of marsh-loving insects, of the last of the passing race of Trilobites. Brachiopods had reached their climax and Crinoids were filling the seas with stone lillies. Ganoids and sharks were still the rulers of the deep. There were no flowers nor honey-loving insects, no birds to flutter in the dense damp forests or make music in their solemn shade, no mammals to give life and animation to the verdant wilds. Let us go back in imagination and gaze upon one of those carboniferous forests. It is a vast fresh water marsh. Here it is soft and miry, there the shallow pool half covered with floating verdure gleams forth. Those huge trees eighty feet high are Lycopodia. They resemble the ground pine of our damp woods, but how much larger and grander their proportions. See those luxuriant ferns! Some of them rise into the air like tall trees with their wide branching fronds. There are the Calamites with their jointed stems rising like carved pillars among the tinged masses of verdure. Here the Sigillaria wave their lofty cones in the breeze, and there the Equiseta raise their humbler heads above the miry depths. What a wonderful scene of exuberant vegetation. How different from anything that we have ever seen before. Not a familiar leaf, shrub, or tree, in the hundreds of species that clothe the Carboniferous landscape. The heavy damp air is unbroken by any sound of bird or beast, save the dismal croaking of some sluggish batrachian crawling through the dark foliage, or plunging into some miry pool. But how is this to become a coal-bed? The land and the atmosphere have been to work for ages. These wide marshes are covered with a pulpy mass of half decayed vegetation many feet in depth. The sea must now come in and do its share of the work. A gradual subsidence takes place. The sea rolls its briny waves over the graves of the vegetable world. It lays down layer after layer of sand and pebbles, or orgillaceous mud, or perhaps it becomes a deep and quiet body of water where corals, crinoids and other forms of marine life flourish and decay until the sea-bottom becomes the tomb of myriads of lime-producing animals, and limestone is the result. Under the superincumbent pressure of the sea and its deposits, the buried vegetation finally becomes coal. The amount of pressure, the length of its continuance, and the intensity of the earth's internal heat, will determine the kind of coal. There are two principal kinds of coal—Anthracite and Bituminous. Anthracite is coal deprived of its volatile matter by heat and pressure. There are very many varieties between the true Anthracite and what may be called Bituminous. Cannel is a very hard compact bituminous coal. Lignite is a soft brown coal which often contains wood only partially carbonized. All mineral coal, however, is of the same nature, viz: carbon drawn from the air by vegetation and preserved from decay by water and slowly carbonized under pressure. Vegetation on dry land falls to the earth and decomposes, while the carbon is mainly restored to the atmosphere, hence, the most luxuriant vegetation may flourish for centuries and leave scarce a trace of its existence. Coal beds are often continuous over large areas. In other cases they thin out and disappear, or have been broken up and worn away by volcanic and denuding agencies. Usually there are many beds lying one above another, being separated by intervening layers of rock. At Joggins, Nova Scotia, the number of coal seams and dirt beds is seventy-six, making a deposit of nearly 15,000 feet in thickness. Hence, there must have been at this place during this era, seventy-six changes from green field to ocean. The thickness of coal beds vary from those having a mere trace of coal to thirty or forty feet. There are about fifty seams in the basin of the Schuylkill, Pa., twenty-five of which exceed three feet in thickness.[1] The mammoth vein at Wilkesbarre, Pa., has a thickness of near thirty feet. At Picton, Nova Scotia, one of the beds has a thickness of near forty feet. Mineral coal has been found in nearly all

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parts of the world, but North America leads all the continents in the richness of her coal fields. Great Britain has 12,000 square miles of coal fields, the continent of Europe about 10,000 square miles. The Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fields about 8,000 square miles, while United States has an area of more than 200,000 square miles of coal land. The third period-called Permian from the province of Perm, in Russia, which is covered by this formation, closes up the Carboniferous age. It seemed to be a transition era in which many of the conditions of the previous period were continued. Both plant and animal life, with the addition of a few new species, were much the same. Permian rocks are found overlying considerable areas between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains. The Permian also closed up Palæzoic time. The transition from the Palæzoic to the Mesazoic is strangely marked in Geological history; first, by a complete extermination of existing life, second, by an extinction of several of the great Palæzoic genera, the decline of others, and many changes in the character of life; third, by frequent upheavals, foldings and crystalizations of ancient formations, fourth, the uplifting of mountain ranges, making great changes in earth's topography. At this time nine-tenths of all existing rock had been formed. By the crystalization of rocks, the metals were collected in veins—immense stores of coal had been laid up for future use, and earth was now ready for another great step in her onward course.

A CRY OF PAIN.

BY ANTHONY W. THOBOLD.

"LIGHT of the world! Why is there all this sadness?
What is the mystery of Thy dear love,
That we so seldom taste the heavenly gladness,
So slowly lift our hearts to Thee above?

"Why must we watch the rosy morning breaking,
Yet not for us, who in our pain do lie?
Why must we part from those whom Thou art taking?
So dear, that in their death we seem to die.

"How can we sow, who never see the reaping?
How can we pray with hearts so full of sin?
Blessed the souls, who safe in Thee are sleeping,
No strength of ours can hope that goal to win."

And who are ye, to raise this loud complaining
Up to the Throne, where holy angels bend,
Where saints in light (God's love their lips constraining)
To One Unseen their mighty anthems send?

What skill of yours can summon o'er the ocean,
The gath'ring blackness, or the whisp'ring breeze?
How march the planets in their stately motion?
How breathes the Spring upon the greening trees?

Jehovah's path is on the dark'ning waters:
When God is silent, man indeed is blind;
Yet this His message to his sons and daughters—
Me, if ye humbly seek, shall find.

For God is light! No clouds with Him are dwelling,
Who in His Christ is fully reconciled.
Faith in His love will soothe the heart's rebelling:
Where God is Father, safe must be the child.

Ours is a pleasant world, and we should love it,
Oh, far too well, if all were smooth and bright;
Because its treasures we are apt to covet,
The best we have must vanish out of sight.

We weep to-day that we may smile to-morrow;
Now we are weak, that He may make us strong.
He drank it first, who mixed our cup of sorrow,
Soon shall we learn to sing the conqueror's song.

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No sin shall sully then the robes of whiteness
In which the Lord's elect shall glitter there;
No passing cloud shall dim their look of brightness,
No thorns of life their bridal garment tear.

And if the thought should set your heart an aching,
"We are not yet arrived at our home:
Before we find ourselves that joy partaking,
We may have many weary miles to roam."

"Abide in me." Redemption is the story
Of helpless sinners saved by grace devine;
And all will say who wear that crown of glory,
"Through God's eternal love this crown is mine."

The Empress Josephine, and her Daughter Hortense.

As the leaves of autumn began to fall, Josephine, who had been slowly recovering from the effects of the accident, left Plombieres and took up her residence at Malmaison. Napoleon was absent in Egypt about eighteen months. During the winter and the ensuing summer, Josephine remained with Hortense, and several other ladies, who composed her most agreeable household, in this beautiful retreat. The celebrity of Napoleon surrounded them with friends, and that elegant mansion was the resort of the most illustrious in rank and intellect. Napoleon, who had ever a spice of jealousy in his nature, had every thing reported to him which occurred at Malmaison. He was informed respecting all the guests who visited the chateau, and of the conversation which passed in every interview.

Hortense was a lively girl of fifteen, and the time hung rather heavily upon her hands. She amused herself in playing all manner of pranks upon a very singular valet de chambre, by the name of Carrat, whom her mother had brought from Italy. This man was very timid and eccentric, but, with most enthusiastic devotion attached to the service of Josephine.

One evening Carrat received orders to attend Madame Bonaparte and several ladies who were with her in their twilight walk through the magnificent park belonging to the estate. Carrat, ever delighted with an opportunity to display his attachment to his kind mistress, obeyed with great alacrity. No ladies in peril could desire a more valiant knight-errant than the vaunting little Italian assumed to be. They had not advanced far into the somber shadows of the grove when they saw, solemnly emerging from the obscurity, a tall specter in its winding-sheet. The fearful apparition approached the party, when the valet, terrified beyond all power of self-control, and uttering the most frightful shrieks, abandoned the ladies to the tender mercies of the ghost, and fled. The phantom, with his white drapery fluttering in the wind, pursued him. Soon the steps of the affrighted valet began to falter, and he dropped upon the ground, insensible, in a fit. Hortense, who had been perfectly convulsed with laughter in view of the triumphant success of her experiment, was now correspondingly alarmed. The ghost was a fellow-servant of Carrat, who had been dressed out under the superintendence of the mischievous Hortense.

As the poor man recovered without any serious injury and without the slightest diminution of his excessive vanity, the fun-loving Hortense could not repress her propensity still to make him the butt of her practical jokes. It was a defect in her character that she could find pleasure in this mischievous kind of torment. It is not improbable that this trait of character, which appears so excusable in a mirthful girl of fifteen, was the cause of that incessant train of sorrows which subsequently embittered her whole life. Carrat was perfectly devoted to Josephine; Hortense was his torment.

The unlucky valet occupied a sleeping-room separated from another only by a thin deal partition. A hole was made through this, and a pail of water so suspended in equilibrium over the pillow of the victim, that by drawing a cord the whole contents would be emptied upon his head. The supports of the bedstead had also been removed, so that the whole fabric would fall as soon as any weight

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was placed upon it. Carrat, among his other eccentricities, was ever in the habit of going to bed without a light. Matters being thus prepared, Hortense, who had employed an attendant to aid her in her plans, stood in an adjoining room to enjoy the catastrophe.

The poor man entered his room, and threw himself upon his pallet. Down it came with a crash, and his shriek of fright was for a moment drowned in the inundation of water. Hortense, knowing the almost delirious fear which the puerile valet had of reptiles, cried, "Poor man! poor man! what will he do. The water was full of toads." Carrat, in utter darkness, drenched with cold water, and overwhelmed in the ruins of his bed and bedding, shrieked, "Murder! help! fire! drowning!" while Hortense and her accomplices enjoyed his ludicrous terror. She afterward made him a handsome present as a compensation. Hortense was not a malicious girl, but, like many others who are mirthful and thoughtless, she found a strange pleasure in teasing. Josephine's only happiness was in making others happy. "It is a necessity of my heart," said she, "to love those around me, and to be loved by them in return." How much more noble such a spirit!

Hortense is invariably described as an unusually fascinating woman. She had great vivacity of mind, and displayed much brilliance of conversational powers. Her person was finely formed, and she inherited much of the graceful demeanor which so signally characterized her mother. She was naturally amiable, and was richly endowed with all those accomplishments which enable one to excel in the art of pleasing. Louis, more than any other of the brothers, most strongly resembled Napoleon. He was a very handsome man, and possessed far more than ordinary abilities. Under less untoward circumstances he might have been eminently happy. Few persons, however, have journeyed along the path of life under a darker cloud than that which ever shed its gloom upon the footsteps of Louis and Hortense.

Among the various attempts which had been made to produce alienation between Napoleon and Josephine, one of the most atrocious was the whispered insinuation that the strong affection which the first consul manifested for Hortense was a guilty passion. Napoleon exhibited in the most amiable manner his qualities as a father, in the frequent correspondence he carried on with the two children of Josephine, in the interest he took in their studies, and in the solicitude he manifested to promote their best welfare. He loved Hortense as if she had been his own child. Josephine was entirely impregnable against any jealousy to be introduced from that quarter, and a peaceful smile was her only reply to all such insinuations. Hortense had also heard, and had utterly disregarded, these rumors. The marriage of Hortense to a brother of Napoleon had entirely silenced the calumny, and it was soon forgotten.

Subsequently, when Hortense had become entirely alienated from her husband and was resolved upon a separation, Josephine did every thing in her power to dissuade her from an act so rash, so disgraceful, so ruinous to her happiness. She wrote to her in terms of the most earnest entreaty. The self-willed queen, annoyed by these remonstrances, and unable to reply to them, ventured to intimate to her mother that perhaps she was not entirely disinterested in her opposition. In most guarded terms she suggested that her mother had heard the groundless accusation of Napoleon's undue fondness, and that it was possible that her strong opposition to the separation of Hortense from her husband might originate in the fear that Hortense might become, in some degree, her rival in the affections of Napoleon. Josephine very promptly and energetically replied:

"You have misunderstood me entirely, my child. There is nothing equivocal in my words, as there can not exist an uncandid sentiment in my heart. How could you imagine that I could participate in opinions so ridiculous and so malicious? No, Hortense, you do not think that I believe you to be my rival. We do, indeed, both reign in the same heart, though by very different, yet by equally sacred rights. And they who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not his soul. His mind is too elevated above that of the vulgar to be ever accessible to unworthy passions. The passion of glory, if you will, engrosses him too entirely for our repose; but glory, at least, inspires nothing which is vile. Such is my profession of faith respecting Napoleon. I make this confession to you in all sincerity, that I may allay your in-

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quietudes. When I recommended you to love, or, at least, not to repulse Louis, I spoke to you in my character of an experienced wife, an attentive mother, and a tender friend, and in this threefold relation do I now embrace you."

THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

THE village was all astir. Men, women and children were moving about with grave and anxious faces. All business was suspended; and a spectator would have understood that the community had suffered some general calamity. The great man of the village had died of apoplexy, induced by luxurious living and indolent habits. He had died; and this was the day appointed for his funeral.

At twelve o'clock the procession formed. First came the clergy of the various denominations, in their long, white scarfs, ornamented with rosettes of white crape and ribbon; then came the hearse, in its dismal pomp, drawn by two coal-black horses. After the hearse came the coach of the deceased, drawn also by black horses, all covered with crape, and guided by reins wound with the same badges of mourning.

Within the carriage were the widow and her sister, a nephew and a niece; children she had none. Doubtless they were weeping, though, enclosed in the carriage, and shrouded in their crape, their tears were not exposed to the public eye. Then followed the more distant relatives, and the invited mourners, all in sable, and moving in due solemnity and decorum. The villagers had all forgotten the noon-day meal; and numbers fell in with the procession, while others occupied doors and windows, peeping at the pageant from behind white kerchiefs, which they held to their faces, that the mourners might observe their sympathy. But the mourners observed them not; and, had it been otherwise, they would have understood the worth of such sympathy; for how could people feel genuine sorrow for those who had never aided or befriended them or theirs, even by one kind word. But he had been a rich man; and his family was bitterly bereaved, much to be pitied; so said the villagers.

And who was the man whose death was so universally lamented? He was a foreigner, who came to America as agent for a company of Holland landholders. He so managed the business of the company that his profits, together with his salary, enabled him to live sumptuously, and to build a splendid mansion, in which he lived in haughty exclusiveness, holding no more familiar intercourse with the villagers than a Persian monarch of old held with his subjects. His wife was equally reserved and exclusive; and, excepting their relatives, none in the village saw the interior of her dwelling.

His physicians warned him that, unless he abstained from wine and brandy, and his luxurious living, he would not long survive; but he could not deny his appetite, and so he died, leaving his childless widow mistress of his large fortune, and sole possessor of his spacious mansion and fertile farm.

And all the village mourned for him, and lamented for the bereaved widow and her relatives.

The mournful pageant was ended. The mourners were comforting their hearts with wine and feasting; and now another funeral is moving to the city of the dead. The coffin is borne upon a bier, by four men in laborer's dresses; and it is well for them that the poor, attenuated form is no more of a burden; for there are none to relieve them, by taking the bier, in turn, from their weary shoulders. The widow, humbly clad in black, leading a girl of twelve years, who wept aloud, and staggered as she walked, was fol-

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lowed by two young boys, sobbing and trembling, and a few poor women and children, sowed the way with tears. The villagers looked indifferently on the procession; and those who met it hurried past, almost without a decent greeting.

"He was a poor painter, whom nobody had patronized. He had been a long time ill; and his wife had maintained him and his children by her labor. Her task would be lighter now that she had him no longer to nurse and provide for. It was a folly in her to weep." So said the villagers.

And who was he? The son of a widow, who had brought up her boy in the fear and love of God, and denied herself every luxury, to give him the means of acquiring an education. But the boy was gifted with an extraordinary genius for painting. With him it was not an art, but an instinct. In childhood he would sketch a landscape, with its buildings and living creatures, so truthfully that the beholder could hardly believe that he was looking upon a painted canvas. Next, he executed portraits in which the spirit of the original seemed living in beauty, affection, joy or sorrow. His soul worshipped the beautiful; and, to transfer all that was lovely to his animated canvas, was a delight which absorbed all his mighty mind. His mother lamented his infatuated devotion to his pencil, as she foresaw that the difficulties in the way of his attaining to wealth, or even competence, by its exercise, must be, to a spirit delicately and sensitively constituted, like his, utterably insuperable. She represented to him that, unless some fortunate casualty should give his name celebrity, he might starve in the midst of his pictures, excellent and lifelike though they might be.

He listened, and believed her words; for he was docile and affectionate. He forsook the pencil, and studied law. He became very learned; but his spirit was too gentle, too diffident, too loving and too truthful for the practice of a profession which requires moral courage, self-confidence, recklessness of wounding the feelings of others, and an ability to contend earnestly, and with subtle argument, that falsehood is truth, and that guilt is innocence, that truth is falsehood, and that innocence is guilt. Having made a few unsuccessful efforts, he became utterly disgusted with the legal profession; and, having on hand a beautiful painting, he ventured to put it up at an exhibition. It was enthusiastically admired; indeed, its truthfulness and glowing magnificence wholly eclipsed all those amongst which it was exhibited, catching every eye, and fixing every spirit in wonder and delight. The young painter was sought out, courted, applauded, deferred to—in short, made a lion of for a few days; and, what was of infinitely more importance to him, several of the upper ten thousand sat to him for their portraits. Elated, as conscious genius, when it finds itself appreciated, usually is, Mr. Morton now ventured to enter the marriage state, with one whom he had long worshipped as the most beautiful of earth's angels. She was faultless in form, and pure of heart, affectionate, and dependent; and she looked up to Charles Morton as a being superior to all else who walked in the image of the Creator. But beauty and fervent love were all she brought him. She had no mind. She could listen to his words, she could look upon his works, and admire and worship. She could rejoice in all his joy; and, in his hours of sadness, she could twine her beautiful arms about his neck and weep; but this was all. She had not strength of mind to sustain and counsel him in adversity; she had not energy to share his burden, and lead him on to affluence and honor. She was to him like the babe on its mother's bosom—very dear and precious, but still a burden and a care. If he had been wealthy, he might never have felt this; but he who is to wrest fame or competence from the cold and

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jealous world, should be yoked with one who can walk beside him, and aid him in his efforts, not one whom he must carry in his arms, and soothe ever with caresses.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton commenced housekeeping in a genteel though unostentatious manner, as befitted his present condition and hopes for the future; and, for a while, they were perfectly happy. His pictures were true to nature; none could mistake the likeness. But, alas! they were too true, and the unmistakable likeness was their greatest fault. Vanity was offended, because the picture did not possess the ideal charms with which it had invested itself. The lover was offended, because the image of his idol lacked the witching graces with which his fancy had invested her. The mother could not look complacently on the unflattered representations of her vacant-faced darlings; and the child, whose pride it had been to say, "I am very much like my father or mother," would not find pleasure in contemplating the picture which was not beautiful; and still every portrait was universally declared to be a perfect likeness. But he, in his simplicity, imagined that truthfulness was the greatest merit which a portrait could possess; and, when some of his very best were left uncalled for, to grace his otherwise solitary studio, and when others were removed from the parlors in which his once enthusiastic friends had placed them, and he found himself neglected, avoided, contemptuously treated, he sought, in vain to divine the cause, never once suspecting the truth.

With neglect came poverty; and wounded sensibility chafed the spirit, and undermined the health. At length "poor Morton" left his native place, broken in health, fortune and spirit; came to our village, took possession of a humble dwelling, and earned a subsistence for his family, by serving as a merchant's clerk. In his little parlor hung portraits of his wife and children; and several of our wealthy villagers, who saw them, entreated him to resume his pencil; but he always gave a decided refusal. He had been so bitterly mortified, so cruelly hurt, that every solicitation awakened feelings of keen agony.

His poor Julia was content with poverty, so she but shared it with him; and her fervent, faithful love was very sweet to him, and rendered her the object of his devoted affection, while her neighbors clamored against her indolence, her slatternly habits, and her childish simplicity, and wondered how a man like Morton could have patience with such a worthless housekeeper. Their remarks sometimes reached her ears; but no bitter nor vindictive word ever escaped her lips. She was conscious of her deficiencies, but had not energy sufficient to attempt a reform.

Thus genius and truth, which should have won immortal honors, and love and sweetness, which should have charmed the world, were neglected, condemned, and suffered to wither in obscurity.

The Mortons might have lived comfortably on his salary; but the neighbors said, "they were so improvident, giving to all the needy as long as they had a cent, or anything in the house."

Consequently, they only lived from day to day; but many of the sick, the widows and the orphan children prayed morning and evening for their generous benefactors. But Mr. Morton was evidently dying at the heart. The genius which found no employment for its vast powers was consuming his life. His poor Julia saw him fading away, and clung to him with the more fervent devotion; ah! if her pure, warm heart had been shrined in a strong and lofty intellect, it would have been otherwise with him. She could love him, could weep and rejoice with him, could worship his mighty mind, but she could not understand him; there was no spiritual sympathy between them. She could not comprehend the

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yearnings of his soul, and wept and wondered that, with the comforts of life, and her devoted love, he could not be contented and happy. Many a time, when he sat at evening, abstracted and sad, did she chide him affectionately, and reproach him tenderly; and he would strive to smile. He could not tell her how his heart was yearning for the communion of a kindred spirit; that would have been cruel.

Every day he went mechanically to his business, performed his duty punctually and faithfully, and returned home at evening with a consciousness of having done his duty, and honestly earned his stipend. But, every day his step was more feeble, and his large eyes gleamed with a more unnatural luster, from his white, thin face. Still, his spirit was mighty, and his heart warm with love. He never complained of his lot; and he never passed carelessly by any one who was wretched or destitute.

At length a pestilential disease broke out in our village. It chose its victims from among the aged, the young children, and the feeble in constitution. Many had died and been quietly buried, and there were many mourners—true, heart-stricken mourners—not such as followed the hearse of the great man to show their sympathy. The same day on which the rich man was stricken with the palsy, which terminated his life, Mr. Morton was attacked by the prevalent epidemic.

"Julia," he said, "my dear, my beautiful, my faithful wife, do not weep so, poor love; we know that our God doeth all things well. But I must leave you, dear, alone in this cold world. The thought is very bitter to me, my own. Oh! that we could all go together, Julia, you and I, and our fair children! The world would not miss us, love; and the angels would be joyful at our coming. Oh! Julia, I am near heaven—heaven! where the mind is unchained, unchilled, free to soar, to unfold all its powers, to act, and to rejoice in all that God has given it. I am near heaven; but I deem that I shall feel a want even there, until I see your beautiful face amongst the cherubim—the spirits that are all love. You will come to me ere long. I know that your pure and loving heart is not doomed to wither many years in this ungenial clime. You will soon come to me, in that blessed country where there is no fading, no disease, no change, no parting. Think, love, how blessed we shall be, when we shall no longer fear want, or care, or dread, or parting and death; and then all our society will be pure and beautiful, and full of immortal life and joy. Julia, love, you would not keep me from that holy place, and yet you will be so desolate; and, oh! I fear that you may lack for bread. But God, who is able, has promised to protect you. Trust in him always; he will not forsake you. Do not murmur against him, because of your bereavement, but thank him that he preserved me from infidelity and vice, gave me a Christian's hope in his salvation, and took me early from this world, where, beneath the beauty of his handiwork, the adversary has hidden snares and agonies. Be calm, love, and let me enjoy your sweet society, as of yore, until my change shall come. Then let your love for my orphans sustain you. Live for their sakes; and teach them to love God, and to trust in his care and mercy. I know that you will never turn away from the miserable. You can, at least, give them a kind and pitying word, and even that will come to their hearts like a blessing. You will do good to all, for his sake who said "inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mr. Morton died, and it was his body which was carried, unattended, to its lowly resting-place. The village, which had such overflowing sympathy for the widow who rode in her costly carriage, and returned from her husband's grave to her elegant mansion,

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where plenty rested in the lap of luxury, and servants awaited her bidding, and officious friends contended which should perform every office of kindness, had no pitying tear for her who walked, sobbing and trembling, behind the coffin of her only earthly friend—her sole support, her only beloved, and the tender father of her now desolate and unprotected children—who returned, after the sods were laid above the only heart that had loved her, to an humble dwelling, in which she had not even a loaf of bread, or a solitary penny.

Such is the world, and thus it discerns and appreciates. Who, then, would seek its applause or prize its sympathy? Let us, then, endeavor to perform our duty, and be contented with the approbation of our own hearts, and the blessed consciousness of the approval of him who seeth not as man seeth.

ROGER HOLLAND.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

The story of Holland is particularly interesting. He had been apprenticed to a merchant tailor in London, to whom he caused no small trouble, being a most wild and licentious youth. His early training had been evil, and all the efforts of his master could not break his dissipated habits, or win him from courses that had seemed to promise any end rather than that to which God called him. He was a bigoted Romanist; given to revelling, gambling and the worst company; yet finding him perfectly honest, his master still trusted him with his accounts. One day having received for him a sum of thirty pounds, Holland falling, as he usually did, into bad company, lost every groat at dice; and having no possible way to replace it, resolved to escape beyond the sea. Having thus made up his mind, he went home very early in the morning, and called to him a servant of the house named Elizabeth, a steady woman, a true follower of Christ, who had never failed to reprove both the idolatrous religion and the profligate life of young Holland. He said to her, "Elizabeth, I would I had followed thy gentle persuasions and friendly rebukes; which if I had done I had never come to this shame and misery which I am now fallen into, for this night have I lost thirty pounds of my master's money, which to pay him and to make up my accounts I am not able. But this much I pray you desire my mistress, that she would entreat my master to take this note of hand, that I am thus much indebted to him, and if I be ever able I will see him paid; desiring him that the matter may pass in silence, and that none of my kindred or friends may ever understand this my wicked part. For if it should come to my father's ears, it would bring his grey hairs oversoon to the grave." He was then departing, but Elizabeth, touched with pity and led by the spirit of God, cried out, "Stay," and having a sum of money in her possession, bequeathed by a kinsman, she ran and brought thirty pounds, saying, "Roger, here is this much money, I will let thee have it, and I will keep thy bill. But, since I do this much for thee, to help thee, and to save thy honesty, thou shalt promise me to refuse all loose and wild company, all swearing and unchaste talk; and if ever I know thee to play one twelve-pence at either dice or cards, then will I show this bill unto thy master. And, furthermore, thou shalt promise me to resort every day to the lecture at All-hallows, and the sermon at Paul's every Sunday, and to cast away all thy books of papistry and vain ballads, and get the testament, and book of service, and read the Scriptures with reverence and fear, calling unto God still for his grace to direct thee in His truth. And pray unto God fervently, desiring him to pardon

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thy former offences, and not to remember the sins of thy youth, and ever be afraid to break his laws, or offend his majesty. Then shall God keep thee, and send thee thy heart's desire."

Who can avoid being touched by this lovely instance of Christian bounty in an humble servant-maid? There is one point in it where we desire to pause and gather an important lesson. In our day it is not unfrequent, particularly in Ireland, to hear the remark made by Protestants, that they cannot accompany their charitable alms to the poor Romanists by the better gift of spiritual instruction, because they might lay themselves open to the charge of bribing them to renounce their religion. That such accusation will be brought by God's enemies is certain; but it is equally certain that the Christian, in doing his Master's work, must pass through good report and evil report too. Now, we have seen in this instance that Elizabeth used the desperate state from which young Holland could only be delivered by her bounty, as a means to bring him from popery, and even to make him attend the preaching of the gospel in her parish church; for this took place in Edward's reign. Whether or no God blessed the act to the object of her generous and faithful efforts, let the sequel of the story show. And may it sink deep into the hearts of those who fear to make God's temporal gifts a means for bringing the poor and needy to hear the joyful sound of his gospel!

Roger Holland promised, and fulfilled it; and within one half year, says Fox, God had wrought such a change in this man, that he was an earnest professor of the truth, and detested all papistry and evil company, so that he was an admiration of all them that had known him, and seen his former life and wickedness. Then he repaired into Lancashire, unto his father, and brought with him many good books, which he bestowed on his friends, so that his parents and others began to taste the sweets of the gospel, and to detest the mass, with all idolatry and superstition. When they parted his father gave him the sum of fifty pounds, wherewith to begin the world. Roger hastened to London with his treasure, and coming to his first best earthly friend, he said, "Elizabeth, here is thy money I borrowed of thee; and for the friendship, good-will and good counsel I have received at thy hands, to recompense thee I am not able, otherwise than to make thee my wife." They were married in the first year of Queen Mary, and Elizabeth bearing a child, Holland had it baptized in his own house by a godly minister, and then carried it into the country to save it from the contaminating hands of the priests. For this he was reported to the enemies, who, in his absence, searched the house and seized his goods, while his wife suffered most cruel usage at at the hands of Bonner. Holland, on his return, concealed himself in the city until assembling with the congregation of the faithful, at Islington, near St. John's Wood, he was then taken with the rest.

When brought before Bonner, Chedsey, the Harpsfields, and others, he was assailed with many fair words and crafty persuasions, the bishop himself thus commencing: "Holland, I for my part do wish well unto thee, and the more for thy friends' sake. And Dr. Standish telleth me you and he were both born in one parish, and he knoweth your father to be a very honest catholic gentleman, and Mr. Doctor told me that he talked with you a year ago, and found you very wilfully addict to your own conceit. Divers of the city also have showed me of you, that you have been a great procurer of men's servants to be of your religion, and to come to your congregations; but since you be now in the danger of the law, I would wish you to play a wise man's part, so shall you not want any favor I can do or procure for you, both for your own sake and also for your

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friends', which be men of worship and credit, and wish you well, and, by my troth, Roger, so do I." Then said Mr. Eaglestone, a Lancashire gentleman and near kinsman to Holland, who was present, "I thank your good lordship; your honor meaneth good unto my cousin. I beseech God he have the grace to follow your counsel." "Sir, you crave of God you know not what," said Holland, "I beseech God to open your eyes to see the light of his word." "Roger, hold your peace," exclaimed the kinsman, "lest you fare the worse at my Lord's hands." "No," said Holland, "I shall fare as it pleaseth God, for man can do no more than God doth permit him."

Then the bishop, the doctors, and Johnson the registrar, consulted for a while, after which Johnson spake, "Roger, how sayest thou? Wilt thou submit thyself unto my lord, before thou be entered into the book of contempt?" Holland answered, "I never meant but to submit myself to the magistrate, as I learn of St. Paul's to the Romans, chap. xiii," and so recited the text. "Then I see you are no anabaptist," remarked Chedsey. Holland replied, "I mean not yet to be a papist, for they and the anabaptists agree in this point, not to submit themselves to any other prince or magistrate than those that must first be sworn to maintain them and their doings." Chedsey bade him remember what he had said, and what the bishop had promised, and also to take heed, for that his ripeness of wit had brought him into these errors. After some further whispering together, Bonner said, "Roger, I perceive thou wilt be ruled by no good counsel, for anything that I or your friends, or any other can say." Holland answered, "I may say to you, my lord, as Paul said to Felix, and to the Jews, as doth appear in the two and twentieth of the Acts, and in the fifteenth of the first epistle to the Corinthians. It is not unknown to my master whom I was apprentice withal, that I was of this your blind religion that is now taught, and therein did obstinately and wilfully remain, until the latter end of King Edward, in a manner; having that liberty under your auricular confession, that I made no conscience of sin, but trusted in the priest's absolution; he, for money, also doing some penance for me; which, after I had given, I cared not what further offences I did, no more than he passed, after he had my money, whether he tasted bread and water for me or no, so that uncleanness, swearing, and all other vices, I accounted no offense or danger, so long as I could for money have them absolved. So straitly did I observe your rules of religion, that I would have ashes upon Ash Wednesday, though I had used never so much wickedness at night; and albeit I could not in conscience eat flesh upon Friday, yet in swearing, drinking or dicing all the night long, I made no conscience at all. And thus was I brought up, and herein have I continued till now of late, that God hath opened the light of his word, and called me, by his grace, to repentance of my former idolatry and wicked life; for in Lancashire their blindness and licentiousness is overmuch more than may with chaste ears be heard. Yet these, my friends, which are not clear, in these notable crimes, think the priest with his mass can save them, though they blaspheme God, and are unfaithful to their marriage vow as long as they live. Yea, I know some priests very devout, my lord—," and then he declared how deeply those priests were themselves guilty of the sins for which they dispensed their pretended absolutions to the laity.

So Holland was taken back to prison, after telling them a greater variety of unwelcome truths than they were usually in the habit of hearing. When he and the other prisoners were brought to their second examination, Chedsey said, "Roger, I trust you have now better considered of the church than you did before." He replied, "I con-

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sider thus much, that out of the church there is no salvation, as divers ancient doctors say." "That is well said," quoth Bonner. "Mr. Eaglestone, I trust your kinsman will be a good Catholic man. But, Roger, you mean, I trust, the church of Rome?" Holland answered, "I mean that church which hath Christ for its head; which also hath his word, and his sacraments according to his word and institutions." Chedsey interrupted him, by asking, "Is that a Testament you have in your hand?" "Yea, master doctor, it is the New Testament. You will find no fault with the translation, I think. It is of your own translation: it is according to the great Bible." Bonner asked, "how do you know it is the Testament of Christ but only by the church? For the church of Rome hath and doth preserve it, and out of the same hath made decrees, ordinances, and true expositions." "No," said Holland, "the church of Rome hath and doth suppress the reading of the Testament. And what a true exposition, I pray you, did the pope make thereof, when he set his foot on the emperor's neck and said, 'thou shalt walk upon the lion and the asp; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.' Psalm xci." Then said the bishop, "such unlearned wild-heads as thou and others would be expositors of the scriptures? Wilt thou, then, the ancient learned—as there be some here as well as I—should be taught of you?" Holland answered, "youth delighteth in vanity. My wildness hath been something more by your doctrine than ever I learned out of this book of God. But, my lord, I suppose some of the old doctors say, if a poor layman bring his reason and argument out of the word of God, he is to be credited afore the learned, though they be never so great doctors. For the gift of knowledge was taken from the learned doctors and given to poor fishermen. Notwithstanding I am ready to be instructed by the church."

"That is very well said, Roger," replied Bonner, "but you must understand that the church of Rome is the Catholic church. Roger, for thy friends' sake, I promise thee I wish thee well, and I mean to do thee good. Keeper, see he want nothing. Roger, if thou lack any money to comfort thee, I will see thou shalt not want." This was spoken to him apart from his fellow-sufferers to win him over if possible; and so, with many fair words, he was sent back to his prison.

The last examination of this sensible and intrepid man was on the occasion of their being brought up for judgment. All the rest were excommunicated, and ready to receive sentence of death, while many threatening words were used to strike terror into them. But a strong party of Holland's kinsmen, including the Lord Strange, Sir Thomas Jarret, Mr. Eaglestone, and others of rank and property, both in Cheshire and Lancashire, with many friends, were earnest suitors to spare his life. Bonner, who showed a desire to do so by winning him over to their way, made this oration: "Roger, I have divers times called thee before home to my house, and have conferred with thee; and being not learned in the Latin tongue, it doth appear to me thou art of a good memory, and of a very sensible talk, but something over hasty, which is a natural disease to some men. And surely they are not the worst natured men, for I myself shall now and then be hasty, but mine anger is soon passed. So, Roger, surely I have a good opinion of you, that you will not, with these loose fellows, cast yourself headlong from the church of your parents and your friends that are here, very good Catholics, as it is reported unto me. And as I mean thee good, so, Roger, play the wise man's part, and come home with the lost son, and say, I have run into the church of schismatics and heretics, from the Catholic church of Rome, and you shall, I warrant you, not only find favor at God's hands, but the church."

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At these words the friends of Holland gave many thanks to the bishop for his good-will, and the pains he had taken on his behalf and theirs. He then went on: "Well, Roger, how say you? Do you not believe that after the priest hath spoken the words of consecration there remaineth the body of Christ, really and corporally, under the forms of bread and wine? I mean the self-same body that was born of the Virgin Mary, that was crucified upon the cross and rose again the third day."

Holland replied, "Your lordship saith the same body which was born of the Virgin Mary, which was crucified upon the cross, which rose again the third day; but you leave out, which ascended into heaven; and the scripture saith, he shall there remain until he come to judge the quick and the dead. Then he is not contained under the forms of bread and wine, by the words *Hoc est corpus meum.*"

On this Roger Holland, turning towards Lord Strange and his other friends, with a cheerful aspect, kneeled down and said, "God, by the mouth of his servant St. Paul, hath said, 'let every soul submit himself unto the higher powers: and he that resisteth receiveth his own damnation;' and, as you are a magistrate, appointed by the will of God, so do I submit myself unto you, and to all such as are appointed for magistrates." "That is well said," observed Bonner, "I see you are no anabaptist. How say you then to the presence of Christ's body and blood in the sacrament of the altar?" Holland replied, "I say, and beseech you all to remark and bear witness with me, for so you shall do before the judgment seat of God, what I speak, for here is the conclusion. And ye, my dear friends, (turning to his kinsmen,) I pray you show my father what I do say, that he may understand I am a Christian man. I say and believe, and am therein fully persuaded by the scriptures, that in the sacrament of the supper of our Lord, ministered in the holy communion according to Christ's institution, being penitent and sorry for my sins, and minding to amend and lead a new life, and so coming worthily unto God's board in perfect love and charity, do there receive, by faith, the body and blood of Christ. And though Christ, in his human nature, sat at the right hand of his Father, yet by faith, I say, his death, his passion, his merits, are mine; and by faith I dwell in him, and he in me. And as for the mass, transubstantiation, and the worshiping of the sacrament, they are mere impiety and horrible idolatry."

"I thought as much," exclaimed Bonner, not suffering him to speak any longer, "how he would prove a very blasphemous heretic as ever I heard. How unreverently doth he speak of the blessed mass!" And straightway he read the sentence of condemnation, adjudging him to be burned. Holland heard it in silence, patiently and quietly, and when about to be removed, he said, "My lord, I beseech you suffer me to speak two words." Bonner refused and ordered him away, but on the intercession of one of his friends, he said, "Speak, what hast thou to say?" The martyr, just ready to be offered, then uttered these memorable words: "Even now I told you your authority was from God, and by his sufferance; and now I tell you, God hath heard the prayer of his servants, which hath been poured out with tears for his afflicted saints, which daily you persecute, as now you do us. But this I dare be bold in God to speak, which by his saints I am moved to say, that God will shorten your hand of cruelty, that for a short time you shall not molest his church. And this shall you in short time perceive, my dear brethren, to be most true; for after this day in this place, shall there not be any by him put to the trial of fire and faggot." Certain it is that his words were verified, for after Holland and his compan-

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ions, no more suffered in Smithfield for the testimony of the gospel.

Holland next began to exhort his friends to repentance, and to think well of them that suffered for the testimony of the gospel. Bonner charged the keeper that no one should be permitted to speak to the prisoners without his license; and that any who did should be committed to prison. Meanwhile Holland and Henry Pond continued to address the people, exhorting them to stand in the truth, and adding that God would shorten those cruel and evil days for his elect's sake.

In their examination the others had borne a most open and unflinching witness to the truth. They not only answered affirmatively to all the articles that set forth their utter dissent from the popish worship and doctrine, but strengthened their protest as much as possible by plain denunciations of the errors and idolatry, in testifying against which they were ready to yield up their lives.

On the twenty-seventh of June the fire was prepared for these brethren, and such was the dread entertained of their influence over the people, that a proclamation was made that day, forbidding any to be so bold as to speak or talk any word unto them, or to receive anything of them, on pain of imprisonment without bail or mainprize, with other cruel threatenings. Notwithstanding, the people cried out, beseeching God to strengthen them; while the martyrs also prayed for them and for the restoring of God's word. At last Roger Holland, embracing the stake and the reeds, spoke these words aloud: "Lord, I most humbly thank thy majesty, that thou hast called me from the state of death unto the light of thy heavenly word; and now unto the fellowship of thy saints, that I may sing, and say, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! And, Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, bless these thy people, and save them from idolatry." So, looking up to heaven, praying to God and praising Him, he ended his life, with his dear and faithful brethren.

LOST ON THE CAMBRIA.

BY ANGIE H. TEAL.

Brother beloved, these Indian summer days
  Bring back the Autumns long agone, when we
Wandered together through dim woodland ways,
  Glad youth and child, with spirits high and free.

For treasurers of brown nuts, or berries bright;
  Frost-grapes whose bloom might tempt the daintiest lip;
Timber for uncouth toys, my heart's delight,
  Perfect and precious as your workmanship.

I mind the adventurous romance of those strolls;
  Boulders were bears, the woods were trackless glooms;
Brown shrubs were crouching savages, whose polls
  Our fancies crowned with warlike eagle plumes.

I mind the nicknames and quaint, teasing words;
  Caresses rough as March, yet warm as June;
Your whistle, musical as some wild bird's,
  Trilling the measures of a joyous tune.

I have dear memories of later years,
  When life assumed for us a soberer hue;
There was no spring of gladness, mirth, or tears,
  That moved one soul, but moved the other too.

Brother beloved, these Indian Summer hours
  Are rich with all the beauty of the year;

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The leaves are gayer than the gayest flowers,
Soft clouds float on the wistful atmosphere.

I see it all—but 'gainst a background dark
Of a dull, starless, stormy northern sky,
Of rocky coasts uprising cold and stark,
Of pitiless billows rolling strong and high.

Brother beloved, these hazy Autumn days
Are filled with all the music of the year;
The wind's low sound, the robin's latest lays,
Chatter of squirrel, murmur of brook, I hear.

But hear it blent with the deep undertone
Of the old Ocean, in his solemn moods;
With rumble of salt breakers fiercely blown
With sob of winds through island solitudes.

O fearful hour, when midst the mighty roar
The great ship struck, and all her iron sides
Crushed like a goblet on a marble floor,
Spilling her precious wine upon the tides!

Incidents in the Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A MAN by the name of Daniel Godwin, in the lower part of Delaware, made a business of buying slaves running; taking the risk of losing the small sums paid for them under such circumstances. In the year 18— he purchased in this way a slave named Ezekiel, familiarly called Zeke. He went to Philadelphia, and called on Isaac T. Hopper, thinking if he knew where the man was, he would be glad to have his freedom secured on moderate terms. While they were talking together a black man happened to walk in, and leaning on the counter, looked up into Mr. Godwin's face all the time he was telling the story of his bargain. When he had done speaking, he said, "How do you do, Mr. Godwin? Don't you know me?"

The speculator answered that he did not.

"Then you don't remember a man that lived with your neighbor, Mr. ——!" continued he.

Mr. Godwin was at first puzzled to recollect whom he meant, but when he had specified the time, and various other particulars, he said he did remember such a person.

"Well," answered the black man, "I am he, and I am Zeke's brother."

The speculator inquired whether he knew where he was.

He replied, "O yes, Mr. Godwin, I know where he is, well enough. But I'm sorry you've bought Zeke. You'll never make anything out of him. A bad speculation, Mr. Godwin."

"Why, what's the matter with Zeke?" asked the trader.

"O, these blacks come to Philadelphia and they get into bad company," replied he. "They are afraid to be be seen in the day-time, and so they go prowling about in the night. I'm very sorry you've bought Zeke. He'll never do you one cent's worth of good. A bad speculation, Mr. Godwin."

The prospect seemed rather discouraging, and the trader said, "Come now, suppose you buy Zeke yourself. I'll sell him low."

"If I bought him I should only have to maintain him into the bargain," replied the black man. "He's my brother, to be sure, but then he'll never be good for anything."

"Perhaps he would behave better if he was free," urged Mr. Godwin.

"That's the only chance there is of his ever doing any better," responded the colored man. "But I'm very

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doubtful about it. If I should make up my mind to give him a chance, what would you be willing to sell him for?"

The speculator named one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Poh? poh!" exclaimed the other. "I tell you Zeke will never be worth a cent to you or anybody else. A hundred and fifty dollars, indeed!"

The parley continued some time longer, and the case seemed such a hopeless one, that Mr. Godwin finally agreed to take sixty dollars. The colored man went off, and soon returned with the required sum. Isaac T. Hopper drew up a deed of manumission, in which the purchaser requested him to insert that Zeke was now commonly called Samuel Johnson. The money was paid, and the deed signed with all necessary formalities. When the business was entirely completed, the colored man said, "Zeke is now free is he?" When Mr. Godwin answered, "Yes," he turned to Friend Hopper and repeated the question: "Zeke is free, and nobody can take him; can they, Mr. Hopper? If he was here, he would be in no danger; would he?"

Friend Hopper replied, "Wherever Zeke may now be, I assure thee he is free."

Being thus assured, the black man made a low bow, and with a droll expression of countenance said, "I hope you are very well, Mr. Godwin. I am happy to see you, sir. I am Zeke!"

The speculator, finding himself thus outwitted, flew into a violent rage. He seized Zeke by the collar, and began to threaten and abuse him. But the colored man shook his fist at him, and said, "If you don't let me go, Mr. Godwin, I'll knock you down. I'm a free citizen of these United States; and I won't be insulted in this way by anybody."

Friend Hopper interfered between them, and Mr. Godwin agreed to go before a magistrate to have the case examined. When the particulars had been recounted, the magistrate answered, "You have been outwitted, sir. Zeke is now as free as any man in this room."

Common Sense and Pretty Women.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THERE is a chilly, disagreeable article called common-sense, which is of all things most repulsive and antipathetical to all petted creatures whose life has consisted in flattery. It is the kind of talk which sisters are very apt to hear from brothers, and daughters from fathers and mothers, when fathers and mothers do their duty by them; which sets the world before them as it is, and not as it is painted by flatterers.

Those women who prefer the society of gentlemen, and who have the faculty of bewitching their senses, never are in the way of hearing from this cold, matter-of-fact region; for them it really does not exist. Every phrase that meets their ear is polished and softened, guarded and delicately turned, till there is not a particle of homely truth left in it. They pass their time in a world of illusions; they demand these illusions of all who approach them, as their sole condition of peace and favor.

All gentlemen, by a sort of instinct, recognize the woman who lives by flattery, and give her her portion of meat in due season; and thus some women are hopelessly buried, as suicides used to be in Scotland, under a mountain of rubbish, to which each passer-by adds one stone. It is only by some extraordinary power of circumstances, that a man can be found to invade the sovereignty of a pretty woman with any disagreeable tidings; or, as Junius says, "to instruct the throne in the language of truth."

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The Triumph of Truth in High Places a Hundred Years Ago.

During the winter, Lady Huntington spent a few months in London at her house in Portland Row, Cavendish-square. Anxiety and her incessant labors threw her upon a sick-bed, and confined her for many weeks to the house; but though it suspended her personal activity, it did not close her doors to the preaching of the gospel. Whitefield, Wesley, and Romaine are there, "holding forth the word of life" to as large auditories of the nobility and fashion of the metropolis, as in the earlier days of their ministrations. Whitefield was laboring under severe bodily suffering, yet his labors were abundant, and in every interval of ease he was as alert as a watchman in a beleagured city. In March, Mr. Venn arrived at London, where he found a warm welcome and hospitable entertainment at Portland Row. He was anxious to improve every opportunity to attend upon this great evangelist, whose conversation and ministry were so filled with an unction from on high, and whose failing health gave mournful presage that the places now so glad with his presence must soon know him no more for ever. At the last meeting at Lady Huntington's house for the season, we find Charles Wesley the preacher, Romaine and Venn are administering the Lord's supper, and Whitefield pouring out his soul in the parting prayer with unspeakable solemnity, as though his feet had already touched the waters of Jordan.

Lady Huntington immediately proceeded to Bath in company with Mr. Venn. Lady Fanny Shirley, Lady Gertrude Hosham, and the Countess of Buchan now resided here, shedding a religious influence over the circles in which they moved, and striving to commend the Christian profession not only by well-ordered lives, but by seeking to bring their friends to a like precious experience.

The chapel, which had been fully attended during the winter, was now supplied a few Sabbaths by Mr. Venn. In his correspondence at this time, among other interesting things, he writes thus: "I am favored with the pleasing sight, and with the animating example of a soul inflamed with love to a crucified God, that stumbling-block to them that perish. In Lady Huntington I see a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of the church. Blessed be God for free grace, that salvation is to every one that cometh to Christ. Otherwise, when I compare my life and my spirit with hers, I could not believe the same heaven was to contain us. How do works, the works of faith and love, speak and preach Jesus Christ, in that devoted servant of his. No equipage, no livery servants, no house, all these given up, that perishing sinners may hear the life-giving sound, and be enriched with all spiritual blessings. Her prayers are heard, her chapel is crowded, and many sinners among the poor are brought to the city of refuge. I feel, from Lady Huntington's example, and increasing desire both for myself and you, and all our friends, that we may be active and eminent in the life of grace. Too apt are we to rest in life received, and not to be doing every day something for our Lord; either earnestly engaged in prayer, speaking affectionately to sinners, overcoming our selfish passions, or exercising mercy to our needy brethren; but it is by abounding in every good work, that our light shines before men, and we stand confessed the workmanship of God in Christ.

"I have enjoyed in this visit the edifying discourse and bright example of many of our dear Saviour's family, all of them partakers of one life and one spirit, yet each distinguished by its particular hue and beauteous color more predominant than the rest. In one, I have been animated by the ardent activity for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. In anoth-

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er, I was pleased and softened by conspicuous meekness and gentleness of spirit. In a third, I was excited to love and good works, by the ferevnt charity and brotherly kindness I beheld; and in a fourth I was led to abase myself, and confess the pride of my heart, from the humility and brokenness of spirit that struck me. In the Head alone, all graces in their lustre unite."

How lovely is Christian fellowship, thus reflecting and multiplying the Christian graces.

In April, Whitefield left London, and followed Lady Huntington to Bath; his health becoming somewhat improved, accompanied by the Countess and Lady Anna Erskine, he made a tour through Bristol, Chippenham, Rodborough, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and several other towns, the scenes of early and later triumphs. "Never were these places so endeared to me," he exclamed, "Old friends, old gospel wine, and the great Governer ordering to fill to the brim! Oh, to grace what mighty debtors!"

In May, the three, with addition of Lady Buchan and Miss Orton, proceeded to Tunbridge Wells, to attend the dedication of the chapel, now nearly completed. At an early hour on the Sabbath morning of the services, great numbers assembled in the court before the Countess' residence, to begin the day with prayer and praise.

"It is impossible," exclaimed the lady of the mansion, "to express the delight and satisfaction I felt, on being awoke at an early hour in the morning by the voice of praise and thanksgiving; my heart was powerfully affected, and never shall I forget the pleasure I then experienced."

These tokens of interest and religious fervor must have been peculiarly grateful, for they were blossomings from the little seeds long since sown, and foreshadowings of a precious and golden harvest yet to be reaped. At the opening services, the prayers of the established church were read by Mr. De Courcy, and Mr. Whitefield preached the sermon; but the chapel having become crowded almost to suffocation, the sermon was delivered in the open air, from a mound in the court before the chapel. It was one of his most eloquent and thrilling efforts; the lofty energy of his tones, the utter forgetfulness of himself in the all-absorbing interest of his subject, the very impersonation of the truths which he uttered as he stretched forth his hand—"Look yonder; what is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark; do not you hear? O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" thrilled the vast congregation, riveting the eye, piercing the conscience, and holding strong men breathless before the resistless might of his oratory.

Infirm, asthmatic, corpulent, and heavy, Whitefield has lost none of his early power; the grace and elasticity of both youth and health have gone, field preaching has lost the freshness and strangeness of thirty years before; his themes have no new elements, his mind no broader range, his thoughts no sharper cut or richer mould, yet he is Whitefield still, with all his outgushing eloquence, thronged by a crowd, who hung with eager and trembling earnestness upon his august and impassioned utterances. The unabated popularity of this wonderful man is one of the most remarkable things in his history; when we remember, too, that he founded no sect, led off no followers, opened no new school of Theology, and protested against no system. He was upheld or carried forward by no partisan interest of any kind. It was eminently a personal power which he wielded, receiving neither force nor abatement from patronage or party. What this power precisely was, it is perhaps difficult to decide. Vividness of conception, singleness of aim, depth of emotion, a native tenderness of spirit, all concentrated upon one grand theme, and that theme Christ, the crucified and

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risen Savior; and more than all this, his being a chosen instrument in this spiritual renewal of the true church, set apart by the Lord of glory—herein were the hidings of his power.

THE LOVE OF THE INFINITE.

BY H. WARD BEECHER.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," etc. The life and death of Christ was but the working out of the love of God. The affection and the yearning of heart towards his erring creatures, was just the same in God before Christ came, that Christ showed it to be while he was on earth. It is just the same still. There is no change in God, or in his love. Man, nor woman, need fear disappointment there. It has been the custom of some, a custom too much prevailing, to represent God as being under no manner of obligation to do anything for his creatures after they had broken his law. The trouble with this statement is that there is a great deal of truth in it; and yet it has been made in such a manner as to give a very wrong impression. In God's own nature there is a necessity for his efforts for man's redemption. Where is the earthly father, worthy to bear the name, who would not feel that it was as much his duty as his desire to do all in his power to restore to the paths of honor and honesty a child who had fallen? And, shall we imagine that God, the Infinite Father, is under less obligations to do good to the creatures he has made than we are? or that the laws by which his nature are governed are directly the reverse of those which he has imprinted in our souls? "God is so great!" say some; and they hold up that greatness—sincerely desiring to show forth his praise, though mistaken in the thing wherein lies his greatest glory—till they seat him on a throne so high that no man can touch even its base; till they cut him entirely off from man's sympathy. They say he might have justly let the world alone, after its revolt, and have concerned himself no more about it; and they declare the love and mercy which refused to do so, past finding out—a mystery of love at which mortals should forever wonder and adore. Yes, he might have let his rebels alone, in such a way that there would have been no propagation of the condemned and hopeless race; but that he did not do this, can any heart that is a parent's marvel? Man can understand God, when God has given, in his own breast, the key which can unlock his mysteries—made in the image of God.

God is great! but in proportion to his greatness is his love, and his obligation to do good. No being in the wide universe is so marked out and belted around with "ought"—with obligations to rectitude, as is the Almighty.

Because he is mighty and high is not the reason why he has a right to make conditions, and mark out the bounds of men—but because his wisdom and his goodness are so great. It is for their own sake, as well as for his, that God would have men serve him; for all good and all happiness are inevitably connected with his service. This is in the nature of things. He loves every one of us with a warmer and heartier love than that which it is possible for the fondest of our human friends to feel for us; and all his desires and all his commands are for our eternal good. His help is so often promised that men have got an idea that it is some nearly impossible thing one has to do in order to become a Christian; but this is wrong. The help that we need is already with each one of us. In every man's hand God hath put a price with which to get wisdom, and if he does not obtain it, he will have none but himself to blame. We are asked to do nothing but what we can do, and

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do every day, only not towards God. Who does not often feel the sense of guilt? Who is there that has not often regretted a wrong act? Who is there that has not faith in things unseen? Who is there that has no power to love that which is lovely?

My hearers, if it should be that any of you stand unfriended at the judgment, unclothed and shivering before the Judge, it will not be his voice alone that you will hear pronouncing sentence against you. Your own understanding, your own conscience and social affections, even your own worldly wisdom, will cry out that your ruin was needless, that it was only because you would not that you was not saved.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I THINK that Scripture passages are like wayside flowers. We have seen them all our lives, and therefore do not know or feel their beauty; or they are like the beautiful creations of art that are in old cathedrals, covered by the dirt and moss of ages. Men go by them and do not know that they have passed forms that gave expression to the thoughts of ancient masters. No man cares for them, or cleans them, until by and by some enthusiastic Ruskin comes along and does it, and then 'tis seen that the things which all their life long they have thought homely, are beautiful beyond description.

What an idea of God's prodigality must have been in Paul's mind when he thus struggled to express himself: "unto him who is able to do for you exceedingly abundantly more than ye can ask or think." And this was his view of his master's character when he was in prison, and when, apparently, affairs with the church were desperate. This view he held up in the sky for Christians to steer by. Such abundance belonged to God, and God was theirs. Abundance is a relative word. A shepard would not consider that abundance for him which might be so for a wayfarer. What would be abundance for a nomad would not do for the settled farmer, and the farmer's abundance would be a scant portion for the merchant. A petty prince of a German province would require far more than the abundance of the merchant to support his state, yet what would make his coronet resplendent would be but a trifle in that of the Russian czar. When from these we look up to heaven, and try to imagine what that can be which Infinity names abundance—"more than ye can ask or think"—we are bewildered, and give up in despair. In the hours when the spirit wafts our souls upward as the wind sometimes lifts a bird, aiding its flight, we wish, and think, and ask such things, as afterwards we wonder how we dared to mention; we cannot believe ourselves that we ever soared so high as we yet are conscious of having done. When the heart yearns for ourselves, or for others, we ask such blessings as we almost fear are presumptuous. But even a mother's heart, deep as the eternal wells, when in her closet she kneels amid the sound of groans, and the plashing of falling tears, to pray for her wandering child; even the prayers of martyrs, in their utmost agony, when their words swept like the Amazon, and were yet but bubbles on the sea of feeling that was beneath, were shallow and poverty-struck compared to what he will give to each one who loves him. Why, look at the beginning; when a child is sent to earth, what preparation of soft quilted fabrick, of all delicate and curiously-wrought garments, scented with sweetest perfumes, is made for the little pilgrim of love! But what is all this to the expense and lavish outfit of earth, the cradle of man's infancy? See how its furniture is wrought. One fragrant

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bank, could he, in his whole lifetime, produce such a one, would render an artist immortal.

God has quilted the earth with beauty, and combed the hair of ten million flowers and reeds over its verdant banks. No emperor's child was ever rocked in such a cradle.

Does the mother lavish less love upon her child as it grows in stature and capacity? And shall God do less lovingly than those whose hearts he made and filled with love from his own heart?

Some men think of God as of one sitting like a thunderstorm in the sky. They know there is no safety but in going to him, but they apprehend a great deal of danger even in that.

They approach him under an umbrella of excuses, and have, here and there, a covert under which to dodge, if they think a bolt is coming. They forget who Christ meant by the "Father" of the prodigal Son; and they lose all encouragement that he meant for repentant sinners, when he represented God as in such a hurry to welcome him who had returned that he ran to meet him while he was yet a great way off, and would not for kisses let him tell half his shame and sorrow.

THE CHARM OF TRUTH.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

THE ministry is inclined to think that a truth has no chance at all with refined and educated men, unless it have a refined dress. Now, although it is true that such men do look for what shall accord with their delicate and elevated tastes, and although even the truth of God is better if presented in chaste and elegant language, there are always, in every man's heart, great cords underlying all these lighter desires, which will answer instantly and powerfully to the touches of feeling—even though it be rudely expressed. When a man overflows, and in his efforts to express himself knocks his language in all directions, his honest, earnest, outright, downright feeling is the power which moves. It would be mightier were it well expressed, but the feeling is the thing after all; and when a man holds back feeling until it chokes in the sand, that he may present a correct and refined discourse, he betrays Christ to rhetoric.

When Paul said he was determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, he was upon this same theme. He was telling the people that he was not going to tickle their ears with fine smooth periods. He said: "My power upon you shall not be in my refined and elegant language, in my persuasive eloquence. It will not be in me at all, but in my moving subject, Christ and him crucified." He was going to throw over them no lasso of ensnaring art; he would declare to them the plain truth in words that all could understand and feel. Paul meant no such thing as ministers mean now-a-days when they make this declaration. He did not mean by it that he should shun all touching upon the things on which duty called him to speak out boldly, that he should meddle with nothing that could offend the sinning public, but talk perpetually of Christ and him crucified, without making this his lever to heave from their foundations the evils of the world. Such talk is nonsense, in the pulpit or out of it—consummate nonsense.

WHEN God means to make a man useful in the world, he generally sends him first through fire—he puts him into the forge an onto the anvil—and often he chastens most whom he loves best.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

As we go to press the public is in constant expectation of the death of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, etc., and heir apparent to the Throne of England. He may recover by virtue of his sturdy constitution, the vigor of which even luxury and dissipation have not been able to destroy. It is a curious paradox that English politicians, who were so lately trembling at thought of the prospective reign of Albert Edward I—a reign that bade fair to be like that of George IV—are now in absolute terror at thought of his death. It is a curious evidence that monarchy in England is doomed in any case. If Albert Edward lives, his coarseness, his stolidity, and his vices threaten to bring down the throne; if he dies, the dynastic principle will hardly bear the strain of the long regency that would follow in case of the probable speedy accession of his little son as Albert Victor I. For Victoria is a sadly broken woman, whose bodily health is gone, and whose mental health is greatly impaired. The English public fear to know the truth in her case. Profound agitation was occasioned by Mr. Disraeli's incidental remark at a recent banquet that the queen was not in a condition physically or mentally to perform the duties of her station. It looked like a shrewd bid for influence with the coming king or regent, and since that king or regent must at that time have been Albert Edward, the English people were greatly alarmed, knowing that the prince had not a shred of popularity left. But now that he is about to die, the managers of English politics are more than ever startled at the prospect of the regency of the Duke of Edinburgh, perhaps whose private life the public may not find more edifying than that of his brother, and the reign at last of the young Albert Victor, whose morals may not be better than his father's. It is related in Grimm's correspondence that after the overthrow of the French monarchy in 1789, a Frenchman said to an astonished English statesman: "Do not despair, your country may come to be free also in the course of time." We should not like to see the good old mother country governed by a Commune, nor by a Thiers Republic. But the course of events seems to indicate that England will come to be free from so expensive a toy as her monarchy at present seems to be. As Albert Edward was a prince, his private shortcomings were public property inasmuch as they concerned the welfare of a great nation. Yet he is a mortal man like the rest of us, and let us judge him charitably. For there is much to extenuate the vices of those who have the misfortune to be born princes or paupers.

There has been no event in the history of struggle with corruption in the city of New York quite so indicative of the success of the people and the utter failure of the "Ring" as is the sending of Mr. Connolly to jail. When the ex-Controller, who a few weeks ago could have found bondsmen for millions, was arrested one Saturday afternoon, nobody doubted that friends in plenty would come to his rescue as soon as the Monday-morning trains should bring the country-goers to the city again. And so Mr. Connolly was kept under guard in a comfortable hotel. But the necessary bondsmen were not forthcoming, though the friends of the accused spared no effort to secure them. And so Mr. Connolly went to prison to await trial on a charge of defrauding the people he was chosen to serve. It is since reported that Connolly has consented to turn State's evidence, and has submitted a written confession of all the Ring's secrets. The stroke of policy by which this result has been brought about was a masterly one. When his former associates showed a willingness to make him the scape-goat for all their crimes, Mr. Connolly check-

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mated them by surrendering his office to a man approved by the Reformers, and it was generally understood that he had made his peace by agreeing to tell all he knew of the municipal corruptions, for the conviction of others. Influences were then brought to bear to prevent this, and when the ex-Controller refused to fulfill his part of the agreement, his arrest was at once arranged, for the purpose of compelling him to give the desired evidence. If the rumor be true that he has yielded, we shall learn at last the innermost secrets of the Board of Audit, and it is strongly probable that in addition to bringing the wrong-doers to justice, the city will recover a share at least of the money filched from her coffers. This is a hard year for official plunderers and truly we shall have extra reason to greet the coming new year, if that day shall see our State and National Governments purified of the corruption which has so long thriven at the cost of the people.

If Washington correspondents are to be believed, the report of the Civil Service Commissioner, will amount to little more than a recommendation that all future presidents shall be careful to appoint only competent and trustworthy men to offices, together with a plan by which presidents may the more readily ascertain the fitness or unfitness of applicants. If this is all that is to be done, then the mountain that labored has indeed brought forth a most ridiculous mouse. Every president that has ever held office has known very well that he ought to appoint competent persons only to office, and all future presidents, unless George Francis Train's prospects are better than people think, will know the fact well enough without a Civil Service Commission to inform them of it. And as to the matter of ascertaining the competency or incompetency of applicants, any man not an absolute fool could easily decide that question in the cases of very many chronic office-holders about Washington and elsewhere. The evil is one which no recommendations will cure. It is born of corrupt party politics, nurtured by the self-seeking of politicians, and it will live as long as the law shall allow it. From the day that William L. Marcy made merchandise of patriotism by his dictum "to the victors belong the spoils," the places within the gift of presidents and other officials of the government have been treated as so much legitimate plunder, belonging, by right of conquest, to the party which happens to be in power for the time being, and until there shall be some legal test of competency established, the politicians will never allow a president to make for the sake of the service appointments that can be made for the sake of the party which happens to control the matter at the time. Presidents are largely in the hands of the politicians around them, and these very naturally follow a long existing precedent so convenient to themselves as the one in question.

THE Germans are beginning to understand at what price they have purchased their national ascendency in Europe, and to see that while they compel France to indemnify them for the financial cost of the war, they cannot escape their own full share of the evil resulting from the contest. When the Prussian Diet recently indulged in some criticisms of the budget it was asked to pass, and showed a disposition to reject some of the items as unnecessary in themselves or extravagant in amount, the official representatives of the Government reminded the members that on the unimpaired strength of the army alone could Prussia rely for security, stating it as a well-understood fact that France cherishes an implacable hatred for her conqueror, and will seek a terrible vengeance as soon as the indemnity shall be paid. The warning given by the ministry is doubtless a needed one. The peace made at Versailles is unquestionably hollow. The French surrendered when they could fight no

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more, only to prepare for a resumption of hostilities under more favorable auspices. The peace is a truce to be ended whenever rapidly-recruiting France shall feel herself competent to meet her enemy again on the battle-field, and that France is capable of speedily becoming a first-class power again, appears to be evident even to Germany, whose peace must be maintained by an army constantly on a war footing, with the possibility of actual war whenever the French shall feel sufficiently strong to undertake a contest. Peace even on such terms is better doubtless than war; but national greatness at such a price is hardly so comfortable as a secure insignificance.

WOMAN suffrage appears to be making but little progress just now. Its advocates have pointed triumphantly to the experiment in Wyoming Territory as a bright example of the system's beauties, and a complete and rounded argument in favor of woman's enfranchisement all over the country; but just as people began to think that experiment a success, it has been pronounced a failure by the verdict of a Legislature chosen by the whole body of male and female voters. The telegraph tells us that the Territorial Governor has signed the bill and so ends the first practical attempt to put woman-suffrage theories into actual operation.

NOBODY expects much in the way of civilization at the hands of the Spanish authorities in Cuba. They have so often outraged every sentiment of humanity in their treatment of accused persons, that we ought never to be surprised at any new horror they may enact; and yet the recent butchery of medical students on the not very satisfactorily proven charge of desecrating a grave was an act so wantonly cruel that few people were prepared for it, even from the Spaniards of Havana. What our own and other civilized countries will do about it is not yet very clear, though there are rumors in Washington that the President will bring the matter to the attention of Congress; but whatever action we may take, we certainly can not continue forever to deal with these savages as if they were civilized men. Of course the government at Madrid will do nothing lest its creatures at Havana rebuke it for its impertinence, and whatever of moral or material punishment is to be inflicted must come from other countries.

THE trouble in Mexico grows steadily worse. A general disaffection exists among the people, and the Government, unable to trust its own officials, either civil or military, is at a loss as to what course to pursue. The newspapers are filled with pronunciamentos, to the terror of the loyalists. Meantime the revolutionists have already begun quarreling among themselves, and the two brothers Diaz, the one a general in command of a revolutionary army and the other an aspirant for the presidency, are at cross-purposes. To add to the uncertainty of the situation, an absurd rumor has been put into circulation, to the effect that the United States Government contemplates some sort of interference—a rumor which appears to alarm the Mexicans of all parties very much, though precisely why such a people should fear anything which will give them peace and order, is not very clear.

THE Pope, in replying to an address recently, is said to have protested strongly against all ideas of compromise with the Italian Government. Inasmuch as that Government is in a situation to have matters pretty much its own way just now, and as Victor Emmanuel has lost none of his flesh under the affliction of a major excommunication, the probability is that there are two parties to that quarrel equally indisposed to listen to suggestions of compromise.

THE present Government of France persists in its peculiarly idiotic policy of murdering condemned Communists. These men, Ferre, Rossel, and Comieux, were pestilent fellows possibly, and

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civilized men have little sympathy with their mad career of last spring, but whenever M. Thiers and his advisers indulge in the amusement of shooting these powerless foes, they make them heroes of a dramatic spectacle which must inflame passions dangerous to the self-elected rulers of the country. Just now M. Thiers has no popularity to spare, and the result of this shooting sport may prove anything but amusing in the end. After all, it is questionable whether, when an insurrection has been quelled, the successful party has any right to condemn men to death for political offences committed under its reign. Revolution differs from insurrection only in the matter of success.

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FOR 1872.

We commence in the January number for 1872, Charlotte Elizabeth's Life in Ireland. This is a most attractive history of this singular people. It will be published in each number of the Miscellany until completed. We shall also begin in the January or February number, a history of France, Past and Present. It will be in each number, and completed in 1872, and will be worth alone more than the price of the Miscellany. The influence and popularity of the Miscellany among the thoughtful classes, we are pleased to report, as constantly growing. This is our encouragement. The following quotation, from a letter from C. C. Stephens, one of our subscribers, illustrates the soul interest of hundreds:

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